

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

(\$3.50 PER YEAR, In Advance.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

(SINGLE COPIES, Five Cents.)

NO. 8.

Literary Department.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1863, by William Warren & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.

JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Possibility of Human Angelhood.

By adversity are wrought The greatest works of admiration; And all the fair examples of renown, Out of distress and misery are grown.

DANTE, on the East of Southampton.

Imagine something purer far, More free from stain of clay, Than Friendship, Love or Passion are, Yet human still as they; And if thy lip, for love like this, No mortal word can frame, Go ask of angels what it is, And call it by that name.

MOORE.

On foot and in the stage coach, I reached the adjoining village, and from there I wandered on, aimless, purposeless, only possessed with an intense desire to place the distance between my wretched self and what had been home. I had taken my purse, moderately well filled, and the crumpled paper that had dropped from my father's hand. Oh, the terror, shame and agony that overwhelmed me as I looked on the familiar characters, traced by her living hand. I could have mourned her dead, but to know her living thus—forgetful of her child, in sin! I could not reconcile it with those pure, ennobling maxims of her letter to me—that sacred relic of one I deemed a denizen of heaven. No; I would not seek her. She was unworthy of my love. I would bury in forgetfulness her life and crime, and seek for myself a livelihood amid the daughters of toil.

At the third village I sojourned in, I was ill for some weeks; and when I arose from that bed of suffering, much of my very antagonism to circumstances had died out. A softened sorrow took the place of the consuming hatred. The only being I still pursued in spirit with that unworthy feeling, was Mark Catliffe and his son. For my poor, erring mother, as I deemed her, I began to feel the stirrings of a benign compassion. I pictured to myself her sorrowful life and wearing remorse, and strong and powerful arose within me the desire to seek and to console her. She was my mother, once pure and good; as the loving Christ pardoned sinners, why should I withhold forgiveness?

It was while pondering thus on better thoughts, that Rosita came to me. Dear, faithful heart, she had tracked me out to that solitary wayside place, the mother-heart within urging her on to the protection of the wandering, homeless one. I was yet helpless and weak, wondering what I next should do, or where I should go, with that sweet, impressive voice ever bidding me go to my mother. So many startling events had occurred, I was scarcely astonished when Rosita entered; but when, with many tender ejaculations and soothing caresses, she took me in her motherly arms, then my strained heart gave way, and for the first time since I left home, I wept upon the shelter of that true breast.

When I looked again into the friendly face, I saw that a great change had come over its hue and expression. The faint crimson that had gleamed beneath the dark, clear cheek, was gone; the ashy pallor had settled there; the blue eyes were misty, as if their light was quenched in frequent tears. Yet she was calm and serene as ever, though the household sorrow had not left her unscathed. She told me that Mrs. Herbert acted like a demon, all the time, since she heard that the first missus be alive. He always thought she was dead; Mark Catliffe make him believe so. He did not see her die. Now this had man, seeing he could not get Miss Jasnie for his wicked boy, he tell me; and that's why we have such a bul-la-ba-fo at the Hall. Mr. Northrup never mention your name, darling; but the old missus she could and rave fur rions all the time about the bel's all your fault. If you had married that Aus-tin, all would have been hushed up. Now Mrs. Agatha is n't his wife at all—and her pride is so great. The old missus—what-sat—do, I must not call her names, I have no right, but sometimes I can-not help it—she hates her dear Her-berst now; and Miss Jasnie, she is a haled fur woman when she hates in that way.

All this she told me a few days after her arrival, when through her gentle ministrations I had gained almost my former strength.

To my inquiry concerning the Catliffes, she told me that my father had ordered both of them out of the house. They had gone, but she had been told of their prowling in the neighborhood. She had stolen away from the Hall as soon as the excitement had somewhat subsided, feeling sure she would find me, even after that lapse of time. "For," said she, with a brightening glance, "the good spirits gave me sight, and told me where to find you. I am to take you to your mother, my lamb, then I must return and ful fill my duty. The missus live no more at the Hall."

"Oh, no; do not leave me again, Rosita. Be my friend and comforter; I have no other on this earth! All, all have forsaken me! You alone are true. See, I will become a governess or a seamstress, or do anything I know how, and you shall be my friend and companion. Why would you return to that capricious, haughty, exacting old woman—that woman of masked face and wicked heart? And that babyish, fee-oid Agatha, what need you care for her?"

"I can not tell you now, honey; I dare not. But may-be some day I will. I must return; it is my duty."

"But they will be so angry with you for leaving them, especially if they find out it is on my account. Perhaps they will not again receive you."

"A singular smile played on her lips. "Mrs. Strong will re-ceive me always," she replied. "Do you know, Miss Jasnie," she continued, "old Her-berst been a howler all the time since you was gone. He wanted to tel-low me, but I thought best not."

I shed a tear at the recollection of my old favorite. I wept anew for the loss of home and its familiar aspects.

"You will find your mother, dear. You have the paper that tell where she live."

"Oh, I know not that I shall go to her. Have you heard what is said of her? She is living in sin. Though my mother, I cannot, must not, dwell beneath her roof."

Rosita reddened with a flush of indignation. That pure, womanly nature repelled the gross insinuation.

"It's my firm belief, Miss Jasnie," she said, positively, "that that's an-other story got up by that Cat-liffes fel-low. He is a sar-pent, and they tell all sorts of lies. I don't believe the first missus is that kind of a la dy, at all. When I think of her, I always smell the sweet lil-lies as bloom around the holy Vir-gin. It's your duty to go to her, my child, and if she is a sin-ner, which I do n't believe, to try by the power of your love to make her bet-ter. Miss Jasnie, I'm afraid of those Cat-liffes people; let us go soon."

And in a few days we proceeded on our journey, until we reached the sea. Then the first spring winds were blowing, and the barbingers of the sweet blossom season were abroad.

Oh Memory, thou retrospective joy and sorrow, how cozily nestled beneath the guardian hills was that world apart hamlet, laved by the blue ocean waves, and shrouded by the rugged cliffs, bound in by far spreading forest, a picturesque gem in Nature's wild-work setting! There dwelt my unknown mother, by her maiden name of Wilder. There, too, lived Clarence May, a name I dared scarcely utter. In what relation did he stand to her?

It was Rosita's magnetic power that gave me strength of heart and brain for the dreaded interview, for I was then no longer the Jasmine of but a year ago. The successive blows of misfortune had shattered the glorious strength of nerve I once possessed. I had grown morbidly sensitive, and keenly alive to all sorrowful impressions. My regnant self-control was gone. She, the true friend with the dusky skin and beneficent soul, went forth on her mission of beautiful reconciliation, and prepared my mother for the reception of the child unseen by her for fifteen years. I trembled so violently when the summons came to go to her, that but for Rosita's timely help I should have fallen to the ground.

As in a dream she led me through the streets, over the ascending ground, just tufted with the early grass and the first dower-messengers of spring, through the gleaming sunshine of the morning, to a little cot-ledge, half hidden in the overhanging rock. One of the queerest, most fantastic little old women, opened the door. She was clad in a scanty gown, of a faded green color, and upon her head she wore a curiously arranged turban, or some sort of gear that was indescribable. It was composed of various colors, fabrics, and diverse patterns. She had gold rings in her ears, a scarlet kerchief around her wrinkled throat. All her quaint attire was scrupulously neat. Her hands, hard and calloused, bore unmistakable signs of hard labor. An expression of shrewd good nature and overbrimming multifariousness was on her browned and time-lined face. Dark hair, abundantly mixed with grey, escaped from beneath her mock turban. Her small, twinkling grey eyes filled with moisture when she beheld me. Her bony hand caught mine in a pressure of heart-warm welcome.

"The Lord bless and keep and save you, child! Many and many's the day and the year she has prayed for you, and now the time has come. Hurrah! Hallelulah! Praise be to God! Amen! What is to be will be," and then she lives the longest sees the most My dear, darling, best only missus has hung on to this peg of a hope for years and years. Says I, 'Ma'am, it may never come to pass, this side of the gates of Jann-pared and pearl and eternity.' Says she, 'It will; I feel it, Anastasia.' And so it has come to pass. Kneel an old woman, dear, as has no kith or kin this side of the paradise of the Lord and his angels. I'm so glad I praise the Lord, oh my soul! Hurrah! Hallelulah! God save the Queen!"

During this ebullition she had repeatedly kissed me, stroked my hair, turned me around, and rubbed my hands until they ached with the vigorous friction.

A sweet, low voice called from an inner room, whose open door was curtained by sweeping folds of purest white. That sweet voice thrilled me as no moelo of this earth had ever done! I put back the screening folds, advanced, knelt down, awe-stricken with reverential love and worship as I met my mother's angel face.

It was the face of my Madonna. The same serene and spiritual beauty dwelt there; the pensile lips, the holy eyes, never shadowed by the taint of mortal sin; the golden brown hair cooping in vine tendrils from beneath the matron's cap; the white hands meekly folded, the serene and sorrowful repose, all was so pure and heavenly, that I dared to touch her cheek and hands, I knelt before her, speechless with the daughterly love that filled my soul with the revelations of purity and peace that stilled the unquiet throbbings of my heart.

Still she did not rise to greet me, though I stretched forth my pleading arms. I knew then that the appearing spirit was encased in a frail tenement of earth, that she was helpless and an invalid, and with a great compassion welling forth in penitential tears, I threw myself upon the mother breast, and felt the pressure of her loving lips.

Oh, how all was forgotten—the ancestral Hall, the cruel father, the neglected years, the persecution of foes, the loss of love, clasped in my mother's arms I felt that holy joy of reunion that God, the blessed Father, accords to us, his suffering children here, as forefathers of the supernal bliss.

And my dear mother murmured, "My child! my child! I think thee, gracious God!"

And with my tears mingling with hers, my kisses raining on her brow and lips, her sweet caresses awak-ening me to a life and joy unknown before. All doubt and fear and surmise departed forever from my thought.

And Rosita, the slave mother, wept with us, and shared the joy denied to her on earth; and the strange Anastasia, standing in the doorway, wiped her eyes and sobbed aloud, ejaculating brokenly her "Hurrah!" and more pious "Hallelulah! Amen!"

Then, seated at my mother's feet, with my eyes up-lifted to her wondrously beautiful face in worshipful

love, she told me that portion of her history that had been concealed from me, by the tender solicitude of good nurse Annalee; and I learned from her quivering lips that a husband's frenzied hand had aimed the death blow at her heart—that, misled by false appearances by the machinations of her enemy, Mark Catliffe, he had deemed her faithless beyond all power of vindication. In an almost dying condition she had been carried from Oakflat Hall, and believing herself near the portals of the better life, she had written that touching farewell letter, and found the means to send it. Herbert Northrup had never looked upon her face again; but Mark Catliffe took to him the false tidings of her death, and over an empty grave in a distant churchyard was placed a tombstone recording her name.

"He bound me to silence and secrecy," she continued, "for the sake of my innocent child, for the safety of my days. Oh Jasmine, love, earth holds no blacker soul, no more incarnate fiend, than this same Mark, this bold, unscrupulous man! I would have dared all things in vindication of my woman's honor, but he sternly barred the way, telling me that my life was forfeited if I ever gave one token of existence. Not only that, but you, my beloved child, would fall a victim to your father's fury and unforgiving hatred of me; that by my assumed death only could I ensure your happiness in life. Oh daughter, feeble, stricken, half-demented as I was by sorrow, I would yet have risked all to regain my little Jasnie; I would have stolen you from before their very watching eyes, so strong is mother-love! But that man watched me, and I was powerless. My system never fully recovered from the shock it had sustained that fearful night. When Mark Catliffe found that, poor and enfeebled by suffering, I could not thwart his plans, he relaxed his malicious persecutions, and I was permitted to live in peace, only occasionally tormented by his hateful presence, or warned by his short, unassigned letters."

"But why, dear mother"—how sweetly melodious that name, how like a prayer I uttered it!—why this relentless persecution? Surely you never harmed one living being?"

"It is all a mystery, dear child, one that I cannot solve, though I have pondered over it until my brain and heart have ached. From the first, I felt an insupportable repulsion on encountering the baleful gleam of his eye. Your father seemed to cling to him as to a brother, almost; but I invariably felt the influence of a gross, a tainted, a wickedly intriguing spirit. I saw what was hidden from others, that that man possessed some subtle and dangerous power, that made even strong minds subservient to his will. Why he hated me, I cannot tell. Why he should willfully have destroyed the happiness of the friend—who reposed such implicit confidence in him, I cannot say. Your father felt assured, until Mark Catliffe goaded him on to suspicion, of my wife's fidelity, though he knew I had no love to give. Sometime since, my enemy demanded of me a paper acknowledging my existence, and, as usual, threatening me through you, if I refused. I gave it, and I thank heaven it has brought my child I! For the occasional tidings from Oakflat Hall, I thanked and blessed my bitterest foe, for thus I heard of my child's health and quiet, unbroken life. I knew that Nurse Annalee had gone to heaven, and, in prayerful expectation, I waited for the time when, by some means, I could reveal myself to you. Many plans I formed, and all were cast aside, for Mark Catliffe threatened that if ever, without his consent, I discovered myself, to wreak his yet unquenched vengeance upon the head of my child. My best friend was powerless to aid me. I relied upon God alone, and in the hope of realizing this hour have stayed my longing spirit's slight; and God has brought you to my arms, my long lost darling, my sweet, pale, Jasmine flower."

And her tears baptised me anew with their sacred healing power; and, pressed close to her heart, I felt that I had gained my shelter.

Looking into those pure and fathomless eyes, those wells of deep feeling, that brow of ethereal purity, how could I tell her that in remotest thought I had ever dared to doubt her? My remorseful heart called loudly, while my lips were sealed, "Forgive me, angel, oh forgive!"

So I never told her that a father's cruel hand had thrust me forth because of her imputed sin. I could not whisper the terrible words of accusation his lips had uttered. Rosita had been silent, too; we could not wound so delicate a spirit. I told her I had fled from Austin Catliffe, from my father's anger, and, guided by the paper and Rosita's companionship, had found the way to her calm retreat. She should not even know that once I wavered in my desire to find her, that to a stranger's help and counsel I owed the blessed meeting with the idolized mother of my dreams.

She spoke to me of Clarence May, with a holy light in her eyes, with irradiated countenance and unfeeling voice. He had found her in her isolation and bereavement, in her solitude and privation, soon after she had been deprived of home and child. Mark Catliffe would have provided for her immediate wants, but with scorn and loathing she refused his every offer of assistance, resolved rather to die of want than to owe one morsel of food, one cup of water to the plotter who had wrecked her life.

During her illness she had been attended by a strange, pale, silent woman, who, at the bidding of Mark Catliffe, waited upon her with a sort of fierce pleasure; performing no office gently, speaking no kindly word of encouragement, only sternly and relentlessly fulfilling the physician's injunctions. Who this woman was she never knew. Mark called her Amaret; a strange and unlifting name for the pale, rigid, nun-like figure, clothed in deep black, with a head-gear of white that almost concealed her face.

From the money allowed for her illness and funeral, a small sum was put into her hands, and the stricken heart, with its enfeebled frame, was cast upon the world, while the husband, deceived onto the last, heaved her passed from earth. For a few months only she battled with her solitude of heart, with the grim apprehensions of the future, when Clarence found her and vowed himself unto her service forever.

Romancers and philosophers, ye advocates of the "freedom of the affections," and ye worldly moralizers, what would ye all have done with two kindred, soul-affined ones? Have accepted the world-received opinion of Mary Northrup's death, and in the sweet egotism of love have formed a second tie, under as-

sumed names, living apart from the turmoil of the great and busy mart, and forgetting all beside in the delight of congenial companionship? Or, still more free and daring, have made the heart visible unto the world's acceptance, scorning the prejudices of custom, and assuming unto themselves the right of choice, tacitly submitting to the opprobrium that rested on two unmailed names? Would you have had them live in defiance of the established laws of order in vindication of the rights of love? Or, with a stoical severity would ye have unnecessarily ordained a life long separation between these mated hearts? My sorrow-tried, my angel-guarded mother, the spiritual-ly exalted lover of her youth, did none of these. They bowed and sanctified affection, and placed it on the olive shrine of God. They did not seek the impossible by transforming the conjugal love of the spirit into fraternal affection or friendship; their inspired souls knew that a law immutable and divine ordained their mutual love; by its fervor and its purity, its heaven-ward aspiration, its world-wide, all-embracing influence, they felt that love was holy; it enrolled them among the priesthood of the Most High; to struggle against it were to combat with God.

By they loved as do the benign dwellers of another and purer world—with spirit and not with sense; with reverential homage, never with the doubts and fears, the intruding jealousies of lesser loves. Not for the deriding, mocking, suspicious, grossly judging world; not for all its kingdoms and its crowns would they have resigned the love that made of lowliest earth a most supernal Eden!

These eternally wedded spirits needed no outward form to ratify the sacred compact in the archives of heaven, on the sun-tablets of a higher dispensation were recorded the angel names of these pure, faithful and eternal lovers. But of the daily companionship, of the blessed home intercourse, of the inspiring constant presence of the beloved, they made renunciation, and accepted the discipline of its attendant loneliness as one of the great means of progress.

Daily, hourly, incessantly, these great, self-abnegating souls communed, in aspiration, thought, emotion, prayer, immortal hope. Afar, over intervening ocean-leagues, came wafted to her spirit ear, the messages of his yearning heart. She felt the cloud of sadness that shadowed his brow; the thrilled harp-strings of his spirit responded to the wail of sorrow in her breast. The same exultant throb of individual freedom, of gained insight and awarded harmony visited the soul of each. His inner hope strengthened her falling strength; the reflection of her feebleness paralyzed the strong man's arm, while the glow of returning life and health, willed by the sympathy of affection, nerved afresh the inspired being of the lonely dweller of the sea.

They met face to face, as well as soul to soul. Coming home from long voyages and journeys, Clarence May spent many of the winter days and long blest hours of summer in the cottage-room. From other lands he brought the subsistence denied to him at home; by the united labor of his hand and brain, he surrounded the loved one with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. He had furnished for her the lowly happy home; he had brought the strange Anastasia Doole, whose chequered life had been one tissue of romance, to live with Mary Wilder, her servant, companion and friend. A few kind villagers visited my mother; she was deemed a widow, and all agreed that she was "a perfect lady." There were rare and blissful gleams of happiness amid the darkness of her earthly lot.

As became a righteous indignation, Clarence May often desired to meet with my dear mother's mysterious foe, but never had he seen Mark Catliffe, anxiously as he sought to find him. No clue to that bad man's place of abode could be found.

Captain May, as the fishermen and sailors called him, was beloved of all, esteemed as the friend of the invalid recluse, and for once the tongue of calumny was hushed.

That dear, patient mother, with the candor that knows no evil, and the childlike confidence that time in her could not destroy, told me that free as she deemed herself before God, pure as she felt her Clarence's soul to be, there had always remained between them, unprayed by their own wills and sanctioned by their views of duty, an impassible barrier of respectful reserve. Their precious moments were not spent in lovers' dalliance, in the interchange of caresses and honeyed words; soul spake with soul, and that sufficed; at meeting and at parting she pressed her pure lips to his cheek, and he left a kiss upon her brow. Thus was his feely renewed and consecrated this most chaste and perfect love.

With what bitter, stinging humiliation I knelt at her feet, and with burning blushes told her of the sudden and violent death of the love I had cherished as a lily blossom of the skies! How my mother's glorious dark eyes dilated with the surprise and horror of "the pure in heart." She sobbed me, oh, so tenderly that I wondered could ought of earth be equal to that precious and undying maternal love?

For one day only Rosita tarried with us; no inducements or entreaties sufficed to prevail on her to stay.

"They need me at the home, I must go; I know they need me, I shall not tell them where I have been; but that bad man, that Catliffe, will know; he find out everything! I think, honey dear, you both better re-move from here," she said.

"We will, if it becomes necessary. I feel his fatal influence is around us yet. But he will not be permitted to harm my child. I know this, Rosita, for your goodness and care of my darling, I thank you, and the Father of Mercies will bless you!" replied my own dear mother.

Rosita, ready equipped for her journey, knelt down before her, and in a faint and tear-filled voice implored her blessing:

"I've been a poor, weak, sin-fal crea-ture," she cried; "I've done wrong things for my-self and for others; but your bless-ing will make my life holy, mis-er-able!"

And with both hands upon the suppliant's head, my Mary blest her, and kissed the dusky cheek. Folding me in her arms, Rosita embraced me with a heart too full for utterance. Refusing all reward, she passed with bowed head and clasped hands over the threshold of "Ocean East."

But at the outer door she was way-laid by An-na-tasia, who, unable to control her feelings, grasped bold of her arm, and cried between her sobs:

"And are you really and truly going to leave us for good? You, as has been the Lord's messenger, and a blessed archangel of peace and gladness to this place? It's from the beautiful West Indies, or some of the tropical islands you are? You see, I've lived there, and can tell by the color of your skin—but many makes ally! I did n't say that to hurt the delicacy of your feelings; the tongue is an unready member and no mistake. Miss runs on thirteen knots an hour sometimes, as the Captain says. It's a family falling of the O'Doolles'. I'm dark as a gypsy, or a Hotentot, or a Malay, or kangaroo myself. Never had any beauty to boast of, but these coffee-colored complexions wear best after all. Only saints and angels and spirits can afford roses and lilies in their faces; hard working folks, like you and me, grow brown and tough and hard, all but the heart, that's soft, thank fortune! But must you go? Oh, if only my feelings was n't so over tenderly! I've had them cracked, and broke, and crushed, over and under, and glory be to God! I'm whole and alive yet. Good-by, good-by; the Lord save and bless and keep and guard and set his holy angels round about you! Amen, farewell!"

Rosita had silent pressed her hand, and departed for the village inn, where she was to take the stage-coach. Returning to my mother's side, I wept for that dear friend I might never again behold.

That day Rosita had had one of her "sights," in which she predicted happiness, unexpected and un-expected, for poor Jasmine and her mother; but it would be attained to only by severe discipline and added tribulation. In my ear she whispered, and my heart contracted with a pain exceeding all others gone before:

"Take the best care of her, Miss Jasnie; obey her in every-thing; learn all you can from her, for I am told you will not keep her very long!"

And I did watch over her with intense and brooding love. Oh, thanks be to thee, my Father! I did fulfill all my duty there.

CHAPTER XV.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

"Immortality of awakens All pains, all tears, all time, all fears and pains Like the eternal thunders of the deep Into my ears this truth—Thou livest forever." ANON.

"Folded eyes are brighter colors than the open eye do." MISS BARNETT.

Come rest with me awhile beneath the home-shelter of Ocean Rest. It is an oasis of repose such as life seldom offers to the wayfarer; the ground is strewn with the fragrant blossoms of the May; the melodies of bird-song and leaping rivulet, the upspringing floral offerings of the beauteous season of renovated life, the joyous rustling of leaves, the sweet aroma, the golden blue skies; the mirror-calm expanse of the sea, emerald-lead hills, and verdure crowned, rugged cliffs—all send abroad their messages, and invite the meditative heart to rest.

Rest! oh, angel-word of consolation, framed in the land of peace, significant of the worn heart's joy, the longing spirit's divine fruition! Rest from the hypocrisies of life, the burdening cares and trivialities of being; from the haunting faces and aying forms of concealed foes, from the hatred laden air, the food poisoned by ill-will, the draught embittered by malicious gleams. Oh, how sweet to rest in undisturbed security in the realization of the one life dream, within a mother's guardian arms!

I lived, then, that heart-life that in a forest of heaven, and with the terror of lo-ving it from my tenacious clasp, I sought to improve its every moment; yet the consciousness of past calamity was with me ever. If Ralph had but died, I should have mourned his loss; but never with such poignancy of self-abatement, such humiliating throbs of shame as his unmanly, cruel desertion caused me. Worthily and beloved, I would have forever enthroned him on the inner soul, as a spirit to whom my worship was due, my earth-life dedicated. I could but weep over a ruined idol, false, and but to the outward semblance, fair.

My father I wail of adamant appeared before our souls thenceforth. Her wrongs and mine formed joint cause of accusation against him. Of all the dark, treacherous and revengeful thoughts that engird in my brain, I dared not tell the forgiving saint, my mother. But methought her calm soul-reading eyes, pierced to the innermost recesses of my spirit, and saw there the gibbering phantoms of urent and wrong. There was a deep significance in her low, soft inquiry, "What is it, Jasmine?" Then she would take my hand, and speak to me of God, of Nature, of immortality, of life and duty, discipline and gain, until the evil spirits vanished. I breathed in the atmosphere of a freer, purer world, until sin resolved itself into the penitential suffering that led to ultimate purification; until darkness led to the light, and human wrongs were rectified by the overruling power of the Divine.

My older reverence of all things beautiful, true, and exalted was re-awakened; my earth-bound aspirations winged once more heavenward, my dormant energies revived, the poetic incense sped from my soul and wafted its ministrations of humble beauty to my mother's appreciative heart. She clasped me fondly in her arms, and said:

"Your father will find in you a co-laborer; such as you are I have dreamed of you. Guard well the gift you have, it may yet bless the world. Oh, most noble is the poet's aid to this our struggling and benighted earth! Greater than the monarch's sway is his who wields the sceptre of true feeling; for he who wears the starry crown of inspiration! The tolling millions bless the poet-preacher, and from the pages of fiction the tried heart gleams sublime lessons of truth. Live so as to become worthy of this ordination of the beautiful, this ministry of use, my child."

Loving words of encouragement! but I had so much to overcome, my glowing self-interest, my impetuous will and fiery temper. From the day of a stepmother's advent beneath my father's roof, I had been half a prisoner; the superficial knowledge I had gleaned was valueless as regarded my spirit's advancement. I had not loved my teacher—the stereotyped nonentity, Miss Dean—consequently I had not loved my labor. Re-

pression had crushed some of the choicest flowers of my inner domain, rank weeds flourished there...

It needs time, change, and holy teachings; ex- periences from without and growth from within...

To her heart there was no lingering sentiment of hatred—no thought of the sweetest of retaliation...

June rose bloomed when Clarence May returned; and when I had witnessed their calm and happy meeting...

And he, caressing me fondly, as if I were indeed his child, from that day adopted me; and I had found another jewel of affection on my hither so thorny way...

The regal grace of manhood sat on his form and face; nobility and benevolence beamed from every lineament of the sunburned countenance...

The highest test of the purity and endurance of the soul-love that linked the kindred spirits of my mother and Clarence May...

Yet it is love—if thought of tenderness, tried in temptation, strengthened by distress...

Many happy days I spent in that cozy, sea-side home. My heart and intellect expanding with new views of life, religion, immortality and duty...

FROM THE MARY OF MARY WILDER. "They taught me to worship thee in fear and trembling, oh, thou Omnipotent Love! But the one guide of my early years, ever pointed to thee with smiles...

There are dark problems in life over which philanthropists have wept, against which the good of all ages have striven, in the vain attempt to reconcile the antagonisms of this world with God's justice...

I learnt that no power of emity, no flat of man could tear from my spirit's hold its gained and everlasting affection; that throughout all eternity, the love of my child was mine...

By one grief crushed up. When other the calamities were added, I am not sure that I could have borne the burden...

Yet it needed thy ministering angel, Lord, thy sweet chief messenger, thy commissioned herald! Yet would he come to all, this calm brooding spirit...

It was the life-angel's hand that led me out of the dark valley into the upward, winding paths of peace. And after a time I saw how vain had been my sorrow...

Oh, I veil my dazzled eyes, and bow low my enraptured heart, when those visions of the future are revealed. I cannot attempt thy portrayal, for mortal language is too imperfect...

To these pearl and sapphire gates all can be led, and best by sorrow. Terrible is the path leading there through sin! Yet many a selfishly engrossed spirit chooses that thorn-lined way...

I have been the victim of treacherous emity, and a secret mystery. I can now forgive the scathing suggestions that nerved a husband's hand against my life...

I live beneath a ban, yet am I free, sometimes even exultant in spirit. I am alone, yet surrounded by invisible hosts. I have cast off the shackles of the olden faith...

When the purifying tempests have swept the soul, when the idols of a baser worship have been overthrown, when the external dogmas of intolerance have been removed...

To the taught prayer of my childhood, I attach a deeper significance. I frame for it a world-wide import. I change somewhat its ancient words, I say: "Our Father and our Holy Mother, thou who art in highest heavens...

FROM THE RECORDS OF CLARENCE MAY. "They ask me of what faith I am, and I tell them I belong to God. I can worship as freely and devoutly in a Mosque, or Pagoda, as in a Christian Church...

Prayer is the angel's ladder on which the soul ascends toward perfection. Not that human supplication can change immutable laws, but in the exercise of devotion, the inner conditions are changed...

Sometimes I hear strange whispers, as of far off voices; they tell me of Great Principles, which I then record in my simple and imperfect words. Prayer is the angel's ladder on which the soul ascends toward perfection...

Self-denial is the sword of spiritual conquest. It may pierce the breast of him who holds it, but it will spare the innocent, and even the worst foe. Its mission is to cut away all earthly bonds...

spare the innocent, and even the worst foe. Its mission is to cut away all earthly bonds. It will guard the portals of Love's paradise...

Progress is inevitable, but on human effort depends its speedy attainment. Its goal is happiness, complete harmonization of the spiritual faculties of man. There are hells of various degrees...

The post there, will realize his own ideal heaven. The religious soul will find its nearer God, not in embodied personality, but in myriad, beautiful forms, in diviner music, in ennobled thought...

Light, thou art beautiful with thy all-pervading essence, but in the illuminated depths of soul, thy spirit-mission is most divine. Thou, Music, art the language of immortal lands, but for our present needs, most sweet is thy deep melody...

Blest Charity! reflection of the love of the good Father! The heart that harbors thee as guest, can welcome the loftiest angels of another clime. Renunciation! thou art no helpless infant, crouching, weak and walling at the feet of circumstances...

Religion is life! It is expression of worship in the air we breathe, in the thankful words we utter for each day's gift. It is the sacrament of the heart, that consecrates itself to the benefit of its kind...

What mortal tongue can adequately speak of Love? Yain, lavish words, are used to define its spiritual glory; that is too dazzling for our mortal sense to bear...

Life, as the everlasting boon of God, should be heralded with joy, and guarded with great care, so that its moments here, may prove a fitting preparation for that better life to come. All the powers, latent, un- glea, strongest sympathies, noblest efforts, should combine to elevate the soul...

To be immortal, to feel the rush of godlike inspira- tion overweeping the soul, to be at moments uplifted to that divine communion with the invisible, the All permeating One! to feel, to know, that affection, knowledge, aspiration, all we have gained in life, does not with the cast-off raiment of the mortal, but lives, advances, eternally ascends!

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Think of the lowering grandeur of the Alpine lands; of all the gorgeous coloring of the Tropics; of sapphire skies of intensest lustre; of musical flowers, gemmed and transparent; of jewel-plumaged birds, of most delightful song; of singing oceans, full fraught with interior revelations; crystal streams, whose draughts are inspirational; rainbow-hued water-jets, distilling golden drops of Truth—imagine the fairy-land of the poet's ideal realized; a region of melodious beauty, enchanting vistas, ever new-born glories, and you have, oh mortal dweller, a faint and vague conception of the land of Life Eternal.

All that lives there beneath the benignant sun-rays of the Divine Love, is imbued with intrinsic soul-power. All music there is perfect harmony, the re- sult of concordant spirits. All song is thankfulness and joy. There breathes no undertone of sadness amid the ecstatic melodies of that interior heaven, symbolized in beauty, splendor, action, and divine repose. There angelic affections are clad in spiritual robes of recognition, and disciplinary trial, long since past and conquered, wears the star-crown of an eternal recompense. Pure love wears there its priestly garb of consecration, the bridal shawl of immortal ruby roses, the pearl-ribbons of its interior whiteness. There twines around the breast of friend- ship the forget-me-not clusters, sun-imbued with joy and peace. There cherub children call the teach flowers, and learn of the beatitudes of soul. There virgin mothers smile, and saliently lovers tread the upward slopes of Wisdom. There, hand in hand, the re- nowned wanderer, and the unrecognized saviours of the lower world abide. There dwell the monarchs of the realms of mind, the noble conquerors of self, the heroes of humble life, the unrecorded martyrs, the unnamed disciples of the pure and gentle teacher, Jesus.

Earthly language may not convey the idea of the home of spirit-life. They are the outgrowths of spiri- tually rounded minds, illumined by the celestial blend- ing of intellectual glory with love's own roseate lustre; the walls and windows, the unveiled doors, the flower-studded roofs and terraces, are all instinct with throbbing life, with music whispering, with chang- ing, shifting hues of beauty that illustrate truth.

There is removed the oppressive feeling of imperfec- tion, that to impressive sounds clouds the beauty of earth's grandest scenes; the heart rests contented, joy- leant with its surroundings, yet ever aspiring upward and beyond. From every leaf and flower radiates in perfume light and song, an influence supernal and inspiring, and ever on the summer air is wafted the melody from other worlds more perfect still in all the utterance of

loveliness. Sometimes, even to our dark- ness, a glimpse is vouchsafed of the ethereal, etheric groups, the living forms, and the bestly images of that near approaching land. Once the truly, wisely, pure in heart, to read aright its might- est revelations, to poetry with inspired pencil, and to speak with tongue of fire of the glories of the spirit- world!

Lucille, III.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO ONE WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE AN ODE TO "THE BEAU- TIFUL UNKNOWN."

BY WILHELM WILLETTS.

I've heard thy voice, oh fair unknown, That for an ode dost call; Yet wherefore dost thy choice on me, So rude a singer, fall?

For what have I, a soldier bard, To do with love-love rhymes, When battle's music thrills my ears, In these most warlike times?

Yet still the knights of ancient time— So runs the olden lay— Off dropped the sword and grasped the pen, Upon a battle day.

Brave Albert Bouter, gallant man, A burcher of Luerns, Did by the sword, and by the pen, A fame immortal earn.

For when the foe from Sempach flew, Before the Switzer's spear, A stirring song of victory Rang in their startled ears.

'T was Albert Bouter's ringing song, Composed that very day, As he was walking o'er the field, All gory with the fray.

And warlike song or triumph hymn With days like these accord, When men have laid the olive by, - And taken up the sword.

So we must leave the odes of love For idle souls to sing; Our every word must breathe of strife, And have the sabre-ring.

No blissful notes must haunt the brain, But, like the Switzer's wight, We'll strike, stout-armed, for Liberty, And carol after fight.

I once could rhyme the tale of love, To please a maiden's ear; I once could sing as sweet a song As ever you might hear.

But 't was a maid inspired the tale, As fair as ever trod, Whose soul, too pure for earth, I ween, Was taken back to God.

The harp I strung to please her ear Has lost its every string, And hangs on love's deserted hall, A tear-encrusted thing.

Another mood my soul has learned, Unknown to me of yore, Which best accords with War's wild rage And Combat's awful roar.

The song I weave amid ring the steel, Oh beautiful unknown! The musket's crash should match in rhyme The cannon's thunder-tone.

The ring of hoof, the clank of sword, Should mingle as they fall; And charging cheers must answer back The bugle's brazen call.

'T is thus that men of truest hearts Their stirring songs should pour, Till every hamlet hears their notes, From east to western shore.

Till every soul for Liberty To battle is inspired— Till every breast is filled with wrath, And every heart is fired—

Till those who linger, tremblingly, Bound by Love's alken string, Come up, strong-shouldered, and make their lives A grateful offering;

Cast by each selfish fear or thought— Leave all regret behind— And strike, as Freedom's soldiers good, For Justice and Mankind.

But when the days of battle pass, Then may the living weave Love odes for girls, and funeral hymns For those who darkly grieve.

And should I live, and my young heart Still feel the sacred fire, Doubt not, oh maid, for you I'll strike My long-neglected lyre.

Then shall love's song be on my lips, Banned all care and moan, Love's songs and joys shall flit great Thee—Beautiful Unknown!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

BY J. THOMAS.

In the September number of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Editor, Professor Agassiz complains that the development theorists endeavor to sustain their cause by belittling the geological record. Having a theory which is free from that objection—being in strict har- mony with that record—a theory peculiar to myself, and in which I am as much alone as was Galileo in his theory of the globular form of the earth, or Columbus in the belief of the existence of the continent which we now inhabit, and feeling equally assured of its occu- rences, with your permission I will give it to the readers of the BANNER in as few words as possible.

The idea that has from time immemorial governed the world, that spirit and matter are separate and dis- tinct principles, that the one is eternally to govern and control the other, while the other yields a passive obedience to that control, is a good foundation for despotism, but a poor one for a republic; it is not rec-iprocal, and therefore cannot be harmonial. My theory is simply this:

That all forms are compound of what is termed spirit and matter; that no organic change of form ever did, ever will, or ever can take place in which spirit does not become matter, and matter spirit. That on the dissolution of any form, the spirit or interior of that form becomes the exterior or material of a suc- ceeding higher form, while the body, by decomposi- tion, becomes spirit, and the motive or animating power of lower forms, and thus connecting all forms with that which is above, by spirit, and that which is below by matter, the material of any form being sub- ject only to the spirit that animates it. I deny the existence of any power outside and independent of

that which exists in part of a material, and in every form by which the great principle of development, for which groups of minds are so anxiously looking, will ultimately be found in the interchange of reciprocal relations of spirit and matter.

MRS. HATCH'S WAR DISCOURSE.

The readers of the BANNER who are in quest of light on the war problem, doubtless took to the perusal of this paper—in the BANNER of Oct 17th—as an antidote to the solution of the momentous question, as to whether the war is clearly a matter of justification on the part of the North, as well also, as to what might be its results upon Slavery, and the future social and civil condition of the country. As an unassuming medium for the utterance of super-mundane beings, Mrs. Hatch, doubtless, should not be held responsible for the ethics of such intelligence; but that the subject-matter of her discourse was instructive, pertinent and con- clusive, as disposing of the question, it were needless to deny. "National sins" were dilated upon as the prime cause of the difficulty. It were the same as de- precating the condition of a drowning man by telling him that the inhaling of water would result in his death. Our national sin, as every unprejudiced mind knows, is Slavery; but Mrs. Hatch's spirit seemed affected with a moral opthalmia which prevented their seeing that the South was particularly in fault in main- taining Slavery a justification for secession and the war. There are numberless individuals, both in and out of the body, who can perceive nothing further in this contest than its immediate results—involving the loss of friends, the accumulation of a national debt, war from grief and chagrin, set about to oppress its con- tinuance; while the patriot and statesman, while they may profoundly deprecate these evils as the unresolv- able concomitants which war involves, yet see them as far outweighed by the great principles underlying the question, that they composedly hold them in abeyance to the paramount issues involved.

Viewed in the exacting of moral requirement, the North is just as much fixed by circumstances and fate in this affair, as is a community in which a tornado, an earthquake, or a plague prevails. By no procras- tian stretch of construction that can be put upon the cause of this war, is the North responsible for its in- ception or its continuance. But, were it to temporize and ignore the stupendous issues involved—were it gravely to yield to the imperious demands of a peo- ple who have treacherously repudiated their solemn obligations to a government they had pledged their faith and honor to uphold, to establish on territory usurped from that government, one whose professed corner-stone should be that of human bondage, then would there be a dereliction on the part of the North that would be unpardonable.

Mrs. Hatch was made to represent that the war is one (considering its "surroundings," of unparalelled acrid- ity; but omits to state which is the reprehensible party; making the charge general, implying equal amenability to both sides. That this charge is true as regards the South, the nameless barbarities to Union prisoners fully attest; but, that the North is thus cal- pable, it is only so, in so far as retaliation is necessary for self protection.

In view of the plain, eternal merits of the question at issue, the individual—either mortal or spirit—who can see nothing in the action of the North in main- taining this struggle, but wantonness and orosity, is either incapable of moral discernment, or is so misled with the murrain of treason, that to discriminate be- tween the struggle for right and liberty, or for despot- ism and slavery, is impossible.

The evolving of worlds from the chaos of the pri- mordial elements, was but the most innocuous jargon and commotion which the universe has ever been the subject of; and if Nature can affect order and progress only by throes and convulsions which com- bated her works in the wrecks of destruction and ob- livion, how do spirits or mortals expect that men can withstand and assert the right, against the machina- tions of corrupt and evil men, without resorting to means which will affectionally crush and destroy those who are desperate in their wicked intentions?

"But, the war is bringing wretchedness and death to so many thousands of families in the land!" Yes, so did the cholera in 1832 and 1849; but we never perceived that lamentation or complaint abated the calamity. A person on board of a burning vessel is driven by the relentless flames to plunge into the engulfing waves; "You will drown!" exclaims some simple-minded sympathizer. "True, but I shall burn if I remain on board; my alternative is to choose the lesser evil," he replies, and plunges beneath the raging billows. To the inconsiderate complaints of "orosity" on the part of the North in maintaining the war, we reply, that we are compelled to choose between succumbing to a people whose designs, if carried out, would make one-half of our land the seat of despotism and the abode of bondage, and its attendant adjuncts—suffering a power to install itself by our side, whose imperious exactions would preclude the reign of peace for all coming time, or to overthrow that power and avert all the untold calamities which would otherwise ensue from its success.

"But the South will not yield!" then retorts the ill-tempered. "But, so many of our own men will be killed too!" That is to be deprecated, but it cannot be helped! The issue being forced upon us, our obligations to Princi- ple, as well as our duties to coming generations, re- quire the sacrifice.

We have said that Mrs. Hatch being but the vo- dum for the utterance of other thoughts than her own, is not to be supposed responsible for the character of her teachings. But, if we are not mistaken, dis- courses, strongly tinged with justification of seces- sion, have found utterance through her before. We allude to notices we have seen of one coming from Andrew Jackson. If, therefore, Mrs. Hatch's sympathies are indelibly with the North in her normal condition, it is greatly to be regretted, that, during her abnor- mal state, spirits of doubtful patriotism and prin- ciple, find so ready access to her sphere. The cause of the North is the cause of right, and it elevates not the fact, though men or spirits with freedom-loving pro- inclivities, concur not in defending it.

V. O. TAYLOR.

Pontiac, Mich., Oct. 26, 1863.

POWER OF A HUMAN'S POWER.—There is one per- ception that a horse possesses, that but little attention has been paid to, and that is the power of soul. With some horses it is as acute as an eye, and the benefit of those who have to drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never know it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles on dark nights; and in consideration of the power of accent, this is my simple advice: never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured he will never get out of the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safely. In regard to the power of soul in a horse, I once knew one of the pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours.

Fontaine lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company: "Monieur, you said I stay here so long, that I have a notion death has forgotten me." "Speak as low as you can," said Fontaine. "That you should remind him of us!"

Correspondence.

Recommutation of a Spiritualist.

I read, Mr. Editor, the charges that were made against one of our members by the First Congregational Church of this place, and for answer, I will also state for the benefit of your readers, that the President of Oberlin College, the great evangelist, Charles G. Finney, is pastor of this church. They have had a revival during the past winter, and there have been a large number added to the Church. But in the meantime a few of the members had been brought, by some occult unknown, to see that creeds and forms did not constitute religion, and felt inclined to think for themselves. Instead of employing others to think for them, and also to exercise their own judgment in regard to what was right and wrong. They no longer found themselves the subjects of creeds and false doctrines, founded on the imagination of visionary men. They were now willing to receive the truth from whatever source it might come, if it was only based on reason. But our good pastor became alarmed in respect to the condition of a few of his lambs, who had gone so far astray from the path of rectitude that their situation seemed to him perilous, and he prayed to God that the Lord might reveal to these lambs how dangerous was their condition. But it seems that the almighty did not hear his prayers—at least he did not answer them—so they were still permitted to continue in their rebellion.

And now our good Shepherd, becoming wroth, declared that their most to be something done; that it would no longer do to allow these unruly members to pass, unscathed. If they were permitted to go on longer, openly declaring the freedom of thought and speech, it would be but a short time before the whole church would have the scales removed from their eyes, and they would worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. So the good Shepherd called a meeting of his people, to take into consideration what should be done with these members; and they finally decided that it would not do to turn them all out of the fold, but they must make an example of some one of them. By so doing it might bring the rest to submission. Certainly our good pastor did not wish to enslave any one by obliging them to submit to the church government. No, far from it. He was perfectly willing that all his subjects should have the right to their own opinions, provided they coincided with his own; and if they should be so mad as to think otherwise, they should, by all means, keep their thoughts to themselves. After a person has connected himself with these good people, there is no such thing as getting honorably released. It is an excellent plan to get notorious. All one has to do is merely to differ in opinion with his pastor, and then his name will be read from the pulpit for three or four Sabbaths in succession, and his merits and demerits will be discussed by every person in town. It would not do to permit members to withdraw from the Church whenever they chose. If this was the case it would be but a short time before there would be no members, and they could no longer sustain their church government. This is their commandment: "Servants be obedient unto your masters." Certainly when a servant disobeys his master, it is no more than right that he in some way should be punished for it. Thus it is with the church government. When any of its members do not (or the mark, they are made a public example to the world, that the rest of its subjects may see what their fate will be if they persist in the same disobedience to their masters.

Now the question arose among our good people, who should be the victim. It would not do to take brother P., for by so doing they would lose the large amount that he pays annually to support the Church; in addition, he would express his views freely in answer to the charges, which might dangerously unsettle the calm minds of other members, and lead them to think freely, too. It was very essential that they should select some one who would not answer the charges thus made.

Good Deacon Bull stated that he had visited Mrs. Schull, who had seen fit to worship God according to the dictates of her own conscience, and she told him if the charges were brought against her she did not think that she would be able to answer them, owing to her want of self-control, by reason of her ill-health. So, feeling assured that they had selected the one they sought for, her good brothers Hall and Andrews introduced the following charges.

Mrs. Schull was summoned to appear before the church and answer to the charges that were made against her. She was taken somewhat by surprise and seeing that they did not expect she would appear to answer them, and feeling somewhat indignant toward her accusers for the cowardice which they had shown by selecting a lady as their victim, she resolved to answer the charges the best she could in the short time they had given her, being only one-fourth the usual time.

The good people were assembled on the day appointed to take the matter into consideration. The meeting was opened with a very earnest prayer by the pastor. He said, "Oh God, we pray that this meeting may be conducted to such a manner as will please thee. It has become necessary that this woman should be made an example of, that your people may see how ruin it is for them to rebel against thy government." &c. He immediately commenced carrying his prayers into effect, by conducting the meeting to his own liking. The charges were then read by the clerk. Then the good shepherd asked the one accused what answers she had to make to them. The answers were then read, to the surprise of the audience and confusion of the pastor, whose countenance changed often, and he sighed disconsolately. As soon as the reading was finished, he arose considerably confused, and said there was no need of discussing the matter, as she pleaded guilty on the first two charges, and that was enough to convict her; and the last charge she denied when she stated that she believed in modern Spiritualism, as she did in ancient Spiritualism. "He stated that there was no such thing as ancient Spiritualism.

Mrs. Schull, in answer, said that she believed in Spiritualism, and if she had embraced any of its errors, she would like to have them pointed out, that she might discard them. In answer to which, he stated the errors it embraced were so numerous that they had no time to discuss them, and even if they had time, he did not consider it expedient for him to do so, as he considered it a subject that tended to lead mankind from their God, and the less we have to do with it the better we are off. (He should have thought of this before the charges were made.) He further stated that Mrs. Schull, in her answer to the second charge, wholly denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, when she stated that she possessed a two-fold nature, a carnal and a divine, the same as all other men. He said none but the good possessed the divine nature; the wicked had none of it.

Mrs. S. then asked him what the passage meant where it said, "Though I make my bed in hell, God is there." Oh, he said, that was referring to God's omnipresence. But he had no time to discuss that question. Several of the members wanted the meeting postponed to some period when they would have time to discuss it. But the good pastor was too busy for that. He said that he had a much more extensive job than he had contracted for, and he stated that he thought they had better vote on it, so as to get it off their hands as quickly as possible. The vote they cast was in favor of the worse it was for them.

Whatever she said was laid to her was dismissed on the first and second charges. Now they convicted her

on a charge that they were guilty of themselves. They had broken their covenant with her, in not visiting and laboring with her when they thought she was wandering astray. They could not excuse themselves on these grounds by saying that they did not know it, because both of her accusers, Hall and Andrews, stated that they had been aware of the fact of her being a Spiritualist, and not attending the church ordinances for the past four years. Is this doing to others as you would be done by? But thus we do not know as they are to blame if they do not know any better. We presume that they think they are doing God's service by persecuting others that do not believe with themselves.

Yours respectfully,
A MEMBER OF THE SAME CHURCH.
Oberlin, Ohio, 1863.

THE CHARGES PRESENTED.

The undersigned represent that Sister Elizabeth D. Schull, a member of the First Congregational Church in Oberlin, is guilty of unchristian conduct in the following particulars:

- 1st. We charge her in breaking her covenant with this church, in not attending the public worship and ordinances of the Church for two years past.
- 2d. We charge her with heresy in denying the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel—viz., the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ.
- 3d. In embracing modern Spiritualism, with its various errors. All of which is submitted to the church for action.

B. HULL,
E. W. ANDREWS.

Mrs. SCHULL'S REPLY.
To the First Congregational Church of Oberlin: I am most happy to have this privilege of answering for myself to charges which my accusers have brought against me for unchristian conduct, as they are pleased to term it.

I would say, in answer to the first charge, that it is five years and more since I have attended the ordinances of the church, and will add that one of my accusers has been acquainted with the fact for nearly that time, and other leading members, also. This (to me) looks a little like the breaking of covenant vows on the part of the Church, also.

I might excuse myself, and truthfully, too, by saying that the circumstances of my family have been such as to oblige me to work so extensively hard during the "six days," that I too much felt the need of rest to attend public worship on the Sabbath. But that is not all of the truth, The Church had ceased to benefit me spiritually, so I chose to worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience, and under my own vine, had I a place to plant one.

I am charged with heresy. Now I am aware hereby is a harsh sounding word to those who do not quite understand its import. Mr. Webster defines heresy as a difference of opinion, or an opinion differing from the Church, and we all know the Church is not infallible, and may pronounce erroneous opinions, as well as individuals. I, at least, feel at liberty to think for myself, and trust in God, whether the Church be pleased or displeased.

I am charged with denying the "cardinal doctrines of the Gospel." If the Gospel of Jesus is the one meant, I deny the charge, as I accept all his teachings. I have never denied the "Divinity of Jesus." I believe he, like all other men, possessed a two fold nature—the internal, or Divine, and the external, or human. And when he said, "I am in the Father and the Father in me," the Divine spoke. When he rebuked Peter, the human spoke. But nowhere in his teachings can I find him claiming to be God. I believe Jesus to have been a man, and Christ to be the principle of truth in all time. And it is by believing the truth and living it in my daily life that I expect to be able to work out my own salvation as Jesus did his situation. I cannot accept any doctrine of vicarious atonement. If Jesus came to make such an atonement by his death, he certainly must have overlooked the great object of his mission, as he nowhere says that his death was to atone for the sins of the world; besides, he says in his prayer, before his ascension, "I have glorified thee on the earth. I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Jesus was a martyr to his principles, as many others have been, who have dared to be true to the God within them, and think and act for themselves, independently of the preconceived notions of the churches; and doubtless many of the churches of the present day would treat Jesus to-day (could he return to earth as he walked among men in his time,) much in the same manner that the Jews treated him. I feel preached the "atonement," not Jesus. It was not at all strange that Paul should retain many of his Jewish notions, and from analogy to Jewish sacrifices, preach a sacrificial atonement. Paul had a right to his own opinions, so I feel that I have a right to receive them, or reject them, and entertain opinions of my own.

I do believe in modern Spiritualism, and also in ancient Spiritualism, which I believe to be one and the same thing, differing only in degree of development in accordance with the advancement of the age. I believe God's laws are unchangeable, and that the same law that allowed Peter and John to see Moses and Elias, and John the revelator, to converse with angels, stands unrevoked to-day. I believe God omnipotent, his angel-friends, as ministering spirits, to commune with us, and I have tangible evidence of their presence, encouraging us to a nobler, purer, and higher life, and strengthening us to bear unnumbered the jeers of the time-servers.

I have unbounded confidence in a Supreme Being, who creates, governs, controls and guides the destinies of nations and individuals. I love to contemplate the works of his hands. The tiny flower beneath our feet, the stately canopy of heaven, the feathery tribes sheltered in the living, breathing foliage of a thousand forests, all chant forth the boundless praise of the great All-Father. I only see discord in his noblest work—namely Jesus gave a new commandment, saying, "Love one another," and "Judge not, lest ye be judged;" and "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

I thank God most, dearly that we are endowed with facilities to think, reason and believe for ourselves, and that man is not our final judge. I have dared to think and believe what to me is truth, and if my religion cannot bear the test of reason, philosophy and common sense, it may go; and if the Church has a better to offer me, I will accept it with pleasure. I am charged with breaking my covenant vows with the Church. But, has the Church faithfully kept her vows toward myself? Who shall call her to judgment?

I have endeavored to answer to the charges as best I could in the short time allowed me for that purpose. I will close by asking my accusers to give me a clear elucidation of the "various errors of modern Spiritualism," and point out to me those which I have embraced, and I will gladly relinquish them.

That Spiritualism, as it now exists in its rudimentary and yet undeveloped state, has many, very many errors clinging about it, no one doubts; but let him who knows himself to be perfect, be the first to lift up his voice in total denunciation of all the claims of Spiritualism, or any other system that has its foundation well laid in reason and philosophy, for truth will stand, let who will oppose it. Whatever may be the error of Spiritualism, or any other man, I am ready to discard all errors that I have embraced, when convinced of them. Henceforth, my Church in the world, and humanity, my brothers and sisters.

Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH D. SCHULL.

Fame like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to den the world for it. 'Tis only its worth having which comes annexed.

Places and Persons.—No. 2.

Chicago is not only theemporium of fashion for the Northwest, and the world's granary, but the traveler's congregating point. Over a hundred trains of cars go in and out of Chicago daily. I recently passed a day there, to make purchases for self and friends. While bargaining for a barrel of sugar, I met a friend from Wisconsin and another from Iowa on the same business. In looking for dry goods, I met friends who had come a day's journey to replenish the family wardrobe. At the milliner's, I found the fashion vendors intent upon supplying the rural places with the latest styles of hats, cloaks, &c.

I went down, with old Sol, to the Sherman House, to await the return of his majesty. There I met a few long ago friends, in the city attending the New Church Convention.

Early morning found me at the station, eastward bound. "The day will be long and the ride lonely," I said to my soul. But my morning dreams were broken by the appearance of Mr. Davenport, looking for Warren Chase. Then came the "Lane One," in search of Mrs. Nellie Wiltale. Here we met, all going to meet the to-morrow's appointments, going the same way. There was a bleak storm without, but in our hearts, clear sky and the calm that is born of Faith and Hope.

To give a pen-picture of Warren Chase, would be about as useless as sending you a photograph of your friend. You have seen Warren, heard him, and understand his gospel. The years that had come between him and me have left a few traces upon his brow and slightly frosted his hair; in heart and purpose he is unchanged.

Mrs. Wiltale is a small, girl-like woman. She has the heart of a child—fresh and free—a girl's faith and hope, with the energy and experience of a woman. Few persons at twenty-three have seen deeper shadows than she has seen—few have seen more genuine joy. Suffering is the mother of peace. Those who love most, who enjoy most, are those who have come up out of great sorrow, whose robes have been washed in tears, whose souls have been purified in the furnace of affliction. Mrs. Wiltale is a trance speaker, but little known out of the West. Give her time, and the nations will hear her voice—so says prophecy.

I spoke two Sundays in Sturgis, Mich. Sturgis is a pleasant town of two thousand souls, on the Southern Michigan Railroad. The Spiritualists there have manifested their faith by their deeds. They have builded and paid for a church, inaugurated a Progressive Lyceum, and have a good library. Why may not the friends of free thought in other places go and do likewise?

Two of our speakers, Abram and Nellie Smith, are living in Sturgis. There is great need of their services in the reform field; but, for some reason, they choose to aid other speakers peculiarly, and remain silent themselves.

H. P. Fairfield, a clairvoyant and magnetic medium, is located at Sturgis. He is doing a missionary work in casting out diseases, in curing blind eyes and in speaking "peace" to the turbulent waves of sorrow that beat upon the shores of soul-land.

I met in Sturgis O. B. Stebbins and Mrs. Laura Cuppy. Mr. Stebbins is an out-and-out war man. He is at war with ecclesiastical bonds, at war with the oppressor, the defrauder and defamer of women. He is warring now with the powers that rob man of his manhood, of his citizenship, of his wife, his home and his children. The Gods prosper him!

Mrs. Cuppy was born in France, of English parents. She has, perhaps, seen thirty-five years. She has an English face and figure. Her eyes and hair, black as night. Mrs. Cuppy has been for a number of years a successful teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy. Her culture and her rare mediumship have won for her the admiration of a host of genuinely good souls.

H. F. M. BROWN.

Physical Manifestations.

Some six weeks since, Mr. Editor, the celebrated "Davenport Boys," by the urgent requests of a large number of our citizens, paid a visit to this place, and gave two public entertainments of their truly startling manifestations, and also several interesting and very satisfactory private circles during the day. They occupied the Court House, which will hold four or five hundred persons, and it was filled to its utmost capacity by many of our most intelligent citizens. The demonstrations were of the most convincing and satisfactory character, and created the most intense excitement. Many different tests were given by the mediums, which could not fall of convincing the most stubborn skeptic of the reality of the phenomena. For while the mediums were securely bound and shackled, they held a handful of wheat flour in each hand, there by precluding the possibility of their using their hands in making any manifestations, without spilling or scattering the flour. Still at least half a dozen hands and arms of the most beautiful shape and different sizes, were made visible to the whole audience, under the full glare of gas light. Filled there were a large number of our church brethren who were not satisfied, from the fact that they could not make it appear to be a "humbug."

So a few weeks after the Davenport Brothers had left, one of our clergymen proffered the services of a certain juggler, styling himself the "Fakir of Delhi," who announced to our citizens that he would expose the rope-tying and other manifestations produced by the Davenport Brothers. When the time arrived, the Court House was densely crowded with eager spectators. The "Fakir" made his appearance amidst the applause of many of his Methodist friends, (for they were the ones who had invited him there.) The same skeptical committee who tied the Davenport mediums were selected to tie him. But before they had finished tying him, he complained of the manner of tying, and said that no living person could extricate himself tied in that manner. The committee then stated to the audience that he was tied precisely as they tied the mediums, only not so securely around the wrists.

After working at least half an hour, he was compelled to acknowledge his defeat and failure, amidst cries of "Down with the Methodists," and cheers for the Davenport Boys, from the audience. His own friends deserted him, and said that they believed him to be the "biggest humbug of either."

Since then the Davenport Boys have been here, and submitted to the most critical examinations, and have been perfectly successful in every respect. The "Fakir" promised to meet them here, but, like the ridiculous Leland, did not make his appearance.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

Princeton, Ill., Oct. 27, 1863.

Elkhart, Ind.

The population of this young and enterprising city are fast learning the truth and becoming acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Situated on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, at the junction of the air line with the old road, and on the St. Joseph River, with extensive water power, and in the midst of one of the best farming districts of the West, it is a pleasant and desirable location for our eastern friends who wish to go forth and still find good improvements and good people.

I lectured seven times during my stay, at points out of the city, and had good audiences at all, except Goshen, where the people seem better suited with spirits of a lower order, such as are kept in bottles and eggs, and those said by the priests to be kept in Gory pits. Goshen being a sort of rival town, and the county seat, pulls at the lower end of the rope, and any doctrine or person popular in Elkhart, will be sure to be the opposite in Goshen; but even there a few, of good minds are laboring against superstition, and letting in some light when an opportunity offers, and with some success.

October has been a busy month with me, as I have traveled in four States, and lectured eighteen times, with the four Sundays, in Elkhart, and also attended the great fair and exhibition of the Western ladies at Chicago, got up for a most laudable purpose, for the soldiers, and it was a magnificent affair and success, which other pens that write plainer than mine will describe. Yet I must say I am glad, because the ladies got it up, and am happy to add my mite, in both dime and words, to the noble workers and worthy cause.

WARRAM CHASE.

Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 30, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Is it heaven in the heart of the summer wood,
Where the grand old trees that have centuries stood,
Seem to whisper of things unknown,
Where bird voices echo the green arches through,
And the lovely-eyed wild-birds' beams of blue,
Bow low to the sweet wind's tone?

Is it heaven where the spices scented Southern breeze,
Blows o'er the bright islands of tropical seas,
And lingers away the hours,
As dreeding return to a Northern land,
From the glittering waters and golden strand
Of the sunny clime of flowers?

Is it heaven where towers and steeples rise,
And church-towers point to the bending skies,
And incense fills the air?
Where the mellow organ's deep refrain,
In gorgeous temples and dazzling fane,
Wave over the molten air?

Oh, no! It is not that the land is fair,
Or that incense fills the balmy air,
Or that musical murmurs flow,
The heaven we seek is a state of love,
As high as the boundless skies above,
And as deep as the seas below.

The angel watching beside the gate,
Is the angel of Love; and the demon of Hate
Can never be admitted there.
The soul must walk in the path of right,
And its every thought must be pure as light,
Ere it breathe that taintless air.

Lower, Ohio.

Panned to Spirit Life.

Like a rosebud plucked in the early spring, untimely from its parent stem, yet lovely and fragrant, Miss Carrie H. Clinton, of Philadelphia, late of Albany, N. Y.

This young and accomplished child possessed rare intellectual endowments, and an active and ardent mind, but like many of the fair ones, was a marked as a victim of consumption.

It has been well said, "that death loves a winning mark." During the last three months she has been gradually wasting away, but her earnest soul, conscious of a great labor before it, felt that it could not leave the earth.

She was not only a believer in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, but as a medium she was enabled to see and converse freely with her spirit-friends who came around her.

Gradually the worm of decay was wasting her form, and the pallid cheek and sunken eye gave unmistakable evidence that the old garment of mortality had become too small and too much worn for her soul to remain longer a prisoner within it. As she neared what the world calls "the dark river," she became fully conscious that she was going home, and with a characteristic earnestness, she prayed fervently that she might be set free. Still, such was her faith in the consolatory influences around her that she waited patiently until the summons came to join the innumerable host in the better land. Farewell, loved one, we know that thou art

"Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!
And on thine ear the murmurs sweet
Of Shiloh's waters softly flowing
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wondering by the sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God forever!"

We know, too:
"That there is not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we know and loved of thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality."

After writing the above my friend, Samuel H. Palt, who was sitting by me, said, "I see a spirit here who has a poem to give in reference to that young lady;" and he spoke it as follows:

"I was on a dark autumnal morn,
We heard her leave her dying sigh,
While angels hovered round her bed,
Waiting to bear her soul on high.

She's gone—(they've beckoned her away)
And bid her quit her mortal frame,
And wondering by the sacred river,
Where angels bless their joys proclaim.

For true religion was her guide,
On which she dwelt with fond delight,
And in a dying hour she found
It made her every prospect bright.

She early sought the path of peace,
And did a mortal life pursue;
A course from which she varied not,
But ever kept it close in view.

Forgive the tributary tear
That mourns thee from a world like this;
Forgive, if we'd have kept thee here,
Or stayed thee from thy home of bliss.

No more confined to scenes of night,
Thy soul has soared to realms of day;
And now thou'rt basking in the light
Which round the world of spirits plays.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1863. H. T. C.

ANOTHER MEDIUM AND SOLDIER COME WITH THE ANGELS.—Benjamin N. Wright, of Montpelier, Vt., left the field of Gettysburg to prove the reality of spirit life, aged 29 years 6 months eleven days.

He was one of our best test mediums, and for several years gave unmistakable evidence, at times, of a high inspiration. He leaves a family to contend with the opposing elements of the world, that needs the sympathy of all philanthropic souls. He has made himself known to his wife since he left us, and gives her the blessed assurance that he is watching and guarding her with as much tenderness as in former days, and wishes it said to the world that he lived and died a Spiritualist.

knowledge of the religion of Spiritualism. They were among the early believers and pioneer workers.
Cuba, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1863. N. H. MILLER.

Sept. 20th, Louisa B., wife of John M. Holston, aged 29 years 6 months 29 days.
Oct. 23th, their son, William Mortimer, aged 7 months 5 days.
Oct. 27th, Mrs. Mary Whittemore, aged 78 years 5 months.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

Mrs. L. A. CHASE speaks in Boston, Mass., Nov. 15; in New York, Nov. 22 and 29. Address: P. O. Piquette, N. Y.

Miss LIZZIE DODGE will speak in Boston, Mass., Nov. 22 and 29. Address: Pavilion, 87 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. G. TOWNSEND will speak in Milford, Mass., during Nov. in Troy, N. Y., during December; Philadelphia, in Jan. in Chicago, during Feb.; in Boston, March 30 and 31. Address: Astor, or Bridge-water, Vermont.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Portland, Me., and in N. Y. Address: New York City.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CORNELL will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., November; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., Jan. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

URBAN CLARK lectures in Milford, Mass., Nov. 15; in Chicago, Nov. 22; in Bangor, Me., Nov. 29. Address, Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 22 and 29, and during March. Address: Brandon, Vt.

Miss EMMA HUBBARD, will lecture in Williamstown, Conn., during Nov.; in Taunton, Mass., and Summerville, Ct., during Dec. Would be happy to make engagements for the remainder of the winter and spring as early as possible. Address: Manchester, N. H., or as above.

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

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Clinton Hall, New York, during November; in Boston, at Lyceum Hall, during December; she will receive calls to lecture week evenings in the following States during the month of February: New York; in December, in Boston, care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. LUCY DEFOREST GOSNOLD will speak in Springfield, Mass., Nov. 15; in Taunton, Nov. 22 and 29; in Bangor, Me., during December; in Old Town and Lowell, during January and February. Address: as above or at Providence, R. I., care of C. H. Brown.

Miss MARTHA L. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., during Nov.; in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Hartford, Ct., during Feb. Address: as above or at Providence, R. I., care of C. H. Brown.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER will speak in Utica, N. Y., Nov. 16; in Newbury, Nov. 23; in New York and Florida. Will continue for other lectures in the vicinity of the above places, if applied to very soon.

Mrs. M. G. TORRES will announce calls to lecture. Address: Liberty Hill, Conn.

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

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBURY, Box 432, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., in Dec.; in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. and Feb. Invites visiting Friends in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

Miss NANCY J. THAYER, inspirational speaker, Jacksonville, Vt., is engaged to speak on Sundays, one half the time the present year, at Ashfield, Mass. She will speak on these occasions on week days, if required.

WARRAM CHASE is lecturing in Southern and Central Illinois and Missouri. He will call on South Pass, Ill., in Dec.; in Springfield, Ill., in Jan.; in St. Louis, Mo., in Feb.; in Cincinnati, Dec. 1 and 2; in Cadiz, Dec. 4 and 5; in Greenburg, Dec. 8 and 9; in New Stanton, O., Dec. 8 and 9. Mrs. H. P. M. BROWN's present address is Cleveland, O., where she is engaged to speak for the present.

Mrs. G. GARRISON, trance speaker, Lowell, will speak in Worcester, Dec. 9.

Mrs. P. GARRISON will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 16; in Kittery, Nov. 22; in Dover, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6; in Portland, Dec. 13 and 20. Will speak on Saturdays of New Hampshire the month of January, if desired. Address: Kittery Mills or Bangor, Me.

Mrs. K. A. BATES, Springfield, Mass., will speak in Quincy, Mass., Nov. 15 and 22; in Worcester, Dec. 13, 20 and 27.

Mrs. L. W. WILSON will speak in Troy, N. Y., through Nov. Address: New York, care of C. H. Brown.

Mrs. A. B. BROWN will speak in East Berlin, Va., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address: Woodstock, Va.

LEO MILLER will speak in Providence, R. I., Nov. 15 and 22. Letters addressed to Worcester, Mass., at any time, will be duly received.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bangor, Me., Nov. 16 and 23; in Rockingham, Nov. 30; in Chelsea, during December; in Taunton, Mass., the first of January; in January and the first of February; in St. Albans, the last Sunday in February; in Worcester, the two first Sundays in March; in Lowell, the two first Sundays in April; in Dover, during June. Would like to make arrangements to speak in Massachusetts the last of January, the first of February, and the last of March.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, (formerly Mrs. A. P. Thompson) speaks in Danville, Va., half the time till further notice.

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

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we shall insert the names and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight weeks on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]
Dr. H. B. CHANDLER, Pavilion, 87 Tremont street, Boston will answer calls to lecture. April-1
Miss EMMA HUBBARD, 8th Ave. N. York. April-1
JAMES LADD's address for the present is Warsaw, Massachusetts, Ill., care Prof. A. H. WORTHEN. April-2
Mrs. F. KNOX AWA will answer calls to lecture in Northern Indiana and Western Michigan for three months. Address: Fremont Street, Lake Co., Ill. April-6
Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 171 Spring Street, C. Chambridge, Mass. April-7
Mrs. E. A. KINGSBURY will make engagements for the coming fall and winter. Address, Castonville, N. Y. April-10
Mrs. FANNY DAVIS SMITH will be addressed at Northampton, Mass., care of W. H. Cotton. April-10
LEVIN LORR O'NEILL, trance medium, may be addressed at

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863. OFFICE, 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 8, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The name. 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.

The Use of Shams. Little thought any of us that, in the event of dire civil war in the land, a class would suddenly spring up, made rich by the necessities of the nation, who would outdo in decorative enormities even the grotesque and wholly irrational extravagancies of which as a people we had been guilty before. But in the midst of the means of widows and the fatherless, glancing in their nondescript hues among the sad smiles of the bereaved who had generally sacrificed all they had to give to their distressed country, there has stepped forth almost unheralded, and certainly unknown heretofore, whose displays of jewels and millinery, of coaches and carriages, of trills and trices, actually shock all well-bred beholders with the impression which they give of their boldly vulgar contrasts and improprieties, a class, or rather a mob, of men and women, to which by common consent has been applied the characteristic title—Shoddy.

It is not without the limits of chance, of course, that large and numerous fortunes should be made by somebody, in furnishing supplies of every sort to the government in a time of war. That matter is adjusted very naturally by the law of supply and demand. As human affairs run, too, it may be expected that some men would get rich at such a period, while others enjoyed anything but the favors which these opportunities have to offer. Yet all that furnishes no sort of excuse or palliation for a large class in the community's running riot with their suddenly acquired fortunes, and doing more in one brief year to undermine the foundations of public virtue than can be done in a long course of years to patiently carry up the structure. Those who are permitted to live in this day can at least say that they have lived to be witnesses of what not even their fathers and mothers of the revolutionary era ever saw.

The moral of all this extravagance and folly is perfectly plain. It can hardly ruin a people whose character rests on the solid bottom of virtue and truth, but it brings up to the surface a whole crop of internal diseases and morbid tendencies, in the shape of sores, boils, pimples, rash, measles, mumps, and fevers, which would have made more serious and lasting mischief had they continued to run riot, without any curb or check. In the hidden staple and fibre of the national character. All evil has its uses; and we sometimes think that the greater its enormity the sooner it reaches its true uses and works its cure. It has been said again and again, that the nation needed discipline, even the discipline produced by a great war. We have asked that, and are having it still; every deadly battle scars the body of the whole nation with its ghastly wounds. But the gross evils of sudden riches, too, overlying a character that has as yet been subjected to the test of little or no culture, and to the influences of nothing like refinement and genuine simplicity—these are working out their results upon us in a different way from the other, but the end will disclose the fact, hitherto unnoticed, of the great need of just such a discipline.

Extremes work cures of their own. Extravagance in character and manners in time becomes intolerable, and thus lays the foundations of simplicity, directness, and truth. Shoddy will in the end erect for us in this country a genuine Aristocracy, but it will be quite the reverse of Shoddy. For rapidly had we been tending to gross materialism in our tastes, in consequence of our unprecedented prosperity, that it was a serious question if not merely the national manners would have been depraved beyond recovery, but if the national manhood and womanhood were not in the way of being destroyed. Hence we required correctives of the most decisive character—alternatives as violent in their operation as it was possible for us to endure and yet live. The remedies have been applied—they are in the course of application to-day—and there need be no fear lest they shall be withdrawn before the intended cure is thoroughly effected.

Shoddy performs an excellent turn in making riches less and less attractive, in and of themselves, the better and more sensible portion of the people seeing that they cannot be made to stand for reality. Shoddy is today a beacon, a warning to the nation. It carried its head as loftily last summer at Saratoga, that all cultivated, really superior people, became at once disgusted; and when shoddy, in its fine lines and fearfully gorgeous apparel, saw that the genuine Aristocracy which it aspired to imitate, was attired in its plain muslins, and simplest robes, it grew tired after a time, hung its head, and voted the Springs the dullest place it had ever known. Hence, viewed in this light, shoddy really administers practical lessons to the people on this side of good taste, modesty, and economy. Though it cannot hope to carry out the influence to its utmost limit, it is yet true, and strikingly so, that shoddy tends to make wealth vulgar and mean, and actually to bring it into disrepute. The nation becomes gorged with its senseless shows; the popular eyes are dazzled with its tawdry glitter; the taste of the public is made sick with its loud and bold pretentiousness; and everything pertaining to refinement and culture is shocked by the coarse, illiterate, boorish, and really barbarous phraseology in which it conches its senseless meanings.

The community is being actually forced into a sense of what is proper and becoming. If it would learn so beautiful a fact in no other way, then it is well that this very way has been brought to light. All excellent results, if at all permanent in their character, are invariably wrought to a man or a people the whole of what they cost. If we can but have a line, which shall be generally recognized and respected, drawn between true refinement and vulgar display, between what is true and what is sham, it will be well for the country and for every section of it. An able contemporary speaks very emphatically of the existence of such a line already; and we cannot more acceptably, or pointedly, close the present article than by quoting a passage from its columns as follows:

One has but to walk through the more fashionable thoroughfare to see that already, unconsciously to itself, it is beginning to wear an exclusive livery of gorgeousness. It is coming to be known, like the wretches gamblers, by its gold chain and its velvet

waistcoat, and the huge brilliant in its shirt bosom. As Lord Castlereagh did all eyes upon himself at the European Congress by appearing in the starred and ribboned arid, he alone unribboned and unstarred, so the women of the world, the "fashionable fair" whom shoddy adores and aspires to imitate, are a nodding to shoddy all the shows and adornments of its dream. By the utter simplicity, the inexpensiveness even, and "forbearance." If we may so speak, of their costume, may the flowers of the rose-bed garden already be known star off. The trailing of long "clouds of glory" through the public streets, the sweep and flutter along the opera stairs of robes that "might grace a countess"—these are now falling to the exclusive use and behoof of "shoddy." Shoddy in a little while will be known by its irisidescence—"Afgbans," its sparkling wheels, its coachman ablaze with buttons in the Park; it will be known in the streets, at the cafe, at the theatre by its many-colored rustling, by the profusion of its jewels, even by the vivacity and variety of its coiffures. The more nearly it reaches the "extremest standard of what but a year or two ago would have been pronounced "style and fashion," the further it will find itself from the "style and fashion" of the current day. Yet a little while, and, thanks to the alternative and counter-irritant influences of shoddy, "style" among us may really come to mean taste, and fashion cease to be synonymous with frivolity and folly.

The Fins over the Rams. If we are to believe what the Richmond papers have suddenly taken it into their heads to say on the subject, we may make up our minds to it that "it is of no consequence," after all, as Mr. Toole would say. In giving up their fund dreams of aid from a foreign iron-clad navy, it is "our grasp" with them, and nothing else. The Examiner says it is extremely doubtful whether the importance of such a fleet to the rebel cause had not been overrated. And it proceeds to argue with all deliberation, that the Federal monitors would be far superior to any which could be brought across the ocean—which is something they would not have been inclined to admit, even less than a year ago. But toward England these rebel sheets feel as mad as March hares. Following the lead of Jeff Davis, who tells his people that there is no use any longer in looking for help from England, the Richmond papers open their guns upon that power. The Examiner says the seizure of the rams is the most unfriendly act ever done by England toward the South, and that there can be no hope of Parliament's releasing the vessels. The Dispatch declares the seizure to be an act of war, which the South is not now in a condition to repel, but which will be held in everlasting remembrance by this and all future generations of Southern men. As matters at present stand, the Examiner says it is "prudent to consider the iron-clad fleet among the things that, though brilliant in design, are never destined to completion."

The Russian Ball in New York. It was "high jinks" with the officers of the Russian Squadron in New York, last Friday night. A ball was given in their honor by a Committee of the most public spirited citizens, the cost of the same amounting to ten thousand dollars. The affair required the use of the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, which is opposite. All New York turned out and made a proper demonstration. Of course shoddy was there, and blazed away in all its initiated glory; and so was the genuine Aristocracy, that reposes on quiet and gentle manners, and believes in simple elegance, and no other than appropriate adornments. One thing was noticeable: those who took too much wine, or what not, at the supper in Irving Hall, found themselves effectually restrained from getting back again into the Academy. New York is "coming up," if it sticks at so venial an offence as that; really there are hopes of her. Speaking of this Russian Ball, we are reminded to quote the very neat bit which Henry Ward Beecher made in his Liverpool speech, where the mob interrupted him with such rudeness. He was asked—"What about Russia?" He answered, that for himself, he did not think much of this talked about Russian alliance; but he soberly submitted it to the audience if it was just the thing for England to be coquetting with the Habel Commissioner Mason—any more than for us to be coquetting with Russia!

A Warning from the London Times. The London Times has an article in one of its more recent numbers, holding up in warning tones the threatening position of affairs throughout the world, and urging that it is the plain duty of England to seize and use all the opportunities of her position, and as arbitrator, make and keep peace while she can. This is but the actual and near sight of what was foretold by the invisible powers long ago. They have said that the world would be "in arms," and that the convulsion would strike this Continent first. Out of these convulsions, be they prolonged to a course of years, or not, was to be born the new and more glorious era. Men's minds must be revolutionized first, and the larger and more humane ideas will then find room to enter. Then will follow the operative action of those ideas, and the results will be marked and wide-spread. We do not doubt that Europe is about to have her day, or that it will end in a practical elevation of the masses of the people, and the expansion of their political privileges. As fast as men obtain light, they enlarge their desires. We are at the threshold of an enlargement more marked than any the world has ever known before.

The French Blockade. France has given formal notice of having blockaded the Mexican ports, with the exception of Vera Cruz, Tampico, and one or two others. They can now have an opportunity to show us Yankees how to make a blockade efficient. There has been grumbling enough among them to signify that they are adepts in this business, and now we want to see them carrying it out in a style wholly worthy of their pronouncements. The task of France in Mexico, however, is more play compared with ours; we were continually foisted with their blockade runners, having rich fortunes in their mind, while there is not the least danger that their blockade will be run by Yankee shippers. It is barely possible that France will learn something worth the cost about this continent, before she has got through this lesson. The one thing in favor of their making an easy and effective blockade is, that there are few or no inducements from the interior country to tempt the daring of blockade runners.

Psychometry. At the suggestion of a friend we were induced to send our autograph to Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White-water, Wis., for the purpose of testing her powers as a psychometrist. In about a week a letter containing five pages of manuscript was mailed by the lady to our address. On perusal, we were somewhat surprised at the accuracy of her delineation of us. In some respects, of minor importance, she erred; but as a whole, we could not have delineated our own character any more truthfully. Hence we coincide with our correspondent, C. E. Sargent, of Philadelphia, whose note on this subject was published in our last issue, that Mrs. Severance possesses great psychometric powers. If the reader would investigate this wonderful science—for it is undoubtedly a science—we refer him to Prof. Denton's new work, "THE SOUL OF THINGS."

Dr. James Cooper on a Lecturing Tour. Dr. Cooper, whose labors in the West have been most effective in promulgating the truths of Spiritualism, starts on a lecturing tour through portions of Ohio and Indiana, beginning at Dayton, on Sunday, Nov. 15th, as will be seen by his appointments in the lecturer's column.

Reception of the Mexican Minister. The President's reception of the new Mexican Minister was a matter of more than common interest, under the circumstances. He replied to his speech with discretion, and yet very frankly, and showed himself a wise diplomat in his place. The Minister was given to understand that, let the French be in or out of Mexico, the people of that nation had warm friends among us—which very naturally leaves the inference that we were no friends of their foreign invaders. It satisfied all hearts that an opportunity has been given the Chief Magistrate of this nation to express, even in qualified phrase, the natural sentiment of this people toward Mexico. Were the present rebellion broken down, a new policy would soon be declared relative to this matter; but with one hard tied by the war in the Southern States, it is hardly to be expected that we should rashly court another. All foreign powers, however, will be made to walk off this Continent in due time. The people of every State upon it have been bred in the ways of representative republicanism, and a more spirited a foreign effort at subjugation will amount to just nothing at all. America is a name synonymous with Freedom; and no European power will ever succeed in fastening chains upon any portion of the Continent.

The November Elections. The elections which have been held in several of the States this month, have resulted in most decisive verdicts in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to crush out the rebellion. All the loyal States have now spoken their sentiments on this subject most emphatically, and nobly come to the rescue of the Government in its hour of need.

In Massachusetts, Gov. Andrew, and the whole Republican state ticket, has been reelected by a majority ranging between forty and fifty thousand. In New York (democratic last year), the Republicans have carried their ticket by near forty thousand. In New Jersey, the Union party made large gains. This State went democratic last year.

In Maryland the election was the most important of any, for it embraced the question of emancipation of the slaves. The Union emancipationist party succeeded by a handsome majority. Among the five Members chosen to Congress, is that patriot and statesman, Henry Winter Davis.

Wisconsin has given a Republican majority of about fifteen thousand. Few returns are in from Illinois, but these show very large Union gains. The slave-holding State of Missouri, which last year wheeled into the ranks of the Union and declared herself in favor of emancipation, has sustained that verdict in her recent election.

The Western Powers and Russia. Our later foreign advices inform us that, in St. Petersburg, the talk is openly of the chances of a rupture between Russia and the Western Powers—France and England—the same, however, to take at first a merely diplomatic form. But that is no more than the usual way. The time set for the accomplishment of such an event is about Christmas; at any rate, we are promised it previous to or by that time. Though we are but outsiders ourselves, it has seemed next to an impossibility, in our eyes, for Eastern and Western Europe to get on as they have done for a considerable time past, without finally reaching some sort of a climax. Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. We can with difficulty conceive it to be possible for Russia to remain in her present relative position to the Western powers much longer, without an explosion in some quarter. The Crimean War sowed seeds which may naturally be thought by this time to have sprung. If they have not even borne fruit, Russia is in arms to-day, though she may have kept up the appearance of peace. She will be ready to play her part, whenever the threatened rupture comes.

Dr. J. R. Newton. This gentleman, with whose great healing powers our readers are familiar, has been located at Hartford, Ct., for several months past, where, it is said, he has treated seven hundred and fifty cases, including some severe ones of chronic suffering, and has restored by far the greater number. Among the cures reported made by the Doctor, we give the following:—Mrs. A. C. Bradley, Hartford, internal tumor and cough. Disease never understood by her physicians. Could not speak, even in whisper, for two years—used pencil and slate. Totally cured.—Sarah Knox, 70 Hudson-street, Hartford—a young lady with a very sore hand, that had resisted the skill of all physicians. Cured in one treatment.—Hannah Whittlesey, Newington, bedridden for seventeen years, spinal weakness—brought in in the arms of attendants—and in ten months, was able to walk. Has since walked two miles.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy. This lady so highly spoken of and esteemed by our Western friends, arrived in this city, we are informed, just as our forms were going to press. She speaks in Lyceum Hall the second and third Sundays of this month. As we have not yet had an opportunity to listen to her lectures, we cannot speak of her abilities from personal knowledge, but shall do so in our next issue. We understand the length of her visit North has unexpectedly been limited to the 1st of December, consequently she can only speak (except on week evenings) in this city and New York. This is to be regretted, for many of our friends in the neighboring cities and towns were expecting to have her speak for them during the winter. She very much regrets disappointing them, and did not know until a few days before she left home that she would be obliged to do so, but unforeseen circumstances compel her to return at the close of her engagement here and in New York.

The Alden Type-Setting Machine. We viewed in operation, while in New York recently, that greatest wonder of the age, viz: The Alden Type-Setting and Distributing Machine. In our opinion the time is coming—it is even now—when this machine will make as great a revolution in the printing business as did Hoe's ten cylinder press, when first introduced. Every new invention comes when it is most needed. A company has been organized in New York city, and these machines are being manufactured there to order. We and our associates tender our obligations to Messrs. Alden and Welch for their politeness in showing us over their establishment, and other courtesies extended. We shall not attempt a description of this wonderful invention, as it is utterly impossible for us to do so with any degree of accuracy.

The Spiritualists' Guide. The "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," has already grown so popular, and met with such a rapid sale, the first large edition is now nearly exhausted. See the advertisement in the 11th page, and send your orders without delay, as we are doing greater service to the cause of Spiritualism in the Plain Guide.

Mr. Hatch. We understand that Mr. Cora L. V. Hatch, who is now delivering a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, New York, is engaged to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, through the month of December.

LETTER FROM H. T. CHILD, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA. Poem by the Inspiration of Miss A. W. Sprague, given through Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston, at Sanson St. Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 25.

I know that your readers, Mr. Editor, will feel grateful to Miss Sprague for the beautiful poem which I send you. Permit me to say, by way of introduction, that our good sister Lizzie Doten has been giving us during the month of October one of the best courses of lectures that we have ever listened to, and I am happy to say that we have had large and appreciative audiences; none more so, however, than the one that listened to the closing lecture of Sunday evening last, in which Miss Sprague gave us a very interesting account of her experiences in Spiritism, some notes of which I have preserved and may present to your readers at a future time. The poem, given at the close of the lecture, I was enabled, by the aid of a brother photographer, to get a correct report of it. It was as follows:

Oh Thou! whose love is changeless, Both now and evermore, Source of all conscious being! Thy goodness I adore, Lord, I would ever praise Thee, For all Thy love can give; But most of all, oh Father! I thank Thee that I live. I live! Oh ye who loved me! Your faith was not in vain; Back through the shadowy valley I come to you again, Safe in the love that guides me, With fearless feet I tread— My home is with the angels— Oh, say not I am dead! Not dead! Oh no, but lifted Above all earthly strife; Now first I know the meaning, And feel the power of life— The power to rise unnumbered By woe, or want, or care; To breathe fresh inspiration From pure, celestial air; To feel that all the tempests Of human life have passed, And that my ark, in safety, rests On the mount at last; To send my soul's great longings, Like Noah's dove, abroad, And find them swift returning, With a sign of peace from God; To soar in fearless freedom Through broad, blue, boundless skies, And catch the radiant gleaming Of love-lit, angel eyes; To feel the Father's presence, Around me, near or far, And see His radiant glory Stretch onward, star by star; To feel those grand upliftings That know no space nor time; To hear all discords, ending In harmony sublime; To know that sin and error Are dimly understood, And that which man calls evil Is undeveloped good; To stand in spell-bound rapture On some celestial height, And see God's glorious sunshine Dispel the shades of night; To feel that all creation With love and joy is life; This, oh my earthly loved ones, This is eternal life!

There, eyes that closed in darkness Shall open to the morn; And those whom death had stricken, Shall find themselves new born; The lame shall leap with gladness, The blind rejoice to see, The slave shall know no master, And the prisoner shall be free. There, the worn and heavy laden Their burdens shall lay down; There, crosses, borne in meekness, At length shall win the crown; And lonely hearts that famished For sympathy and love, Shall find a free abode In the angel home above. Oh, children of our Father! Weep not for those who pass, Like rose-leaves gently scattered, Like dew-drops from the grass. Ay, look not down in sadness, But fix your gaze on high; They only dropped their mantles— Their souls can never die. They live! and still unbroken Is that magnetic chain, Which, in your tearful blindness, You thought was rent in twain. That chain of love was fashioned By more than human art, And every link is welded So firm it cannot part. They live! but oh, not idly, To fold their hands to rest, For they who love God truly, Are they who serve him best. Love lightens all their labor, And makes all duty sweet; Their hands are never weary, Nor way-worn are their feet. Thus by that world of beauty, And by that life of love, And by the holy angels Who listen, now, above, I pledge my soul's endeavor To do what'er I can To bless my sister woman, And aid my brother man.

Oh Thou! whose love is changeless, Both now and evermore, Source of all conscious being! Thy goodness I adore, Lord, I would ever praise Thee For all Thy love can give; But most of all, oh Father, I thank Thee that I live.

We call especial attention to the beautiful poem we publish to-day, given recently in Philadelphia through the instrumentality of Miss Lizzie Doten. We are under obligations to our friend, Dr. H. T. Child, of that city, for a photographic report of it. We are gratified to learn that Miss Doten's lectures were very fully appreciated by large and discriminating audiences.

Mr. Clark's Lectures. Uriah Clark, the well known pioneer champion in the cause of Spiritualism, and the author of the popular work, "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," gave his lectures before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, to full audiences. The hall was even more crowded at the second lecture than at the first, which is good evidence that his discourses were appreciated. Mr. C. is a pleasant and agreeable speaker; his voice is clear and sonorous, but in the least boisterous; his style is rather quiet, but sufficiently earnest to at once command the attention of his auditors. His subject in the afternoon was upon "The Agitations and Alarms attending the Advent of Spiritualism," which was treated in a very able manner, as was to be expected from the well known ability of the speaker. We have a report of this lecture, and shall publish it in due time. Mr. Clark's subject in the evening was "The Soul and the Unseen." He began with the objections of materialists against things spiritual, and adduced numerous illustrations, showing that everything deemed the most real and substantial to the external senses, or all things seen by the natural eye, were transient, undergoing constant change—were only temporary in their form; everything in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms which composed the whole visible material universe, were only aggregations of particles caused to adhere by virtue of unseen elements. Bring the unseen elements of Nature into action under certain conditions, and all things deemed the most substantial, solid and visible are dissolved, so to speak. The most solid substances melt before the omnipotence of the unseen element whose manifestations are in the thunders and lightnings of heaven. All the mightiest forces in the universe are the most subtle and invisible. There are elements too subtle for the discovery of material science; these are the spiritual and divine elements; the essences of Deity, the elements in which man exists as an image of God, spiritual and immortal, while the body is only a temporal form. As man unfolds the mental or spiritual, he becomes Godlike, Christlike; he unfolds an omnipotence in communion with God or his ministering angels, and can manifest a mediumship giving him command over all the subordinate objects and elements within his finite sphere. Man's capacity to invent means or methods in the use of which he can have power over not only the most solid substances, but over the mightiest unseen element called electricity, is proof that man's mind or spirit is supreme, divine and indestructible beyond all things material. The speaker here gave various pointed and practical illustrations, demonstrating immortality, and explaining the laws of spiritual existence and spiritual manifestations through modern mediums. In closing, the lecturer drew a vivid picture of the glory, the greatness and grandeur of man's nature, mission and eternal destiny, and pressed home to the minds and hearts of the large and attentive audience, the moral responsibilities involved in a genuine faith in Spiritualism. Its incentives to pure and noble, generous and heroic action were unexpectably animating and sublime. No true Spiritualist could afford to live short of the glorious privileges and blessings of his faith and philosophy. Heaven's countless myriads were hovering around as a "great cloud of witnesses," and beloved ones were beaming down as lights in the windows of that celestial "house of many mansions," beneath whose dome the lost earth-wanderer should join the general song of everlasting love and harmony.

New Publications. TOUSSAINT L'OUVREUR. A Biography and Autobiography. Boston: James Redpath, For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

The life of the great black liberator and patriot will be worth reading at this particular time. The thousands who have heard Wendell Phillips' lecture on this character, and who remember with what enthusiasm of prophesy he places him alongside of Washington in the class of immortal men, will want to peruse in detail the deeds which combined to attract such general attention to him. They will desire to know why Napoleon regarded him with such admiration, and why the first minds of Europe went out to this colored representative of the tropics in wonder, and with generous applause. The story of Toussaint's life, and public career especially, is a complete romance. He demonstrated what lay within the possibilities of the black race, and showed on their behalf what should, and yet will, be the character of their heritage. The present life is very handsomely got up, and should be rewarded with a ready and extensive sale. THE YACHTMAN AND AMATEUR SAILOR'S PRIMER.—The above is the title of a neatly printed book of seventy pages, containing hints upon seamanship, and simple methods for finding the latitude and longitude, by T. Robinson Warren, author of "Dust and Foam," published by Carlton, New York, and for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston, and of course is a work of general interest to all those "who go upon the waters." A CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENT'S OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. This is a book of one hundred pages, containing a complete list of the officers and students of the institution for the academical year 1863-4—first term. It is neatly printed by Sever & Francis, of Cambridge. THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for October is fully up to its high standard of literary excellence. THE AMERICAN ORB FELLOW for November has come to hand. This liberal and ably conducted monthly is unusually interesting this month. We are pleased to learn that its circulation has largely increased within the last six months. BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING.—In press, and will shortly be published by Wm. White & Co., 128 Washington street—Boston, a volume of two hundred pages, bearing the above title. The authors—Hudson and Emma Tuttle—are already familiarly known to our readers. We bespeak for this little work an extensive sale. We shall notice it more fully hereafter. "Denton's Life of Jesus" is at last announced for publication by Carlton, of New York. Carlton has also in press a new novel by Richard B. Kimball, which will be issued early in December. Mr. C. will at the same time issue an entirely new and uniform edition of all of Mr. Kimball's works, which are of the higher order of literature, and should be placed in every library. Extra Session of the Legislature. Gov. Andrew has issued a Proclamation convening the Legislature of Massachusetts on the 11th day of November, to take into consideration measures which will secure the quota of the State, on the last call for troops, without resorting to a draft. Mr. Foster, the medium, is remarkably successful in giving tests, at his rooms, 6 South Street. A gentleman from Philadelphia, who had never witnessed anything of the kind, accompanied us several days since, and, on leaving, assured us that the tests given him were perfectly satisfactory—that there was no mistaking the fact of their spiritual origin. The brief time occupied by individuals during each sitting has caused some complaint; but Mr. F. assures us he cannot control this matter. If the inquirer desires him to sit one hour, or two, for each person, he will do so with pleasure. The nakedness of the indigent world may be relieved from the trimmings of the yale.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The cause of the success of paralytics is attributed to an our sixth page by the Invulnerable. Also, a report of the remarks made at our Office Oct. 8th, to the question, Do the undeveloped spirits receive aid from their progressed spirit friends? etc.

Show's Plans, which have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York; and are the best adapted for School use of any pens extant, will be sent to any part of the Free States on the receipt of \$1.00. Address J. P. Snow, P. O. Box 848, New York City.

The World's Crisis, in its new dress, puts on airs. It backs out of its statement, that it contained more matter than any weekly paper with which it was acquainted, by saying that it meant "any other religious weekly paper." Here it again errs, for Zion's Herald, with its smaller type and larger dimensions, contains much more matter than the Crisis. We do not profess to be religious, Bro. Crisis, in the Second Advent sense; but we do profess to be religious in deeds of charity, and strive to aid ALL, to the extent of our ability, on the road to happiness—which is heaven.

Neuralgia, of late years, has increased very much in this country, and it puzzles physiologists why this is so. The Invulnerable has had the matter under consideration for some time, and it is their opinion that this disease is induced, in a majority of cases, by the use of water drawn through lead pipes.

We would call the attention of our readers to Dr. Fenn's card, in another column. He is a regular physician, and a graduate of one of the best Medical Colleges in this country, and has been connected with medicine for fourteen years.

New playing cards are spoken of, the pictures on which are to be taken from the forms and faces of men who have distinguished themselves in the war. Eminent contractors will sit for the knaves.

We found the above capital hit at the Rhoddyites floating on the sea of literature, and so put out an oar to keep it moving.

A new style of hoop skirt was exhibited at the Indiana State Fair. Lead weights are attached to the bottom hoop to keep the thing down on windy days. The ladies don't fancy the improvement.

Mrs. Little, healing medium, with whom we have been acquainted many years, is doing good service for suffering humanity. For her address see card in another column.

The importation of diamonds and steel gun-barrels to this country has vastly increased of late. The one to glitter in the ball room, the other on the battle-field. What a comment on the civilization of the age!

See the advertisement of Benj. H. Oranston, mesmeric and healing medium, in another column.

Rebel loss at Chickamauga—17,999.

In Beccala they hunt conscripts with dogs, as they used to hunt fugitive slaves. White men don't like it.

The BANNER establishment renders a unanimous vote of thanks to Thomas H. Locke, Esq., of Penn Yan, N. Y., for a large box of luscious grapes, fresh from his extensive vineyard, sent through the agency of U. Clark, Bro. Locke has one of the largest and finest vineyards in Western New York, and produces some of the purest native wines.

Late advices from St. Domingo inform us that the revolution there was in full blast—that the rebels held possession of the entire island, with the exception of the Capital and the east end. They were last reported within a few miles of the city.

Henry Ward Beecher was entertained at a public farewell breakfast in Manchester, on the 24th ult. Thanks were voted to Mr. Beecher for his various addresses, and congratulatory speeches were interchanged.

Late foreign papers announce the "important" fact that the Princess of Wales may be expected to present her husband with "a little darling" some time in March next.

Punch says some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is indeed a pretty illustration of the needle being true to the pole.

It was a bright chap who said the world could not be round, for if it was, there could be no end to it.

The rebels esteem Longstreet a great General, because it is a long street that has no turning.

H. W. Beecher says there are many persons who think that Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the size of the week.

American ornithology has the preference all over the world. So have its wearers.

There are many hypocrites in society, who stand well before the earth; but who will appear as they are, in heaven.

A New Brunswick paper says that the Gypsies are emigrating to Aroostook from Europe. There are now over a thousand in this country and Canada.

A young married woman, whose husband has "gone to the war," heard in a conversation the remark, that the government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied, that she knew nothing about cavalry, but added, with a sigh, that if more infantry were needed, the Government had better send some of the volunteers home again.

The new Lord Mayor of London is a Unitarian, and a friend of the American Union.

The LYCUM HALL SOCIETY.—Do n't forget that one of these recollections affairs comes off on Tuesday evening of the present week.

A Whiteside, Long Island, correspondent had better put a mustard poultice to her feet. Her brain is evidently diseased.

There is a great luxury in doing good. Jacob lived a long time ago, when, it is said, so much was not expected of people as now, but he gave away a tenth of all he earned. How many of the Christians of the present day do that? And how many really believe that doing good is the true secret of happiness?

Necessity is said to be the son of Eternity. Well, on reflection, Digby thinks it must be a true saying, as the old saw reads—"Necessity is the mother of invention." We do n't exactly see the point.

Cost oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against the ravages of the carcello, by placing sawdust, saturated with the oil, at the foot of the tree.

Pierre Soule has gone into the military business, having become a General in the rebel service. Poor soul!

A country schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!"

Mr. Charles Barral, of Hoboken, N. J., who died lately worth about \$400,000, left the bulk of his estate to public charitable institutions, as follows, says a New York paper:

After specifically devoting \$150,000, he left the residue (\$250,000) in equal shares to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Home or Female Department of the Fair Association, and the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged and Indigent Females. The executors of his will are Judge Edmonds and Mr. Geo. L. Brown, broker, Wall street.

The London Times, in discussing the American War, says the last blow has yet to be struck, and the Federals will have extraordinary good fortune if the third battle on the scene of two defeats reverses the associations connected with the illomened field of Bull Run.

Digby, while in East Boston recently, observed a very elegant chimney there, which, he observed to a friend, must have a view on the real estate, or it could n't stand in that position.

MARTYR AND HEAVENLY INTEREST. Ben Adam had a golden coin one day, Which he put out at interest with a Jew; Years after year, awaiting him, it lay, Until the doubling of its price grew.

And these two four—on on, till people said, "How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day, Which to a stranger asking arms he gave, Who went rejoicing on his way, and said, "Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave; But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied."

Brigadier General Louis Blanker died at his residence in New Jersey, on Saturday last, in his 52d year. He was a native of Bavaria.

Dr. Windship can lift twenty six hundred pounds, and says he shall fetch up three thousand pretty soon.

Cut your climate to your constitution, as much as your clothing to your shape.

Gospel of Charity. This social gathering had their second meeting last Monday evening. About one hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, were present. A part of the evening was spent in remarks relating to the future character of the meetings, and the remainder in introducing its members to one another, and in conversation with each other.

It was stated that at each future meeting, for twenty-one Monday evenings, the subject of one of the twenty-one rules for action, as published in the BANNER, in order, would be considered for forty-five minutes each evening, giving nine speakers, that would be chosen by the directors, five minutes each. The remainder of each evening to be spent in social conversation.

Announcements. Miss Lizzie Dooten will speak in City Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 15th.

We understand that Mrs. Chappell, of Potsdam, N. Y., whose ill health compelled her to relinquish her engagements in Massachusetts in October, intends soon to visit us, and answer all calls for lectures.

Uriah Clark lectures in Millford, Mass., Sunday, the 15th, and in Charlestown City Hall, the 22nd. Address this office.

Answering Sealed Letters. We have made arrangements with a competent medium for 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 so well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

ROOMS TO LET. Two LARGE UNFURNISHED ROOMS, with dressing-room attached, (up one flight) will be let, singly or together, with or without board, at No. 4 Exeter Place.

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

ATTENTION!—For the arrangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. 25 cents per box.

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

A. I. FENN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, No. 148 PLEASANT STREET, - BOSTON. (Near the Providence Depot.)

In connection with general practice, gives special attention to DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND SCROFULA. Attention also given to Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Female Complaints, Diseases of the Nervous System, and all Chronic Diseases. All letters of inquiry promptly answered.

Office hours from 9 to 4 P. M. Patients must call during office hours. Nov. 14.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

WHICH 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 Medicinal Vapor Bath in connection with her treatment.

Office hours from 9 to 4 P. M. Mrs. F. will visit the sick at their residences from 9 to 9 P. M. Nov. 7.

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 Erysipelas; it cures Sore Eyes; it cures Neuralgia; it cures Chilblains, &c. 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.

HENRY H. ORANSTON, MESMERIC AND HEALING MEDIUM. WHO has had six years' experience in the healing by laying on of hands and prescriptions, has taken the name adjoining the hall, 15 Bromfield street, where he will be happy to wait on all who are afflicted. Nov. 14.

J. H. PRESCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 6 Suffolk Place, BOSTON.

OFFICE HOURS from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Nov. 14.

"I STILL LIVE!" A POEM FOR THE TIMES! BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

THE 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 83 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 at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price, 7 cents; postage, 3 cents. July 11.

JUST PUBLISHED—A PAMPHLET ENTITLED "THE GOSPEL OF HARMONY" BY MRS. B. GOODRICH WILLARD. In which are solved THE MYSTERIES OF THE NUNNERY, STRAY THE TANTALUS, AND THE LOCUSTS OF DARTS, illustrated with a plate.

THE DUAL UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE; OR, THE TRUE Relation of the Male and Female, is also plainly elucidated.

The second chapter contains a "Reply to Man's Loss of Paradise and Original Sin," in which is given a full and complete explanation of the "Mystery of the Ages," to which is added "THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN," Showing her true position in the world, according to the law of Nature.

For sale at this office. Price, 20 cents; postage free. Sept. 4.

W. M. JOHNSON, DENTIST, CORNHILL, BOSTON. Washington street, entrance on Cornhill, Boston, Mass. May 19.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases

RESIDES AT STRACON, UTICA, WATERBURY, OSWEGO, COOPERSTOWN, AND BINGHAMTON, N. Y. CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS! NO MEDICINES GIVEN! NO SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED!

HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY AT THE WAVERTY HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHRONIC my residence in Syracuse, commencing July 11, 1868. I have registered patients, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I will give the names of a few who have been cured by the method that I use!

Mrs. Eliza Plam, 28 Broadway street, Utica, N. Y.—Suppurating Tumor, eight years' standing, perfectly removed with two operations.

Dr. M. W. Millington, Standish, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Anasarca. Blind twenty years. Had not seen his wife or child during that time. After one operation recognized them immediately. His joy at the sudden restoration (he says) is indescribable.

Mrs. Martha Cook, 4 Pine street, Utica, N. Y.—Chronic Hemiplegia, or Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia; perfectly cured with one operation.

Mr. Alonzo Miles, Manassah, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Great Nervous Depression, and General Debility, three years. Had been given up by his physicians as incurable, and advised to resort to a foreign climate as the only means of comfort. Can be referred to.

Mrs. J. J. Squires, of Cooperstown, Oswego Co., N. Y.—Blindness; very obstinate chronic inflammation and granulations of the eye, seven years' standing. Can now see as well as anyone, and free from pain. Any inquiries made of her will be promptly answered.

Mrs. Catherine Liver, Litchfield, Berkshire Co., N. Y.—Spinal Difficulty and Liver Complaint, forty years a great sufferer. In fifteen minutes' standing, restored to her natural condition, and free from pain.

Mr. A. H. Purport, Manassah, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Bad case of Bronchitis and Bleeding of the Lungs—a good case to refer to. Inquiries made of him will be promptly answered.

Mr. F. Hubbard, Postmaster at Geddes, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Terrible case of Asthma. Perfectly cured, and can be referred to.

Mr. Charles Gorham, Elbridge, N. Y.—Fractured Ligament, four months unable to walk, except on crutches. Made to walk away without crutches in one operation. Is now able to walk as well as anyone. Can be referred to.

Ephraim Smith, Kaosag, Oswego Co., N. Y.—Hypertrophy; a great sufferer for years. Perfectly restored with one operation. Can be referred to.

Mr. Edward Beach, South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y.—Fistulous case of Rheumatism—Joint badly callosified, limbs swollen and stiff, unable to stand, and unable to walk, even with crutches—moved about in a chair on rollers. Made to walk in a few minutes, without even a cane. Had been treated by six different physicians, at an expense of \$100, without benefit. Was told the same day by a physician, that he would never see him again, unless he could be cured. He is now able to walk, rejoicing in new life. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Welcome Spencer, Colamer, N. Y.—Fever Sore; great suffering for years; collapsed by several physicians, without benefit. Perfectly cured with four operations.

Mrs. Eliza A. Follows, Syracuse, N. Y.—Ovarian Tumor and Prolapsus Uteri. Perfectly cured.

Mr. W. H. Redman, Elbridge, N. Y.—Sciatica and Spinal Disease, thirty years. He says it seemed like a mile high. He is of the oldest and best farmers in the State, and can be referred to.

Mrs. Joseph Hanchett, Phoenix, N. Y.—Heart Disease and Nervous Debility. Can be referred to.

Mr. John Bunting, Clay, N. Y.—Chronic inflammation of the Kidney and Bladder. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Augustine Shaw, Brewster, N. Y.—Hip Disease, thirteen years; used crutch and cane thirteen years. Left crutch and walked away, with one operation.

Miss Healer Toller, Mexico, N. Y.—Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Made to see perfectly clear and distinct with two operations.

Miss Mary E. Bealey, Elbridge, N. Y.—Hip Disease eight years; four weeks unable to lie down; seven years unable to walk without crutches. Is now eleven years of age. Has left her crutches, and can walk as well as anyone. Her photo engraved on my card.

Mr. Joel Hinman, Willowdale, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Went twenty-five years' standing, perfectly removed with one operation of five minutes.

Mr. Henry Hamilton, Copenhagen, N. Y.—Most distressing sciatic action of the nerves of the stomach. Confined to his bed for the time in great agony. Perfectly restored, and can be referred to.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Blank Road Post Office, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Complete prostration of the entire system—almost a skeleton. Pronounced incurable by many physicians. Had been living on morphine and opium, and was unable to operate, and as it was as rigorous as ever. Would be pleased to answer any inquiries made of him.

TERMS FOR TREATMENT always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay, are cordially invited "without money or price." Nov. 14.

BOOKS! BELLA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Remedial Works, at the lowest prices.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER. By H. O. WESTON. In paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. THE SELF-ABNEGATIONIST, By H. O. WESTON. In paper covers, 40 cents; in cloth, 55 cents. THE BLACK MAN, By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. Price, in cloth, \$1. For sale by BELLA 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 arranged by the undersigned, who will furnish full particulars to any one on application. Address, JOHN B. ADAMS, Oct. 31, West Roxbury, Mass.

The Apocryphal New Testament, BEING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other places now extant attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, living on earth, and the prophecies, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass., Oct. 24.

VERMONT BOOK STORE. S. & 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 soonest felt, admonishes me to dispose of my Stand for the sale of Spiritual Books, Papers and other Periodicals; and being desirous that the Spirit of good business habits should be found in any Drug Store. A liberal discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clergymen, and those who buy to sell again. July 4, OTOYIUS KING

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Hancock House, Court Square, BOSTON. April 1.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Located in Northampton, Montgomery Co., Pa., will commence its Winter Term on Tuesday, October 27th, continuing five months. The terms are reasonable, the location beautiful and healthy, and the mode of instruction thorough, copying all the studies usually taught in our first class institutions. For Circulars giving details, address, MISSIS BUSH, PATENT OFFICE, Northampton, Pa., Sept. 14.

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 to America. Chapter 4.—In England. Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Chapter 6.—In America. The Pressing. Chapter 7.—Russia, Tarry, and England. Chapter 8.—The "Corbillion" and other Narratives. Chapter 9.—Miscellaneous Preservation. France and England. Chapter 10.—A Diary and Letter. Chapter 11.—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, has 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.—Picture on the Retina and Brain. Pictures formed on the Retina when beholding Objects: These Pictures Enduring; Pictures seen with closed eyes; Visions of the Blind; Visions of objects seen long before they are related to the Brain; All Objects once seen are permanently retained in the Brain.

CHAPTER 2.—Pictures on Surrounding Objects. Dæmonic Pictures; 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 Medicines upon Persons when held in the Hand; Characters described on Objects in Letters.

CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Archaeological, and Metallic specimens.

CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Spectral Illusions; Apparitions; Visions.

CHAPTER 6.—Utility of Psychometry. Utility of Psychometry to the Geologist, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astronomer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist; its Employment in the cure of Diseases; its benefit to the Artist and the Historian; Radiant Forces passing from Human Beings and Influencing Others; Influence of People on the Country in which they live; Influence of a Country on the People; Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men; Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.

CHAPTER 7.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling; Dreams; Belles and Amulets; Hallucinations.

CHAPTER 8.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul; As the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger; Evidence of our Future Existence.

PART II.—Questions, Considerations, and Suggestions. How Objects are seen Psychometrically; seen best in Darkness, and with closed eyes; Why called Right; Mesmeric Influence not needed to induce the necessary Sensitiveness; Where the gaze is Directed; Why the Psychometer is unable to see some Objects; The Nature of the Light by which Objects are seen; How the Psychometer Travels; How to account for the hearing of Sounds; Golog backward in Time; Continued Effects of Influence; Departed Spirits; Predominant Influences; Conclusion.

For sale at this office. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents. July 25.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK. THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION Demonstrated on Natural Principles! BY ANDREW STONE, M. D.

Inventor of the Pulmonometer, 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 500 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 destroyer, 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 \$1.50. Postage free. Oct. 5.

THE KORAN; COMMONLY CALLED THE ALQORAN OF MOHAMMED, TRANSLATED into English immediately from the original Arabic. BY GEORGE SALE, Esq., to which is prefixed THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED; OR 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, 10 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 12.

The Religious Demands of the Age: A Reprint of the Preface to the LONDON EDITION OF THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THEODORE PARKER. BY FRANCIS POWER COBBE.

Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 12.

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 ecclesiastical conferences, circles, conventions, the arena of discussion and public rostrum; a return 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, seers; 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 infatuated, 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 champions, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Border States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of years. It is the first and only book going over the whole ground.

Its Contents, in brief are:—I. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Celestial footprints, walks from numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse, Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, of the progress, statistics and glorious triumphs of Spiritualism; voices of the press and the pulpit. Chapter 2.—Variety of phenomena and manifestations, and a condensed mass of startling manifestations. Chapter 3.—The various phases of Spiritualism defined; Bible statement with nearly two hundred texts. Chapter 4.—The popular objections, theories and slanders answered: "Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, &c., calmly and thoroughly discussed. Chapter 5.—Ninety-five questions, with numerous Bible texts to religious 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, guidelines, forms, etc.; how to advance the cause, form meetings, conferences, Sunday schools, etc.; lecturers and mediums; counsels, cautions, warnings, temptations. Chapter 9.—Address to Spiritualists; the great crisis; wars, revolutions, alarming yet hopeful signs; various practical rules and cautions; personal and general reform; touching incidents; hopes, encouragements, consolations, stirring incidents; startling instances; messages from the spirit-world. Index.

Complete in one large octavo volume, superior type, paper and binding. Price \$1.00; postage, 10 cents extra. Pamphlet bound, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. To Canada double postage. Liberal terms to the Trade. Sent to any part of the world, by mail or express.

Address Publishers, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., June 13,

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by a Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life...

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 108 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED

- Monday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: Defeating a Mother's Love; Questions and Answers: Ezekiel Temple of Frankfort, Ky.; Billy Anthony, of New York; Alice Gwynn, only daughter of Dr. A. C. Gwynn, of New York...

Invocation.

Oh God, the Spirit of Prayer trembles upon the lyre-strings of life, and our souls have caught the strain; therefore we worship thee. Oh Spirit of Life, we feel that we are surrounded by thy power...

The Cause of the Excess of Paralysis at the Present Time.

SPRIT.—What subject will the friends offer for our consideration? QUESTION.—What is the cause of the present great excess of Paralysis over any period of which we have any knowledge?

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—10th chapter Judges, 4th and 5th verses.—"And Sampson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail, and put a torch in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives."

Q.—Are those recollections that we term dreams recollections of visions of the spirit-land? A.—We believe they are, certainly. Q.—Commonly so? A.—No, not commonly. If the physical body is in good health; or in other words, if there is harmony between the physical form and the spirit body...

William J. Wier.

I have made many fruitless attempts to speak at this place, and I am very grateful for the success I meet with to-day. I have been informed that it is your custom to receive certain facts pertaining to the earthly life of every individual who visits you...

But some of them thought otherwise. Some of my neighbors—I thought they were my friends—did not prove to be such, for I was not kindly looked upon by them. I lost much of my property, and I was otherwise badly treated. When the rebellion grew hot, and the hearts of many of my kindred waxed strong in the determination to divorce themselves from the United States Government...

Just before the first battle of Bull Run, my house was besieged, and it became General Beauregard's headquarters. [We have seen it.] Very likely. The old brick house. Oh, there is but a sad remnant left of it now, I know. Well, as I was saying, General Beauregard made my house his headquarters for a time. When the rebel army retreated to Richmond, I left in company with my two sons; one a General in the rebel army, the other a Colonel. If memory serves me right, I got as far as Culpepper; then I grew sick and utterly weary of life. My sons did what they could for me, but were obliged to attend to their military duties...

Charles G. Cutter.

Tell the folks, Captain, that Charlie G. Cutter, of the 41st, reported here to-day. Ah, bob! so much for coming in where you're not wanted. Faith, it was a short cruser he turned. [What State did he reside in?] Massachusetts, I suppose. Faith, it was not his turn to come. I'd got myself all fixed here, that is, I'd thrown my gas here, or whatever you call it. [Magnetism.] Magnetism, yes, that's it; I threw it here, when that chap contrived to shove himself in before me. Faith, he did n't find it very agreeable. It was like rowing against wind and tide. Well, he got his ray, and that's all he wanted, I suppose. Well, that's all any of us want. This is not the kind of body I've been used to, but it's not for me to choose. [You want to tell your name, age, where you died, and say what you please.] I must tell me name, and age, and where I died, and say what I please? [With the understanding that what you say shall be published.] Ah, that's so. Well, me name was James McCann; age that you want? Thirty-one; that's as high as I can reckon. That's what I called myself here. This is Boston, I believe? [Yes.] Well, I belonged to the New York regiment, 54th, and I suppose it's no use for me to tell you that I was not an American; [Shouldn't judge you were not?] You should judge I was a Paddy, I suppose? [We did not say so.] What difference would it make if you had? You're a Yankee, I suppose, and an American; I'm a Paddy and an Irishman. Well, now, I like something like this body to talk through. I got an elder brother. Well, he's some, what enlightened—that is, he's a Protestant. I don't know what I am all the while. Faith, I know I was no Protestant when I was in the body; I suppose I was a Catholic; but when I come to the spirit-world, the Catholic religion all left me, and now I'm nothing at all. But my brother, he was brought up by Protestants, and after awhile he got to thinking very much as they did, and went to their church. So I thought I might come here, and leave the burden entirely with him. I suppose it's all right, my stinking to speak with him. I'm not one of the kind to beg favors at all. I present myself here not only on my own account, but because I wish to tell him something that's for his own advantage to hear. I think I spoke the truth when I say I'll tell him something that's for his own good, as well as my own. I do n't know but my wife would receive me as quick as my brother, but she's so bound up in the Catholic religion, and she has much confidence in him, if he is a Protestant, because he has money. That's the way of the world, you know. If one has money, people are always ready to place confidence in them. Now what I want to come at, is this: I should like my brother to come to one of these places, meeting-houses, churches, or whatever you call them, and let me speak with him. [You want him to go to some medium, and let you come and talk with him?] Yes, that's it. I want him to go to some medium I can talk through. Oh, do the devil with the writing; all that I see when I was here on the earth. I want to talk just as I do here. I could n't write very well when I was here, and God knows it's had work enough I'd make of it were I to try now. So I'll talk. I want one of these kind of bodies, what I can speak through. [We guess your brother will furnish you with one, if he gets your letter.] I do n't see why he could n't get my letter, it's published in a paper, you say? [Yes.] Very well, then; I see no reason for his not getting it. I don't know as I've got anything more to do to get it at him. [You had better give us his address.] I can tell you he's in New York, can't tell you what part of it. [He'll be likely to get it, we think.] Well, I hope so. I want him to go to some medium where I can come and talk this way. He shall furnish me with one of these mediums that I can come and speak through, if he would like to know how I died, and what I experienced there. There's no need of his going to this one and that one and that other in the army, to learn how I died, for I can make my own report, and what you give yourself is the best kind of a report, you know. Faith, I could write my own epitaph better than any one else. I believe, for we all know ourselves best, and if I said I was a rascal, I'd ought to know I was not an honest man. Ah, I could write a true one. What are these things here for? [Taking up a letter from the table.] [They are letters to be answered.] Ah, I've nothing to do with them, I suppose? [No.] My wife's left out of the question entirely, for fear I'd upset her—most upset now. I want him to go to her and explain it to her, after I talk with him. I want him to come to me first, and then I'll say what I do not like to say to everybody, you know. When you come here and want to say anything private to your folks, you'll know then how to appreciate the position. [We know it's difficult to get into the true position.] Ah, it is a hard position for you to have to come here, and say what things you'd just as lief have published, and keep what you would n't, till you're right face to face with your folks. Well, sir, I'm much obliged to you. If I can pay you sometimes, I will do it. If I can't, I suppose you'll always hold me in debt. [You're entirely welcome to it.] Faith, I have many thanks to offer. Good morning, night, or whatever time it is; I do n't know. Oct. 6.

James McCann.

Ah, bob! so much for coming in where you're not wanted. Faith, it was a short cruser he turned. [What State did he reside in?] Massachusetts, I suppose. Faith, it was not his turn to come. I'd got myself all fixed here, that is, I'd thrown my gas here, or whatever you call it. [Magnetism.] Magnetism, yes, that's it; I threw it here, when that chap contrived to shove himself in before me. Faith, he did n't find it very agreeable. It was like rowing against wind and tide. Well, he got his ray, and that's all he wanted, I suppose. Well, that's all any of us want. This is not the kind of body I've been used to, but it's not for me to choose. [You want to tell your name, age, where you died, and say what you please.] I must tell me name, and age, and where I died, and say what I please? [With the understanding that what you say shall be published.] Ah, that's so. Well, me name was James McCann; age that you want? Thirty-one; that's as high as I can reckon. That's what I called myself here. This is Boston, I believe? [Yes.] Well, I belonged to the New York

regiment, 54th, and I suppose it's no use for me to tell you that I was not an American; [Shouldn't judge you were not?] You should judge I was a Paddy, I suppose? [We did not say so.] What difference would it make if you had? You're a Yankee, I suppose, and an American; I'm a Paddy and an Irishman. Well, now, I like something like this body to talk through. I got an elder brother. Well, he's some, what enlightened—that is, he's a Protestant. I don't know what I am all the while. Faith, I know I was no Protestant when I was in the body; I suppose I was a Catholic; but when I come to the spirit-world, the Catholic religion all left me, and now I'm nothing at all. But my brother, he was brought up by Protestants, and after awhile he got to thinking very much as they did, and went to their church. So I thought I might come here, and leave the burden entirely with him. I suppose it's all right, my stinking to speak with him. I'm not one of the kind to beg favors at all. I present myself here not only on my own account, but because I wish to tell him something that's for his own advantage to hear. I think I spoke the truth when I say I'll tell him something that's for his own good, as well as my own. I do n't know but my wife would receive me as quick as my brother, but she's so bound up in the Catholic religion, and she has much confidence in him, if he is a Protestant, because he has money. That's the way of the world, you know. If one has money, people are always ready to place confidence in them. Now what I want to come at, is this: I should like my brother to come to one of these places, meeting-houses, churches, or whatever you call them, and let me speak with him. [You want him to go to some medium, and let you come and talk with him?] Yes, that's it. I want him to go to some medium I can talk through. Oh, do the devil with the writing; all that I see when I was here on the earth. I want to talk just as I do here. I could n't write very well when I was here, and God knows it's had work enough I'd make of it were I to try now. So I'll talk. I want one of these kind of bodies, what I can speak through. [We guess your brother will furnish you with one, if he gets your letter.] I do n't see why he could n't get my letter, it's published in a paper, you say? [Yes.] Very well, then; I see no reason for his not getting it. I don't know as I've got anything more to do to get it at him. [You had better give us his address.] I can tell you he's in New York, can't tell you what part of it. [He'll be likely to get it, we think.] Well, I hope so. I want him to go to some medium where I can come and talk this way. He shall furnish me with one of these mediums that I can come and speak through, if he would like to know how I died, and what I experienced there. There's no need of his going to this one and that one and that other in the army, to learn how I died, for I can make my own report, and what you give yourself is the best kind of a report, you know. Faith, I could write my own epitaph better than any one else. I believe, for we all know ourselves best, and if I said I was a rascal, I'd ought to know I was not an honest man. Ah, I could write a true one. What are these things here for? [Taking up a letter from the table.] [They are letters to be answered.] Ah, I've nothing to do with them, I suppose? [No.] My wife's left out of the question entirely, for fear I'd upset her—most upset now. I want him to go to her and explain it to her, after I talk with him. I want him to come to me first, and then I'll say what I do not like to say to everybody, you know. When you come here and want to say anything private to your folks, you'll know then how to appreciate the position. [We know it's difficult to get into the true position.] Ah, it is a hard position for you to have to come here, and say what things you'd just as lief have published, and keep what you would n't, till you're right face to face with your folks. Well, sir, I'm much obliged to you. If I can pay you sometimes, I will do it. If I can't, I suppose you'll always hold me in debt. [You're entirely welcome to it.] Faith, I have many thanks to offer. Good morning, night, or whatever time it is; I do n't know. Oct. 6.

Violet Ostrander.

Please to say Violet Ostrander, daughter of Mary and Alexander Ostrander, of Memphis, Tennessee, comes to see you to-day. I was nine years old here, and I died on the 11th day of January last. I have one brother. He was a clerk in Richmond, and when the war first broke out, he was pressed into the rebel service, and he is there now, but he is acting as assistant clerk, or something of that kind, for one of the rebel officers. My father had better make application to pass the lines, and go after him. If he does, he will go home with him. My mother is sick, and is dying slowly, because of her trouble. She has wished, if God was merciful to others and let their friends come, that he might be merciful to her and let me come to her. Please to tell her that there is no day that I'm not with her and try to make her happy. And I have tried, ever since I knew I could come, to come here and send a letter to her. Good by. Oct. 6.

Invocation.

Our Father, though the external world is shrouded, and the Storm-King hath veiled somewhat of the beauties of the natural kingdom, still we are able to discern thy smile; through the tempest of mind and matter we are able to hear thy voice. We know thou art with us, though the war-horn is holding court with the nations, and thousands on thousands are being gathered home. Still we know thou art walking with men, and that thou hast not forsaken us. Though there are vacant benches, and widows and orphans mourn, yes, mourners may be counted by millions, yet thou art with us, and thine angels are singing songs of rejoicing, for thou canst not absent thyself from the works of thine hand. Our Father, because of thy presence do we feel strong, strong for the present, strong in view of the future; and whatever crosses we may be called to bear up Calvary's steep, we will bear with pleasure, knowing that thou art our Father and we are thy children. Oct. 8.

Do the Undeveloped Receive Aid from Progressed Spirit Friends?

SPRIT.—What subject have the friends to propose this afternoon? QUESTION.—Am I right in supposing that it is difficult for the undeveloped spirit to receive the aid of their progressed spirit friends, and that when I have called them, and they have purported to come, and have thanked me for my call with a promise that they would show them the way to a higher life—is this a truthful phase of spirit-life, or is it a delusion? You are all aware, at least those of you who are to any extent acquainted with the workings of the human mind, that it would be exceedingly difficult for the undeveloped spirit when in the body to exist for any great extent of time, in the atmosphere of the good and highly developed spirit. It would be no heaven to such an individual, but, on the contrary, a condition of hell. Therefore the undeveloped and progressed would not be able to dwell long together. Now if it is difficult for the undeveloped and developed to dwell together in the same sphere of mundane life, surely it is difficult for the undeveloped and developed ones in spirit-life to live together. We mean that you should understand that it is difficult for the pure and good to hold personal communion with those who are evil. Therefore it is difficult for the undeveloped to receive the ministrations of the highly developed or progressed spirits in spirit-life. Understand that we speak concerning personal contact, or concerning personal washing. Oct. 8.

Charles G. Cutter.

Tell the folks, Captain, that Charlie G. Cutter, of the 41st, reported here to-day. Ah, bob! so much for coming in where you're not wanted. Faith, it was a short cruser he turned. [What State did he reside in?] Massachusetts, I suppose. Faith, it was not his turn to come. I'd got myself all fixed here, that is, I'd thrown my gas here, or whatever you call it. [Magnetism.] Magnetism, yes, that's it; I threw it here, when that chap contrived to shove himself in before me. Faith, he did n't find it very agreeable. It was like rowing against wind and tide. Well, he got his ray, and that's all he wanted, I suppose. Well, that's all any of us want. This is not the kind of body I've been used to, but it's not for me to choose. [You want to tell your name, age, where you died, and say what you please.] I must tell me name, and age, and where I died, and say what I please? [With the understanding that what you say shall be published.] Ah, that's so. Well, me name was James McCann; age that you want? Thirty-one; that's as high as I can reckon. That's what I called myself here. This is Boston, I believe? [Yes.] Well, I belonged to the New York

William Elliot.

I know my folks don't think much of this spirit-talking, but it do n't matter to me. I'm going to talk, whether I'm wanted or no. Well, I'm William Elliot, of Machias, Maine. [You're welcome here.] That's good; glad to be welcomed at one place, if I should n't be at another. I belonged to the 11th Maine, and I pegged out or in, I do n't know which, although it seems more like pegging in than out—in the hospital at Alexandria—after a sickness of—about as high as I can reckon—eleven or twelve days. Now the folks would have been glad to have heard from my body when I was sick, that I was in the hospital covering that I'm glad to lose. Now I want to know what's the reason they won't be glad to hear from the real man! [Perhaps they will.] They might, if they were not imprisoned in the Church. One says he's ready to Heaven by any means, but he's pretty high. Oct. 8.

It is no delusion that the undeveloped or unprogressed of spirit life are glad, more than glad, to receive instruction from those who live in the earth life, and it is by coming to this place that they may take their first lesson in developed human progress, and learn for the first time in their lives that they must depend upon their own internal life for unfoldment. Though many expect to receive aid from those who are more highly developed, yet many thousands learn by coming back to their earthly homes that they must work out their own salvation, learn that they cannot rely upon the assistance of others more developed than themselves, and that they must cease to expect either the death or life of a Jesus of Nazareth will be their savior in the hereafter. Therefore call for them with meekness and brotherly love at all times to return and commune with you, and when they come, oh teach them, at all events, the highest good that you are acquainted with, and believe us, you shall be rewarded. It is no delusion. Though there are many who return to you from the spirit land communicating that which is untrue, still there is not one in a hundred who return that deceive you knowingly. They may tell you that black is white, and that white is no color at all, but they tell you this because it seems to be such to their vision. They only deceive you because of their condition, and not because they mean to deceive you. What we do observe as deception, is that which is given with the intent to deceive. Oct. 8.

Questions and Answers.

We would beg leave to suggest that all questions that are propounded at this place be put in as brief a form as possible, for the benefit of the speaker and the reporter. Ques.—Can you describe the sensations a spirit feels in taking possession of and leaving a medium? Ans.—It is generally very much like the sensation experienced in passing out of a condition of consciousness, near into one of unconsciousness. If you have ever experienced the sensation of syncope, or fainting, you know very nearly what sensations the spirit experiences when controlling your medium. Q.—Why is it necessary that a spirit, in controlling a foreign body, should take upon it the symptoms attending its death? A.—It is very natural for the spirit that is not accustomed to controlling a foreign organism to recall its own sickness, very natural that its mind should revert to past experiences, and particularly to those experiences that pertain to the latter days of its mortal experience. The spirit itself does not know why this is so, and wonders, perhaps, that it should so vividly recall the closing scenes of its earth life. The thought or remembrance comes upon them unwittingly. They do not solicit it, or ask for it. They only know that it is with them. It comes as the atmosphere seems to come at the demand of the human body. You do not know why it is with you, but only that it is present with you. The spirit cannot tell you why he or she thinks of the hard experiences through which it passed when in earth life. Now if the spirit returns to earth and again controls a mortal body, it does so through some fixed law that is immutable. The spirit must obey it. If the law says you must think over the scenes of your past life, I shall demand that you live it over again, we cannot help it. The law makes no exceptions, no exemptions. Oct. 8.

Nathaniel B. Shurtleff.

I am very anxious to overcome the spirit of dissatisfaction and wonder that seems to attend the friends that I have left on earth, with regard to myself. Some of my friends speculated largely because of my renouncing the Protestant faith and declaring my belief in Catholicism, and attaching myself to that Church. I am told that some of my friends are made very unhappy because of the course I adopted while here, and they say they can't understand why I should so far have forgotten myself as to have renounced the Protestant Church, and become a believer in the Roman Catholic faith. I am informed that some of my friends believe that I was over-persuaded, and under an influence of the Church, that I could not throw off. This is not so. I remember no time when I was influenced against my better judgment, and I here wish to exonerate the Romish Church from any charge that has been made against them with reference to me, by my friends. True it is, that I am now satisfied that church ceremonials and obligations have little to do with the happiness or heaven of the human spirit. I have learned since my brief sojourn in the spirit-world, not to depend upon the staff of churchdom for our salvation, neither the Protestant nor Romish church, but to depend upon ourselves and what Christianity or goodness there is within us. We are very quickly told, upon entering this new life, or this new phase of the old one, that there are no churches in the spirit-world, no preachers of the gospel outside of our own highest sense of right—that alone is to be the priest between ourselves and our Maker. We no sooner enter the spirit world than we feel its truth, know it is so. There is a something springing up from our own inner selves, proclaiming that the true God of spirit has his abiding place in the human soul, and says, "Thou shalt worship no other Gods but me. I am Church; I am Saviour; I am God!" Oh, what a lesson we have to learn there! Oh, I would have given worlds to have learned it ere death. It is worth more to the human soul—the simple knowledge of itself and its responsibilities—than all the wealth of worlds. My friends think I must have renounced the belief I espoused when on earth at the time of my death. I wish to inform them that I did not renounce it then, nor did I until my own soul felt the truth of spiritual Christianity, that Christianity that lives, and ever has lived a part of the human soul. When I became fully satisfied that the true religion was not to be found outside the realm of spirit, then I renounced my former faith. But that did not take place till after I had been a resident of the spirit-world for some time. I would be very glad to hold personal communion with my dear father and friends, who are still living on the earth. I can tell them what they have never yet heard. I can convince them of truths that have never found a place in their beliefs, or, at all events, have never been called up into their external senses. Oh, I earnestly pray that it may not be said of them as of one in olden times, and "though one were to arise from the dead, yet would ye not believe." But I pray God they may hear, and when they hear, may be willing to listen attentively to the voice from across the river. I was Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, son of Dr. Shurtleff, of Boston. Thanks. Farewell. Oct. 8.

William Andrews.

I have a mother and sisters in Boston, etc. I speak with them? [Through our paper.] Yes, sir. [Do they know anything of those matters?] No, sir. I was private in the 54th Massachusetts, and fell at Wagner, Oh yes, sir, black, but white inside. [It makes no difference about color.] My name was William Andrews. My mother lives in Cambridge street. It was allowable, I'd like to go there. [You want your mother to go to some medium?] Oh yes, sir, thank you. Well, I was told I should talk here, so I took my medium like this, so I could talk. I was eighteen years old, was born in Boston, and lived in Boston. Good day, sir. Oct. 8.

Phillip Cannon.

I beg pardon, sir, but I'd like to speak with one of the gentlemen here. [Which one do you mean?] Well, sir, I'd like to know his name at all. [You want to talk with him.] Well, I would like to talk with him. Oct. 8.

William Andrews.

I have a mother and sisters in Boston, etc. I speak with them? [Through our paper.] Yes, sir. [Do they know anything of those matters?] No, sir. I was private in the 54th Massachusetts, and fell at Wagner, Oh yes, sir, black, but white inside. [It makes no difference about color.] My name was William Andrews. My mother lives in Cambridge street. It was allowable, I'd like to go there. [You want your mother to go to some medium?] Oh yes, sir, thank you. Well, I was told I should talk here, so I took my medium like this, so I could talk. I was eighteen years old, was born in Boston, and lived in Boston. Good day, sir. Oct. 8.

Phillip Cannon.

I beg pardon, sir, but I'd like to speak with one of the gentlemen here. [Which one do you mean?] Well, sir, I'd like to know his name at all. [You want to talk with him.] Well, I would like to talk with him. Oct. 8.

For what he has done for my wife and children. [What is your name?] Colton. [Philip, isn't it?]

New Books. A New Work of Great Interest. PRE-ADAMITE MAN: THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

New Books. THIRD EDITION. First Volume of The ARCANUM OF NATURE.

New Books. NOW READY! THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE ARCANUM OF NATURE.

Medicines in Boston. DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTION. THE ECONOMICAL TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF EVERY CLASS.

Well, sir, I got permission to come here this afternoon and thank you for what you have done for my wife and little ones.

Adam not the first man: Men built cities in Asia thirty-five thousand years ago; Lake Burke and the probability of history: The Age of Atlantis: The New York Tribune and London Standard on Egyptian history.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK. JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES. A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis.

Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, OR THE SPIRIT-WORLD. BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM. MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, 213 Washington Street, Boston.

Well, sir, I'm much obliged, and if I don't pay you here, I will when you come on the other side.

CHAPTER III.—On the banks of the Nile; What an India: Chief thoughts of the time, Ham and Spharoth.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH! CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE HUMAN BODY AND MIND.

CHAPTER I. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY. CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, (SUCCESSOR TO MRS. M. S. FINE.)

New Books. THE WILDFIRE CLUB. BY EMMA HARBINGER.

CHAPTER IV.—On the banks of the Nile; What an India: Chief thoughts of the time, Ham and Spharoth.

ANSWERS Ever-Recurring Questions FROM THE PEOPLE. (A SEQUEL TO THE PENETRALIA.)

CHAPTER II. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS. CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, TRANCE MEDIUM, AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

New Books. THE SPIRIT MINSTREL, HYMNS AND MUSIC FOR THE USE OF SPIRITUALISTS IN THEIR CIRCLES AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

CHAPTER V.—Coasting the Headlands of Eternity: A voyage upon the Jewish scriptures, the Old Testament, the Hebrew Bible, and the New Testament.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD! THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSMIGRATIONS!

CHAPTER III. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

MRS. W. BROWN M. D. CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, OFFICE 17 DIA PLACE, BOSTON.

New Books. THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER. THE CHARACTER AND DESTINY OF THE RACE.

CHAPTER VI.—Coasting the Headlands of Eternity: A voyage upon the Jewish scriptures, the Old Testament, the Hebrew Bible, and the New Testament.

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION; OR, Marriage as it is, and Marriage as it Should be.

CHAPTER IV. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

INDIAN REMEDY. THE roots are employed in all cases of hemorrhoids, internal discharges, blood-spitting, hectic fever, a stoma, catarrh of the bladder, etc.

New Books. AN EYE-OPENER. DOUBTS OF INFIDELS, IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO THE CLERGY.

CHAPTER VII.—Coasting the Headlands of Eternity: A voyage upon the Jewish scriptures, the Old Testament, the Hebrew Bible, and the New Testament.

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, M.D.

CHAPTER V. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND, A CONSUMPTIVE CURED. DR. B. JAMES, a British Physician of great eminence, discovered in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Cold, and Great Debility.

New Books. THE HIEROPHANT; OR, GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST. BEING AN EXPOSITION OF BIBLICAL ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER VIII.—Coasting the Headlands of Eternity: A voyage upon the Jewish scriptures, the Old Testament, the Hebrew Bible, and the New Testament.

SOUL AFFINITY BY A. B. CHILL, M. D.

CHAPTER VI. Principles of Main's immortality drawn from history, spiritualism, theosophy, and theosophy.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Would respectfully invite the attention of Bookkeepers, Dealers in cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to his enlarged facilities for packing and forwarding everything in his line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness and dispatch.

