

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

Poetry.

THE WORLD—A FRAGMENT. IN THREE PARTS. PART I.—LETHE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Invoke me, mingled powers of earth and air!
For I have come to give a worthy test
Of all I hoped for in the life to come:
Might, mind, Omnipotence; surpassing gifts
Sent to seduce the soul to high emprise
Of virtue, knowledge, righteousness and peace.

Allure me with unnumbered blessings, world!
Send all your panoply of art and arms,
Exchanged for what in life I valued most:
High honor, high enchantment, love and peace;
And I will give them to the waiting winds
That hark around the crags of high Ben-vue,
And lurk in clouds upon the murky sea,
Where the lost limbs of the nether world
Hovers apart, and lays its treasures up
Of windy dogmas, high-resounding phrase,
Given to entrap the unware of soul
With soulless emanations of the brain,
O'erwrought in pursuit of its highest creed
Conceivable, to wit: that God is not
All that we hope and fear of good or ill;
Righteousness to the righteous; to the worst
All that they have and are, or high or low.

Entice me with your lore, O pictured age
Of Greece! Enchantress of the ancient world:
Illimitable fantasy, and high renown
Of arms and arts unnumbered in their forms;
Briar-arms armed, and templed in the hearts
Of millions worshipping the sacred shrine,
Of Phidias the high embodiment,
Wrought in the secret chambers of his soul—
Illimitable tapestries, and festal things
Given to entrap the unware of heart—
I will erect a funeral pile to all
Such shows, that lead me from the worship high
Of Nature, learned in many a midnight dream
Caught from the rapture of the mountain tops,
High overarching all the sunny slopes
Of Westmoreland, where I unnumbered times
Slept to the music of the midnight breeze,
Seeking through crannies for its lost and found
Voice of the mighty God, that made it sweep
Stealthily through all the nooks of high Ben-vue;
And fingering all the keys of that strange harp
Hung in the nether atmosphere, that makes
Its nestling home among the surly crags
Of Skiddaw, sturdy in his mighty heart;
And sloping all the gray fields with its light
Of hazy mountain distance; and its mist
Suffused through ether, like the remembered
dreams
Of young enchantment in Arabian tales.

Invoke me, powers of the midnight wind!
For I have swept among you like the mist
That curls the mid-enclosure of the gap
Opened by all the westerling winds that sweep
The clouds in masses from the lofty top
Of high Ben-vue in its towering pride.
Answer me, spirits of the mighty wind!
Have you not seen the ghost of WORDSWORTH
sweep

Through the enclosure of the midnight gap
That opens to the sunlight all the day,
And when deep Night has swept her pall around
The vast, encircling monument of mist
That towers a pillar like the Israelite
His God, that led him from the land of slaves,
To serve a truer idol than the one
He worshipped, serving other godlike men;
Godlike to those who bear the scourge of slaves;
Stamped with peculiar features, caught from all
The grim and vast of Nile and Nicotene;
Theban in greatness; grin in purpose fell
Of wrath avenging all who said amen
To any gods but him—have you not seen
Him sweep a mist like other mists that grow
And cumulate, a fast-expanding mass,
At evening sunset lighting all the east
With castle-keeps and towers of high emprise,
Robed in the splendor of the setting sun?
Answer me, spirit of the mighty wind,
For Wordsworth is like one of you, that sweeps
The outskirts of the mountains, mighty, vast,
And towering in their strength o'er all the hills
That round them rise, like children to the knees
Of gray and reverend grandfathers, that begin
To grow like them, in second youthfulness.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIVES.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1862.

BY S. B. KEACH.

Far o'er the vast horizon looming
I see a dark and threatening cloud,
I hear the Southern thunder booming,
The Northern cannon answering loud.

Rude o'er the summer-land is sweeping
The desolating march of War,
And Death—his Spring-time harvest reaping—
Strikes where the brightest, bravest are.

They hasten from the Northern cities,
They throng from many a Southern home,
The World's great heart of mercy plies
Their sacrifice, their mutual doom.

Angels of Peace affrighted hover
Above the awful-battle-scene,
Till the last offering is over,
And Night in horror drops her screen.

I see beneath the dark cloud yonder
The lifting dawn of better days;
The air is purer when the thunder
Is ceased, and mists to heaven raise.
Providence, R. I.

The Lecture Room.

SPIRITUALISM.

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

[The following able address on Spiritualism and kindred subjects was delivered by Mrs. Bond before the Convention of Spiritualists, in this city, at the Melodeon, on the evening of the fourth day of the sessions, and was received with demonstrations of approbation by a large audience.]

I presume, before a Spiritual Convention, I need not apologize for selecting the subject of Spiritualism for this occasion. There may be those among you who are novices in our philosophy, and some who are not, who would like to have the matter of organization rest for this evening. Therefore it is I have selected the subject already specified.

The new dispensation dawning upon the world may be likened to the advent of the infant Jesus. He came not in the pomp and splendor that suited the fastidious Jews. His birthplace savored not of that royalty, clothed in purple and linen, which, in their view, was so essential not only to temporal happiness, but as a test of his divine origin. So the glorious advent of Spiritualism is so striking, we require no proof of their near relationship. However, the children born labored under the disadvantage of being christened by mixed bishops, having been themselves baptized in the papal sea! The god-fathers and mothers of the beautiful child, in vowing to protect and guide it, and having sworn allegiance to the power that held the keys of heaven and hell, most loyally wrapped their spiritual charge in swaddling clothes, woven by the webs of heathendom out of material generated by paganism.

But the twin and younger child laid fair to entirely and effectually extricate its predecessor from the grasp of dogmatical and priestly rulers, and in disrobing it of the black and unseemly garb with which Priestcraft has invested it, presents it in its pristine and heavenly beauty, fraught with peace, love and good will to man. Thus, by the new birth, the Gospel of glad tidings is borne to every heart-stone, a living reality; presented to ALL PEOPLE, regardless alike of birth or station. Messages of love are read by the faggot-fires of the cabin, as well as by the brighter and more brilliant lights of the palace.

The peasant's couch is guarded with affection and care equally with the bed of royalty. Loving hearts are seated by the side of the poor and down-trodden of earth, essaying to tune the broken heart-strings to notes of joy and praise. The joyful news of a world to be redeemed from the thrall of the church-militant, from an arrogant and overbearing priesthood, and the prospective horror of death, hell and a devil, with electric speed is borne from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean, from sea to sea, from shore to shore. The cottage, the hamlet, the palace, the castle, alike resound with anthems of praise that the lost and loved are restored—that there is no death, other than the change of the caterpillar, the gross and earthly being exchanged for a more beautiful form—the flower but plucked from the stalk to bloom eternally. Man need no longer take for his state, from the moment of his birth, "the substance of things hoped for," the evidence of things not seen." Faith in its true sense is the legitimate offspring of bigotry. The true philosopher will not blindly receive what has been found for him, but walks forth with his God-given powers into the vast arena of nature, searching for and solving its seeming mysteries. He unlocks the beautiful temple of reason, over which Priests and Bishops so long claimed dominion, and rule, and finds, no great mysteries of Godliness, but instead, a simply natural religion; philosophical, consistent, consoling; a religion not to be worn as a holiday dress upon certain occasions, but to enter into every-day life, every action, every word and deed.

The fruit of this beautiful theory, as yet, is not abundant for the young and old. This is due, not much pruning and training before it presents to the world the practical fruits by which it should be known. The garden containing this modern tree of knowledge is protected by no flaming sword, is not proscribed by Omnipotence to any of his children; yea, the whole world is invited to partake of all the fruit, without fear of divine interdiction. Yonder tree is used only for the rule, and finds, no great mysteries of Godliness, but instead, a simply natural religion; philosophical, consistent, consoling; a religion not to be worn as a holiday dress upon certain occasions, but to enter into every-day life, every action, every word and deed.

its flames! O, horrible blasphemy! thus to traduce the all-loving Father. What a picture for coming generations to look upon—the great God of the universe at war with one of his own creation—the father with a child, (?) who proves himself too powerful for his parental antagonist to subdue or control. In the background of the picture may be seen, legions of priests, deacons, and elders, officiously attempting to assist in the great battle—expecting to gain power and advancement—and last, though not least, the division of spoils! Upon this tragic theological drama let the curtain drop; and behold, in truthful and adorable contrast, the God of Heaven robed in garments of peace and love, diffusing light and life to the remotest corner of his boundless universe, sending peace on earth, good will to men, by angel messengers; commissioning them to bring the glad tidings that they are guarding and impressing us, to the end that we may pass the journey of life more safely, and arrive at the haven of futurity better prepared to enter and travel upon the paths of eternal progression.

The greatest sin of this time and breath—not to say talent—is consumed by those who are paid for doing the thinking of the world, in trying to convince those who think for themselves that they will be eternally lost for their presumption. The overwhelming argument that man is a "free moral agent," is easily swallowed by the non-resistants; who do not see that they are fettered instead of being free—that, if they are the agents of another, they cannot be free. It is a palpable contradiction of terms to talk about free agency. Does a man employ an agent, and tell him he is free to do as he pleases? If so, would it be consistent or just to arraign the agent, who is left free to act, for his conduct, whether moral or immoral? The agent, if free, certainly should not be accountable to his employer, who left him free to do right or wrong in the world, and who is himself free to teach that all are free when in the right, that no one is free to do wrong, as a penalty is attached to every transgression!

Man comes into the world without his consent, and goes out of it the same. An existence is forced upon him, after which, the force of circumstances, and not his will, controls him through all time, together with the organization imparted to him by his parents. And herein lies the secret of a true reformation! Never, till man and woman unite congenially and harmoniously, will the race be progressed from its present animal plane. The marriage institution, like all others, is conservative, and like all others should be open to improvements and amendments. The young should be taught that the marriage relation is too sacred to be entered upon thoughtlessly and with impunity—that no mercenary or selfish motive should govern in their choice.

Oh, the world is full of legalized sin! So long as the law sanctions a wrong it is considered a right by the world's dupes. Orthodox teachers and leaders see only the effects, at which they aim their artillery, vainly hoping the old musty canons of the church will remove the hidden cause of evil existing both in Church and State. It is the salaried Reverend's interest for man to be "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," else he would lose his secure living! He spends his life-time in preaching at the sin, instead of seeing and removing the cause of sin. Indeed, he strenuously maintains that God is the author of sin, and then attempts to demolish the work of the author! But bring to you a new philosophy, which preaches that man is the author of sin—and that so long as men and women form animal and mercenary alliances, just so long will man be "conceived in sin, and born in iniquity"—that so long as law and custom recognize woman only as the slave of man, just so long will her children be slaves to sins of every conceivable shape and magnitude. We have said that Spiritualism brings a god of glad tidings to every heart-stone. It is the gospel of glad tidings that the marriage is the most sacred of all institutions and relations—that Nature neither designed or condemned any one to a state of isolation—that every being has a mate existing somewhere in God's universe. From the floral, through the bird and animal kingdoms up to man, all Nature rejoices in the divine institution of marriage. With joy unspeakably felt, but not expressed as yet, the new gospel claims that nature rebels at all arbitrary institutions—that the law of love is not arbitrary, but spontaneous—that the conjugal love is not promiscuous, but steadfast as the Eternal!

Dame Nature, true to herself and her eternal companion, Deity, teaches her children, both by precept and example, that the great, immutable law of marriage is fidelity; that the affirmation of love, in all other of her laws, the consequences are eternal in extent and duration. But, says the objector, your new gospel abounds in "Free Love!" We reply, yes; a love as free and boundless as the universe. A love emanating from the great soul of Deity, permeating every part and particle of his divine nature! Oh, priests of the church and State! Stand up! Then would there well up from the heart, springs of love and tenderness, going to water the dry places. Then would the heart's deserts be cheered by streams of kindness and love; the tears of the widow and orphan be dried. Then would sin, misery and crime, the offspring of perverted loves, vanish from the earth. So long as the world is perverted by the material and the spiritual, the one side, and the animal nature on the other, just so long will penitentiaries and lunatic asylums be filled with the badly organized, but not accountable, offspring of such iniquitous and in-harmonious unions. These earth-born unions are not confined to the low in point of standing; but are found in high places, sanctioned by the high priests of the church, and the dignitaries of State.

The eulogistic term "Free Love," as used by the calculator of our beautiful and ennobling religion, called by its right name, means free licentiousness, which latter proximity is not confined to any clime or country, church or creed! Things and principles should be called by their right names. Love, free love, is coeternal and coextensive with God's love. It was taught by the gentle Nazarene; yea, even love to enemies! It is high time the angel of Love was divorced from the Demon Licentiousness—they bear not the least resemblance in character, neither should they bear the same name. The great white throne of St. John built, and sat the God of Heaven upon, and the place where the Devil that deceived them was cast, are not further apart than these antagonistic principles.

The love principle implanted in man is as far above the animal nature, as the zenith from the nadir! We pity the subject and slave of any vice, in whatever soil he lives, be he Priest or Pope, white or black. Spiritualism, instead of propagating and countenancing licentiousness, misnamed "free love," goes to the very root of the evil—exposing its unsightly effects, and discovers its true source and cause, by looking back into the world's history, it sees that the fathers of the church were not exempt from the frailty; and, without magnifying facts or glosses it sees devoted to the crime of licentiousness and libertinism among the old patriarchs of bible notoriety. It cites in proof of this the conduct of Abraham and Lot, not only, but the so-called "man after God's own heart," the King David. Also, the wise man Solomon, who, but remembered, was not a Spiritualist, neither free in love, but a slave to licentious-

ness and lusts. Spiritualism is the only ism that dare look sin in the face, whether set in the framework of the Bible or in the sanctuary of the church. It is capable and ready to do what ministers have failed to do: that is, to explain the mysteries, not of godliness, but the Bible. Instead of spending its breath in vain, in trying to reconcile its wide digressions and absurdities, it uses its reasoning powers and separates the chaff of obscurity and contradictions from the wheat of truth and purity, scattered here and there throughout its pages. Certainly there can be nothing cited in the character or conduct of any Spiritualist exceeding the monstrosities of immorality recorded in the Bible. We know we are attacking the stronghold of the sectarian when we attack his bible; but this must be, or the strong holds of error and vice will forever hold their chains over and around their devoted victims.

So long as books and men are worshipped, instead of truth and principle, so long will mankind be in abject bondage, both mental and spiritual. The orthodox priest in America, in point of power, is but the Pope in Rome. Bible in hand, he denounces all who do not yield to his dictation and love. The Pope does not more when he holds the book too sacred in his opinion for the most of God's children to look into, than does the Protestant when he dogmatically usurps the control over the temple of Reason, erected by the great Architect of Nature in every individualized being.

Spiritualism is not of recent origin, but is coeval and coeternal with God the Father. True, its legitimate birth into this world dates no further back than the present century. The disclaiming of modern Spiritualism, alias inspiration, is the devout believer in ancient inspiration. The Christian professor looks upon the manifestations of spirit-presence and power recorded in his Bible with complacency, and even reverence; but upon the parallel manifestations of the day, he casts the eye of scorn, and listens to them with doubt and incredulity. The sure-footed antiquarian, in view of the account of Balaam's spiritual adventure and encounter related in Bible history. Neither of the power of the spirit to have slain Balaam. The Bible advocate in believing this story—and truth it may be—must believe in the mediocrity powers of an animal lower in the scale of being than most of the human type; yet, if we may believe Bible narrative, the sure-footed antiquarian spiritual vision was in advance of the man, Balaam. And all this is readily credited as truthful, and reasonable even, by the so-called religious world, which censoriously discredits all spiritual enactments of the present day, on the ground that they are too marvelous to be believed. When, in sooth, this same religious world, so critical and severe, points to a God, who summons the laws of motion and gravitation in the instance of the sun and moon ceasing to revolve in their orbits, that Joshua might longer see to murder his fellow-beings, and possibly, also, that this God and patron of Joshua's might longer view the carnage—yea, slaughter of his own children.

And more does this pseudo-religious world credit, and possibly adore, a God who repeatedly hardened the heart of Pharaoh, the oppressor of Israel, and the object of such signal judgments from the Almighty, who characteristically punished his victim for allowing his heart to be hardened—a God who came to earth to dwell a specified time in a physical form, for the ostensible purpose of saving a lost world from a prospective damnation, and returned to heaven without fulfilling his object, thereby showing his incompetency to fulfill his eternal design.

Spiritualism claims that the tragedies in which the Bible abounds, partake more of earth than heaven, of sensualism than religion; therefore, it is no standard or guide for mankind in the present age. It exceeds the character and life of Jesus as practical and exemplary, being the beautiful and the great desert of Mythology and Superstition.

The life of the true Spiritualist is also practical and exemplary. The love and charity exemplified in the life of the precedent are his guardian-angels. In accordance with the precepts of the great exemplar, he feeds the hungry, and clothes the naked. Spiritualism, like Christianity, is martyred upon the cross of Prejudice. A bigoted and ignorant generation away with them! cruelly hounding the object thereby showing his incompetency to fulfill his eternal design.

What more natural than that the spirit of Jesus should manifest itself to his disciples, and hundreds of others, as it did in a variety of ways, and at different times; and when it is asserted that as positive and indubitable evidence can be adduced that spirits of the departed now have the same power to manifest themselves in the medium of a person, as met by the opposer of our beautiful faith—nay, belief—with as much continuity and reproach as the Jews cast upon the guiltless reformer, and without measure or mercy. Spiritualism proves, to a demonstration, that the same unseen power that opened the prison doors, and rolled the stone from the sepulchre, is operative at the present day, in the medium of a person, as met by the opposer of our beautiful faith—nay, belief—with as much continuity and reproach as the Jews cast upon the guiltless reformer, and without measure or mercy.

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ware of believing in modern sorcery and listening to mediums, who are so rapidly increasing in our midst. He explains the manifestations of spirit-presence and power to be the work of the devil. He strenuously urges his flock to work out their own salvation—in other words, to be their own mediators—then inconsistently represents the divine plan of salvation to be effected through the mediocrity of Jesus, the only mediator between God and man, and presumes to aver that he has heard the High calling him to receive the appointment of mediator, or medium, between Jesus and man, with the view of reconciling the world unto himself. The errors and absurdities into which they are betrayed who receive the doctrine of a vicarious atonement are without number. The innate Jehovah is represented as interceding with himself—his honor and glory to be maintained, and his favor to be secured, by a belief that he is the self-offered atoning sacrifice for sin; the God manifested in the flesh as the divine redeemer, in and by whom he is reconciling the world unto himself, and yet foreordained that a large share of the world should forever remain unreconciled to him; a mediator between his own divine and human nature, attempting to reconcile himself to himself; sealing with his own blood the surety of the covenant, insuring that his blessings will ever be bestowed in virtue of his merits and intercession, which intercession, and the efficacy of whose merits, after all prove wholly unavailing. Thus sinners are invited to purchase faith in the boundless blessings of God's forgiving grace, secured to them by his unavailing intercession with himself.

The infidel to this theory is referred for proof of its validity to the so-called divine oracles. In all ages, and among all nations—Christian, savage and heathen—recourse to some sort of mediation has been universal. In all forms of religion the mediocrity of a mediator between a supreme divinity and man, taught with more or less enthusiasm. To this end, sacrifices have been made to the Most High as an expiatory virtue—that is, they made atonement for those that offered them. The heathen, as well as Christian world, refers to its oracles for divine approval of its obligations. But the Christian world is alone in the sacrifice of a God incarnated in the flesh. The ancient Druids sacrificed human beings, not not their gods. The wicked Ammonites worshipped their idol God Moloch with human sacrifices, but they sacrificed not their god, neither Baal as a representative. The Jewish religion required the scrupulous observance of sacrificial rites. According to the law of Moses, sacrifices could not be offered in any other place than in the court of God's sanctuary—the same God who commanded the patriarch Abraham to offer up his only son Isaac for a burnt offering upon a distant mountain, which tragical and ungodlike account is received by many as a prophetic allusion to the great atoning sacrifice which, in the fullness of time, was to be offered for the sins of men.

Christendom contemplates with satisfaction that all sins are absorbed by the Deity crucified. Deeply founded in Jewish and Heathen lore is the doctrine of atonement, the substituting of offerings and sacrifices for holiness of life and purpose. Whereas, reason and analogy sufficiently establish that every child of earth is a mediator between himself and his God, to whom alone must be made propitiation. The only adequate and efficacious atonement consists in the individual sacrifice of every sin. No consistent or practical system can be built on any other foundation. How blighting to moral and spiritual growth is the great principle of the Christian faith, that a grand and efficacious atonement was made for sin by the sacrifice of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus the sinner is taught that, though under the wrath of God, and the condemnation of his just law, by having faith, and faith only, in the atoning blood of Christ, he is delivered from a just condemnation, and made an heir of eternal life and glory. The essential principle of the new and spiritual gospel is that man is his own redeemer, that no atonement can be made for him, that he becomes his own savior by a self-sacrifice—the sacrifice of all righteousness. The spiritual gospel demonstrates the birth, life and death of Jesus to have been wholly governed by natural law. If not, then are God's laws changeable and mutable. The believer in miracles attributes the singular phenomena which attended Jesus' birth, life and death entirely to the miraculous. If the divine power was ever exercised in suspending the operation of Nature's laws, in any specific event, why the cessation of this power? If miracles were performed in attestation of an extraordinary divine interposition as transcending the order of Nature, why should not the same display of divine power ever have existed? The pupil in the spiritualist school is taught that the God of heaven being "without variableness or shadow of turning," never did, and never will, produce an effect contrary to or by the suspension of the laws of Nature. That the turning of water into wine, the calming of the tempest, the feeding of the five thousand, the restoring the sight of the blind, the curing of the withered hand, the cleansing of the ten lepers, and the raising of Lazarus from the grave, but demonstrate the influence of mind over matter, which inherent thought and will produce power in man has ever and will ever exist.

Spiritualism is the key not only to all past revelation, but the more modern tales of witchcraft. It reveals that thousands of innocent persons, denominated witches and wizards, were hanged and burned by the relentless persecutor, Bigotry—dressed, too, in sacerdotalibus. The pilgrim fathers who sailed from England in the Mayflower, on the Rock of Plymouth where they first planted their feet, planted also the seeds of intolerance and persecution, which resulted in torturing and condemning innocent but unfortunate humanity, ay, even to the stake. The Puritans conscientiously believed in witchcraft, as they must to believe in the penitentiary inspiration of their Bible. Will our Orthodox friends admit that they take exceptions to Biblical history? Otherwise, they are obliged to concede to the doctrine and truth of witchcraft, which, if they can prove an illusion out of the Bible, so it must be in it. Then, reasoning analogically, how is it to be determined and proven that the whole sacred structure had not its origin in illusions of the imagination? For our Bible friends must be aware that if they remove one stone from the building, others may fall, until finally the great fabric is shaken as a reed in the wind, when, according to Hosea, they who have sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

The spirit of intolerance and persecution manifested by the priestly accusers who voluntarily became the executioners of the innocent, in the trying days of Salem witchcraft, sailed from the fatherland to these shores, in the year 1620, under the assumed name of Christianity. When the archangel's trumpet sound—summoning the dead to awake, to give an account for the deeds done in the body—what a fearful sentence will be passed upon those who so ruthlessly sacrificed hosts of blameless and innocent beings. Yes; the leaders in the unholy crusade against witchcraft, were the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The self-appointed, self-promoted ministers of heaven, accused the innocent of a crime that some modern divines contend did not even have an existence.

I recently heard the assertion from a minister in the pulpit, that there was not the least particle of evidence in history, either sacred or profane, which would warrant the belief in such mys-

Written for the Banner of Light.

WAIL OF AN ANGUISHED SPIRIT.

GIVEN THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, TO THE FAINTLY RELATIVES OF THE CONTROLLING SPIRIT, DR. SOLOMON BROWN.

Through the opened spirit-portal
From the land beyond earth's strife,
Comes a sorrowing immortal,
Breathing of the other life.

Oh! my cup is full of sadness,
I can never happy be,
Never reach the realm of gladness,
Till my prisoned soul is free.

Are not your dear spirits addoned,
Earthly relatives, to think
That my mental powers were maddened
By intoxicating drink?

In this fiery hell of anguish
In this awful gulf of woe,
Must my soul forever languish,
Nevermore sweet peace to know?

Ah! I wrongly used the powers
By a Heavenly Father given,
Mistaken life's golden hours,
Nurtured hell instead of heaven.

Will no glorious angel kindly
Crush out this base appetite,
Which my earth-bark led so blindly
On the rocks of mental night?

Why was I not turned from danger
By some guardian power above;
Why did not some friendly stranger
Breathe a warning voice of love?

Ah! no angel-friend could gather
Strength sufficient in my soul,
That would turn my fettered nature
From the devil-haunted bowl.

On I rushed to degradation,
Drained the foul and murderous cup,
Courtin' e'en the mad temptation,
Till my life seemed burning up.

Thus, unto my being's closing,
By this demon was I led,
Unaware I was reproving
In the syren-tempter's bed.

And must I thus toss forever
On these seething waves of woe;
Shall I never, never sever
All alliance with this foe?

Ah! I hear a voice low saying
"Brother spirit, do not fear,
All the angels now are praying
That you soon may join them here."

From your present dark condition
Upward will your soul-foot rise,
Till you reach that bright Elysian,
Where God's gifts you'll better prize.

Every step of your uprising
Shall with gems of truth be bright,
Your immortal brow baptizing
In their living beams of light."

With this vision thus before me,
I will on my journey start,
Trusting that the glories o'er me
Soon will be my blessed part.

When your home again I visit,
Oh! may I enabled be
To impart the joy exquisite,
That my soul at last is free.

Correspondence.

Letter from Jennie S. Rudd.

Dear Friends—Because you hear from me so seldom, I hope you do not therefore conclude you are forgotten. Be assured you often are the subject of my thoughts and conversation. Sometimes, in the stillness of twilight, when memory takes a retrospective view, sweeping back into the long ago, and bringing before my mental vision, as in a grand panorama, scenes past and gone, there appears upon the canvas of the soul your familiar faces; the kind welcome extended to the weary medium stranger, as she came into a land of strangers, far away from the happy home she left in response to your call, to do the angels' bidding—the hospitality extended, the kind and encouraging words spoken, the assistance rendered in the performance of duty, the pleasant hours spent in your society, the affectionate farewell as I left you after a short sojourn to fulfill other engagements, are bright spots in my picture of life, upon which I love to gaze. How I should delight to peep into each and every one of your homes this evening and have a social chat, or a walk in the lovely moonlight. But as I cannot do this, I will write you a few lines, and ask our mutual friend, the "BANNER," to let you all read it at once.

Since last you heard from me I have been constantly "about my Father's business," to which I devote most of my time and strength. To the best of my judgment, our cause never looked more promising than now. Throughout the land the cry is, "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Tell us, oh thou woman with the priceless gift, who bringest tidings from yon distant shore, how it is with those who have crossed with the pale boatman? Do they yet live, and do they love us still?" And with almost every mail comes the earnest call, as a natural result, "Come over and help us." Truly, "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few," and this is the only discouraging feature I see, namely, the scarcity of mediums.

In Stafford, Conn., where I recently spoke two Sabbaths, the truth is progressing finely. The audiences are good, and composed of intelligent minds. I enjoyed my visit very much with the friends there. Mediums will seldom meet with better influences than in the old stone hall in Stafford. As I sat in the desk, and the sweet voices of the well-trained choir fell on my ear, their music brought almost enough inspiration without the aid of the trance.

Leaving the friends in S., I made a short stop in Williamstown, then hastened home to meet my friend, Annie Lord Chamberlain, who was to give a series of sances at our house. She gave ten circles, to the satisfaction as well as amusement of a large number of persons who had never witnessed anything of the kind. Let me say one word about this gifted lady.

Friends, if you have never seen her, or her sister, Jennie Lord, you are yet in the dark. One gentleman, who has always been quite skeptical in regard to physical manifestations, although a firm Spiritualist, says he never fully realized the difference between belief and knowledge, until he was present at her circles; that no price would tempt him to part with what he there gained at trifling expense; and that any individual who can attend two or three of them, and then say he does not know that spirits communicate, must be indeed bigoted. I would strongly urge every socie-

ty to form a little club, and try to secure the services of this remarkable medium.

My next trip was to Northampton, a lovely spot—the home of Mount Tom. As you gaze upon his huge, rugged form, with his head among the clouds, he seems to look down upon the smaller hills with contempt. Here, at the comfortable home of Mr. P., I spent ten days very pleasantly; lectured two Sabbaths to large and intellectual audiences, and held six circles. While here I met Dr. Phillips, of Westfield, a gentleman of wonderful power in treatment of disease. During the few minutes he was operating on my eyes, he almost cured them of a troublesome weakness with which I have been afflicted for seven years. I here also made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, powerful healing mediums, who should be more widely known, as they are capable of doing a vast amount of good. I also called on Dr. Newton, at Springfield—the modern Jesus, in the astonishing cures he readily performs. He helped me very much, so that I have felt like a new creature ever since. He is too well known to need any word from me. Long may he live to bless suffering humanity.

I cut my visit short with the good friends in Northampton, that I might be present at our anniversary in Boston, which I enjoyed very much, and arrived home just in time to repack my carpet bag and start for Portsmouth, N. H. Here again I met kind friends and well filled halls; also, my friend, Annie Lord Chamberlain, who was giving circles there with great success. Much to my regret, I was obliged to leave the friends sooner than they anticipated, to fulfill an engagement in North Easton, where I found a little band of true-hearted, earnest workers struggling for life, as it were. Here is a good opportunity for trance or inspirational speakers to lend a helping hand in rolling onward the car of Truth. On my way from Portsmouth, I stopped at Abington, to enjoy the first picnic of the season, where I met many friendly souls and familiar faces, and had a pleasant time.

I cannot close this letter, already too long, without saying a word about our Seventh Regiment, which arrived home this morning. The merry ringing of bells, booming of cannon, and music of the band, gave the occasion the appearance of a joyous one, and certainly so it was. But as I gazed upon those war-worn veterans, my emotions were those of mingled joy and sorrow. Of the full ranks which left here nearly three years ago, only some two hundred and sixty have returned. Some have enlisted, some are in hospitals, but where are the others? Alas! while many a loving wife is clasped to the bosom of her long absent husband, children and parents, brothers and sisters are restored once more to each other's fond embrace, all with a joy too deep for utterance, many a broken-hearted widow, as she looks into the tearful faces of her fatherless children, can answer the question; and as they ask a again, "Has not our father, too, come home? and shall we never see him more?" her soul sinks beneath its mighty load of grief, and burying her face in her hands, she can only sob, "Oh! that this cup might have passed from me!" Poor widow! the staff upon which you leaned is gone. The form you loved so well lies far away on yonder battlefield. Dear orphans! angels protect you. The pathway of life must be trod without the example, the counsel and guidance of a fond father—that voice which was never heard save in accents of kindness and love, is now silent:

"And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is, alas! no kiss for you!"

It is on such occasions as these, if ever, that I prize my mediumship—then that all obstacles, privations and sacrifices cease as nothing—then that I wish my voice was like a trumpet, that I might go forth and proclaim to the sorrowing ones of earth, there is no death! Your loved ones still live, though their forms lie mouldering in the churchyard. The affection of those dear departed ones outlives the chilling hand of dissolution. Their spirit-hands oft press your brow, their spirit-voices oft whisper in your ear, and in the silent watches of the night you see their spirit-forms, that come as tokens of the love that cannot die, and call it dreaming.

That I may be the humble instrument in spirit-hands of leading some souls from the darkness of bigotry to the light of common sense, and pouring a few drops of comfort into the cup of the widow, the orphan, and all who mourn—of rendering some slight assistance in removing every yoke, breaking every fetter, and bringing those now in mental and physical bondage into glorious liberty, is the earnest prayer of

JENNIE S. RUDD.

Taunton, Mass., June 20, 1864.

Notes from Miss Beckwith.

DEAR BANNER—Are there rooms in your house untenanted? Then please let me occupy one corner, for I feel like retreating for one moment from surrounding scenes, to the pleasant apartments of your interesting columns.

The rose-filled days of June have nearly glided from our grasp, and soon the heat of a July month and August will be upon us. Nature pauses not in her march, e'en though the groans of our dying soldiers wake into mournful song the voices which come from our waiting hearts. But I was thinking this morning of our readers in the spiritual field, who are daily gathering in the fruits springing from the seed which in years ago was sown. How strangely beautiful are the changes, the progressive changes, which greet us on every hand. Years ago those who were numbered among the itinerants had hard work before them, when they left home's sunny skies to toil in the harvest-field of Mind. They were noble souls and brave who hurled back into the face of the foe that which was hurled at them in wrath. Ay, brave and true and loyal were those men and women who dared in the strength of their souls to stand unmoved, or move with steady step and firm, while denunciatory opinions met them at every hand.

Some of those early pioneers have gone home to the land of spring eternal. Our dear Acha, and others, who, like her, labored; but their lives were not in vain. The field whose soil was broken by their plows, receiving first from their hand the inserted seed of a perfected growth, is to-day whitened for the harvest, and we of later development are invited here to break and prepare these well-filled ears, that those who ask may have, and the hunger of their souls be satisfied: Let us not forget those early workers. Our paths are pleasant (sometimes I think too pleasant for the accomplishment of great good), and our lines fall in pleasant places; but we are indebted for this to the angel-power which struggled through the hearts of our early workers. Not a ray of light falls in vain, and so from day to day the minds about us are growing. I note the happy change in every place.

In Lowell, where, for this past month, I have spoken, I find the friends growing in strength. The doors of their churches, and the doors of their hearts are thrown open more widely than before, and from old to young the angel command of "forward" urges them with success.

The Lyceum is truly in a flourishing condition, and I think if all our Christian brethren could but

see the happy faces of the groups as they gather, they would be strongly tempted to come in and partake of the feast of reason.

With a grateful heart I bid once more adieu to Lowell friends, and haste to answer the call which mother sends, "Come home!" Hoping with renewed strength, to begin with the month of September the work of another season, I am ever in truth yours,

M. L. BECKWITH.

Lowell, Mass., June 27, 1864.

Notes from the West by Mrs. Gore.

One's life seems naturally to form into sections, or chapters, as its successive dramas close and drop into the past, and new ones open before us. As we are now withdrawing the interests and the life-threads of our being from the scenes and persons of the last drama, and are emerging slowly and stupidly into the new, we find that we have left so much of our heart behind, that we are more essentially and truly there than we are ostensibly here in the form. In any moment of abstraction the spirit-form of the recent guest might be seen gliding about the pleasant grounds, or lingering in the rooms of the home just left, or, oftener, standing and gazing silently on the outstretched lake, that lies cold and blue beneath this Northern sky. Whether in form or spirit, one might gaze forever on this "Lake of the Northland" and its "dower of beauty," dream and gaze, gaze and dream, on the endless themes of life and its mysteries, its loves, its hates, its struggles and its destiny. With a brief sketch of this selected ground we will leave it, and you, dear BANNER, and pass on into the valleys of life, its duller scenes and sterner duties.

We had a delightful trip in early May, two hundred miles up the Mississippi from McGregor, to reach this place. We called first at the young city of Wabash, and found there some stern thinkers and progressive souls, who are solving the problems of life with an appreciation of the lessons involved. John Hitt, Elias Howard, R. Olmsted, are among the representative minds of the place.

From thence we came to Pepin, which lies on Lake Pepin, on the Wisconsin side. It commands an extensive view of the lake and its western shore. The serene sky, its exhilarating atmosphere, its beautiful landscapes, its hunting grounds—a poet can conceive of, but we cannot describe. Here in this sacred retreat, Col. Benjamin Allen has chosen a home, and made a residence as beautiful, elaborate and elegant as nature around would suggest. Here we spent seven weeks resting and recreating, and enjoying the hospitalities and society of our host and hostess. Nowhere have our wandering footsteps strayed where flowers bloomed sweeter, the air was purer, the winds sig! a sadder, as they swept over the lake and through the trees, than in this long-to-be-remembered spot. My choicest angels watch and guard its interest; may their care and keeping be over its inmates till we meet in that higher home which this foreshadows.

N. R. GORE.

Durand, Peppin Co., Wis., June 26, 1864.

Spiritualism in Syracuse.

For some years past Spiritual Meetings and the teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy have been among the things that were in this city, but thanks to the angel-world, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, inspirational speaker, we have had a revival of spirit-communion—not a revival of religion which brings forth creeds and sectarian bigotry—but a revival of ideas innate in every human mind, that no change of heart can make men or women better unless they fully understand a little of their origin, their meaning and their destiny.

Mrs. Hutchinson is second to no speaker in the field, and our friends elsewhere would do well to secure her services, if they wish any one to expound the philosophy of Nature, and the truths of immortal life. Her answers to promiscuous questions by the audience, scatters the skeptic's unbelief, as a broadside of grape and canister scatters the rebels. As a speaker she is genial as the summer day, yet with force enough to impress the truth of her argument home to every mind; her lectures are of a character which commend them to the favorable consideration of every intelligent and truth-loving mind. For thrilling eloquence, beauty of diction, and soundness of principles advanced, they have never been equalled in this city. Long may she live to carry the hope and joy of angel-communion to those who sit in darkness and live under the fear of traveling to that bourne whence none return. She has lectured to us during June to rapidly increasing audiences, and such has been the interest awakened that she will remain with us during July, lecturing morning and evening, at Convention Hall, except the last Sunday in July, when we intend to have an excursion to Three River Point, to meet other friends joining our forces to speed the car of Progression.

The BANNER comes to us each week laden with spiritual food from every quarter of the Republic, teaching us to bless our race, to elevate our kind, and take the fetters from the human mind.

E. F. BUTTERFIELD, M. D.

Annual Excursion of the Chiopeo Lyceum.

One of the main objects of Spiritualism is to make people happy in the earth-life. This is a great and good mission which our beautiful faith is daily and hourly practically illustrating. And acting upon this principle, the children of the Chiopeo Lyceum, or Sabbath School, gave their first annual excursion on Thursday, the 23d of June, accompanied by about fifty members of the society. Of course, there is but one place in this vicinity where Spiritualists think they can spend a day away from the dust and din of town-life, and that is at that most pleasant of summer resorts, Mt. Holyoke.

At eleven o'clock, the entire party had reached the summit, and a season of enjoyment among the children ensued which cannot be easily described. A sumptuous repast was served in the hall at twelve, of which the little ones partook with a zest heightened by their long ride.

Quickly thereafter the tables were cleared away, and the hall put in trim for speaking. Short addresses were then delivered by Mrs. Spence—everybody knows Mrs. Spence, or at least, ought to—Miss Flavia Howe, of Pequotine, Conn., an excellent trance medium, and Mrs. E. C. Kent, lately of Richmond, Va.

The "light fantastic too" was then tripped by both old and young, and "King Happiness" reigned supreme. A stroll in the grove was now in order, and harmless amusement indulged in to the heart's content.

At five o'clock the children were safely down the mountain, and on the way to their homes, highly pleased with the pleasures of the day; and it is with kindly feelings that they remember Mrs. Lyman Van Horn for suggesting and aiding in carrying out the idea of an excursion, and Mr. Amariah Bullens for the very efficient part which he performed to add to their enjoyment—both of

whom were members of the Committee of Arrangements.

Much more might be said, but we have already sufficiently trespassed upon the generosity of our publishers, and forbear for the present.

G. CHIOPEO, Mass., July 2, 1864.

New Boston, Mercer County, Ill.

This little town is built on the north-east side of a heap of sand, washed on the other side by the Mississippi, which forms its steamboat outlet in the summer, and ice-path in winter. It is a small village, with some elegant residences and a sure sign of wealth, the source of which one looks after in vain in the village, but on looking over the farms in this vicinity, it is no longer a mystery.

Mercer County lies between the Rock Island and Burlington Railroads. I have several times supposed myself in the best farming district of the State, but here is the best I have yet seen. I am more and more surprised at the agricultural resources of this Empire State, and so will all travelers from the East be who visit it away from its railroads. Here I have found the richest farmers; and the most intelligent citizens are Spiritualists, and although away from railroads are well supplied with books and papers, and well posted in the principles and progress of our Philosophy.

Dudley Willets has done much by lecturing on reforms, and Miss Crow, of Wisconsin, as a medium, has given her tests and communications here a few months; but I find reason and the Boston Investigator have done much to enlighten the minds, and prepare them for spiritual truth. I have given four lectures here to very intelligent audiences. The preachers and their assistants have been greatly frightened by the infidelity manifested by the people to their husky teachings and their evident interest in these new things.

WARREN CHASE.

Churchmen Standing in their own Light.

We live in a rural district, and where there are many who have investigated and are much interested in the phenomena-teachings of Spiritualism. We have many skeptics among us, who, if they would honestly investigate, would add to their own comfort and advancement in knowledge and truth. Some will not allow the BANNER OF LIGHT to be read in their houses, yet hold high position in society and Church. Church dogmas and creeds being their highest conceptions of wisdom, they believe progression to be infidelity, and Spiritualism the workings of the devil. Could that superstitious jealousy be removed, and they honestly investigate—read the BANNER with the same interest they do the political papers of the day, they would have more peace of mind, enjoy more comfort, and be far more congenial members of society. All the phenomena, including the powers of healing, they think belong to the arts of some black demon. The power of such a being whose attributes are learned only through superstition and bigotry, is to them most awful. If such persons could be induced to investigate properly, they would soon be convinced of the truth and see the light of a brighter day dawning upon their path.

WM. P. COOPER.

Bart., Lancaster Co., Pa.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

(From the German—For the Boston Post.)

A silent angel noiseless flies
From Heaven's high firmament;
To soothe all sorrowing hearts he hies,
By God the East he sent.
His glance on all doth peace bestow,
And grace and innocence;
His presence dries the tears of woe—
The Angel of Patience!

And us this angel safely leads
Through all our griefs and cares,
While with our hearts he gently pleads,
And us for Heaven prepares.
When we are fainting, in despair,
He doth our fears dispel,
Helps us our heavy cross to bear,
And makes, again, all well.

To gentle sorrow he converts
The most soul-piercing smart,
And humbles, what false pride perverts,
The erring human heart.
He makes for us the darkest hour
Again with brightness glow,
And sweetens all misfortunes sour,
Effectually, if slow.

With ours he mingles his own tears,
And all our bruises heals;
He soothes our griefs and calms our fears,
And Heaven to us reveals.
And if, by cruel sufferings drove,
We, murmuring, ask, "Oh, why?"
Then with a smile he points above,
To Him who rules on high.

He cannot, all at once, prepare
To wipe away each tear;
His constant motto is: "Still bear!
The place of rest is near!"
Thy light and angel walks,
His silent aid to lend;
And, though he very little talks,
He is our truest friend.

Miss Sprague's Book.

It gives us much pleasure to transfer to our columns the following just notice of our dear friend and correspondent, Miss Sprague, and her Poems. The subjoined appeared in the Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times of July 1st:

THE POET AND OTHER POEMS. By Acha W. Sprague. Boston: William White & Co. For sale by Johnson & Babbitt, Bellows Falls; E. J. Carpenter, Brattleboro; Chamberlin & Keyes, Felchville.

In this section of Vermont there are few, we apprehend, who have not been attracted by and interested in this book. The variety of subjects treated upon is such that the reader will be very likely to find somewhere in it that which is especially adapted to his own feelings. The sick, the weary, the mourner, the convalescent, and various other classes, will all find a page of sympathetic thought. Miss Sprague springs from the people, was self-made, and her life is another instance of the benefits of our free government and its free institutions. Springing thus from the people, she was loved by them. Her early life was one of bitter poverty and great domestic trial. We do not now refer to her as a teacher of what claims to be Spiritual Philosophy, for hers was an uncommon mind without that, an example of perseverance and success for the young. The book, however, recalls to us the many occasions when, years ago, we listened to her as a trance speaker, and to none of that class of speakers have we ever listened with so much interest. Others may have a different theory, but we attribute this to her superior intellect. But our own knowledge of the subject of this book has led us from the book itself. In addition to subjects alluded to above, there are several poems upon the affairs of the country, as upon "Emancipation in the District of Columbia," &c., the spirit of freedom pervading them all.

The compilation and editorial work of the book has been done by a gentleman whose natural capacities and fine culture peculiarly fitted him for the labor, and the task has been well done; and though we thus speak of one it has always been a pleasure to reckon as a personal friend, we think we have not overstated the case on that account, but lest we may have done so, we give the opinion of others who can have no such bias. A writer in the Christian Repository says, "He has performed his office with delicacy and discrimina-

tion." The same writer commends the book as one which "abounds in stirring thoughts and felicitous of portrayal, and is eminently practical as well as high-toned and ideal." The Continental Monthly for July, which stands in the front rank of American literature, and consequently high authority, in a notice of this work, says: "These poems are characterized by great ease of style, flowing rhythm, earnestness in the cause of philanthropy, and frequently contain high moral lessons."

Miss Sprague, we believe, was born in Plymouth, in which was her home where she finally died, and there and in leading her public career commenced. Her friends are of course numerous in this section of the country, and they can but regret that this book with lively interest, and a memento of her whom they have so much admired.

One hundred and sixty convicts will be released from the different prisons in New York, under the operation of the recent law passed—which rewards the good conduct of convicts by a shortening of sentence. The working of the system will be something like the English Ticket-of-Leave.

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.)

Miss LIZZIE DORRIS will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, 31 Front street, Boston, Mass. Miss CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Old Town, July 11 and 12; in Lincoln, July 13; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May, 1865; in Chelsea, during February.

Miss M. S. TOWERS will speak in Providence, R. I., during July; in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 22. Address as above.

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

Miss MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stamford, Conn., Sept. 4 and 5; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 19; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 3; in Springfield, Oct. 23 and 24; in Philadelphia during November; in Taunton during January; in Worcester during March. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

BRUCE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Rockport, Me., July 17 and 18; in Newburyport, July 21 and 22; in Lowell, July 23 and 24; in New York, July 25 and 26; in New Haven, July 27 and 28; in New Bedford, July 29 and 30; in Boston, Aug. 1 and 2; in Worcester, Aug. 3 and 4; in Springfield, Aug. 5 and 6; in Taunton, Aug. 7 and 8; in Lowell, Aug. 9 and 10; in Quincy, Aug. 11 and 12; in Chelsea, Aug. 13 and 14; in Rockford, Aug. 15 and 16; in Rockport, Aug. 17 and 18; in Newburyport, Aug. 19 and 20; in New Haven, Aug. 21 and 22; in New Bedford, Aug. 23 and 24; in Boston, Aug. 25 and 26; in Worcester, Aug. 27 and 28; in Springfield, Aug. 29 and 30; in Taunton, Sept. 1 and 2; in Lowell, Sept. 3 and 4; in Quincy, Sept. 5 and 6; in Chelsea, Sept. 7 and 8; in Rockford, Sept. 9 and 10; in Rockport, Sept. 11 and 12; in Newburyport, Sept. 13 and 14; in New Haven, Sept. 15 and 16; in New Bedford, Sept. 17 and 18; in Boston, Sept. 19 and 20; in Worcester, Sept. 21 and 22; in Springfield, Sept. 23 and 24; in Taunton, Sept. 25 and 26; in Lowell, Sept. 27 and 28; in Quincy, Sept. 29 and 30; in Chelsea, Oct. 1 and 2; in Rockford, Oct. 3 and 4; in Rockport, Oct. 5 and 6; in Newburyport, Oct. 7 and 8; in New Haven, Oct. 9 and 10; in New Bedford, Oct. 11 and 12; in Boston, Oct. 13 and 14; in Worcester, Oct. 15 and 16; in Springfield, Oct. 17 and 18; in Taunton, Oct. 19 and 20; in Lowell, Oct. 21 and 22; in Quincy, Oct. 23 and 24; in Chelsea, Oct. 25 and 26; in Rockford, Oct. 27 and 28; in Rockport, Oct. 29 and 30; in Newburyport, Nov. 1 and 2; in New Haven, Nov. 3 and 4; in New Bedford, Nov. 5 and 6; in Boston, Nov. 7 and 8; in Worcester, Nov. 9 and 10; in Springfield, Nov. 11 and 12; in Taunton, Nov. 13 and 14; in Lowell, Nov. 15 and 16; in Quincy, Nov. 17 and 18; in Chelsea, Nov. 19 and 20; in Rockford, Nov. 21 and 22; in Rockport, Nov. 23 and 24; in Newburyport, Nov. 25 and 26; in New Haven, Nov. 27 and 28; in New Bedford, Nov. 29 and 30; in Boston, Dec. 1 and 2; in Worcester, Dec. 3 and 4; in Springfield, Dec. 5 and 6; 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THE BURDEN OF EVANGEL THE PROPHET.

CHAPTER I.

1. It shall be manifest, what *was*, and *is*, and *is to be*.
 2. Awake, ye that slumber; arise from the dead, Oh, inhabitants of America.
 3. Behold, the HIGHER LAW is written in letters of blood! Repent ye, for the Republic of Heaven is at hand.
 4. When the East was dim in my sight, I, the Lord of Hosts, lifted me up a people out of many kindreds and tongues; and I bore them across great waters to a promised land.
 5. The red man came with stealth to destroy them, and I delivered them into their hand; and before them the wild beast fell. In the battle the British fled, and the Frenchman, and the Tripolitan, and the Mexican; they all fled affrighted and dismayed, saying, The Lord is with them, and we cannot prevail.
 6. I set victory on their banner; and in the eyes of all the nations did exalt it.
 7. The melodies of many waters were glad for them; the flowers bedewed their feet with sweetness; the fruits kissed their lips; the tall cedars and pines bowed to them; the oaks trembled with reverence for them, and mines of gold and silver rose up to greet them, with gardens of jewels in the deep.
 8. And I said in my love, Descend, sun and rain, and grow for them the fruits of the soil; rush forth for them, ye flocks and herds, ye beasts of fur and fish of oil; all ye creatures that breathe, multiply for them, in lakes, and in streams, and in wildernesses, and in the heavens.
 9. Did not the South rejoice for my goodness? I blossomed the plantations with cotton; they smiled for the cane and the orange; the orchards and groves were full of tropical riches.
 10. Were not all these my blessings because I loved my people? Yea, I loved them till all the isles envied them, and all the ends of the earth praised them.
 11. They served me in invention; they worshipped me in art; they found me in Science; with my wisdom were they crowned; and all generations came from afar to enjoy the wonderful love of my heart to my chosen people.

CHAPTER II.

1. In the beginning was my word of life established, even the central law of natural Right.
 2. Behold, they shall live as a nation, saith the Lord, though I have appointed them in trial, because they established it in holy covenant.
 3. Saying, One Father hath created us; therefore all men are brethren of one family.
 4. And again they established it in the tables of the law, The Lord our God hath endowed us all with equal rights; therefore let us secure to all life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They shall live as a nation, they shall live when I shake the foundation thereof; THEY SHALL LIVE! because the beginning is in equity and righteousness.

CHAPTER III.

1. The angels of God descended to hear the psalm of rejoicing in earth; and they prophesied great glory to America.
 2. And with one accord they all sung the olden song, Peace on earth and good-will toward men.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Then the Lord looked for Judgment, and behold, a Cry!
 2. The song so glad in the morning of the new nation was turned to sighing, and lamentation was heard in heaven; and the angels wept, saying, An enemy hath sown tares in the Eden of our God!
 3. Wherefore did ye slumber, oh spirits of the Revolution? But ye were weary in well-doing, and your eyes were dull to the future, and ye could not voice.
 4. And a voice said, Sleep on; but behold, a betrayer is at hand!

CHAPTER V.

1. Who said in a proviso, All men are not equal? My people!
 2. They married Good and Evil, and begat them children of Compromise, who forsook the landmarks of the Fathers.
 3. They disregarded my justice; they mocked my hand of correction; they governed by expediency!
 4. They lusted after Mammon, and worshipped him in temples dedicated to my name.
 5. And they said, Go, now, let us kidnap slaves in Africa, and sell them in America, that we may be rich; for is not our freedom liberty to do this thing?
 6. So they made, them slave-ships with dark holes to put them in, and chains to hold them, and knives to torture them into obedience, and whips to drive them, and branding-irons which they burned into the live flesh that they might know them if they ran away and were caught again; and they made them dungeons under the ground for safe keeping till the time of sales. Yea, they polluted the sea and land with their outrages and oppressions; and their moral courage failed them to remove a Curse.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Whose are these tears that fall on us as frozen rain upon a garden in summer? Whose are these groans that plead from the prisons? Whose are these agonies that shriek from the whipping-posts? Whose are these cries from under the auction-stands?
 2. Behold a day of judgment is set for America! and who shall be able to stand when the Angel of Justice shall descend with red sickle to reap the harvest of death?

CHAPTER VII.

1. And the Lord looked down upon this work, and behold, the whole country was polluted; and the Lord said, Fill ye now the measure of your iniquity, that ye may drink its dregs in the day of my visitation!
 2. And priests and doctors of divinity met in ecclesiastic counsel, and they said, See how much profit slavery is to our Church! we are not the servants thereof; and must we not have means to glorify Christ? So they mocked heaven, and outraged humanity, saying, Slavery is the ordinance of God!
 3. And popular Churches throughout the land set up their new god, and offered the incense of lust.
 4. By the mouth of the wise men in legislation, many of the people said, There is no higher law than the Constitution; is not therefore the Proviso sacred? So they denied the God of Washington, Jefferson and Adams, and put him to an open shame.
 5. And all who had interest in this wickedness, both of the law and of the pulpit, plotted together as gamblers, and they said, Our lands are running

out because of slavery; and the value of our slaves is diminishing; we must have new territory; for a pretence then, let us get up a war with Mexico; and they did what was in their heart.

6. But the Lord baffled their secret lust, and gave the conquered lands to freedom.

7. Then these wicked men came together again, even when the country was in an uproar; and they removed the Compromise Line, not that freedom should reign, but, said they, That we may have our rights to take our slaves wheresoever we will; and they did so, seeking the power and glory of a slave nationality.

8. After this they were bold to defy God.

9. They called another council to pass a decree; and they said, Behold, the bondman and bondwoman do fly from our plantations and sugar mills into the free North, refusing to work for us, as we have ordained;

10. Go to, let us set up a sterner authority, and compel every man to be a slave-hunter, when we say, Help us and our blood-hounds to catch our slaves!

11. And when the robbers of humanity were many and powerful, the judges said, Corruption of blood is in the blacks; they shall not be citizens, nor have any rights which white men are bound to respect.

12. Then the Lord commanded, saying, The iniquity of America is full, unseal the vials of judgment, and give the sign of abomination of desolation on the neutral grounds of Kansas; for the seeds of sin shall become the Upas of death!

13. Behold the horsemen with chariots of fire cometh with an army of angels to America, and the first clash of battle is heard in the heavens!

14. And I, Evangel, saw a sea of blood and the Ship of State struggle with its maddened waves; and I hid my face in prayer, saying, Lord, suffer me not to survive the ruin of my country!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence in Brief.

Visions of the Night.

J. H. sends us an account of "visions of the night" frequently received by him. On one occasion a regular line of battle was shown. It was represented as being three miles long. When the conflict commenced it was terrific in the extreme, and so vividly like a reality that no difference could be observed. In order to obtain these visions, our correspondent upon retiring at night fixes in his mind a request to be informed in relation to some matter. In response to this, his spirit friends present to him an illustration, in all its minute details, of the truth they wish to convey. In the instance he alludes to, the slow gathering of the armies upon either side of a long ridge, the flashing of their weapons, the rattling of drums and the noisy discharge of musketry and cannon were all given.

Spiritualism in Upper Canada.

Allow me through your columns to call on the friends of Spiritualism in Upper and Lower Canada to unite together in an organization for the express purpose of supplying the country with efficient lecturers and disseminating spiritual literature. I am happy to inform you that with the powerful aid of one of the best mediums on the Continent of America, Mr. Ferris of Toledo, we are doing a great work in this city; we have, also, a half kind given us by one of the wealthiest merchants who is also an investigator of this beautiful Philosophy. Mr. Whiting favored us with one of his choicest lectures on his way home from the East. I think the time has fully arrived for some general movement to be made, whereby our fellow-countrymen may be brought to know these self-evident truths so well calculated to prepare us for the duties of this life and give us a clear insight of that life beyond the grave. I shall be happy to correspond with any spiritual friend in the province who would take an interest in forming an organization in his locality.
 London, C. W., June 27. J. SIERREY.

Notes from Vermont.

We left Boston on Wednesday morning, June 22nd, and went to Montpelier. The halls were all engaged, so we did not lecture there. We were the happy guests of Bro. Geo. W. Ripley, until Friday, 1st inst., when we came to Burlington. Bro. Ripley is the only real life reformer that we found in Montpelier. He is making all necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the friends who may attend the Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists, and I presume the friends in this State will then have, as usual, a real awakening. We gave a lecture yesterday afternoon in the little village of Winooski, about two miles from here, to a small but attentive audience. Mrs. Cooley gave readings from the "Hymns of Progress," which caused some of them to be in demand. To-day we leave for Ogdensburg, N. Y., and thence for Illinois. The long dry weather has blasted the hay crop of this State badly. There has been some fine showers in this region since Friday last.
 Burlington, Vt., July 4. L. K. COONLEY.

From a Pioneer in the Cause.

THE BANNER is an indispensable visitant, and we cannot do without it, no matter what the time. When I first embraced the truth of Spiritualism, about fourteen years ago, the tiny raps were all the evidences that were vouchsafed to us of the spirit-life after the dissolution of the body, and gladly did I improve the opportunity to visit the first medium known in this State, who was in Milwaukee. The invisibles took special pains to convince me of the truth, and I have never doubted from that day to this.
 Yours truly, SCHUYLER BUNDY.
 Wheatland, Wt.

Encouraging Sentiments.

Mrs. HEALEY, writing from Washington, N. H., says:

"THE BANNER comes to me weekly, laden with rich treasures from the spiritual, and also from the material world; the Message Department is particularly interesting to me. You have my heartfelt thanks for your unceasing labors in making the BANNER what it is. May its folds be unfurled to every family in the land, bearing messages of love, truth and wisdom."

New Publications.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL, AND THE IMMENSITY OF GOD. By Samuel B. Smith. 429 Broadway, New York. Price ten cents each No.

The first number endeavors to prove that God has not created evil or good, but that both are coeval with him. That a loving father must be justified by his children, and become the expressor of all that is true, pure and good. "Talk of hell—be that hell what it may—it is not from God; nor has he located such a dark domain in any part of the universe. Those who are in evil, are in hell; and as long as they remain in evil, they are still in hell." The Scriptural interpretations in this pamphlet are ingenious, and prove how reason over struggles to overthrow the false and present the true.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for August exhibits a fine table of contents, as usual.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for July is an interesting number.

Lycium Hall.

L. Judd Pardee will speak at Lycium Hall, Sunday, the 17th inst., at 8 p. m.; and at Charles-town, City Hall, Sunday (afternoon and evening), the 24th inst.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

After the Night Comes Morning.

It would be a sorry matter for us all, if we were to be deprived of that single hope which inspires the human breast, that there always comes a day after the night, and after sorrow rejoicing. We are to count on receiving our share of discipline, which includes disappointment as well as the infliction of positive punishment, and we ought to accept it as the necessary application of methods of spiritual education and development. There are times, too, when we are so weighed down with the burden of these disciplinary measures, that it seems to us as if there would never be an end to our suffering. And yet we ought ever to bear in mind, that not until the spirit of rebellion is broken is the rod lifted; that punishment is only for discipline, and when that has been accomplished, and the heart is humbled and softened, punishment is withdrawn. In truth, from the moment when we submit in cheerfulness and with perfect faith to whatever is imposed, we find that there is no such thing as punishment at all.

Our present national trials are sent us for a good purpose. We must admit, in running our eyes backward over our past as a people, that we were altogether too vain and boastful, delighted in shows and superficial acquirements, and hence needed just such humiliation and softening as our sorrows have plentifully brought to us. They have come to us none too soon. The corrupting influences are being rooted out already, though no careful observer can presume to say as yet that they are expurgated altogether. There is plenty of desire for unmanly and unwomanly habits and practices yet, and the tendency to untruthfulness in all things is by no means cleared out of our social arrangement. For all that the tone and character underneath all the rest is more serious and sober than it has been heretofore, and it may safely be said that the vaunting exhibitions which are made of vanity and falsehood are rather surface exhibitions than betrayals from the interior of our society.

This same seriousness and sobriety, therefore, is one of the readiest evidences of the coming of the morning. When our national character shows signs of undergoing a change of this kind, we may confidently speak of it as a decidedly hopeful phenomena. It is with the nation as it is with the individual—when the time arrives for us all to submit in cheerfulness and faith, our period of discipline will expire by its own limitation. And these evidences show themselves as freely almost at the South as the North; the rebel Congress, just prior to its adjournment, passed a manifesto of their principles, declaring themselves ready for peace, sick and tired of the war, and prepared to enter on relations of a friendly character with the North. They state that the land is covered with mourning in both sections, and that there is no use or advantage in carrying on war any longer. Now whatever this may mean or amount to, it is certain that it is a confession of humiliation, sorrow, and repentance on the part of those making it, and an open admission that this discipline has not been of more effect.

War cannot last always; of that every one is aware. And it is succeeded by a peace of an enduring character. Not always do the results fought for actually ensue, we know very well; yet the discipline does not pass for nothing, and the lessons are never forgotten. The cloud we are under to-day must lift in good time, and disclose to our eyes a clear, blue sky which ever symbolizes the peace of heaven. Where men have been rushing at one another, in a fury of hate to destroy each other's lives, they are presently to make terms of friendship again, forgetting their past delinquencies and promising to keep the moral laws with a better faith for the future. If this were not among the scenes of peace and restored harmony which we all hope very soon to see, to what end should we have taken up this heavy burden of war, with its denials and its sacrifices—and why are we persisting in a course which, in the present certainty, brings only apparent grief, suffering, and woe? It must be that what we pay in this day is going to come back to us with increase at some other.

And though we are compelled to look at so many coarse and shameless exhibitions of corruption which this war has brought out in such bold relief, we are not to conclude that there is not humility, engendered of grief and suffering, at work like a leaven in the mass of the people. There is an influence down out of sight, which has no sort of relation to this brazen display of riches wrung out of the sufferings and calamities of war; and when the latter has laid out its whole wild riot of recklessness and dissipation, then will come the time for this better and profounder influence to make itself known in the life of the nation, as it certainly will. And that is the new Morning which is to come after this dark, dark Night of our sadness and suffering.

These present trials are rapidly consolidating our character. It was loose, disjointed, and no ways established and firm before; after this, it will assume a form and a consistency to which it has hitherto been a stranger. Our people must give more time to reflection in the future, and pause to consider what is the real object of life, and whither it tends. This wild dream of sudden wealth, begotten of the war, is not going to hold possession long; it must give way to soberer and more practical thoughts, which have root in the soul rather than in society, and blossom at last in deeds of charity, of beauty, and of a truly religious significance. Unless some such result as this shall be attained, all our present and past discipline will go for nothing—which we cannot make room for in the formula of our secret belief. This nation is tried because it as much deserves as needs to be saved. There is no mistaking the direct interposition of a higher power than our own in the workings of our affairs. This dark night, when there has been at times not even a stray star to be seen, has not been sent us without a purpose, nor shall we confine our existence as a nation unless that purpose shall be accomplished. After the night comes the morning; let us remember that, and hold up by the faith which has been sent us from above.

An Annie Lord Chamberlain Seance.

We were present at a seance recently given by Annie Lord Chamberlain at West Roxbury, during which some of the most interesting manifestations occurred. It was held at a private residence, and all present being firm believers, it was apparent that the harmony produced by the perfect confidence each had in the other, greatly assisted our unseen friends in their efforts to amuse, instruct and interest us. A guitar was floated above our heads, being played upon all the time by spirit-hands, and a beautiful and correct accompaniment performed upon it while we sung. A remarkable feature in these manifestations, if any one can be thus designated where all are so remarkable, is the celerity with which articles are moved. The guitar, while being played upon, struck the centre of the table; it was then passed over our heads to a distance of ten or twelve feet to the floor, then to the side of the room, and next to the ceiling, and back to the table, and all this in two or three seconds. A number of bells were rung, keeping time to singing; a tambourine, a violin, trumpet, triangle and various other instruments took part in the performance. We were fanned by our invisible guests with genuine palm-leaves, and sprinkled in the veritable old Calvinistic mode of baptism. Fifteen or twenty copies of the BANNER were distributed in far less time than could be done by our post-office clerks, evidently with the intention of showing us that the paper ought to have a good circulation; and a table-cloth was folded artistically over a young lady's shoulders. During all these performances our spirit-friends patted each of us upon cheek and shoulder, whispered in our ears, and in various ways manifested unto us their "loving kindness."

After all was over and Mrs. C. had left the room, it was written by the hand of another medium, "What you have seen to-night is but the prelude of that which is to come. The time is rapidly approaching when the two worlds will be so assimilated that their inhabitants will see eye to eye."

Our Message Department.

We are continually receiving letters expressive of the satisfaction derived by our readers from the "Message Department," and in confirmation of the truth of statements therein made. We think no unprejudiced person can peruse the contents of our seventh page, from week to week, without being convinced that they emanate from the source from which we claim to receive them. The great diversity of thought and sentiment, and the equally diverse style of expression, combine to prove this. While no two messages are alike in either of these particulars, each individual message preserves its own peculiar character throughout. It is nearly eight years since the publication of this paper commenced, and during all this period each week's issue has contained from six to fifteen of these messages. We have received letters from many of the parties to whom they have been addressed, informing us that they were true in every particular; and have obtained equally satisfactory evidence of the truth of others.

There have been instances where a copy of our paper has fallen into the hands of a stranger to the truth it promulgates, and the eye caught a glimpse of the name of a "lost" friend at the head of a message. This induced a reading of what followed, and the whole being became thrilled with the startling words. Investigation subsequently made, respecting the truth thus opened to view, resulted in securing for the individual what has proved to be a pearl of untold value. Such cases are seemingly accidental, but are really designed by spirits to bring about their desired ends.

The Spirits at Andover.

We are informed of the appearance of very tangible physical manifestations at Andover, in this State, in a family of some note among the friends and patrons of the theological school. So surprising and startling were they, that Prof. Stowe was called in as one most likely to unravel the mystery and account for what was seen and heard. But the professor was as much astonished as those who resorted to him for an explanation; and the result was a continuation of the unaccountable phenomena.

It seems strange to us that after twelve or fifteen years prevalence of these manifestations, any one can be found ignorant of their existence, or uninformed of their origin. But so it is; and at the public exhibitions of the Davenportists, we were about as much astonished to hear individuals remark that they had never seen anything of the kind, as they were to hear the instruments played upon and to see the spirit hands. Such facts only convince us more strongly than ever, of the necessity that exists for this form of manifestation. It seems that we must have the blows of a sledge-hammer, and a noise equal to that of a peal of thunder, to arouse all mankind to a condition in which they will be able to recognize the great truth—that of a spiritual existence, is now made manifest to us. We are glad, therefore, that some one is rapping on the theological walls of Andover; that a knocking at the door has commenced. So far it works well. They have been startled from their sleep, and have gone to the window and looked out to see who or what is at the door. Soon they will be induced to go down, open the door, and let the Truth in.

Josiah Quincy.

One of the most noted and worthy men of all New England has recently passed from earth, in the person of Josiah Quincy. He died at his country seat at Braintree, on the first day of July, having reached the ripe old age of ninety-two years and six months. He suffered nothing from disease or sickness in his last moments, but was in as firm health at the close of his life as he had been any time within the last twenty years. Only the day before his decease he rode out as usual, and made no complaint of illness whatever. He was a member of Congress for a long course of years, then Mayor of Boston, and afterwards President of Harvard College for sixteen years. He wrote several very valuable books of local history, besides a Life of John Quincy Adams, which was produced in his eighty-seventh year. He was one of the few remaining men who were born before the birth of the nation itself.

Fourth of July.

Although we went through the usual ceremonies here in Boston, on this anniversary, throughout the country there was a very slight observance of it in the way of celebrations. The general feeling was that the nation was in the field on that day, to see whether the principles which it had for so many years served to commemorate, were still vital and enduring principles for the continent. When that point has been fully established, we think there will be no difficulty about keeping up the observance of this sacred day understandingly. We want to know what and why we celebrate; the memories of the fathers are of little account, unless along with them we perpetuate the principles which are themselves imperishable.

The Case of Green.

Nothing is publicly known as yet as regards the decision in the Executive in the case of Green, the Malden post-master. The facts brought forward since his trial have changed the public feeling to a considerable extent, from one of vengeance to that of a more lenient character. From evidence adduced it appears that the parents of Green were both intemperate; that his mother's brother is now under guardianship as non compos, and that two of his father's brothers were so weak or idiotic as to have been always objects of the boys' derision in the streets. His blood cousin has been confined in an insane asylum for fifteen years. Idiotcy and insanity exist in his blood, on both sides, that of his father and that of his mother, and are traceable back in former generations. He himself was unable to walk in his earliest years on account of scrofula, and then and now his head is so afflicted with that dire disease as to have constant sores running from both ears. In a word he has been a cripple and a mass of disease from birth.

A report of a phrenological examination of the head of Mr. G., made by D. P. Butler of this city, states that his organization indicates weakness; that to claim ordinary mental sanity in his case would be equivalent to ignoring reciprocal relations between organic conditions and mental manifestations; that physiologically he is a diseased dwarf, phrenologically, an imbecile.

Capital punishment under any circumstances is a brutal relic of a barbarous age, but under circumstances like these is doubly so. Mr. Green's social and domestic qualities are strongly marked, far more so than his selfish and criminal propensities, and his whole life and the circumstances that have attended it, would never lead us to suppose him to be a willful murderer.

Surely we may pause here; stop our unchecked career of executions, and discriminate among those technically guilty. If we must still uphold the gallows, let not the Commonwealth select its victim from among the diseased, the imbecile, the neglected, the failures of our social system.

Spiritualism on Thrones.

It has for some time been generally known that the French Emperor has strong faith in Spiritualism, and that he has consulted unseen counsellors on questions of policy. A report has lately been in circulation that the Queen of England is also a believer in Spiritualism. This report seems to derive additional weight from the following which we copy from a French journal, the "Revue Spirituelle." We do not consider the Emperor of France, or the Queen of England, any better qualified to judge of the truth than tens of thousands holding a less prominent place in public estimation, but as a great many thrust the old inquiry upon us, "Have any of the rulers of the people believed?" we publish this for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

THE QUEEN A MEDIUM.—We borrow from an article in the *Memorial Diplomatique* the following passage, which we publish with all reserve:

"A letter proceeding from a well informed person, and that has been forwarded to us, reveals that lately, in a private council where the Queen's question was being debated, the Queen declared that she would do nothing without consulting Prince Albert; and indeed, after retiring some time into her cabinet, she came back saying that the prince pronounced against the war."

This act and similar others have transpired and have given rise to the thought that it would be advisable to establish a regency until her Majesty has recovered the serenity of mind which is indispensable to her for resuming the direction of the affairs of the country. The growing popularity of the Prince of Wales recommends it to public approval, which goes so far as to wish an abdication in his favor.

We are well assured that the Queen of England is a remarkable medium. Some one has lately published in France two important works with the communications that she has obtained mediistically from the spirit of her husband. These works are full of elevation and sense, like the counsels of peace above-mentioned. That being the case, who would ever have believed that in the country of Shakespeare one had faced folly and belief in the possibility of receiving from below the tomb the inspiration of well-loved souls.

Getting Ready.

Reports continue to come to us of the arrangements being made throughout our New England towns to secure a good attendance at the Chicago Convention. One man who has not been out of town for fifteen years, has determined to pack his trunk and go. A party of six have changed their plans of a summer excursion to the White Mountains to what they think a pleasanter one to Chicago in August. The charming ride among the hills of Vermont—the inhalation of the salubrious atmosphere there and upon the lakes—the social hours with harmonious minds—the great hand-to-hand effort to push on the car of Freedom and Progress—why, we can scarcely wait for the month of August to come, and feel like adopting the words of old Isaac Watts:

"Roll swifter round, ye wheels of Time,
And bring the vapors for hours."

In the Cincinnati papers we find the following notice of a reduction of fare from that city and adjoining places:

"Spiritualists and the public generally are hereby notified that arrangements have been made with the Cincinnati and Chicago Air Line Railroad, to convey passengers to and from said Convention, to be held in Chicago, Aug. 8, 1864, for half fare (ten dollars) out and back. Tickets good from Aug. 6th to 20th. Persons in the vicinity of the Road, can take the cars at the different stations, and can come from Louisville and other places on the same terms, by procuring tickets of Ira Atkins, No. 55 East Third street, Cincinnati, Ohio."

Dr. Mayo Smith.

This gentleman, formerly of Newburyport, informs us that, by the blessing of the Father, he has been instrumental in restoring to the blind their sight, and causing the deaf to hear, simply by the "laying on of hands." The Doctor can, he says, produce the best of testimony to prove that what he asserts is positively true. He is indeed a "good Samaritan," for he goeth about doing good continually, seldom receiving as much as a farthing for his services. But the angels will reward him.

The Davenport Boys.

These mediums have been giving seances in Montreal, C. E. The Daily Transcript of that city, dated June 24th, contains a long account of the proceedings at one of their exhibitions, closing with the following remark: "During the seance phosphoric lights were to be seen, how originated nobody could explain. The whole party seemed interested, confounded, and many expressed deep gratification at what took place."

Vacation for our Free Circles.

Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles will be closed from the 16th of July to the 1st of September, in order that the medium and others can have their annual vacation, for the purpose of recruiting their health—which is an important consideration, especially at this season of the year. Please mention the above facts to your friends, so they will not call and be disappointed in finding no circle.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
They may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—Lionel Lincoln.

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

No. 4.—FREDDIE'S LETTER.

There was one room in Aunt Rachel's house that it had never been our privilege to enter. It led from the little parlor and its only window looked out into the orchard. This Saturday that she had set apart for the special privilege, was a lovely, breezy summer day. As we entered quietly the parlor with its snowy white curtains, and its freshly-gathered flowers, I think we all felt as if we were quite old enough and wise enough to enter into Aunt Ratie's most sacred confidence; sure I am we all were much better for the confidence that she placed in us.

She had left us a moment to attend to some duty, and when she entered the room a bunch of white and crimson pinks was fastened in the belt of her white apron. Dear Aunt Ratie! how sweet is the picture of her that memory has kept from that day. She did not stop to sit in the parlor, but directly opened the door into the little room, and she said cheerfully, "Come, all of you." The scarlet honeysuckle was twined over the window and sent the perfume of its few blossoms into the air about us, for its earliest blooming was over. There was in the room a picture of a ship at sea, and also some curiosities brought from foreign lands. On the table was a beautiful casket of dark, rich wood, inlaid with ivory. I think we had expected something mysterious and wonderful, and were a little disappointed at seeing only this simple room.

"I see," said Aunt Ratie, "that you are surprised that I have nothing to show you of great beauty and wonder, and you are surprised why this has been a strictly private room so long. It is because I have here the dearest and most beautiful things that belonged to my past life, but not elegant pictures or rare gems, but little sacred treasures, and it is here I come when I feel sad and lonely, to gain strength from the sweet recollection of what has been."

"Why, Aunt Ratie," said Anna, "do you ever feel sad and lonely? I thought you was the happiest, gladdest person in all the world."

"Perhaps I am, Anna; but I am, it is because I have learned to be thankful for all the good things that I have lost as well as gained."

"I should think you might remember," said Arthur, "that Aunt Ratie had ever so many dear friends, and now lives all alone."

"Not quite alone," said Aunt Ratie, "for when I come into the quiet of this room I am sure of as good company as I ever had; for it is in this quiet and peace that I feel the dear presence of the angels, and am sure that a loving Father gives me still what most I need. That picture you have been looking at, Willie, is a good drawing of Freddie's ship, and this casket is the first present he ever brought to me."

She took a key from her pocket and opened it, and we saw that it contained miniature, faded flowers, locks of hair, bits of ribbon, letters, and many little trinkets. She soon selected a letter from the others and said, "I am going to read you this letter as I promised, and I hope it will do you as much good as it did me."

FREDDIE'S LETTER.

MY DARLING RAI—I was sorry for my pet because she did so foolish a thing and had to suffer for it; but I loved her all the time, and thought of her every time I saw the white foam of the sea, or the stars that come gleaming out in the dark sky. And now I have a little story to tell you, my dear Rai, that I learned an old sailor told; you will understand how much of it is true. It was the brave sailor that saved Egbert's life that told the story, and you know he was a good man and trusted in the power of heaven and his own strong right hand.

Down in the beautiful depths of the sea there are crystal caves, and within is twined the seaweed, and coral branches form chambers of beauty. Here dwell the maidens of the sea, and breathe themselves in pearls and bind about their locks the fairest foam and then toss it to the waves. Among all these maidens none was fairer than Coralina, and none was more loved. To her had her father, the king of the coral country, given the wonderful gift of music, so that when she whispered to a sea-shell it echoed forever her sweet tones and held in its beautiful chambers the power of song. To her he had given, also, an artist's skill, and she could touch with her hands the coral branch and it would hold a tint of beauty forevermore. The sea-shell glowed like a rose if her lips touched it, and the amber took the tint of her hair when the sun shone on it.

With all these beautiful gifts Coralina was a happy maiden, and she daily gathered many sea-shells and whispered in them and tossed them to the waves that they might bear them to the shore so that little children could gather them and behold in them the glow of her lips and hear in them the sound of her voice. She toiled many hours to collect the beautiful branches of coral, and, kissing them with her lips, she scattered them on the strand that they might be gathered to bind about the fair arms of little children who should then dream beautiful dreams and feel beautiful hopes stealing through the chambers of their souls.

But there came to Coralina a spirit of selfishness, in the form of a reptile. Now her father had often bade her beware how she let this selfishness creep about her and twine itself around her; but she thought, "I will let it come a little way into my cave, and then I can bid it depart any moment that I desire." But she let it come creeping nearer and nearer until at last it bent over her as she lay twining pearls about her fair neck. It looked upon her with its greedy eyes, and at last it said, "What a foolish child is Coralina! she spends her time in giving pleasure to others; she thinks of little but of making the sea-realm more beautiful; how much happier would she be if she would strive for her own pleasure."

"But," said Coralina, "what would the little girls do if they could not sit on the sea-shore and find sweet music in the shells they gather, and what would the little ones do if they could not play with the bright coral. Oh! I must work for others, and make music and beauty and goodness reign in all the sea-realm, and then they will go forth to reign over the whole earth."

"Oh, foolish child," said the spirit of selfishness, "how much do you suppose one maiden can do toward making the world better? do as you like, and you will make one happy, and making one happy is so much well done; come, I will teach you how to spend your days in gladness. You shall sun yourself in the rays of all the beautiful suns, and comb your locks on the shore of another

sea than this, and lie in caves that are better than these. Come, come." Now Coralina felt the terror of this dreadful spirit of evil, and she felt creeping over her a desire to go with it; she began to grow weary of doing good, and after a time she put out her hand and the reptile wound itself about her heart and she was borne away out of the beautiful caves of love and duty. There was a sad time, now, over all the earth, for little children who came to gather coral found no more its beautiful red branches and they listened in vain for the voices in the sea-shells. The amber paled, and the sea-weed drooped, and beauty seemed to hide itself in the deep-caverned caves of the sea.

Coralina said to herself, "Now I will do as I please; no one shall bid me or chide me." And she went up the wildest places, and over the darkest waves, and floated in the current, and lay in the sunlight.

Then there was sorrow in all the coral country, for those that loved Coralina mourned for her and called her to return to her beautiful life of love and beauty. She heard the voices calling to her in every breeze that blowed, in every voice of the waves, in every echo that touched the wall of rock where she reclined. These voices told her how much love needed her, how much beauty missed her, and how sad and sorrowful all the kingdom was without her. But Coralina said, "Why should I listen to their voices? Just as if one maiden could do much good! It is true that selfishness told me, if I seek my own pleasure, one is made happy. Let others do the same and then all will be happy."

Coralina came to a little pool in the rocks, where she could see herself in the still waters, and as she looked she did not know herself. Her lips had no more their bright red hue; her hair had lost its gleam; her eye looked dim and cold.

"What ails me?" said she. "No one would know me now as the beautiful maiden of the sea-realm. I can see myself growing like that hideous reptile that came into my cave and enticed me from my life of beauty and love."

Then Coralina looked at the sea-shore and saw the little children with their faces, trying to find the music of the sea-shells, and listening in vain; seeking for the bright coral and finding it not; and maidens who searched for amber and for pearls, and went away sorrowful, finding no beauty in them. Then Coralina said, "Let me go but once, and speak in the silent chambers of this shell," and she whispered in it and tossed it far up on the beach. A little child picked it up and put it to its ear, and laughed a merry laugh; and then all the children tried to their ears, and they laughed so merrily that Coralina thought she had never heard anything so sweet.

"Now," said she, "I will kiss this bunch of coral," and she tossed it, in its blushing beauty, in the midst of the happy band. Then the children all sang together, as they broke up the branch, each holding a bit to their lips and kissing it.

"Oh," said Coralina, "I have not been so glad since I left my own beautiful caves of love and duty. I will return to work for others, and to bless the sea-realm with beauty and love."

Then her lips glowed with their tint of red; her eye gleamed as if the sunlight were imprisoned there; her voice was sweet as the soft zephyrs, and she was like the beautiful maiden of old who blessed the sea-realm by her works of love. Again she heard the voices calling to her, and replied:

"I will return. There is nothing so blessed as blessing others; there is nothing so beautiful as doing works of beauty; there is nothing so lovely as an act of love. Oh, yes, I will return, and the world shall bless again the maiden who works in the beautiful sea-realm."

This was the story of the good sailor. Will not my dear Rai remember that every child rules in a realm of love and beauty, and can bless the world continually? Your loving friend,
FREDDIE.

"What a beautiful story," said Anna. "I thought of myself all the time, and fancied I was the maiden Coralina. But do tell, Aunt Ratie, how I can make the world beautiful. I can't make coral red, or sea-shells sing."

"Well, I will give you a proof of what you can do. When you come to my home with a loving, happy heart, I feel as if the sun was shining with more than usual splendor; when your voice speaks pleasant words, I feel as if the soft winds were breathing with sweeter music."

Every act of love and goodness makes somebody's heart happy. Oh, what a beautiful world this would be if every one tried to make it more beautiful."

"But I am in such a hurry," said Willie "to know something more of that good sailor, and of Egbert. Do tell us, Aunt Ratie, if you ever saw Egbert."

"Oh, yes, many times; he became a very dear friend of mine, and I have much to tell you of him. But see, there comes poor, lame Kate; she wants to be blessed by our goodness; and now we can have a chance of finding whether we have any of the gifts of Coralina, the maiden of the beautiful sea-realm."

How happy we all felt as we saw Aunt Rachel fix up a nice basket of food for the poor, unfortunate woman; and how proud the boys felt as they emptied their purses of pennies, and we girls as we gave some candy and sugar-plums that we were going to eat out in the orchard to her. She looked so glad that we did not think of its being a selfishness.

"Now, said Aunt Ratie, 'you all see how easy it is to make several hearts happy. Let us remember what a beautiful realm we rule over, and what beautiful gifts a dear Father has given to us.'"

Thus saying, Aunt Ratie returned to the little room, folded up the letter and put it in the casket, took a pink from her belt and smelled of it, and then we all went into the orchard to gather the thimbleberries that were just ripening beside the stone wall.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A YOUNG FEDERAL OFFICER.

After the battle of Bull Run, many of our wounded soldiers and officers were left on the field to suffer alone, or to be cared for by the enemy. There were many instances of cruelty by the rebels, but some of humanity and love. One rebel officer, Col. Estevan, obtained permission to administer to the Federal wounded, although for this he was disgraced and doubted.

Passing over the field he beheld a young Federal officer, with his eyes closed, but with tears rolling down his cheeks. Col. Estevan spoke tenderly to him, bade him be brave, that soon he would be better. He opened his eyes, and said: "There is no hope for me. See here," and he showed that both his feet had been smashed by a ball.

"Do not think," said he, "that I weep because I must die. I weep for my poor distracted country. But had I a second life at my command, I would willingly give it to my country."

Here was death with terrible suffering, but

there was something stronger than these that moved that brave young heart. Even when compelled to give up his earthly hopes and expectations, he had no word of complaint, but words of devoted patriotism. He lay with his eyes for a moment closed, then suddenly starting up, he exclaimed:

"Mother—Father!" and fell back, and his brave spirit arose in its strength to the higher life. There was nothing about the young man by which his name, or residence could be learned. Around his neck was suspended a locket that enclosed the miniature of a beautiful young girl, showing that he was beloved, and would be mourned.

Think how they watched for news of him at home; think how weary days and weeks were away to years, and yet no tidings came. Remember, too, that no monument records the resting place of that brave officer; nothing but God's sky and the waving grass, and perhaps a wild flower, are above his body; and will you not rear in your hearts a monument of gratitude? "Brave words can never die;" let us keep them alive in our hearts, and then it will not matter if they are not recorded on stone.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 3, 2, 5, 7, 8 is what every good house wants.
My 3, 1, 4 is part of a flower.
My 3, 4, 5, 6 is to select.
My 1, 2, 7, 8 is a delicious fruit.
My 8, 7, 1 has given proof of immortality.
My 8, 6, 1 is to incerate.
My whole is a book every one should read.

A.—, NEWBURY.

Anagram.

If you one half a something will transpire
A very sweet one you will then disclose.
X. E. W. X.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY COSMO.—"Lola Walsbrook."

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.—"The letter O."

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE.—"Mayflowers." [This should have been inserted last week as the answer to the "whole" of the Enigmatical Puzzle of the preceding week.]

A Letter from Mrs. A. M. Spence.

I have just closed a series of lectures in Charlestown and Chicopee, Mass., and in Windsor, Ct. They were not only the close of a series, but the last of a term of twelve years' lecturing. I will be pardoned, therefore, Mr. Editor, if I briefly refer to them in the columns of the BANNER.

When I first began my public labor in Charlestown, several months ago, I found the friends there somewhat divided, and, as a consequence the audiences were small. Indifferent to this, however, as is my usual course, I put myself in as close relation to my spirit-friends as possible, desiring to be moved to give utterance to what was most needed by that people, regardless of pleasing or displeasing any one. As a result the City Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the best minds of Charlestown; and the divided feelings of many good workers were again united.

These happy results were not wholly due to my own efforts, however. I found a valuable co-laborer in Deacon Richardson, a good medium, a most liberal and excellent man, and one admirably adapted to the conducting of meetings of our kind. Then we had a well-conducted choir, led by Mr. Marsh, who is always moved to select the most appropriate pieces of music for every occasion, which, of course, helps to prepare an audience for what is to come from the rostrum. Besides these, I found in Charlestown a number of good and independent minds, such as Mr. C. H. Vose and others who are ever ready to stand fearlessly out and defend the right. Altogether, the Spiritualists of Charlestown impressed me by being as liberal, congenial, and progressive as people as I have ever labored for; and, hence, they gave me a free and happy inspiration, and have left upon my memory a pleasing recollection of the days that I spent with them.

From Charlestown I went to Chicopee. There I found a portion of the friends to be of the most liberal class of minds. That portion will ere long free itself of the few conservative ones who have prematurely left the church, and who will, no doubt, soon fall back to their natural place of creed-bound sectarianism. The liberal and progressive minds of Chicopee are largely in the majority, and will continue to be so as long as they are represented by such men as Wm. Beals and a number of others of the same cast.

My lectures in Chicopee excited a great interest and were largely attended. At the close of the series, a vote of thanks was passed, assuring me that my lectures were the most instructive course ever given in that place, and giving me a most cordial invitation to return, whenever I shall again resume my public labors.

During the month that I spent in Chicopee, I visited Windsor, Ct., and gave there three week evening lectures. There I was most happily surprised to find a large society of Spiritualists of all ages, from three months up to eighty years. The larger number of them, however, were young people, active, free and generous. What I found still more interesting, is the fact that this noble band of reformers had been led out of the darkness and bondage of sectarianism by a young lady, Miss Flavia Howe, who was developed as a medium some eleven years ago, when quite a child. She patiently endured (together with her faithful parents and friends), all the persecutions of the Church, until by her tests, her healing, and her lecturing, she has finally gathered around herself a faithful band of believers and a gallant corps of workers. I trust that the Spiritualists in other parts of the country will avail themselves of the services of Miss Howe, who, I know, will give general satisfaction wherever she goes. At the close of my lectures, I was told that there never before had been so great an excitement in Windsor on the subject of Spiritualism.

A word of justice to yourself, Mr. Editor. While I have briefly referred to a few of the many noble workers in the cause of Spiritualism, I cannot forget the great and good work which the BANNER has already done, and which, I know, it will ever continue to do. Wherever I go, I find the BANNER to be the fireside preacher, day or night, rain or shine, faithfully doing its work. Mrs. Conant's department has its use, I find; and a far greater use than some are disposed to admit. I hardly need assure you that the BANNER is really the companion and the light to many a weary traveler whom I have met on the rugged road of progress, which leads through so many dark and difficult valleys, before it begins to wind its way up to the illuminated pinnacle of the mountain of rest. Being assured of the inestimable value of your public services by my own observations, I take pleasure in giving you my most hearty encouragement, and most earnest exhortation to be faithful to the work which is so much needed, and which, thus far, the BANNER has so admirably performed.

The question has been asked me, and my many

friends will no doubt often ask each other, why I have retired from the lecturing field. My answer is simple: After a fifty days' campaign of the most severe fighting on record, the people of the North are willing that the noble soldiers, who have endured so many hardships and privations, should rest from their labors, for the simple reason that they need rest, if for no other. Now I may say that I have just closed a campaign—not of fifty days, but of twelve years—during which time I believe I can say without boasting (and I say it in no spirit of boasting) that I have delivered more lectures, traveled over more miles of railroad, and labored publicly and privately with a greater number of persons, than any other teacher in the spiritual ranks; and hence I am sure that those who best know what my labors have been will be satisfied with this simple reason for my resting, namely, I need rest.

Still, during the period of repose upon which I have entered, I do not intend to be idle. My long-continued and extensive travels in the capacity of a public teacher, brought me into intimate relation and acquaintance, not only with the innumerable spiritual and mental wants and ailments of humanity, but also with physical disease and suffering in its myriad forms; and while my past labors have been mainly directed to the former, the remembrance of the latter has followed me to my domestic retreat, still lingering about me, and making loud calls upon my sympathies for help. To these calls I shall respond, as fast as I myself am able to penetrate into Nature's great laboratory of medical treasures, in which, I know, lies stored up, somewhere, a relief for every pain, and a cure for every ill that afflicts humanity.

The Positive and Negative Powers, which I now confidently present to the public, and the advertisement of which I herewith send you, Mr. Editor, are the first fruits of my researches into that exhaustless laboratory; and I trust that my many friends will welcome them, at least as an evidence that, though I have left the lecturing field, yet I am not idle, and do not intend to be; and as an assurance that, though we may be separated for a season, yet I am ever mindful of them, and shall ever seek to contribute to their health and happiness.

Yours truly,

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

New York, July 1, 1864.

Three Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Old Town, Milford, Bradley and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting in Milford, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of August.

It is expected that the Davenport Brothers, whose celebrity is world-wide, will be present, and possibly the Davenport Sisters; also, some prominent Spiritualist speakers and lecturers. Among them, W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairfield, C. A. Hayden, I. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Emma Houston, State M. Johnson, and, we hope, a host of others. All lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists are most cordially invited to come and share with us our homes, hearts and hopes.

The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance, and want every niche of room occupied.

Come! one and all! Let us join hand and heart, that we may more effectually work—

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMERY, Committee.

NEWELL BLAKE, of Arrangements.

J. M. ROBINSON, of Arrangements.

J. J. MORRIS, of Arrangements.

Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., June 25, 1864.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOSPITALER HALL.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited.

CHURCH.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

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Mrs. Farnham writes perspicuously and invitingly."—Chicago Journal.

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