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JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XII.

The Unveiling of the Serpent.

"Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Fountains that but now in sunshine played
Is that congealing pang that seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."—MOORE.

For three days I saw nothing of Ralph, nor was I summoned to the drawing-room, or permitted to leave the house. During this time of imprisonment I had but one solace: the hated presence of Austin Catlife was not thrust upon me. In my inmost heart I vowed never to pass my life with him, even if death were the only alternative. Miss Dean, by order of Mrs. Strong, kept almost incessant watch over me. I feared that Ralph would leave the Hall before I could say farewell and assure him of my unwavering constancy. I chafed like a caged wild bird for the out-door freedom denied to me.

Miss Dean slept in a room communicating with mine; my windows overlooked a terrace fronting the southern hills. These had been my mother's rooms, but the one she had occupied as a chamber was locked, and never dwelt in; only occasionally the housekeeper went in with the maid to sweep and dust, and then I saw the place once hallowed by her loveliness and goodness; but I asked no questions, and therefore received no allusions or remarks upon the subject of her life or death.

It was a dark night, starless, and portending storm, that, unable to sleep, I heard a sound as of footsteps beneath on the gravel-path. A feeling that I could not define, of mingled curiosity, hope and dread, impelled me to step out upon the terrace. Throwing a dark shawl over my dress—for I had not sought my bed that night—I called out softly:

"Who is there?"

There was a sound as of some ascending a ladder, but it was too dark to see; something moved along the edge of the parapet; a voice that thrilled my being uttered the one word:

"Jasmine!"

It was my faithful, my devoted Ralph. Alas, alas! I welcomed him with the abiding trust and joy of an innocent heart. He was my worshiped ideal still.

He drew me to his heart, enfolded me in his strong embrace, and poured forth a torrent of rapturous love and sorrowful complaint. I had no thoughts of the danger he incurred, of the impropriety of that midnight meeting. I only thought of the joy of breathing in his dear presence once again. He whispered, fondly:

"Is your dragon of a governess asleep? Will not the rays of your night-lamp discover us?"

I assured him that Miss Dean slept soundly from bed-time until dawn, that the thick curtains excluded light and sound, that I had purposely let down the crimson curtain after stepping out of the room. By the feeble glimmer of my lamp I could not discern the expression of my lover's face, I only saw the outline of his manly form.

"Oh, what have I suffered these three long days!"

"And I, Jasmine? I have been tortured beyond comparison. Your father, I hear, is determined to marry you to a fellow who keeps hovering around the neighborhood, who, it seems, watched us at Oak Grove. Your stepmother and Madame Strong will use every means in their power to rid themselves of you. Be sure of that, and Mr. Northrop is inexorable; he is the most flinty-hearted parent I ever saw. My lady mother is exasperated—all the work of those two women. I strive to convince her of my love for you, of your loveliness and merits. She is insensible to reason. My sister Ellinor is worse still. I am in despair; there is but one road left to us. I cannot leave you; you love me? Let us leave Oakfast Hall together."

My heart gave one great bound of gladness! I was about to be released from tyranny and surveillance. I owed no right to compel me into a hated union; I owed no duty to the rest. I would brave poverty and privation, toil and obscurity, with a cheerful spirit, in the companionship of my own chosen husband. I told him so with tears of joy. His mother, too, was despoiled, his sister a fashionable, heartless girl; why should he bend beneath their harsh decrees? We would labor if need be, until fortune favored us.

"I have sufficient for our immediate wants," he replied; "and I have friends I can borrow money of if need be. You can have no scruples at leaving such an unbecoming home, and with me you will be happy?"

"No, I leave nothing to regret; I had hoped to gain my father's love some day, but I have given up that hope forever. His heart is closed against me. Perhaps sometime in his old age, if ever sickness or sorrow should overtake him, he may call for Jasmine, and then I will come and fulfill a daughter's duty."

"And are you willing, quite willing to live alone for me, apart from the world, in some picturesque little cottage far away from those who have ever known us, living that poetical dream-life we have spoken of so often?"

"As your wife I can be happy anywhere. I do not need society, the whole aim of my life shall be to embellish yours."

I cannot give his reply upon this page; I might read into words again the death speech of my brightest hope; I cannot repeat the honey sweet and gilded phrases with which that base, designing man, so young in years, so old in the world's iniquitous ways, strove to lead me from the sheltering fane of purity and peace! Oh, God of love! he did not seek me for the life companionship of a sacred soul union, ratified before the world. He only sought me for the fleeting gratification of the passionate nature that in him

reigned paramount to all moral restraint and religious mandate. Shuddering, as with an ague fit, I withdrew from his polluting touch, from the poison-vapors of his breath, from the subtle and evil magnetism of his being. I shrank as from a deadly foe, guarded by the sacred intuitions of my awakened soul, impelled to immediate action by the sternly judging, imperative injunctions of the God-implanted monitor within!

I fled to my chamber, snatched from my toilet table the small lamp of silver, and with it confronted the willful destroyer of my heart-rest, the invader of my sanctuary of love. I threw its full beams on his face, that disfigured by evil intentions shone forth from the black setting of the night, like that of a handsome fiend, and with a voice that betrayed not one tinge of woman's weakness I addressed him to this import:

"I may be persecuted, driven to destruction and to death, but never, never into sin! The sainted eyes of my mother are upon me; I will not do this wrong—not for you nor all the leagued myrmidons of evil! I will walk purely in the sight of God; whatever becomes of me upon this woe-stricken earth, her last dear mandate shall be obeyed by me. Leave me, Ralph Faulkland, and carry such designs into the world—bring them not into the seclusion of the innocent! For this that you have done to me, enursed, and my future affections, robbed life of faith and trust, and the future of all joys, a curse will light upon you! The retribution of the betrayer shall fall upon you! The sorrow you have inflicted shall haunt you forever! It shall be meted out to you an hundred fold!"

I had not learned forgiveness then; from my full and outraged heart I poured upon him a whelming flood of bitter reproaches, and invoked for the redemption of Almighty God! Then I hastened within, shut and barred my window, and sat down with my nameless anguish. A misanthrope in one hour, a being standing on the flowery threshold of life, with the ashes of desolation on her head, the sackcloth of penitential grief upon her limbs, the seven swords of mortal agony transfixing the tortured heart!

I had listened to his retreating footsteps, and bade farewell to all trust in man!

I know that daylight came, and with it a tempest of wind and rain; that Miss Dean, coming into my room, was alarmed at my excessive pallor; that the good hound, Hector, stretched himself at my feet, and looked up into my face with eyes of human sympathy. My governess had the breakfast brought up to us, but I could not touch a morsel; she insisted that I was ill, and was urged to send for a physician. I told her that nothing ailed me but that the doctor's art could reach. Miss Dean was discreetly silent and did not urge the point.

At twelve o'clock I was summoned to the library. I bathed my face, and as I looked into the glass to arrange my tangled curls, I uttered a loud exclamation of surprise! Could this wan, pallid face, with its dimmed eyes swollen with weeping tears, those bloodless lips and pain-pinched features belong to the blooming, youthful Jasmine of yesterday?

I went down stairs with a dull, heavy, aching at my heart, with a reckless indifference as to what might befall me. I found assembled in conference there, my father and step-mother, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Faulkland and Ellinor, and near the mantel, veiling his face with one hand and his near the floor, for a moment my heart leaped with a wildly fierce spring of hatred and indignation, of shame and defiance; then I bade it still its throbbings by the force of a relentless will. I was no longer the weak and trembling girl, arraigned as a petty culprit. I was the stern, wronged and sorrow-stricken woman, proud in her conscious innocence! I was inspired with the heroic spirit in that momentous hour of my life.

"Give me strength, Oh God! Assist me, oh, my mother!" I inly implored, and I felt the prayer was answered by the sudden, healthful leap of my pulses, by the surging of the life-tide through my veins. Since midnight, icy chains of numbness had fettered my limbs; there was a hazey mist before my eyes, torpor weighed upon my faculties; now all was clear, was felt, was understood. I knew of the sharp pangs that awaited me at the end; but I was glad to feel that my cheeks crimsoned with pride, my figure held itself erect in dignity, my eyes flashed forth its more than wouled fire. I bowed my head to the company, and said, in a voice that faltered not in the least:

"What is your pleasure, my father?"

I thought he looked at me with astonishment; perhaps he expected to find me huddled and melancholy from the past three days' confinement. I saw Mrs. Strong lean over to Agatha, and whisper in her ear; all faces were aglow and stern. After the first glance I did not again look toward Ralph.

"I have called for you, Jasmine," said my father, "as our guests leave us as soon as the storm clears up, in their presence to acquaint you once more with the decision I have arrived at concerning the disposal of your hand. You are very young yet, and incapable of sound judgment; as your father it behooves me to take care of your welfare. You imagine that Mr. Faulkland here has formed a serious attachment for you; you are mistaken, my child. You only are too romantic and visionary, as girls of your age are sometimes; you are unsophisticated, and have mistaken a few silly compliments for evidences of an affection that was to end in marriage. Ralph had no such intentions, neither did he intend to win your love. It was a freak of girlish imprudence in you to meet him as you did; it was thoughtlessness in him, of which he has repented. He has honorably declared himself to me, and I am satisfied. With this explanation, and that you may indulge in no foolish expectations, unbecoming a daughter of mine, I have fulfilled my duty toward these friends and yourself. What passes here will not be mentioned outside the gates of Oakfast Hall."

My father took a seat. I remained standing before him.

"Thank you, sir, for the trouble you have taken on my account." I unhesitatingly replied, bowing my head in acknowledgment. "Mrs. Faulkland," and I turned toward that lady with a lofty air, and a withering smile of contempt on my lip, "need be under no apprehensions as regards my peace of mind, which her noble and most worthy son has utterly failed to disturb. Miss Ellinor," I favored that young lady with a look that made her quail, "may rest assured that I

shall not wear the willow for her fascinating brother. I am a Northrup, and they are proud as the Faulklands! The young gentleman's pretty speeches and worn-out flatteries were received by me as the current coin of the world he deals with; although almost a country girl, I know what is due to my own dignity and position. May I now return to my room, father?"

"I am glad to hear you speak so, and I admire your spirit, Jasmine," he said, with more warmth than he had ever exhibited to me before. "Since you think so sensibly, and feel so rightly, you can return to all the privileges you have hitherto enjoyed. But I do not wish to see my daughter assume so much dignity that it savors of haughtiness in the presence of our guests. Are you satisfied, Mrs. Faulkland, Miss Ellinor?"

"Perfectly. I commended the young lady for her good sense. I had not expected this. I am much pleased," replied the proud mother.

"Miss Northrup is somewhat sarcastic in her remarks; but I agree with mama," said the unamiable Ellinor.

"I did not expect it of her! What a change!" burst forth Mrs. Strong, applying her vinaigrette to her nose.

"The plastic, non-committal Agatha sat silent and expressionless as a waxen doll, in an attitude of perfect grace, faultlessly attired in a dark morning robe, with rose-colored trimmings."

"With Ralph, if you have anything to say to do so. If you wish to say farewell to Jasmine, do so now. I wish you to remain friends."

"I have nothing to say, sir," replied a muffled voice; "Miss Jasmine has said all that is needful."

I felt as if I could have struck him, had he dared to approach me with extended hands! But he did not. Some lingering remnant of shame kept him rooted to the spot. Unloving as my father was, would he not have felt him to the earth had he known of the gross insult offered to me beneath his roof? It was to be expected of the blood of the Northrups. Did not the cowering poltroon who veiled his face from me, tremble with an inward dread lest I should there and then reveal the story of his treachery, and brand him with the accusation before which even his haughty mother's cheek would bleach?

I left the room, sweeping over them all a triumphant glance, yet guarding my eye from resting on that darkened corner. With a firm tread and careless mien I walked through the long passage, ascended the wide stairs and reached my chamber, there to undergo the fearful reaction of the storm that had descended with such a stoical fortitude. Then I locked my door, and throwing myself upon the carpet at the foot of my home shrine, I gave way to all the grief and fury, the misery and terror, that possessed my soul. I had given my father no time to speak to me of Austin Catlife. I could not despise him less; but henceforth life or death, persecution or restitution of my liberty, all were alike to me. I had built my temple of happiness on a foundation of sand; the waves of destiny had swept away its every vestige. I had trusted, and been most cruelly deceived. From one false heart I judged of all, and in the bitter, resting mood of the untired spirit, I walked alone, deeming my lot the darkest, my misfortunes unequalled in the annals of earth's breaking hearts.

Alas! My prayers were impious invocations of revenge; my grief was overpowering selfishness; my tears were rebellious floods of bitterness that welled up in impotent madness against the immutable consequences of my own short-sightedness. I could see no reason why such suffering should be inflicted upon me, why such an accumulated load of trouble should rest upon my aching head and heart. What had I done to merit such punishment? I questioned. Why, when thousands were born to lives of affliction and gladness, was I destined to walk unaided over such thorny paths? This childlike petulance of interrogation I indulged in fully, demanding of the overruling Providence the reasons of its seemingly unjust decrees. Every human heart, ere it has learned the value of its life-judges, has questioned thus, in its finite blindness, the infinite and all-pervading good.

Toward night (I had fasted all the day) Rosita came in, though I denied admittance even to her at first. She took me in her arms, and caressed me as she would a sick and suffering babe. She passed her hands, so cool and grateful, over my heated forehead and tear-swollen eyes. She could not charm away the fiery pangs that rent my heart, but she stilled the load and frantic outbursts of my sorrow. She caused my tears to flow in a softer mood. She spoke to me for the first time of her own life's past experiences.

"I was a slave, Miss Jessie; and you never know what that meant. My mother and my grandmother before me, all my people, was slaves, and we had the love of freedom in our hearts—oh yes, Miss Jessie, honey, just as strong as the white folks have it; but they can speak it out, and we must keep it hush, hush in our hearts, for fear of our masters. I had a husband, child; and he was taken from me, and sold off far away. That was in the beautiful land I came from, where you have never been. There the earth is dressed in summer all the year, and in God smiles in the sun-shine, but man is the wicked, and buys and sells his brother man. Some of them splendid islands is free now; then, when I was young, all was slaves. I had children, my darlings! I thanked God when they died, for I know they was free then. But when they was taken to be sold from my bosom, then I went mad, every time, and cried and prayed to the blessed saints and the dear Virgin to let me die. And then the man ter and the mistress beat me, because I had no feeling's heart; and they think a color-ed mother have a mother's love for her own, for the dear ones of her soul! Oh, darlin' child, you have heart trouble, Rosita knows, and your young life is very, very sad. But look at me, dear, and thank the Lord, who did n't make you a slave! In dreams of the night I see sometimes my poor little boys and girls, and they was taken from me, and they smile in my face, and point up to heaven! It is so many years ago—I am free now; but the shadow of the past is on me, and will never—never leave. Many yet weep and groan under death the lash of the mad master. Some times, Miss Jessie, I seem to look into another world, and I hear voices, and they tell me to be comforted, that the day of liberty will come for all. My mother had sight like that, and heard the songs of the spirits of the good."

"Oh tell me—look into the future for me. Tell me if anywhere there is light on my dark path?" I entreated.

"No, no, Miss Jessie. It is not right to ask of what is hid den. If it come, it is good, but it is wrong to seek the sight. God, he knows what is best; and the blessed angels will protect you. Try to sleep, my lamb; let me try to help you, poor child without a mother! I could, may-be, hold up my head, too, and tell some things—but never mind, the time will come. Hush, now, and cry no more, my darlin'!"

And the soft hands stroked my brow and smoothed my hair, and the deep, steady eyes looked into mine with a power of peace and command. At last my head drooped on her shoulder, and I knew no more awhile of the gnawing pangs of life.

CHAPTER XIII.

Desperation and Resolve.

"What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of Mercies, here before thee swell,
As to the open sky,
All their revealed, dark waters bloom cell!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

"The star of the unconquered will
Is rising in my breast,
Serenely, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."
—LONGFELLOW.

I kept no account of time in those dark days. I wandered out into the falling woods, with laggard steps and a heart overflowed with bitterness. Oh, the cruel disenchants of life! How sorely, heavily, they weigh down the spirit's energies, and crush out the aspirations of the soul! Oh dreams, dreams—exchanged for the bleak realities of being—why could I not have remained beneath that peace-spell of power so exaltingly beautiful? And since I cannot claim my happiness, why may I not forget? Oblivion's draught were sweet, though drained in the cold arms of death.

So I clamored wildly then, arraigning life and lifting up to heaven dim, accusing eyes of dry despair. The young heart suffers keenly in its first experiences of sorrow. To grief was added the humiliating pangs of shame. My pure, deep, worshiping love had been all vainly lavished on one unworthy of the gift. Had he been fickle, heartless only, I could have striven to forgive him, to forget; but he had wounded me to the soul in the insult offered to my maiden purity, my unsuspecting faith. It was because evendenied tongues had told him of my mother that he had dared to account me thus. Through what agonies of grief and shame, of anguished self-reproach, I passed, is known alone to him who reads aright his children's hearts.

Meanwhile the first snow came. The life at Oakfast Hall went on the same. Only Rosita spoke words of comfort, and sometimes soothed me into dreamless sleep. I avoided Mrs. Strong and Agatha. I seldom met with my father. I was not called into the drawing-room when company came. Austin Catlife came and went, I knew; but I did not see him. I was left undisturbed to my solitude.

Thus midwinter came. The Christmas festivities had somewhat diverted of all their former joyance. A brooding cloud of misfortune encompassed my home. Rosita felt it, and deep in my present heart, half numbed by bitter sorrow, I, too, felt the solemn, nightly awe of those overwhelming ill in those the darkness, and an impulse was upon me to flee from my birth-place, to seek elsewhere for an atmosphere of healthy life.

One morning I was summoned to my father's presence. I knew then that the thunderbolt was about to fall, but I braced my trembling nerves with the strong effort of an unconquered will, and with a pale but composed face, entered the painfully familiar library. He was sitting in the old antique arm chair, leaning his thoughtfully vexed brow with one hand. The rest of his face was impassive as over. I knew before he had spoken a word that some inflexible purpose was in his mind, that it thrilled me with a vague terror, as I half-guessed its import.

"Jasmine!" The firm, cold tones arrested all my attention. The command of his eye was upon me. "You have indulged long enough in melancholy and solitude. It is time for you to arouse yourself, and meet the duties of life, and my wishes. You cannot live in harmony with Mrs. Northrop and her mother. It is best that a change be effected, and that speedily. You must become the wife of Austin Catlife."

The tears I had shed, the misery I had endured, the blighting sorrow I still bore with me, had extinguished to some extent the impetuous speech and temper. I answered calmly, but with a concentrated force of resolution:

"I will never marry him!"

"Why not?" asked my father coldly.

I looked him in the face, but I dared not yet give the answer that rose to my lips. "Because I do not love him," I replied.

"That is not all," he fellly resumed. "You gave another reason some months ago. You have learned what you never ought to have been told for the sake of your own peace of mind. You are foolishly prejudiced. Mr. Catlife is worthy of your hand. No other will ever wed you; you know too well the reason why. Such secrets are never wholly kept. In this way only can you ensure your future peace and happiness."

"I will never marry Austin Catlife, the son of my mother's enemy—never, so help me God! Sooner would I beg, or starve, or die!"

I was no longer afraid of my father, or of aught beneath the heavens.

"Consider well your words. Either you consent to receive Mr. Austin as your accepted suitor, or you are henceforth no daughter of mine!"

Again the silent tenderness, the stial yearning, possessed my soul. I cast upon him pleading looks, and was about to clasp his knees. He waved me back with a stern, imperious gesture. I did not utter the imploring cry of my desolate heart, "Will you not love me, oh my father?"

It would have been so sweet to have rested on that father-breast; to have felt the clasp of his strong, protecting arms; the holy kiss of reconciliation upon my forehead. I should have been restored to the hope of life, to the buoyancy of youth, the joy of affection; but it was not to be.

"I want no opposition in word or deed. I want your daughterly obedience; all your life you have thwarted me, now I demand and will enforce your submission."

Could that be a father speaking to an only child? I gazed upon him through a gathering mist of tears. Once more the hand of love swept aside the intervening shadows that veiled my heart from his; once again pride and defiance were put down, and my helpless youth appealed to him for sympathy. Low at his feet I knelt, and wept and sobbed my penitence for aught of wrong inflicted by my waywardness upon him. And I besought him as he valued heaven and peace, leave to me the freedom of the dear old Hall. I even promised obedience to my tormentors, docility toward all he loved, that I might be permitted to remain and devote my days to him. I prayed with an earnestness that must have touched his heart. For I saw a flash upon his brow; then his lips compressed, his features hardened, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"You will do as I bid you, or be no child of mine!" And I thought of the great, bleak, unknown world into which a father's relentless hand would thrust me, and in view of poverty and toil, danger and starvation, I, the tenderly nurtured girl, shuddered where I stood. But I wavered not; deeply grieved on memory's tablet were the warning words of the departed. Never, never, for aught of earth would I perjure my soul and bind my breaking heart in loveless chains of marriage!

So I told him, and he only smiled in derision and pointed to the door. I knew not how I regained my chamber. Bitter was the anguish added to my unspoken trial-pangs. I read again and again the last words of my beloved one, and vowed that no force of persuasion should compel me to forget her dying injunctions.

So the gloomy winter days sped on, and Mark Catlife was a frequent guest at our house, and his own remained there for weeks at a time. I was obliged to receive him—to reply to his rapid compliments, to endure his fulsome admiration. I answered him coldly; I repelled all his declarations; I spoke scornfully, haughtily, and I roused his high to frenzy, and then in my secret heart I exulted, and hoped he would learn to hate me. But it was not so. Some strong fascination, or hidden design urged him on. At one moment seemingly stunned by my unrecanted aversion, he would appear overwhelmed with grief, or excited to governable anger; the next, he was all smiles, all pleasantry and apparent devotion.

But one day he taunted me with sorrow for the absence of Ralph Faulkland, with sneering allusions to my unrequited love. I retorted in such a manner as to make him throw off completely his mask of self-control. He was perfectly furious, then; and when he threatened, with choking speech and clenched fist, that for all this I should pay him in the future, I only laughed, and soothed, left the room.

I cannot enumerate the tortures I endured from all sides: My father's repeated stern commands, and Mrs. Strong's petty exultation in my silent misery; Agatha's sarcastic looks and significant smiles, I had but one friend in my own home, the faithful, humble Rosita. In quick, startled whispers, she bade me "never do that wicked thing—never marry that Catlife of a man."

Sorily pressed on all sides, with a heart hardened by its first mighty disenchantment, I had no place of refuge; for alas, in the bitterness and intensity of my grief, I sought not God, knowing not where to find him.

Mark Catlife and his son held a lengthy conversation one day, of which I was the subject, as I knew by their stealthy glances when I entered unexpectantly. Then both had a conference with my father, and once again I was summoned before him, and told that I was to decide as once between his blessing, alliance, and honor, or banishment from his home and thoughts. I had no fortune; I was the orphan of my father, I was beggaried and bereft of all.

I saw the looming destiny in all its terror, but I faltered not. Mark Catlife and his son were called in, and before them I boldly reiterated my resolve, that sooner would I welcome poverty, homelessness, even death, than live with Austin. The father's eyes shot lurid gleams of hatred upon me. He identified that only son; he could not bear to see him thwarted by that pale, unyielding girl. Austin impetuously, with his entreaties, his real, or well-simulated sorrow, saying he would not, and be could not live without me.

"You shall be happy, Austin, if any sacrifice on my part can ensure it," said Mark, tenderly grasping his son's hands. "Though that weak, foolish girl is unworthy of you, it is enough for me that you love her. Herbert, you are master here; let this end at once. Have the ceremony performed without the nonsense of preparation and farther parley."

"But my friend, I cannot so far compel the child—give me time!"

"Time!" interrupted Mark; "she has had a sufficiency of time. I say, no more parleying and vacillating! I have your word of honor; fulfill it as becomes you. I cannot, and will not behold my son, suffering for the whims of a silly child. I want an end to this at once!"

The manner, the positiveness of tone, the insinuated command, all displeased my father. The angry Northrup blood mounted to his face; a gleam of haughty surprise shone from his unkindled eye.

"I have never broken my word, but I will not see actual compulsion," I will send Jasmine home."

"To starve, to die, because this man demands it? Oh, my father, can you be so cruel?"

"You shall neither starve nor die. I will provide for your wants, but as you will not submit to your parents' desire, you must bear the penalty. Pack up your wardrobe; you leave Oakfast Hall to-morrow, and forever. I will send you to the village of Egglefield, where you shall be taken care of."

"I will go, oh, thank you, thank you, father!" I cried, kissing his hand, and shedding tears of relief.

"Is this the fulfillment of your promise to me? This what for years I have waited for? Herbert Northrup, I knelt upon a distant coast. I can tell you that which will make you alter your views. I tell you this

must not, shall not be so! Justice must remain, and become the wife of Asaiah."

His face was livid with passion; it was hideous in its distortion. Even my father was appalled by the sudden revelation of that tiger nature. The younger face reflected as in a mirror all the varying expressions of the older one. I shivered, and still held close my father's unresisting hand.

"This is too much, even from a friend!" he replied, in calm, steady tones. "In everything through life have I sought to please you, Mark. There are limits, however to all things. While I yield to the demands of friendship, such as yours has ever proved, I cannot in this instance, bow to your will. Go to your room, now, Ju-mine."

Yet still I lingered, possessed by some undefinable dread. The hands of Mark Catliffe opened and shut as if a life were in that nervous grasp. He advanced to my father, and said in a low, hoarse voice, at which cold shudders crept athwart me:

"Send the girl away! I have that to tell you which will change your plans at once. You little dread the power I hold over you and yours! Go, Austin, go, my son, and remember Mark Catliffe has never relinquished any object on which he has set his mind. Go, now!"

He left the room, and, stunned, bewildered, with throbbing forebodings at my heart, I thrust aside Austin's proffered hand, and fled up stairs to my altar sanctuary.

I could not pray, and I could not weep. Some congealing terror had frozen the fountain sources of my tears. I sat upon the floor with clasped hands, listening intently with wildly exultant heart, for the sound of summoning footsteps, for the call that was to arouse me from the torpor of horror that held me bound.

I was called at last to find my father lying helpless, as if stricken with death, upon the lounge in his own room. A deathly pallor had settled on his face; the sharpened features seemed to stand forth from the cold, chiseled marble; his lips were blue; the fire of the dark, haughty eye was quenched; some terrible, quick pain was gnawing at his heart, for his trembling fingers clutched his linen as if to tear it thence; large drops of sweat stood on his brow in matted confusion, his dark, waving hair lay on the pillow.

At that sight, I forgot all selfish sorrow. I threw myself upon my knees before him, wiped the dew from his brow, and kissed the ice-cold hand. Alas, alas, when I deemed him almost won to love his desolate and persecuted child, he turned against me. On memory, with what a visage of disgusting hatred, with curses too fearful to repeat! Oh tiger, serpent! well didst thou do thy destroying work! I fell forward on my face, groveling in the dust before the loathsome father, showering imprecations on my innocent head! My prayers, my tears, my wild entreaties, were all unheeded and unheeded in that furious gust of rage that convulsed the noble form! Amid his incoherent words I caught glimmerings of dark meanings, and I knew that he reverted to my mother, to curse and despise her anew, to trample into the lowest mire the name and fame of her I worshipped! I plead for a knowledge of the dread tidings revealed by Mark Catliffe; regardless of his insane manner, his threatening eyes, I implored him to tell me all!

He rose to his feet with a bound; he caught me in his herculean arms, and flung me from him as if I were a thing of vilest life. I was unhurt by his violence, and with firm resolve I approached him again, determined, though I perilled life itself to know the mystery that so darkened my days and his.

"Tell me all, I must know. For God's sake, tell me!"

"You would know all!—you must! You shall. Go—go to her! Out of my sight!—out of my home forever! But for you, perverse, ungrateful, this had never come to light! Go to your mother, the low born wretch living with her paramour!"

I shrieked aloud, and called upon God's mercy to sustain my reason!

"She is long since in her grave—it is false! Oh, woe! to heaven it were true!" I cried.

"It is true! My shame, my torture, my dishonor, lives! Here is the proof," and a crumpled paper dropped upon the floor. I seized it, but could not read, for my sight was gone, and I felt myself falling—falling down some deep abyss of unconsciousness into the waters of everlasting rest beneath.

I was aroused by his grasp upon my shoulder, the cruel words he uttered in my ear that branded me, too, with a mother's shame! I would have implored for mercy, for forgiveness and pity, for me and her. His only answer was, "Out of my home!—out of my sight, forever!" and then the demon in him waxed stronger still, and on my unresisting frame descended murderously heavy, a father's maddened blows!

That night, I know not how the hours sped—there was a great commotion at Oakleaf Hall. Mrs. Strong raved and shrieked forth invectives and denunciations against the son-in-law she had pretended to honor. Agatha was in hysterics; the face of Rosita was blanched to an ashy hue. Mark Catliffe had spread the poison of his communication. None seemed to heed or care for me, and like a gnat, I stole forth under cover of the midnight darkness, and left my childhood's home forever. My brain was crazed with grief, my heart throbbled with fever pulsations; but more than all that bowed me to the earth was the recollection of that altered face, those savage eyes, that uplifted hand that fell upon my shivering frame, like hammer strokes of fate! My father's hand!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Communications from the Indians in Spirit-Land.

Four years ago, while in the city of Boston, Mass., I received a spiritual communication informing me, that there would be no permanent settlement of the Indian difficulties under the Government of the United States, until the tribes which are in the spirit-land were agreed as to the terms of settlement, and as to the locations and extent of country which the remnants of their race should occupy.

I received another communication in the city of Washington, August 3, 1863, through a highly-developed medium, as follows, showing that they are now agreed.

J. B. Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1863.

TO JOHN BEESON:

My Friend—Our great representative council consists of all various tribes of our nation, both of the present and past generations, who once inhabited the beautiful country which your people now claim or occupy as their own.

Our purpose in meeting is for the prolongation and elevation of our race, and for the reign of harmony among all the various tribes. Our spirit have bowed around our old familiar homes, and we wish no longer to see our tribes and our nation waste away. We wish commissioners sent to hold councils for their protection, elevation and harmony. Let them be held at a certain appointed day and place.

We in spirit-life wish four Grand Reserves to be especially set apart, having for their purpose the advancement and protection of our nation.

For the First Reserve—We wish the Penobscot and other Eastern Indians to be removed to Lake Superior, together with those in the vicinity of the lake and adjoining country, and located in the First Reserve in the upper portion of Wisconsin, and on the fine islands of Lake Superior.

For the Second Reserve—We wish the Southern and Middle States Indians to inhabit what is now known

as the Indian country. The climate is healthy, and the soil rich and productive. Here the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, Creeks, Ottawas, Delaware, New York Indians, and others, could live in harmony and peace.

For the Third Reserve—We wish the scattered remnants of the California Indians to be collected together for the Third Reserve, which we would have located in New Mexico. Here the Nevogoes, Apaches, Camanches, Pueblos, California Diggers, Schooshones, and other tribes could be collected together and live in harmony. Situate them on a navigable river, or where they can have the benefits of a railroad, for much civilization exists among some of these various tribes.

For the Fourth Reserve—We wish its situation to be in the northwestern portion of Washington Territory on the sea-coast. In it the Grand Round Indians, Black Feet, Flat Heads, and Indians living on the shell-fish and other fish, could live in harmony and peace, and the British Indians would seek protection.

Now we shall indeed be happy, and rejoice with pleasure when we see and know that the white men, our brothers, care sufficient for us to help us to prolongate the existence of our now wasting nation.

If you will but secure these Four Grand Reserves for our race, we know our people will prosper, and flourish in agriculture, education, and civilization. You will find these Four Grand Reserves to be the means of restoring harmony among the various tribes; and we tell you we expect to see these Four Grand Reserves consolidated into one Grand General Reserve, and our people having but one language, and one religion, living in harmony and union.

We wish our race to become a powerful and united nation. For in union there is strength.

KING PHILIP, TACUMSEH, BILLY BOWLES, OSEOLA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SIR ELWYN ALURED.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY GEO. G. MEAD.

Through the gateway of the castle, Guarded by the sturdy vassal, Rode Sir Elwyn from the wassail— For he was a knight of fame. There his honor he had plighted, Ne'er should Lady Jane be slighted, But their hearts should be united When he from the battle came.

Thus he left the halls of dancing, Where the eyes of love were glancing, To do battle 'gainst his foes. Oft his lance was bent in battle, Oft his buckler loud did rattle 'Neath his angry foeman's blows.

Soon his love the lady slighted, And forgot her promise plighted— Quite forgot the absent knight; For another came to woo her, Telling tales of love unto her, And she bent her ear with pleasure To his tales of golden treasure, And his fabled jewels bright.

Maidens giddy and short-sighted, Oft have broken promise plighted, And of hopes forever blighted. Scarcely gave a single thought— Little recking of the sorrow That might usher in the morrow. Thus fair Jane, her vows unbinding, Still'd her conscience's silent pleading. When her hand another sought.

There was mirth within the castle, Long and merry was the wassail. When fair Lady Jane was wed, Music swells along the arches, Where the festal pageant marches; And the merry shouts and laughter Shook the banners on each rafters, Hanging pendent overhead.

Joy from Sir Elwyn departed When he learned she was false hearted— Seemed it like his funeral knell. Thenceforth, when he fought in battle, Seemed his glaive to lose its mettle; Knightly prowess soon forsook him, Like an aspen, foemen shook him. When their blows upon him fell.

Soon, how'er, his cares were ended, For an archer's shaft descended, All unguarded by his shield. Scales of Milan plate were shivered, Deep within his heart it quivered, Dead he fell upon the field.

Slept the robin on the willow, Slept the lady on her pillow, Silent was the castle all. Woke the lady ere she awoke— By her stood the one she slighted, Ghastly in the vaulted hall!

From his breast the blood was streaming, And his phantom eyes were gleaming. With a sad, reproachful look, And a roar like pealing thunder Seemed to rend the roof asunder. Whilset a main the castle shook!

Then a glare of light appeared, Lit the hall with gleams infernal— Such as ne'er was seen before. And the tower was burst asunder, Instant ceased the demon thunder— But fair Jane was seen no more!

Years have passed, yet in those chambers Where the blooming ivy clammers, Roam the spirits of the train. Sounds are heard of demon laughter, Shaking each old oaken rafters, As they hold their midnight revels, With their train of ghosts and devils, Howling through the night amain.

Travelers on their way blighted, Turn them from the place affrighted, At the goblin sounds they hear. Elvish shapes in dances spinning, Skeletons in armor grinning, See they in this place of fear!

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept., 1863.

SHELLING, AND HOW THE MISSILES ARE DROPPED.

A correspondent writing from Morris Island to the Christian Advocate and Journal, says—

At night we can see the path of a shell through all its journey, lighted as it is by the burning fuse. When the range is two miles, the track of a shell from a mortar describes very near half the arc of a circle. On leaving the mortar, it gracefully moves nearly or quite a mile above the earth, and then it glides along for a moment, apparently in a horizontal line; but quickly you see that the little fiery orb is on the home stretch, describing the other segment of the circle. A shell from rifled a Parrott gun is going two and a half

miles, deviates from a straight line, not quite so much as a shell from a mortar. But in passing over this space, considerable time is required. The report travels much faster than the shot. A shell from a mortar will make a distance of two miles in about thirty seconds, and from a Parrott gun in about half that time. The flash of a gun at night, and the white smoke by day, indicate the moment of the discharge, and fifteen or twenty seconds give an abundance of time to find a cover in a splinter proof, behind a trench, or something else. It is wise and soldierly to do so, but many pay no attention to those blessings, screaming, lying, in the day time. If shot from a gun, invisible devils, except to crack jokes at their expense, or occasionally one pays his life for his foolhardiness.

Original Essays.

THE BAD AND GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

[H. B. Chapman and A. B. Child propose to write for our paper a series of articles, which will take some thing of the form of a dialogue, on the "Bad and Good of Spiritualism." H. B. Chapman's remarks are placed under the head of H. B. C., and A. B. Child's remarks under the head of A. B. C.]

H. B. C.—I propose to show, on my part, precisely this: That Spiritualism, in its various phases of table-tipping, rapping, trance-speaking, &c., is of supernatural origin, and mainly of Satanic direction—that its tendency is to disorder, disruption, and chaos, and is not therefore friendly to the peace of the world. But terms must be defined before points are argued. I mean, then, by Spiritualism, the modern phenomena of tipping tables, rapping upon them, trance-speaking, &c., and the system, partial or complete, which has grown out of those phenomena. I mean by Satan an individualized being, of great capacity and towering ambition, who has his headquarters somewhere in the vicinity of the earth.

By supernatural, I mean events which have their causes in a world beyond us. I have now a word preliminary, touching what I propose to do.

All thinking persons, out of the insane asylum, are observant of a conflict both within and without them. Within are passion, reason, will, disputations, and questionings as to how we shall think and act; and without are the collisions of class in society, sects in religion, cliques in politics, usurpation and war among nations. Whence and wherefore is it so?

We find within and without us, also, the elements of order, stability and harmony; also of quarrel, anarchy and revolution. Here are two sets of forces: the one conservative, the other aggressive. One coincides with the central law of existence—the other operates as a disturbing element. Now the precise point of inquiry is, whence comes this disturbing force? One of two things I think must have happened at the start; either this disturbing was organized into the human constitution, or it was superinduced upon us after our creation.

To affirm the first proposition, is to attribute our own origin to a divine cause; but God is not the author of confusion. To affirm the latter proposition puts us to the logical necessity of another and secondary cause apart from God, powerful and commensurate to the effect we see.

If, now, you say the woman in the Eastern Paradise had within her the element of discord, which could become inflamed by a kind of spontaneous combustion, you simply assert what is ridiculous; for you charge God with having blundered in her organization.

Have effects causes? Do men gather figs of thistles? Have you a self-acting power? Are you a self-acting being?

What one of you would exclude God from the universe, by setting up himself in his stead? Do you say none? then there is no devil among you. There is nothing self-acting but that which is its own author. God is the only self-reigning sovereign of the world; all else is subject.

Now where one is tempted there must be a tempter, or else my foregoing remark is not true, that there is nothing self-acting but God; for here we make temptation the author of itself.

It is evident then, from reason, that the woman was tempted by something, or some one. If by something, what was it, animate or inanimate, within her or without?

If without, was it the splendid and beauteous world she saw, and did she wish herself its queen? Or, was it some high-wrought faculty within, impregnated and aspiring after knowledge? What then? Did the faculty set itself in motion?—or is the faculty male and female that it can, by self-action, generate new instincts, and create new passions.

Now it would be unfair to say that the woman acted in the matter without due provocation, for her descendants rarely go against our reason; and that she had a most arch and consummate villain to deal with who confessed, when it is remembered how nearly he nipped the matter in his conversation with her respecting God, and the probable consequence should she disregard his threatening.

But how did he (the Devil) get these secrets, unless he was once in friendly intercourse with angels and the dignitaries of heaven? Why not? Once in our bosoms we held the destroyer of our nation's peace, and why not some far-off and celestial heaven have held this rebel angel and his host?

If the faculties of the woman got into disorder of themselves, then by the same logic they can get out of it of themselves, and in that case each thing becomes its own redeemer, which intimates universal wreck, and universal upbuilding. But this is not the way of the divine philosophy.

Why, I am not more shocked at the Devil, than at myself. I have had thoughts that would overthrow Jehovah, and seize creation for myself; and what in me is a momentary wish, is in Satan a settled and determined will.

Who, having the advantage means to keep it still, Shrewd, cunning, and sometimes devout, When that is best to bring his end about, To visit and cheer his patrons on their way.

But let it be observed again, that, if the woman's faculties were self-acting, and by that motive got out of order, and so remain in spite of medicine to cure, there was some huge defect in making them; so much as to absolve a man from sin who puts away a woman for not liking her.

A. B. C.—I propose to show only what I know of Spiritualism, not what my ignorance presumes, or knows nothing of. Of the good of Spiritualism I know something—of the bad of Spiritualism I know nothing. In ten years experience of daily and hourly devotion to this blessed influx of heavenly love upon the earth, called Spiritualism, from the deep, earnest and honest convictions of my soul I affirm that I have not recognized anything in it that seemed to me intrinsically bad, wrong or evil. But, on the contrary, I have found in it all the good for which my soul yearned, all that my yet feebly developed capacities could bear. I have found in it a rich and exhaustless fountain of truth. In it, through the mystifying vapors of opinion and philosophy that are everywhere around us, I have seen the comely form of common sense. By it, through the foam caused by bubbles of self-righteousness breaking, I have seen the love of man to man, and I have seen the narrow significance of a single creed, and the broader significance of all creeds. In Spiritualism I have seen human feet walk over the narrow confines of

olden interest and selfish lore, and bear signal evidence of sympathy and compassion for the pains, distress and sorrows of others. In Spiritualism I have seen some of the signs that Christ has said shall follow those who believe on him, viz., speaking with new tongues, calling out devils, laying hands upon and healing the sick. And I have seen, too, men and women by it baptized in tears, virtually in the name of a Christ stoned, spit upon and crowned with thorns by the thoughtless world, and also take up what popular clamor figuratively called "serpents," and drink what the world virtually called "deadly things," and not be hurt thereby. In Spiritualism I have seen a devotion to the things of the spiritual world that sets at naught the things of this world that so soon dissolve and die. By Spiritualism I have seen the affections set on things above, more than on things below. In Spiritualism I have seen more faith in God, that is spirit, and less faith in matter, that is only the production of spirit. In Spiritualism I have seen charity that goes farther than the outward pretences of righteousness—charity that covers the wide circle of all human beings, whether their badness be covered by goodness or their good ness by badness—charity that makes no resistance to evil, that forgiveth always, that believeth all things and vaunteth not itself. In Spiritualism I have seen the dawning of the millennial age—the second advent of the spirit of Christ, but not without the beginning destruction of earthly things on which men's affections are set. I have seen the earthly images of which men kneel in devotion, by it broken. By it I have seen riches scattered on the winds of the earth, and the conviction of self-greatness and superiority leveled, even in degraded littleness and apparent inferiority. By Spiritualism I have seen that the religions, the usages and customs of the world in the present and past, are weighed and found wanting, or are found to be of little real significance—that written laws, both religious and moral, are attributes of matter, not spirit; good and bad morals and religions are material, not spiritual; that argument is always superficial, and contention and combat are more superficial still; that creeds and beliefs are only lawful effects, not spiritual causes; that the actions of men are necessities to men's conditions; that the affections of men that make the acts of men are not subservient to human volition; that human philosophy is subservient to human affection; that affection is in the seat of physical life, philosophy in the highest physical extremity; that philosophy guides us to the grave, affection bears us to heaven; that morals and religions are helps to the physical being, but not to the soul, for they are only effects of the soul; that soul is not guided or influenced by the beliefs and deeds it produces, no more than the engine is influenced or guided by the smoke it sends off. Spiritualism opens a view to the perfect form, power, and certainty of the immortality of every human soul.

To those who see and feel the blessed realities of Spiritualism, it is good in the highest sense of goodness, and lovely in the deepest, truest meaning of loveliness.

What sensuous, surface perception calls Spiritualism is not Spiritualism; it is only materialism that Spiritualism causes to fall from the beautiful soul. And to those whose affections are yet only set on these falling things of earth, Spiritualism appears a terrific evil, because it breaks, damages and deforms what they only dearly love.

Table tipping, raps, trances, etc., are not Spiritualism, they are only effects of Spiritualism. These are only sensuous effects of a deep and holy power that lies behind, which the poor, frail philosophy of man cannot quite yet understand the wisdom of. So, like as a baby cries in pain, philosophic man cries in want of knowing wisdom's ways, and calls these wise workings of the spirit world of satanic direction, tending to disorder, disruption chaos. And it is right that he should do so, for it is natural and incident to the condition of earthly love which all have, or will pass through. In the condition of earthly love, who, with out depression and condemnation, can bear to see the fondest idols of their affection broken and destroyed? It is the tendency of Spiritualism to break in pieces the idols of earth that men worship, so that the affections of men and women may be set on something better. Those only who yet have a deep love for the things of earth, talk against and qualify Spiritualism with evil adjectives. These things of earth that fighting men so fondly love and count almost eternal, and even think them oracles for heaven's immortality, are only earthly idols that Spiritualism is breaking. Wealth, pretending morality, superior religion, excellent reputation, honor, fame, greatness and the salvation of self, all these are only idols that men selfishly worship in the deep affection of earthly love. Spiritualism will break them all, and for doing it will get many curses, but there shall follow in its trail spiritual blessings.

I would not charge God with any blunder, nor can I deny, if Ere was inharmonious, that she had the elements of inharmonious created in her. Eva, I suppose, died as other women die—a natural, physical death, and if so, she had the elements of death at her birth in her physical being, as do all other physical beings. And I would not call God a God of "confusion" because he so created her.

Effects have causes, as well as causes have effects. Causes produce effects, and the producer is always superior to the product.

I never saw grapes gathered from thistles, but have seen men try.

If man is a self-acting being, his action is very limited. All Nature is self-acting, and Nature is its own author. Nature is all power, all wisdom, all presence. These three attributes of Nature we may call God. It takes everything that has existence to constitute Nature. The attributes that make our God are infinite, so there is no power outside the infinite power of God; hence the power that tempts is God's power, and the power that surrenders to temptation is God's power, too.

It matters little whether we say God's power acts within or without us, whether we call it devilish or angelic. All power is God's power.

If it be unfair to say that any act is produced without a due provocation, the earth is loaded with unfairness. I do not hesitate to say that every action of every man has due provocation, has a lawful and unavoidable cause that lies in the all-wise and all direct power of God. Nor would I call any part or fraction of the unseen wisdom and power that directs the world consummately villainous, for all of God is good. A devil outside of man, a personal being with a tail and one split foot, that has his headquarters somewhere in the air or down in the earth, that influences all men and all women, that makes all kneel and bow to him with but little, if any, rebellion to him, even in secret, is only a grotesque symbol, an absurd figure of the real power that damages and dissolves earthly things, the final end of which is physical death, and which physical death is as lawful as physical birth, and is meant to be so by the wisdom that rules.

If this fictitious kingdom of the devil is immortal, as is claimed by the Church, if it reaches beyond the dominion of earthly love, as is preached, be ye sure that every child of earth is a subject of the devil's kingdom forever, for all are his subjects here.

Every man must die physically, and what is called the devil, or evil, is alone the proximate cause of man's physical death. This physical death to the senses of the soul is a great blessing, while to the senses of this world it is a great curse. So the senses of the soul do not curse evil, but call it good—while the senses of this world curse it, not knowing the good that will come of it. The devil and evil, as called, are virtually tantamount, and are tantamount in matter, consequently physical death is inevitable.

INSANE MEDIUMS—NO. 1.

BY O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D.

Not long ago we were summoned by the friends of a medium in a distant city to hasten to see him. He was in good physical health, and his mediumship had always been orderly. He was usually a patient of different physicians, but now he was pronounced insane by a doctor of frantic despair.

Mustard was powerless to relieve. Blisters would wound, but not counteract. Anodynes would not assuage the excited brain; "he was to go to the asylum," was all that could be said by good medical counsel. Even those who knew he was a medium and did not believe that such phenomena could be caused by spirits, could only say, "He has been influenced too much." "His brain has been too much taxed," and thus account for "insanity."

When I entered the room, his expressions of despair brought tears to my eyes. He seemed to be in the most terrible fright. He feared that I was coming to destroy him, and conducted like a child expecting to be beaten by an enraged father.

Taking advantage of this expression of his feelings, I ordered him to sit up, in tones of authority, and made vigorous passes from the head downward for a moment, and then commanded him to stand. He trembled as if being led to execution.

To my mind the fear was the emotion of a spirit who had entire control. I placed my hands on his head and passed rapidly to the floor a few times, when taking him by the shoulder, I wheeled him suddenly round, saying, "Now you are entirely well." In an instant, he looked me fair in the face, and with the most cheerful expression said, "Doctor, how do you do?"

He was well and natural, conversed playfully as usual, and the whole time occupied was not half as long as it has taken me to pen the above. He could now be influenced in an orderly manner as before, and attend to his business, and I have not known any symptoms of another attack. That night he was to have been sent to the asylum with a temperamental easily controlled, and of course he would be subject to any insane or inharmonious influence that might choose to fasten upon him.

Moreover, all the anodynes and anesthetics used to subdue him would increase his susceptibility, and disturb the harmony of his physical system more and more.

At the present moment I have two patients in my family, who have been mediums for years. One has been under influence so disorderly, that she cut off one of her own fingers when entranced by a spirit, and otherwise injured herself and others. She has been with us now for months, is often under influence, and never but once controlled in a disorderly manner. We could not have a friend more orderly or more agreeable.

The other has been confined a year in an asylum, because inharmonious spirits could influence her as well as those that were orderly and harmonious, and Spiritualism came with "causing her insanity." Since she has been with us there has been no influence that could be pronounced insane or disorderly by the most prejudiced observer, except certain effects confined entirely to the physical. I shall have something to say in future of the power of spirits to disturb the physical, and inflame or cause pain.

Every week—yes, almost daily—we hear of similar cases. Some at home, suffering unutterable horror, but not so troublesome as to compel the friends to remove them; others sent to asylums to be drugged, caged, and fettered, because their friends refuse to believe, or have never thought that there can be disorderly as well as orderly influence.

Many of these can be relieved in a week or a day by those who know the causes and methods of inharmonious and disorderly influence. In heaven's name, shall we not save them?

Milton Hill Remedial Institute.

THE TWO SAVIORS.

BY LOUISE T. WHITTIER.

History informs us that more than eighteen hundred years ago, on a distant Eastern mountain, was crucified one who had borne thither his own cross, and though like every suffering soul, he cried, "If possible, let this cup pass by me;" yet it was of no avail, for upon this human sacrifice depended the spiritual salvation of the world. Though many, no doubt, believe that to this brutal sacrifice of life they owe their all of future happiness—and I once belonged to the fast decreasing class—yet from the depths of suffering and degradation inhuman souls are now asking for the crucifixion of another Saviour, to atone for the sins of physical life. But however graciously God may deal with the heart, all our experiences prove that He never pardons stomach, muscle, lungs or brain. These must expiate their offences unmercifully. Nay, there are numerous and obvious cases of violated physical laws, where Nature, with all her diligence and severity, seems vain to scourge the offender enough during his life time, and so she goes on plying her scourge upon his children and his children's children after him, even to the third and fourth generation. All the sons and all the daughters are made inheritors, not in aliquot parts, but by kind of malignant multiplication in the distemper, each inherits the whole.

Since it is useless to expect to go on transgressing the health-law of our constitutions without paying the utmost penalty of such violated law, is it not then that we begin to inquire what we shall do to be saved from this living death? And does it not develop to us, as Spiritual Reformers, to think, and act, and live upon the subject of health, and practice what we preach, and thus prove to the world the possible existence of sound mind in a sound body? Though we ignore the idea of a spiritual saviour, yet by our lips and actions we are praying for one upon whom we can cast the burden of our physical sins. We talk eloquently of a beautiful angel-world, where harmony, peace and happiness, like the gentle zephyrs of a summer evening, fan lightly the brow and cheek of earth's once suffering children, while at the same time we are living in manner to perpetuate this suffering, and people the spirit-world with half-developed, inharmonious human beings. My heart rejoiced while reading the resolutions offered by Bro. Tooley at the Potomac, N. Y. Convention, for truly "physical health should be cultivated as the basis of spiritual growth." Then let us clip the wings of fancy, and deal awhile with the realities of earth-life, and become our physical, as well as our spiritual saviours.

I would here say to the friends who have invited me to speak in their vicinities on the subject of health, that I prefer to not make engagements far ahead, but will endeavor to respond to their calls as soon as possible.

I intend to spend the remaining part of the fall and the winter in Wisconsin and Illinois. My address will the first of January will be Fox Lake, Dodge Co., after that Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.

Patch says he never could see that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all the Mother country ever got from those provinces was war, and fighting and rows—except the Canadian boat song, and even that commenced—"Row, brothers, row."

When does a man appear most ridiculous? When he finds fault, ridicules, and is contemptuous to things about persons, circumstances, and what he knows nothing about.—Dr. J. G. Kelly.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

If there are any classes of effective workers in the field of human progress...

I have been in the field from the early dawn of Spiritualism, and borne the heat and burden of the day...

Spiritualism has been managed by self-constituted leaders, very much as the National Army has...

It is curious to see how few of the early pioneers of Spiritualism in this country are still in the field...

It is a notorious fact, that there are some persons among us, who, if they could have their way...

Where is Britain, Tiffany, Newton, Hewitt, Spear, Dr. Duxter, Ambler, Gibson, Smith, Emma Jay...

Where is that second graduating class that came a few years later, and worked as efficiently and faithfully as any?

Has justice been done these pioneers at all times? Have they been treated by Spiritualists...

T. G. Furster, whose eloquence and philosophy held spell bound his numerous audiences...

G. E. Lockwood, whose eloquence blazed all over northern Ohio, and other parts of the West...

Dr. Dexter drops suddenly out of New York, and his pen, which had made many strokes of light...

That old iron war-horse, Tiffany, that made Orthodox tremble wherever its sounds were heard...

I am sure there is injustice somewhere. Is it not inside of our ranks? Had we not better search...

We are strong enough, if we were only charitable enough to sustain mediums and speakers...

What can outsiders expect to gain by joining us? If we allow a few among us to set themselves up...

ONE OF THE LOST SHEEP.—A Methodist minister was traveling through the settlements of Wisconsin...

"Stranger, where most you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky."

"How was it that you, so young and without instruction, could express such elevated ideas upon the future life before your death?"

"From the little time that I had passed upon your globe, and at my preceding incarnation. I was a medium when I quitted the earth, and when I returned amongst you...

"How was it that a child of your age never uttered a complaint, through four years of suffering?"

"Because physical suffering was conquered by a higher power, that of my guardian angel, whom I saw always near me. He knew all that I felt, and rendered my will stronger than the pain."

"How comes it that animated with love for your parents you came to torment them by making these noises around them?"

Written for the Banner of Light.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

BY G. L. BURNHIDE (MEDIUM).

I still will be prophetic, for I saw in visions of the deep, entranced night...

Another "terrestrial expedition" is given in the July No. called "Max, the Mendicant."

Answer me, winds of midnight! Answer me, ye stars that round the planet seem to roll!

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ELLEN.

BY S. B. BRADY.

When I slept, the shadows gathered and seemed to throb my room;

The sorrows that are past, and the sorrows yet to be, in waking hours are brightened by hope and memory;

Though the years are long and sad, since the days of long ago,

Through the pearly gates of Dream-land, she led me gently on,

Beyond Earth's jarring discord, beyond the earthly sun;

And kept my hand in hers till the shadows all were gone.

Another "terrestrial expedition" is given in the July No. called "Max, the Mendicant."

He received the soubriquet of "Count Max." But no one knew anything of his origin...

Thank you, for remembering poor Max, the beggar, in your prayers. You desire to know who I am, and I will satisfy you...

Oh, how well The ancient magic of the teeming earth Comes in eternal phases from the south;

Stem your unwieldy currents, mighty earth! And then the mind will set its onward course...

The teachings of French Spiritualism differ somewhat from ours and our English cousins...

In a family of laborers, my neighbors, in the country, was a young girl named Clara Rivier...

In the "Revue" for this month, there are remarks made upon this subject, and questions as to the difference between expiation and trial...

The editor, in his answer, says enough other things. Every effect having a cause, human misery is effects which should have a cause...

By whom our "young men" will refuse to be led; they forgot to put him into the last verse of this, So Sublimeeze thinks the idea not amiss.

At Middle Granville, as you are aware, we were engaged to speak at the Spiritual Quarterly Meeting...

The sessions commenced on Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, with a small audience...

On Sunday the meetings were largely attended, and a very deep interest was manifested throughout...

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We also had the pleasure of meeting with W. E. Mills and family. Bro. Mills is another wonderful medium, and is doing much in healing...

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SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE "REVUE SPIRITE."

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Correspondence.

Prejudice Prostrated.

Readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and others may have discerned...

For several seasons I have more lately, in lectures, communications to the press, and in numerous private epistles and conversations...

Very soon (April 28th, ult.) came that splendid mid-day illumination, in which the western horizon was kindled up...

But I was not satisfied with affirming the direction or significance of these splendid outbursts of heavenly glory...

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Correspondence.

Passed to Spirit Life.

The germ of immortality within the form of Myra Snell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Snell, of West Bridgewater, Mass.

Her funeral was attended by the writer, Oct. 17th, and the blending of nobly remembered, with the grief of her remaining parents, brother and sister...

Oct. 23d, Stillman De Forest, aged 5 years, youngest child of Mrs. Sarah S. Aggett, of New Haven, Conn.

Eddie was a bright and beautiful lad on life's fair tree. Many the blessings showered on his youthful head, and many the smiles he scattered...

"Tis ours, all ours," the mother said, As she fondly held o'er the cradle bed...

Ab! deep and holy the precious love Which the mother gave to her angel dove...

In the hour of midnight's still calm, While on his wings lay a beaming halo...

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Gospel of Charity.

Under the above name, some of the Spiritualists in this city have formed a social Society for the purpose of doing good in the rules of action given below.

In order to give the reader an idea of the objects and aims of the Society, we give the speech of Dr. A. B. Child, as it appears to cover the whole ground.

The subject of social meetings during the coming winter has been considered, and arrangements have been made for these meetings to be held at this hall every Monday evening.

The meetings will be subject to the management of a board of seven directors. This board is external and constituted only to keep order and decorum.

It is the experience of every Spiritualist, and of many who are not called spiritualists, that social satisfaction and comfort is not found in the circles of society that mainly take the gossips and fashions of the day.

There may not be a better nucleus around which to draw a social circle of Spiritualists than a few well-chosen precepts.

To this end the following rules of action are presented—not as a creed—not for a promise to make and break, but for a pledge to an effort to try and keep.

These rules of action have been named the Gospel of Charity, and the members of this Society will be considered the friends of this gospel.

GOSPEL OF CHARITY.

We, accepting the Gospel of Charity which believeth all things, endoweth all things, sincerely pledge ourselves and our lives, to try earnestly, daily, and hourly to keep and live by the following precepts:

- 1. To do by others as we would have others do by us, in all our words and in all our actions.
2. To resist no evil, but to overcome evil by doing good.
3. To be peacemakers, in private, social and public life.
4. To never condemn the faults of men, but to ever appreciate their virtues.
5. To forgive rather than punish the offences of others.
6. To appeal to the nobler faculties of man, rather than to his baser nature.
7. To return kindness for unkindness.
8. To suffer rather than cause suffering.
9. To make ourselves happy by making others happy.
10. To deal justly and generously with all.
11. To be faithful and diligent in the performance of all our duties and all our labors.
12. To accept all things as created for use and ultimate goodness by a wisdom we cannot comprehend.
13. To so study the providences of life as to obtain a calm and manly frame of mind toward ourselves, our associates, and our Creator.
14. To recognize the spiritual as the real world, and seek direct communion with it.
15. To pray for the guardianship of the angels of love, truth, and wisdom, and make their precepts the guide of our lives.
16. To recognize all human beings as children of one Father in the pursuit of happiness, possessing a diversity of developments, differing in manifestations, and the final unfolding of all to perfect peace in heaven.
17. To have faith that the Infinite Power and Wisdom which made the world, gave us birth, and sustains our lives, will hold us in His keeping for our own good, and for the noble purposes of creation.
18. To oppose no belief or creed, but to recognize and accept every belief and creed as true and lawful to the condition of the believer.
19. To write our CREED in our daily walks by deeds of goodness and generosity.
20. To register our FAITH in the acceptance of all things, without condemnation.
21. To set our affections on spiritual things, and look for the kingdom of heaven within.

These precepts are virtually the precepts of Christ. They are also the deep and true expressions of what Spiritualism is. Spiritualism will sooner or later draw all its followers to not only the acceptance, but to the practice of these precepts—though, it may be, that many shall be drawn to them through rough and thorny ways—ways of their own devices.

Spiritualism opens new and broader conceptions of Christ and his teachings, and in a way unlooked for by the world, is leading men to the heretofore unpractised gospel of Christ's charity—to the government of forgiveness. To-day the world is governed by vindictive justice, and under this government men go in sorrow and in suffering. Our nation bleeds and weeps under a code of laws that resist evil.

This society makes an aim and an effort to look in the direction of a practical acceptance of the precepts of Christ—and also the holy ordinance of Spiritualism that does not and cannot in anywise reject or cast out one single enactment of the new and yet unaccepted statute book that Christ offered the world.

For this end those who may desire to do so will sign their names to these rules of action, which is only a pledge to an effort in goodness. And for this end these social meetings are called, are dedicated, are consecrated.

Correspondence in Brief.

After a season of rest I am now about to resume my labors for humanity. This will be my tenth season in the lecturing field—six in the Western and four in the Eastern States.

I purpose spending this entire season in the State of Iowa, and to commence my labors in McGregor, on Dec. 1st, remaining there throughout the week.

I shall be happy while staying there to receive invitations from all parts of the State, and will endeavor to arrange a route which will meet all their wishes.

Yours for truth and humanity, JOHN MATHEW, M. D.

St Paul, Oct. 19, 1863.

PSYCHOMETRY—I can speak in the highest terms of the psychometric powers and ability of Mrs. A. B. Beverance, of Whitewater, Wis., whose advertisement appeared in your paper, for I have received a delineation of character of myself from her, which is remarkably correct, and which, in my opinion, demonstrates the psychometric science—as I can account for the result in no other way.

C. E. BARBER, Philadelphia.

It is destiny—phrase of the weak human heart! It is destiny—dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny. On earth, golden Conscience—in heaven, watches God. And destiny is but the phantom we invoke to allance the one—to de-throne the other.—Edgewood.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 5, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

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

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

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Reflections on the Country.

The late elections are full of meaning for such as choose to regard them in their true light. Not especially in the line of party politics, for with such things we have nothing to do, and in fact, we do not believe the people had a great deal to do in throwing their ballots.

In Ohio, there was a contest which was too significant in its character, and far too important in its results to be passed by without serious thought, by the man who would properly read the secret meaning of events and their close bearing upon the growth and development of national character.

In the first place, then, it is an anomaly in the history of all States, whether constitutionally Free States or otherwise, to find a spirited contest going forward respecting the very existence of a political community, and in the heart of that community, while a civil war is raging about the very questions which were suffered to be introduced into the canvas. Not every people would have patiently tolerated the introduction of such living questions into their midst at such a critical time; they would have been apt to say, "We are testing this very matter with arms in the field, and it cannot be taken from that place of arbitration and brought into our midst now."

With this fact, quite as much as with its final and decisive result, we are gratified beyond expression; for it demonstrates to a fixed certainty that men have not yet lost the use of their calmer faculties, and that, even in the allotments of a woe the like of which this people have never before known, the resolution to rely upon rational methods and to abide by the results of reason alone is unalterable.

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We think the people generally are satisfied with the result of the late ballottings, both of one party and another. So far as it was a reaffirmation of their solemn resolve not to let their country be torn in pieces by the wild beasts within it, any more than by the dogs from without, it was acceptable in the highest sense to all men and citizens. We must have a country first, in order to be possessed of anything else.

The power of popular idolatry is broken; and with the fall of image-worship have gone down many popular delusions also. We can bear to hear of the removal of favorite Generals now, when, but a little time ago, we should all have been thrown into fevers and spasms at the very thought of the thing. It shows how much we needed sobering, and how much we have actually been sobered. It proves plainly enough that we have finally come to our senses; that we have become balanced; that our disciplinary course has not been of no effect; that we are so bruised in respect of our vanities and conceits that we are willing at length to receive the suggestions of sober truth, and to open our natures to the ingress of higher than merely material influences.

This revolution which is going on in the minds of the people affects their religious, no less than their political and social condition. If they are thus reformed in the morals of State, not less are they in relation to the principles of vital religion. The old walls are crumbling down, so that the divisions do not separate men as rigidly as once. The old notes and bounds with which the teachers firmly believed they had staked out and limited all truth, are at length torn up and removed. What men used to call the landmarks no longer serve their former purpose. They are effaced, so far as their efficacy as limitations are concerned. The influences of the time are finding their way into the Church as fast as they did into the State. There is nothing too sacred for their reach and touch. There is no class of men who may claim to be absolved from their approach.

The spirit of resistance which is exalted in the churches, is as good proof of the presence of this reconstructive and reformatory influence as is that other spirit which merely betrays itself by restlessness. Dissatisfaction prevails in all quarters; it has become a contagion, spread from the starting-point of inquiry and investigation. There may be protests against such a spirit of unrest, as tending to make people unsettled in their views; but this, again, argues that

they are awake, that they are inquiring and thinking, and that there is no danger of death from moral stagnation. We happen to know of a great deal of inquiry now going on in the churches, of which pastors do not dream. Men and women are throwing themselves, unconsciously as it were, into this great movement of the age, and the result betrays itself wherever there are men and women to be moved.

Amid all the time-serving, the scramble for gains, the selfishness, and the corruption which come to the surface and shock honest minds, we still believe that there are but too many distinct proofs of the seething action which is going on in the heart of the community. We would much rather see this than see no movement or motion. It is out of this conflict of experiences and thoughts that the common mind is to be disciplined, chastened, purified, and exalted. We do not find any reason to lose hope, because appearances are not always fair. What forces are working beneath, and what powers are operating upon them from above, this is known to none but the eyes of those who see in secret, and who are the efficient ministers of the will which controls the universe.

"Shoddy" in the Park.

They make great complaint in New York, because that newly-blown element of society known as "shoddy" has just been making such a commotion in the Central Park. The Park is a great place for the assemblage of all sorts of turnouts, this season, especially in the horse and carriage line. In consequence, whoever can succeed in making a sensation considers himself a lucky fellow. All the contract patriots of the war have come out in the Park in full force. So great has been the crowd and crush, they have got their carriages tangled up in the general melee, and some of them have fallen to curling and swearing. The New York Herald takes up the matter seriously, and says—"Now this will not do. We cannot allow a continuance of such a state of things; and, further, we shall state what measures we have taken to reform it altogether."

A Cheap Government.

It has recently been reckoned up by a thoughtful journalist, that no government on the face of the globe, distinctly styling itself such, was ever got up and operated for the same length of time, at so little cost to itself and so large a cost to others, as that of the Confederacy. It had no arms and munitions to begin with, and so helped itself from the forts and arsenals of the United States. It had no navy, and therefore supplied itself with one, in the shape of swift-sailing armed steamers, which were built in the dock-yards of Great Britain. It wanted seamen, and British sailors came forward to the relief of the want. It needed coal-powder, and ports for repairs, and Southampton, Cherbourg, and Liverpool, with sundry other convenient "neutral" places, were all ready to answer to its call. There were no open ports into which the necessities of life could be brought in large quantities by the vessels which it had already impressed into its service; and at once the Bermudas offered convenient stations for all sorts of goods, which could be run across into Confederate ports whenever the opportunity offered. The rebel concern had no money, so it opened a loan in Europe, basing it upon cotton for security; and still it went forward with the deliberate burning of that same cotton, on a strange plea of "military necessity."

The Indians.

The Governor of Colorado has concluded a treaty with the Tabeguache band of Indians located in that territory, although he has failed to secure a settlement in a reservation. The lands ceded, the Governor says, are probably the most valuable ever purchased by the Government from a single Indian tribe, including, as they do, nearly all of the mining lands yet discovered in Colorado, and, in addition, a large amount of agricultural and grazing lands. This is our Government securing the lands belonging to the Indians, but failing to secure a settlement for them in a reservation. Steal the Indians' lands, and nearly starve them to death, and then wonder that they are "savages" toward the whites. We hear already that information has been received at the Omaha Superintendency, stating that Ponca and Winnebago Indians had arrived there begging for food; that the Indians from the Northern Superintendency, sent to the upper country, are making their way down the Missouri river; and it is added that "unless some action be taken, they will be scattered all along that river, greatly to the injury and annoyance of the whites."

How long will it be before ample justice is meted out to our red brethren? In God's name we hope it may not be long. It should be the prayer of every earnest soul that Government appoint good and true men to the Indian agencies. Then we shall hear less of Indian hostilities to the whites—less of Indian massacres.

The London Times.

This levitation among journals does but follow the popular whims, feelings and passions. It never leads and controls. Its highest aim is to get upon the strongest side and be strong there. As long ago as forty years since, the Edinburgh Review said of it that "it is pompous, dogmatic, and full of predictions. It takes up no falling cause; fights no uphill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no obscure or oppressed individual. It is ever strong, upon the stronger side; its style is magnificent; its spirit is not magnanimous. It is radical, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turns round, with the whip and wind, the Times, the renegade, inconsistent Times, turns with them! Let the mob shout, and the city roar, and the voice of the Times is heard above them all with outrageous, deafening clamor; but let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper, no echo of it is ever heard of, in the Times." It is surprising how devotedly the paper has followed out the idea upon which it was established. The Russian policy has not been more religiously followed out for generations of the Czars.

The Soul of Things.

F. L. H. WILLIS delivered a lecture at Dowdorth's Hall, in New York, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, on the above subject, which will be found on our eighth page. It is an exceedingly interesting subject, treated in a masterly manner, and we hope our readers will give it a careful perusal.

Bishop Hopkins of Vermont.

The Bishop of Vermont has recently come out in a tart letter, replying to a protest which the Pennsylvania Bishop saw fit to make to a pamphlet which he had written and permitted to be published on Slavery. It is in every respect unworthy of a man of his years and position. It betrays the fact that he has simply lived to no purpose; for he confesses that he has passed forty long and precious years in merely defending the Creed of his Church, instead of seeking to liberate and exalt human souls, and that he is as set as a flint against the free spirit of investigation and inquiry, even in matters of science, denouncing everything of the sort as "infidel rationalism," "anti-slavery fanaticism," and so forth. In the list of the grand sins of the age upon which his platonic vengeance falls, he names Universalism, Unitarianism, and Spiritualism. What has been, is sufficient for the Bishop of Vermont; he considers that truth has all been discovered and staked out, and that beyond it man cannot go without perpetrating moral death. It is fortunate that the authority of such dogmatic minds is so circumscribed as it is; that even with all the affection and respect, many men feel for a teacher like the Bishop, his influence over them has so feeble a hold, after all.

Beecher in England.

Henry Ward Beecher delivered a speech on America, at Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, Oct. 16th, before a densely crowded audience. There were a large number of secessionists present, who undertook to break up the meeting, but their intentions were frustrated, as they were greatly in the minority. On the whole Mr. Beecher's reception, from first to last, was very enthusiastic. He showed by forcible arguments, how much England was interested in the triumph of the North. He asserted that slavery was the root and the branch of the trouble, and maintained that the North fought for the Union, because it believed the Union would ultimately secure emancipation. He believed that under the influence of Earl Russell's speech at Bialgowrie, and the seizure of the suspected rams in the Mersey, the hostility of the North to England would disappear. He concluded by pointing out that in view of the threatening aspect of affairs throughout the world, kindred nations like England and America should not be estranged, for united, they would be a match for the world.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Beecher was carried amidst great cheering and some hissing.

Wholesome Neglect.

There is no doubt that the little ones are over-disciplined, at many points, and particularly where they should be left alone. Jean Paul's little book on education, *Leana*, which has recently been translated by an American scholar and published by a Boston house, touches up this abuse in a most delicate, yet caustic manner, which is worth reproducing by the press. The great German says: "Even a grown-up man whom some one should follow all day long with movable pulpit and stool of confession, from which to hurl sermons and anathemas, could never attain any real activity and moral freedom; how much less, then, a weak child, who at every step in life must be entangled in a 'stop-run—be quiet—do that!' It is the same fault as that filling and cramming of the day with mere lessons; under which rain-spout of instruction princely children especially stand, as if to make up by that low of teaching for the future shab of learning. And what else, in fact, is this but unconsciously to sow one field full of seed upon seed? A dead corn granary may possibly come out of it, but no living harvest-field. Or, in another simile, your watch stops while you wind it up, and you everlastingly wind up children and never let them go."

A Pertinent Suggestion.

The editor of the Davenport, Iowa, Daily Democrat and News, of Oct. 23d, in speaking of an exhibition of physical manifestations, by the Davenport Boys, says: "The spirits made another good draw at the Le Claire Hall, last evening. They dispensed some very fine music, and showed their hands to the outer world through the diamond orifice. A good many of our people who have never been believers in 'spirit-manifestations' before, are now thoroughly confirmed in the belief that no human agency could have accomplished what they have seen and experienced. After all, does it require any great stretch of the imagination to believe that there were spirits among us now, than to believe that there were spirits among the ancient Jews? Holy Writ records many things done by spirits in olden time, why may not things equally impossible to human ken be done in these days; and if seeing was believing, then why should it not be now? Argument is needless in the face and eyes of facts. The fact that we cannot account for and satisfactorily explain all we see, is no argument that we see nothing, or that what we see is unworthy of attention."

An Ecclesiastical Bull.

A difficulty having arisen in the First Congregational Church of Fall River, a Council convened a short time since, to consider the matter, and in assenting to the dismissal of the pastor, made some sharp hits at the congregation and Church, in the formal statement of their decision. It will apply well to a great many other societies. They said:

"The ministry of this pastor has fallen among a people, some of whom indulge great fastidiousness of ear and taste, and are constantly and sharply critical in all the qualities of literary composition, and with not a few others with whom acceptableness is not so much the possession of the spirit of the Master, the determination to preach the truth of his gospel, boldly, simply and directly, and an unstained record of personal purity of life, and earnestness of pastoral labor, as the ability to prepare and preach brilliant and scholarly discourses that shall charm the intellect, conciliate criticism and build up a reputation for learning and ability."

Mexico.

The attempt to impose a monarchical form of government upon the Mexican people, is pronounced by the London Examiner, a species of *garrulous*, which Louis Napoleon and his advisers and abettors will become heartily ashamed of in the coming time. This is exactly the opinion of all thinking minds. Already the Mexican Provinces not under French bayonets, are arming for the contest. Lower California is sending men and munitions of war. So if young "Max" should soon land on Mexican soil, he will undoubtedly meet with a "warm reception"—at the point of the bayonet. When the American rebellion is subdued—and it is on its last leg now—a million of Yankee soldiers will join the Mexican army.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy in Boston.

On Sunday next this lady is to speak in Lyceum Hall. She enjoys too favorable a popularity at the Southwest, to need any further commendation by us. We trust our friends will go and hear her lectures, and judge for themselves.

One of the lecture committees received a letter from her last week, dated at the Richmond, Indiana, Convention of Spiritualists, then in session, at which she was engaged to speak, saying that she would "be in Boston in season to fill all her engagements there, and in other places in New England, if she lived." So our friends need not look for a disappointment on that score. We doubt not all will be well repaid for their attendance.

Our Cause in the West.

The Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, have just finished and furnished a new Hall, for the purpose of holding their meetings, and have engaged that earnest and zealous worker for humanity and reform, Mrs. E. F. M. Brown, to speak for them for the present. Spiritualism is making rapid strides in the West.

Pauperism in England.

Pauperism is largely on the increase in England, statistics showing an amount of poverty in the whole country 18.51 per cent. greater than in 1851, in some parts of the Kingdom it reaches 30.32 per cent. Immense immigration is increasing rapidly. In the first eight months of the present year 93,904 emigrants left the country, of whom the greater part were for the United States. It is easy to trace the cause to superfluous extravagance as is set forth in the following paragraph:

The Prince of Wales is tolerably comfortable for a young man just commencing the world. One million dollars of the accumulation of his Cornwall estate in Norfolk; two millions and a half remain as a balance with his banker, and he has besides an income of \$125,000 a year from his landed property, with \$500,000 voted by Parliament while his mother lived, and \$250,000 paid money for his bride. A young gentleman, with no present family, may manage to keep house very comfortably on this amount, and not deny himself any of the usual comforts of a household.

Mrs. Smith's Lectures.

The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, listened to two of the best lectures ever delivered in this city by Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith. The Hall was full both afternoon and evening, and the audiences were very attentive and evidently well satisfied. We were pleased to learn from Mrs. Smith, that she is at present in the enjoyment of better health than at any previous time for many years, and that she intends to resume her labors in the lecturing field. This decision will be hailed with pleasure by her numerous friends.

Newspapers.

Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid in its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely possible to fill a sheet without putting in it something that is worth the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

Dr. Mayhew in the Lecturing Field.

It will be seen by a letter in this week's paper under the head of "Correspondence in Brief," that this able and zealous laborer in the field of Spiritual Reform for the last ten years, proposes to enter upon the work of aiding humanity in the Western country, for the next year. Success attend his labors.

Announcements.

Prof. James M. Allen, having completed a course of twelve lectures, patriotic, scientific, religious and reformatory, written under the inspiration of John Quincy Adams, solicits calls for the delivery of the same in any part of the country. Permanent address, East Bridgewater, Mass. He speaks in that place on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 3d and 10th. Mrs. E. C. Clark, speaks in Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 8th. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is to speak in Springfield, the 8th and 15th of this month.

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.—Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on diseases of the brain, says in a late lecture to medical students, on that frightful and formidable malady—softening of the brain:

"I would caution you, as students, from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain diseases, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."—*Dublin Medical Press.*

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for November contains an excellent variety of ably written articles. Here is a list of its contents: The Defense and Evacuation of Winchester; The Two Southern Mothers; Diary of Frances Kraslaska; November; The Asiles of Jerusalem; Letters to Professor S. F. B. Morse; Bachle, Draper and the Law of Human Development; Treasure Trove; Matter and Spirit; Extraterritoriality in China; Reason, Rhyne and Rhythm; The Lions of Scotland; We Two; Patriotism and Provincialism; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

A BOOK AND NEWSPAPER STAND FOR SALE.—Our old friend, Samuel Barry, who has for a long time transacted a good business in the sale of books, periodicals, newspapers, &c., at the southwest corner of 4th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, advertises in another column, his stand for sale. Nothing but old age and its infirmities induces him to take this step. It is a good opportunity for a studious young man to enter upon a paying business. The old gentleman rather prefers to have a Spiritualist succeed him in the business, for he feels sure he would succeed well.

LORD LYNDBURST.—The late English papers announce the death of one of the most eminent statesmen of their country, and in whose history Americans have long felt a deep interest, as by birth he was their countryman—Lord Lyndhurst. He was in his 93d year, having lived to a greater age than any other Englishman of similar standing. He was born in Boston on the 21st of May, 1773, and was the son of Mr. John Singleton Copley, the famous American painter, who took the side of the crown in that controversy which ended in the separation of the thirteen Colonies from England.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.—Our French translator furnishes an interesting article from the "Revue Spirite," giving the French phrase of Spiritualism. It will be found on our third page.

Lizzie Doten delivered a poem at the close of her lecture on Sunday evening, Oct. 25th, in Philadelphia, which was reported by Dr. H. T. Child, and will probably be published in next week's BANNER.

AGOSTIC.

Banner, each week as by folds are unfurled, And thy bright stars enlighten the gloom of the world, News on thy pages from Summer Land bearing, Nerving tried souls that are sad and despairing, Every where thou art received as a light, Revealing new truths to our wondering sight, Oh, long mayst thou live to gladden the land, Freedom thy watchword, and Love thy bright wand, Love to the outcast, the poor, the oppressed, In eloquent measure through thee is expressed; Great is thy mission: to thee it is given Healing to bring to hearts weary and risen; To each is thy promise—"A sweet rest in heaven."—*Edgart, Ind.*

LET AN HONOR.—A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly: "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said: "No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, where her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are carved:

"JANE B.—AGED THIRTEEN, LIFTED HIGHER."

It is beautiful, when about to depart for the summer-land to have a view of its glories, and to receive the presence of dear ones who have gone before, waiting to receive us with angelic rejoicing.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The work of filling up the Back Bay in Boston, is proceeding with great rapidity. The sales of the land already made have yielded the State \$2,000,000, and will yield as much more, three quarters of the amount being net profit.

Longfellow's new book, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," is to be issued November 30, simultaneously here, in England and in Germany.

By means of a telegraph line in Syria, Boston and Jerusalem are now less than fifteen days apart.

The late Hon. Wm. Sturgis, of this city, recently deceased, left property valued at two millions of dollars, which he disposed of by will, a synopsis of which has been published, to his relatives—leaving only \$1000 for charitable purposes!

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana is very generally spoken of by the papers in various parts of the country, as a candidate for the Speakership of the next United States House of Representatives.

Jo Cook, in a letter to an afflicted politician, says: "You need not be surprised to find that those who beat the drum heads are abundantly able to beat the copper-heads." In which remark Digby acquiesces.

The National House, Haymarket Square, is just the place for all travelers to stop on their way East or West, as it is in near proximity to the Lowell, Fitchburg, Eastern, and Maine Railroads. The house is airy and comfortable, and the tables bountifully spread.

Daniel Pratt, Jr., "the great American Traveler," advertised to speak in William's Hall, Boston, on the evening of Oct. 23rd; but, unfortunately, the great traveler could not raise the requisite amount to secure the hall—hence he was unable to deliver himself of the "twenty poems" which he had committed to memory for the occasion. Unfortunate Daniel!

A letter of Mr. Mason to Jeff Davis, written in 1866, is published, showing that those worthless were engaged in plotting a secession revolt that year, and that Col. Fremont's election would have led to a more vigorous outbreak than that which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln. That rebellion was then intended was known at the time, and Mason's letter is only so much additional evidence of the fact. We have been living on a mine ever since the Union was formed, but the explosion was long delayed.

The vote on the proposition for a State government in Nevada Territory, was 8,162 in favor, and 1,502 against.

What is the difference between your overcoat and a baby? One you wear, the other you wash.

Russia expects to have a million of men in the field by next spring. She looks to have Turkey among her enemies, according to some accounts. Gen. Todleben, who so distinguished himself at Sebastopol, is superintending the defenses of Cronstadt. An entrenched camp is formed in Finland. A letter from St. Petersburg, intimates that the shock of arms may come sooner than it is looked for. Let it come. The sooner the better for us.

Richmond papers of a late date say that their troops lately walked all the way from the Rapidan to Bratton station, and back to Culpepper, barefooted, the Confederate Government being unable to furnish shoes.

Bishop Colenso is now staid the present Banquo of the English Church.

In the New York eating houses, they place before customers the butter in wafer-like shape and proportions on very large plates. Digby had occasion to dine at one of these restaurants a short time since, and observing the minute specimen spread out before him, tasted, and then ordered some of the "same sort." The joke was appreciated by the pretty waiter girl, who retired with a smile upon her countenance, but quickly returned with an ample supply.

About a "NOTARY'S NOSE," the wittiest book of the season, which went through a dozen editions in Paris, has just been issued in this city.

Russia has commenced cutting up Poland, and uniting it to her already mammoth dominions.

About \$1,500,000 worth of cotton have been sold at St. Louis, on Government account, since last Spring.

An ordinance has been passed by the New York supervisors, to appropriate \$2,000,000 to raise volunteers under the new call of the President.

The Houston Times says that the potato crop this season in Maine will prove the best gathering in that county for a term of years. The potatoes are of excellent quality, and the yield is large. We hope the editor will advise the farmers to send all the good potatoes they have to spare, to this market, for that kind of article is scarce here.

Rev. Charles Beecher has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in Georgetown, and a meeting of the church has been called to make arrangements for co-opting a council.

Sometimes a girl says "no" to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor, to be corrected, as if an editor's office were a house of correction.—Progressive Age.

Too Bad.—The cotton experiment in Illinois is a complete failure. Not a bale of cotton, it is said, will be raised in that State, the recent frost having killed the plant.

We love women as women love babies—all the better for their weakness.

Remove intemperance in eating and drinking, and you remove the natural light which humanity is said to be heir to; remove the ambition and speculating and gambling spirit of humanity—and that gambling spirit is ever carried into religion, and men make stakes for the kingdom of heaven, as though it were a billiard-table, on which the great gain would come to the one who won, and he would be first in the kingdom of heaven—remove these two, and as a natural consequence, the human passions and depravity therein existing, and all evils, would cease to be.—Cora L. V. Hatch.

We have heard many women complain of their husband's neglect of home. A spoonful of honey will keep more bees in the hive than will ten of vinegar.

Snow fell to the depth of two inches in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on the 23d of October.

Gentlemen who have recently arrived in this city from England, report a gratifying change of sentiment in that country in regard to the civil war in the United States. Minister Adams fully confirms this statement. The expression of opinion in favor of the North is now very strong.

Eight young girls, victims of the "wanted correspondence" mania, left Zanesville, Ohio, last week, to seek their pretended lovers who had been corresponding with them from the army. Two were arrested and sent back. It is hoped that the others may be discovered before it is too late.

Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

England appears to be a hard place for a poor man to live in. The papers give an account of one of those unfortunates being charged with trespassing on a field, and damaging the fence to the extent of a penny. It appeared during the trial that he was a laborer, maintaining his wife and two children on a shilling a day; and had gone into the field to get a few mushrooms for dinner. He was fined half a crown and costs, and sentenced to pay the damages. In default of payment he was sent to the House of Correction.

New York has endured many hard frosts, but an anecdote of a little three-year old, about leaving her home on a visit to that place, is a little ahead of anything yet. At the close of her prayers the night before her departure, she added, with the utmost simplicity, "Now, good-by, Mr. God, I'm going to New York in the morning, to be gone two weeks."

If you have got a real good wife, keep perfectly still, and thank God every twenty minutes for it, is the advice given by some "unfortunate man."

A young minister went out to preach, and observed during his discourse, a lady who seemed to be much affected. After meeting he concluded to pay her a visit, and see what were the impressions of her mind. He approached her thus: "Well, madam, what were you so affected about during preaching to day?" "I am," said the lady, "I'll tell you. About six years ago, me and my husband moved to this place, and all the property we had was a jackass. Husband, he died, and me and the beast were left all alone. At last the beast died, and to tell you the truth, your voice put me so much in mind of that dear old critter, that I could n't help takin' on and crying about it right in meetin'." The minister was satisfied and asked no more questions.

A PARIS MARCHIONESS.—At a fancy ball in Paris, a marchioness is described as appearing covered with ivy. The character she represents is not stated, but we surmise it must have been an old ruin—her husband.

A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

Seventeen of the Shakers of New Lebanon, N. Y., have been drafted, to wit Clinton Brainerd, the head of the Mount Lebanon family, being one of the number. They were to be examined on the 23d instant, and should they all be accepted, the brethren must either pay \$1000, or be advertised as deserters.

Mrs. Charlotte Cushman is said to have added some four thousand dollars to the funds of the United States Sanitary Commission, by her two performances at Boston and Philadelphia. The New York performance has probably added a couple of thousand more.

A young Alpine hunter, who was killed in the Alps nineteen years ago, was recently found, frozen stiff, but ruddy and whole as in life, save his eyes.

William W. Story thinks ancient Rome had four millions of inhabitants.

A hypocritical sounder in Athens, inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

"We cannot afford to wrong any class of our people. One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger, if against us, than the hosts of the rebellion."—Sec. Chase.

Here is a fifty year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite "good as new." A rich old gentleman of the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her "teens." After the wedding, he wrote the following couplet, to inform a friend of the happy event: "You see, my dear Doctor, Though eighty years old, A girl of nineteen Fell in love with old Gould."

To which the Doctor replied: "A girl of nineteen May love old it is true; But believe me, dear Sir, It is gold without a 'u'!"

The enlistment of negroes is to be renewed in Maryland, after a suspension of several weeks. The President has now sent formal orders to headquarters at Baltimore, that all able bodied colored men, whether slaves or free, who may volunteer for the army, shall be accepted and enlisted.

The average profits of the big hotels in New York, are \$100,000 per annum.

George Peabody, the eminent American Londoner, has presented Yale College with a geological cabinet worth \$125,000.

If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

"Pap," observed a young archdeacon of tender years, to his fond parent, "does the Lord know everything?" "Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire; "but why do you ask that question?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he was n't posted!" The "parent" reflected.

The conversion of the Pearl-street church property at Albany, into a first-class theatre, is at length arranged, and the work will be commenced immediately.

A place hunter in Prussia having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the king expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbey at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true Church; after which he hastened to his friend the king, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate I have given away the abbey. But the chief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed-furniture, and until their wedding they were called spinsters, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

Sir William Brown, a pompous sort of a man, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer, "Sir, do you know that I have been in two universities?" "Well," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater the calf he grew."

It has been recently discovered that six hundred novels a year, nearly two a day, are published in England, written by women.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Coust to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them, Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) J. M. A., EAST BRIDGEWATER.—We do not find the article you speak of. Your announcements came too late, as you will see by the date of our paper.

W. C., ELKLAND, IND.—\$15.00 received.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

DOCTOR.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONS HALL, THE NORTH ST., (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Laura M. Alpine, Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29; Mrs. Miss Lizzie Lorton, Nov. 22 and 29; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONGRESS HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. C. Clark, Nov. 8; Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Dec. 5 and 12.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings at Lock Street Church. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon:—Miss Eunice M. Johnson, Nov. 8 and 15; Mrs. G. A. Brown, Nov. 22 and 29; Mrs. Martha A. Beckwith, Nov. 29; Mrs. Nellie J. Temple, during Jan.; Austin K. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. C. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March; Charles A. Hayden, first two Sundays in April.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Miss Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 8, 15, 22 and 29; Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Dec. 5 and 12.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in the forenoon at 10 1/2, and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bates, Nov. 1, 8, 15 and 22; Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Dec. 5 and 12.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Jackson's Hall, corner of Green and Grand streets, at 10 o'clock, forenoon and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—S. J. Finney, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 5 and 12; Isaac F. Greenleaf, Dec. 20 and 27.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and conference every Thursday evening, in Fiske's Church, a house owned and occupied by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 8, 15 and 22.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL MAGNETIC AND CHLORODYNE PATRIOTISM, who has met with such unrivaled success in the treatment of diseases of every description, continues to examine and prescribe for the sick, and administer the Medicated Vapor Bath in connection with her treatment, at her residence, No. 91 Harrison avenue, first door from North Street, Boston, Mass. Office hours from 6 A. M. until 9 P. M. Mrs. F. will visit the sick at their residences from 8 to 9 P. M.

MRS. FORREST'S PAIN ANNIHILATOR. One of the best preparations now in use. It cures Sore Throat and Hoarseness; it cures Bilious Colic; it cures Nervous Headache; it cures Dysentery; it cures Catarrh; it cures Sore Eyes; it cures Nephritis; it cures Chills; it cures Every family should have a full supply of it on hand. Prepared only by Mrs. Forrest, and sold at her office, No. 91 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. Printed directions with each bottle. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle. Nov. 7.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, THE WELL KNOWN CHLORODYNE PATRIOTISM AND TASTE MEDICINE, may be consulted at No. 13 West Street, (a few doors from Washington street). Office hours, 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5. Terms, \$1 each person. Nov. 7.

BOOKS! BELA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Illustrative Works, at publishers' prices.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. (Nov. 7.) THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER, BY H. O. WATSON. In paper covers, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. THE SELF-ANNUNCIATOR, BY H. O. WATSON. In paper covers, 40 cents; in cloth, 55 cents. THE BLACK MAN, BY WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. Price, in cloth, \$1. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. Nov. 7.

FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS AND LYCEUMS, A New and Unique Evening Exhibition, COMBINING INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT, designed to be given at PRIVATE RESIDENCES, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, SCHOOLS and LYCEUMS within fifty miles of Boston, has been prepared by the undersigned, who will furnish full particulars to any one on application. JOHN S. ADAMS, Oct. 31, West Roxbury, Mass.

The Apocryphal New Testament, BEING 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. Prepared by the undersigned, and for sale by receipt of price and postage. Price, 75 cents; postage, 16 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Oct. 21.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM, (FROM NEW YORK), ROOMS AT NO. 3 SUFFOLK PLACE, BOSTON, Oct. 17.

VERMONT BOOK STORE, B. & O. B. SCOTT, EDEN MILLS, 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 I am obliged to dispose of my stand for the sale of the Banner of Light, Paper and other Periodicals, and being desirous that a Spiritualist of good business habits should succeed me in business, I therefore, through the columns of the Banner, present this notice. SAMUEL BARRY, R. W. corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Oct. 17.

UNION SOCIABLES! THE third course of the UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, 1868, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Music by Holloway and Edmand's Quadrille Band. 5m Oct. 17.

D. W. WOOD, Counselor at Law, 27 Court Street Boston. Will attend to every description of Law Business, on reasonable terms. Before by permission to Dr. A. B. Child. Sept. 5.

MRS. KIRKHAM, TEST AND PROBING MEDIUM. Hours from 10 to 12 and 1 to 5. 140 Court Street. 5m Oct. 21.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE, BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, located in Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa., will commence the Winter Term on Tuesday, October 27th, continuing five months. The terms are reasonable, the location beautiful and healthy; the mode of instruction thorough, comprising all the studies usually taught in our first class schools. For Circulars giving details, address, MISS B. BUSH, PRINCIPAL, Norristown, Pa., Sept. 25.

"I STILL LIVE!" A POEM FOR THE TIMES! BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. THIS above is the title of a beautiful POEM, by Miss SPRAGUE, and is the last written by her which has been published in pamphlet form. It makes a volume of 32 pages, and was published by the lamented author, just before her departure for the better land. The Poem is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts offering their lives as the price of Liberty. For sale at this office. Price, 7 cents; postage, 2 cents. July 15.

A B O C OF LIFE, BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS IS BEAST," &c. THIS book, of three hundred and thirty-six pages, contains some very valuable matter that is not ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office. Oct. 21.

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 D. D. HOME,

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

With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.

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

CONTENTS: Introduction. Chapter 1.—Early Life: I become a Medium. Chapter 2.—Before the World. Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America. Chapter 4.—In England. Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Chapter 6.—In America. The Progress. Chapter 7.—1837—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage. Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England. Chapter 9.—The "Cornhill" and other Narratives. Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation, France and England. Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter. Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

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

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, we have made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25.

Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Aug. 15, BOSTON, MASS.

PROF. DENTON'S NEW WORK!

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

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON. "Enter into the soul of things."—Wordsworth.

CONTENTS: PART I.—Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. CHAPTER 1.—Pictures on the Retina and Brain. Pictures formed on the Retina when beholding Objects; Tactile Pictures Enduring; Pictures seen with closed eyes; Visions of the Spirit World of Objects seen long before by the Sick and healthy; All Objects once seen are permanently retained in the Brain. CHAPTER 2.—Pictures on Surrounding Objects. Degrations in Pictures taken in the Dark; Pictures taken on all Bodies continually, and enduring as those Bodies; All past History thus Recorded. CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry. Dr. Buchanan's Experiments; Effects of Motion upon Persons when held in the Hand; Characters described from Ure's Letters. CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Archeological, and Metallic Specimens. CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Spectral Disturbances; Visions. CHAPTER 6.—Utility of Psychometry. Utility of Psychometry to the Geologist, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astronomer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist; Its Employment in the cure of Diseases; Its benefit to the Artist and the Historian; Eminent Forces passing from Human Bodies and influencing others; Influence of People on the Country in which they live; Influence of a Country on the People; Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men; Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime. CHAPTER 7.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling; Dreams; Hells and Annettes; Hall-cinations. CHAPTER 8.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul; as the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger; and influencing others; Influence of People on the Country in which they live; Influence of a Country on the People; Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men; Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime. CHAPTER 9.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling; Dreams; Hells and Annettes; Hall-cinations. CHAPTER 10.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul; as the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger; and influencing others; Influence of People on the Country in which they live; Influence of a Country on the People; Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men; Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.

FOR SALE at this office. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents. July 20.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK.

THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION Demonstrated on Natural Principles!

BY ANDREW STONE, M. D. Inventor of the Pulmometer, or Tester of the Vital Capacity; Author of the Thermal or Cool System of Medicated Inhalation; and Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

IN this work of over 300 large pages, the Doctor has given to the public a large amount of most valuable information in regard to the preservation of health, the causes of disease, and how it can be cured—especially, that fatal disease, CONSUMPTION. He deals with the "ills that flesh is heir to" in a clear, comprehensive and common sense manner. He gives the cause and cure of from forty to fifty of the most permanent diseases which afflict humanity. The Doctor most earnestly believes that it was never designed that man's existence should be consumed in premature decay, and with that conviction fully impressed on his soul, he has endeavored to give the world something which will benefit the human race.

The work has many illustrations in it, which explain the nature and effects of disease on the system. Every one, whether sick or well, can find something in this book which will be of great value to them if heeded in season. For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Retail price \$1.00. Postage free. Oct. 5.

THE KORAN;

COMMONLY CALLED THE ALCOBAN OF MOHAMMED, TRANSLATED INTO English immediately from the original Arabic. By GEORGE SALE, GENT., to which is prefixed THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED; AND THE HISTORY OF THAT DOCTRINE

Which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him in Arabia, and which has subjugated nearly as large a portion of the globe as the religion of Jesus has set at liberty. Price, \$1; postage, 16 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 15.

The Religious Demands of the Age.

A Reprint of the Preface to the LONDON EDITION OF THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THEODORE PARKER. BY FRANKS POWER CORSE. Price, 25 cents; postage, 2 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 15.

SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK.

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM!

A Hand-Book for Skeptics, Inquirers, Clergymen, Editors, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, and All who need a Thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion and Reforms of Spiritualism. BY URIAH CLARK.

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

Its Contents, in brief are:—1. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Celestial footstep in, walks from numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse. Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, rise and progress, statistics and glorious triumphs of Spiritualism; voices of the Bible and the pulpit. Chapter 2.—Variety of phenomena and mediums, and a condensed mass of startling manifestations. Chapter 3.—The various phases of Spiritualist belief; Bible statement with nearly two hundred texts. Chapter 4.—The popular objections, theories and slanders answered; "Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, etc., calmly and thoroughly discussed. Chapter 5.—Ninety-five questions, with numerous Bible texts to religiousists and skeptics. Chapter 6.—The spiritual philosophy explained; mediums numbered and classified; how to form circles, develop mediumship, and enjoy celestial communion free to all. Chapter 7.—Quotations from nearly a hundred spiritual writers authors and speakers. Chapter 8.—Organizations, ordinances, forms, etc.; how to advance the cause, form meetings, conferences, Sunday schools, etc.; lecturers and mediums; counsels, cautions, warnings, impostors. Chapter 9.—Address to Spiritualists: the great crisis; wars, revolutions, alarming yet hopeful signs; various practical hints and cautions; personal and general reform; touching incidents; hopes, encouragements, consolations, stirring appeals; starting lessons; message from the spirit-world. Index.

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The Early Physical Degeneracy

AMERICAN PEOPLE, AND THE EARLY MELANCHOLY DECLINE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

A TREATISE on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and digestion. Fall not to send two red stamps and obtain this book. Address, DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Thyroid and Lung, No. 96 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. July 1.

SOUL READING, OR PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give a correct description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; mark of change in past and future life; physical diseases with prescriptions therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage, and hints to the inharmoneously married, whereby they can restore to perpetuity their former love. She will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be cultivated, and what cultivated. Seven years' experience warrants Mrs. S. in saying that what she advertises without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. For written Deline

Parables.

And quoted odds, and jewels from the mine, That on the stretched forefinger of all time Sparkle forever.

Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luk. 11. To mourners said: And write that evangel Above the dead.

Why come with your grieving To this low bed? Why seek ye the living Among the dead? To memory's high places My heart is led. Beyond earthly spaces— There walk my dead.

Deep, deep in affection Unlulled Still, still in connection, Repose my dead.

The ground is no holder Of one dear dead. They never can moulder: Why call them dead?

The souls of God's giving To God have fled; Why seek ye the living Among the dead? [Monthly Religious Magazine.

The most precious metal often ho embedded amid the hardest and most unyielding mixtures.

THE SPIRIT HAD DEPARTED. A sorrowful woman said to me, "Come in and look on our child!" I saw an angel at that day, And it never spoke—it smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets, I dream of it when I rest— The violet eyes, the waxen hands, And the one white rose on the breast! [T. B. Aldrich.

Holy desires that have never embodied in act, may still be deeds in the sight of God. "Thou didst will because it was in thine heart," was said to one of olden times.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH. I was glad that day; The June was in me. With its multitudes Of nightingales all singing in the dark, And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split I felt so young, so sure of God! [Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

A LIVING LOVE. Thou must endure, yet loving all the while; Above, yet never separate from thy kind; Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile, Though to no possible depth of evil blind. [M. Miles.

The spendthrift and the miser despise each other, but not a particle too much.

The Lecture Room.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.

A Lecture Delivered in Dodworth's Hall, New York City, Sunday Evening, Oct. 25th, 1863, by Fred. L. H. Willis.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

A remarkable work has recently appeared bearing the title "The Soul of Things." The personal of this book thrilled and awed me, and suggested the theme of this discourse. It is from the realm of Science and presents to the world from the thought of a scientific man the startling idea that all things bear the impress of surrounding conditions. For instance, a pebble, a bit of marl, a particle of lava, has distinctly received an impress of the scenes by which it has been surrounded. Just as the plate prepared for the taking of a picture by means of the camera receives the impress of what is before it, so all minerals, perhaps all substances, receive a perfect representation of surrounding scenes and conditions.

Thus the pebble by the wayside has a history inscribed upon its particles—a history dating back for the food, and reaching through all the periods of the world's history; and moreover it may yield up that history and its written tablets be read as one reads pictures hung upon the walls of an artist's studio.

This statement is made not as a theory, but as an established fact confirmed by experiment.

We have heard men of thought say, "Everything is affected by all that surrounds it, and the simplest movement tells on worlds;" but, like many other sayings, it seemed a general statement. To have it verified and brought directly before one, is like bringing in fully before the judgment seat; is like beholding the fabled Judgment book opened.

Is it possible that all things that have been, are thus stamped upon all things that now are? Is every secret made known upon this negative plate of the universe? It would seem from facts that the remotest time, even chaos itself has stamped pictures that are ineffaceable on the minerals and deposits of the ages.

I remember once saying to a student of Nature, "What a pity that we cannot know that we cannot be sure of what has been." He replied, "The earth holds all knowledge of itself; it has footprints of everything that has existed on its surface, and a record of all its conditions." I pondered the grand assertion, and fancied how future revelations could come by means of discoveries found on minerals and in deposits; but I never dreamed of the great truth, that a pictured chamber lay hidden in every fossil shell, wherein could be read the wonderful stories of progressive forms, and on which was written the sights that made the grand panoramas of the ages, when creation was only foreshadowed in the infowing life that was destined to speak the word of awakening, and call forms out of chaos, and begin the mighty work yet unfinished, which is to make a world.

Grand as the thought is, yet it is terribly grand. It comes into the experience of each individual; for in its law it holds the objects that surround every one.

The pebble on our streets has the history of our own days, as well as the fossil that of the past. The very walls of our rooms tell of all that we have lived. The piece of coin in our pocket has the life of our thought within it. We are in fact recorded everywhere that we have ever been, and all that we have ever looked upon has taken our image.

Whether the science of this universal daguerrotyping is ever to be made so practical and certain that he who runs can read the story of all the past and the present, I cannot even guess, but enough has been revealed to us in this book of Mr. Denton's to make us pause and ask to read our own record.

Here am I a living force in this living world; an artist in this universal gallery. I have been inscribing pictures innumerable on countless objects. I am written all over the streets of cities that I have visited; all over the rooms that I have inhabited. I can be found in all circumstances and in all conditions; for it is not my form and picture merely that is given, but myself, so that my very condition is written out.

New I do not suppose that any man can be frigit-

oned into real goodness. All goodness is spontaneous and not restrained evil. Therefore, I do not suppose that the idea of the certain and sure record of all acts and purposes will be sufficient to redeem the world. Oh, no! Man has had the terror of a judgment set before him as an idea for a long time, and yet very few ever think that every secret thing is to be made known when they wish to cover up some evil. They go to work deliberately, as if the idea had never been presented to the world, and preached as a restraining doctrine. But I am sure the knowledge of such evidence of the really present past must make us rejoice in the great law of life. It shows us truly what life is. It reveals to us the wonderful power of all that exists. It shows us what a universe we are living in. It reveals our own power. It makes us understand what we are capable of; for this law is not included in matter alone. No; the spirit is a mirror that takes all objects unto itself, and holds them there.

The brain keeps the pictures it has received just as safely as the pebble; not as memories merely to be brought up at will, but as realities, as actual records of all that has been presented to it.

On that child's spirit is written every tender caress, every harsh look, every sweet thought and every impatient word that from its cradle upward made a part of its life. Holy pictures such a Michael could not portray lie in the precincts of every home. Unattended love paints itself without forms, but in substance. That which cannot be expressed in words, may be revealed in a look.

Who would not feel the happler for knowing that safely upon his brain was written the fair history of his mother's love; that photographs of all the tender carresses—reminiscences of all the fond looks were placed where nothing could dim or tarnish them?

And shall we not look tenderly on the man who bears about with him all this wealth, even though he seems to be now only a wicked, depraved man—though we know him scarred all over with crime, and that his very breath is tainted with the evils that we dare not think upon?

You doubtless have seen the touching story of the two locks of hair as related in the newspapers of the day. On the field of battle at Gettysburg, was picked up a piece of paper which contained two separate locks of hair. Below one was written, in a beautiful hand writing, "Fanny Wellerford;" below the other, "Richard Wellerford;" below them both, "Our Darlings." The paper was addressed to a Mr. Wellerford, of Louisiana.

What a picture rises before us all. A fond, tender father, and mother, a dear home, two loving children with locks of fair hair. We hear the sweet prattle; we hear the longing call to the loved one away; we forget all animosity, all ill-will; we know no more our enemies; we remember only that there are tender, loving hearts, fond affections, all that is dearest and best to us, in every place on God's earth, South as well as North. We feel a gentle mantle of charity creeping over the horrors of war; we feel a prayer of tender pity rising in our hearts; and all this because that one sweet memento has borne its testimony to us.

So if in the chambers of memory, within that sanctified, despoiled man or woman whom the world casts off and no one will speak well of or care for—if we could within its secret chambers behold one of its memories of the past; one picture of the mother bending over with looks of love—one glance at the eyes of tenderness, should we not behold God even there, and feel our hearts glow with a tender pity, and our hope spring up and call itself faith, till we behold that poor soul embosomed in the love of an infinite Father and claiming our love, our care, our pity? Oh, sweet memories that lie unshrined in every human soul! Who knows but they are yet to be salvation and redemption unto it?

I suppose there are but few persons who do not at times feel that their lives do not pay; that there is a vast expenditure of care, toil, strength, and the amount saved will not balance. Taking into account enjoyment merely, I presume most feel so; and those who do not look at pleasure merely, but are reckoning the use of life, those who are counting the real service they may be to the world—not as selfish beings, but as real philanthropists at heart, cherishing the wish to serve the best interests of all who need to be served—these often leading quiet, unobtrusive lives, are pained with the thought that they can do so little.

Let us look at their lives in the light of this soul science. They pass along their daily track, and no great deeds mark the path; they leave no deep footprints behind them; they tread softly and calmly, bearing only a great thought of desire, a prayer to serve truth, beauty and goodness. These thoughts, desires, aims, flow out and enter everything. The very pebbles in the street catch them. They are enshrined in every spot the foot has trod upon. They are stamped upon the chair that has been rested in. They are engraven upon the familiar objects of home. They enter the garments of those brushed by. They fill the commonest, most trivial things. They reveal the whole of that quiet, aspiring life, and become so many living forces in the world.

Does this seem all romance to you—a wonderful tale but lacking a basis of fact? Let me quote from the one hundred experiments tried faithfully by this most faithful investigator to ascertain the truth of this new revelation of science.

A small piece of pavement dug up at Cleoro's villa at Tusculum, and carried to England in 1760, afterwards brought to America, revealed in its picture gallery the English costumes of the age when it reached England, and also the building occupied by Cleoro, the military concourse assembled there, the characteristics of the leader, the dress of the people, &c. I need not say that every precaution was taken by the experimenters to keep all previous knowledge out of the experiment, and to take specimens unknown to any one at the time.

A piece of horn-stone from the Mount of Olives revealed the surrounding country; the city of Jerusalem, the people, the houses, the streams of water, the flocks upon the hills—all laid pictured in that little bit of stone—just as they would have been by an artist, through all the ages.

If these pictures took in only forms, they would not so much concern us. They take in character, also.

A piece of red damask that hung over the speaker's chair in the House of Representatives, Washington, when that city was taken by the British in 1814, had histories woven in its silken threads that no historian could write. Not only the room with its desks, its seats, its moving panorama, but the characters of those who moved therein, were revealed. There the hypocrite wrote his shame now uncovered; there the patriot inscribed his zeal; there the indifferent his carelessness. I only mention to you a few experiments; the results of the investigation of this science you must study elsewhere. I only hope you may be induced to examine this book, more fascinating to me than any romance.

The great moral lessons taught by all new discoveries are what concern us. How do they affect the moral nature? With our intellects we may wonder and believe, but in our hearts we must be touched with the feeling that proceeds from belief, and we must read the great lessons inscribed on all living truths.

I take it for granted that each one desires to present a fair and agreeable picture of his life to others, and also to himself. I think we may safely assert that all men desire this, because of their efforts to conceal the evil and obtrude the good. If we could behold these character-pictures of ourselves, these soul-writings of our own on all things that surround us, I doubt not we should wish to obliterate some portions. The old doctrine of eternal punishment is not so far removed from

truth, is it, in view of these facts? The unbecome record is written. The very moods of our minds lie enshrined in many a nook that does not touch.

But let us see if spiritual revelation cannot give us some light on this subject. Are we to know only that all our past is written—that all the events of our lives have inscribed themselves upon a universe—that all our deeds, good and bad, are carved in wood and stone—that all our thoughts and feelings have set an indelible seal on all things that have come near us? This is not enough to know. Let us learn if there be no further law that shall enable us to make life beautiful even through its seeming fearfulness.

It is not merely the form that paints itself; it is the interior life. Hence it is the spiritual nature that has set its seal on all things. It is the life itself that has flowed out and become the revealer. As all scenes form pictures on all things, just as certainly as the plate of the artist takes an impression of all that is before it, so does spirit set its condition on all that receives it. Then forever after, that object or thing or person carries within itself some part of our life. That part is connected with us in the same manner that the infinite life is connected with matter. Just as God is connected with a universe through his life, so we by his law resident within us, are connected with all that has received of our life, and forever after our life must flow back unto all that has received of it.

There is a link more ethereal than air, more subtle than all that is yet measured or tested, that binds our life to all that universe we have become a part of. Flowing back through this chain of life forever is the redemptive power of our spiritual nature, as it becomes purified and enabled. Each day that finds us further toward the true and beautiful, each hour that knows us better, wiser, happler, carries its influence to all the world we have ever known.

Do you not know many facts that prove this? Do you not know how a mother's prayer reaches her distant son, until her image rises before him and gives a tender thought that restrains him from all evil and inspires him to do and dare the right? You have felt how a beloved one, perhaps, in the spirit-life has filled you with a sense of presence so holy, so calm and restful, that the weariness of care and toil have vanished, and you knew only that it was noble to live and fulfill life's best. It is by this subtle link to life that spiritual beings touch us with fire from heaven.

The electric love of the beautiful and true is not an imaginary nothing; it is real, it is a substance so refined that the ordinary vision cannot see it, but clear to the finer senses of the soul. The grand truth so high so prayed for, the influence of the holy spirit so dear to the earnest believer, the love of Christ so comforting to the sincere worshiper—all these are not imaginary. No, they are the recognition of this law, this flowing life of spirit. It has a life of sympathy that makes it flow to all who seek it, proceeding, as it does, from myriads of loving souls in the spirit realm. And it also obeys this law of union with whatever it comes in contact. Thus the world is surely being blessed, whether it will or not. It is worth much to even tread in the path of a good man, and the house we occupy may have redemptive power that will bless us more than if we possessed the costliest edifice or the most magnificent garniture.

How grand life becomes; how rich seem even its commonest events, in view of this truth. Perhaps today, seemingly so unimportant in its events, we may be giving out a power that shall enable us to work for ages to come for the noblest cause. Perhaps we may this day tread upon the track of some grand soul, that shall be an inspiration to us through life. Perhaps we may in some unlooked-for moment feel the thrill from some mighty soul that shall change the hopes and expectations of a whole life.

In view of this science and this philosophy, no life is common or trivial. Every man and woman is doing continually a great work. Sublime lessons are flowing from every thought of love that thrills our beings. Fearful lessons of woe are resulting from every feeling of impurity or evil.

The all-seeing eye of God has been presented as a terror to evil doers; but is not the inspiration of this truth mightier than all fears? I do not doubt that every human soul has often longings to achieve something worthy of life. I know that every one must at times feel depressed by the thought of how little progress has been made for himself or others. Let the anxious be content. There is a field through which the humblest path leads, that is broad as the universe. Every act becomes a great historical lesson. Every thought becomes a pictured fact. Oh, how weary does the sensitive heart become, as it looks over the world of suffering and want. What can be done? sighs the philanthropist. I would purchase with my blood the world's redemption, echoes the martyr spirit through all the ages.

This perpetual longing to behold the world assuming its higher and better condition, is the spontaneous recognition of the progressive tendency of man; and may it not arise also from the influence of the Soul of Things?

As we feel the witness speaking from every inanimate object, telling of the ages that have been, and the conditions of all time, we must feel also the truth that nothing is without its continual change. Even the massive boulders within their unchanging external forms have changing life. What can inspire the earnest heart like this thought. Here, in this world, so full of bitter experiences; here, where the passions of man rage and give us sights of woe; where it is possible for men to forget their Humanity, and kill, burn, and plunder, even in this, the enlightened centre of Western civilization; here is Humanity still receiving its continued influence, and giving its continued power, and within it lies embosomed forever the Soul of God.

The beautiful dream of Arcadia, that long ago enfolded the heart with hope, must be lived in each soul before it can live nobly and well; that is, before we can do anything rightly and well, we must have faith; faith in the good and true—in the all-conquering good and true. Faith in God means but this—faith in *final* good; faith in the onward, upward tendency of all things.

To learn that the life of Infinity is no mere phrase, but is a fact to be recognized, and scientifically demonstrated, must do much to inspire us with this faith. For if no tiniest pebble lacks its power, lacks its life, its hidden being, how can we doubt our own power, our own life, our own being, as in and of God, and working in the grand circumstances of life to produce the glory and goodness of the Divine.

We walk somewhat tremblingly at times in our lives. An undesirable fear of the coming time; an uncertainty of what is to be depresses us, and we would know, be sure, have faith, so that our steps may be firmer, our path lie open before us. But in view of Nature's grand progress; in view of her repeated testimony of good; of her inbreathed life, we can walk our way serenely and hopefully. Perpetual life surrounds us. Perpetual influence proceeds from us. Perpetual good may flow from every moment of our existence. What if we go through no golden streets, no flower paths? What, though our track lie through a wild and desolate region, or up a mountain ascent? Is there not forever around us the life of the Infinite? Even in the most unlovely paths, and have we not forever a power to inscribe on everything about us? Lovely sights, holy records, sublime lessons?

The grand and poetic thought springing from this lesson of Nature's life, may be written in one word—God. God everywhere, because life is everywhere.

Suppose we could have beheld walking the streets of New York on one of those red days of riot, when men's hearts quaked with fear, an impersonation of

Divine love, so that every man who entered the presence of that Divine power, should have felt its beauty and divinity; so that the impress of goodness could have been written on all hearts, just as the impress of the sublime change from hate to love—from rage to alliance—from disorder to order?

And yet every man has a measure of this power within himself, or else Science is fast deceiving us. Each one of us, as he treads his daily path, meets the same elements that may be turned to contention and disorder, or to order and peace. And each one has his influence thereon. He writes some word on every soul. Oh my friends, is it a Living Word, full of the truths of a universe, and the love of the infinite, that we are thus recording?

And, as we are giving, so are we also receiving. Oh beautiful law of Infinity! We are, perhaps, even now, taking in the pictures of Heaven upon our souls; for, as I have said, the spirit-world has the same law of impression that the natural world has.

I remember once seeing in vision the representation of that influence. I desired earnestly to know how the images from the spiritual world came to me; how the impress of objects could be presented, of persons, given with such clearness and accuracy; for I could not suppose that all these scenes and objects were present with me at all times, or I with them. My earnest desire became a prayer, and the promise "Seek, and ye shall find, was fulfilled." I saw a glorious light descending in flowing currents, gleaming and radiant, and diffusing from sunlight in this; it seemed to proceed from something, and to have motion; it had opposite currents, ascending and descending. The descending currents seemed like a shaft of glory. The ascending currents seemed to give a shadow brightness to that glory. I saw that the flowing light came to me from a sphere of love, and that loving ones concentrated it as if by thought. I saw also that the upgoing current was from my own upspringing desires and affections, concentrated by my wishes. In this light I saw imaged various objects, just as the soft flowing stream images the shore. I saw it was possible to make any thought distinct as life in that light. It imaged the beautiful form of one I loved; it held impressed beautiful flowers; it seemed to be even capable of expressing goodness and love by a divine glow. Therein I could behold beautiful scenes and read the impress of holy desires. It seemed to me like the mirror of every holy and beautiful thing of which I could have desired to know. As the light reached me, the image, too, seemed a part of myself, like an image that becomes a part of the camera; it was impressed as a picture on my spirit.

Now whether this shaft of glorious light was a real existence, or merely a representation, or symbol, matters not. I believe it to have been a true representation of the influence of spiritual things upon us. We become by our aspirations a part of the great chain of life, that unites us to the spiritual world, and that chain bears to us the holy influences of a heaven of love.

Hence, we may daily, by lives of close sympathy with the high and holy, have beautiful lessons inscribed on our spirits, which shall bear fruit in thoughts of love and wisdom, and revelations of truth.

Our daily lives may thus be glorified. No matter where we are, no condition, except that of our spirit, can shut out this light. Do we toil in humble ways? Yet our hearts can be united to the loving and beautiful. Are we full of anxious cares and troubles? Yet there are moments for aspiration when a flood of assurance may flow unto us. Have we little world sympathy, few to love and care for us here? Yet the beautiful and loving are ever near, and we can want no good spiritual thing.

Thus is an infinite universe just fitted to the waste of those who have needs. Thus does Divine Love continually express to us the perfection of that universe. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," said the voice of inspiration. All things become great experiences and lessons of wisdom to all who desire to gain thereby. If the heart is right, everything else is right. The grand harmonious symphony of worlds is—All things dwell in infinite good. All things tend to infinite perfection.

"Starve, Steal or Beg."

I have just received, Mr. Editor, the following letter, with two dollars enclosed, from a faithful friend of Spiritualism, who lives and acts its precepts. I send the two dollars to you, to be deposited in the fund for the suffering poor, which fund, I am glad to say, is under the direction of that noble spirit, Dr. Kiltredge, who controls the Message Department of the BANNER.

DR. A. B. CHILD: Friend and Brother—Enclosed find two dollars, which please forward or hand in person to the woman who, a few weeks since, proposed in one of your Spiritual Conferences, the question whether, taking into consideration the circumstances, she had better starve, steal or beg. This, with her, was a question of vital importance. Although her spiritual wants were being administered unto, yet the fact that her unaided efforts were insufficient to provide for herself and dependent children, outweighed and seemed to be of secondary importance to the calls and demands that Nature ever asserts for a timely provision and due allowance for the sustenance and protection of the house and home of the spirit while confined to this mundane sphere.

But little progress can be made in trying to spiritualize those needy, and too oft neglected ones, who are famishing for bread. And the good Master accounts that he has made abundant of this fact during his ministrations on earth, as the feeling of the hungry multitudes who followed him fully attests. But I think we are apt, as well as Christendom at large, to be more generous with our spiritual gifts than with the temporal. The rich (in earthly goods), bigoted, self-righteous Christian, who at the family altar earnestly prayed that the poor, destitute and friendless female whom he had but just tarred unrelieved away, might be the especial object and care of the one to whom his mockery of a prayer was directed, is but a sample of a class of professing Christians, of which it is painful and humiliating to know there are so many. It is an easy matter to say, "Be ye warned and clothed," but quite another thing to take hold in a practical manner and relieve the destitution that exists about us.

Prayer, or rather a mockery of prayer, is profuse in their behalf, because it doesn't cost anything; and thus the Lord is often implored to do those very things that he has made abundant for the poor, and has thus failed to perform. And yet the fact is constantly ignored, while we selfishly cling to all that he has bestowed upon us, and pass by on the other side, leaving unrequited for famishing widows and orphans, who, through circumstances over which they had no control, are brought to destitution and want.

Surely it is that those thus unaided of duty will ere long have the hell of a perverted conscience to upbraid them, and bring to mind the saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There is, it is true, now and then a good Samaritan who interests himself in behalf of these needy ones, and who finds it a pleasure to administer to their wants and follow the example set by the Master, whose pleasure and mission was to do good and relieve the poor ones that were being passed by uncared for, by priest and layman.

slips of paper, instead of giving them the opportunity, as formerly, of depositing their three-cent pieces unscattered into the contribution box, in a card commending on the motive power that actuates them to give. But it becomes us, who believe that to render acceptable service to him upon whose bounty we all depend, to add the lowly voice of earth whom we may meet by the wayside, or elsewhere, ever remembering that we, too, by adverse circumstances are liable to need like succorance from above.

Practically yours, I. W. R. Worcester, N. H., Sept. 27, 1863.

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