

BANNER OF LIGHT



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Literary Department.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner of Light, by J. Rollin M. Squire.

CHAPTER VIII.

The letter which Miss Elise had received contained only these lines:

"Miss—Misery has only tears, and tears tarnish beautiful eyes. Break quickly with this prejudicial acquaintance, which renders you ill-favored and poor, and accept my love, which will make you always beautiful and rich. You have too much sense to refuse; and I sign myself.
Your lover, ere long,
FRITZ DE STOLBERG."

The reader understands now why the actress had cried on reading the letter. Each day, the woman who had delivered it to her, brought new ones; they were not accepted, and they prohibited the woman from coming again.

Poor Elise!
She refrained strictly from speaking of the letters to her friends, but her gaiety disappeared; bitter reflections besieged her soul; it was necessary that her love for Frank was infinite; it was necessary that she loved him truly, to sacrifice her happiness to the future of the poet, to thus refuse the support of a husband. Nobody would dare to offend her then, as the libertine, Fritz de Stolberg, had done, for the wife is sacred; and when insult falls on her, he is a man who then raises it.

Poor Elise!
She worked always; in vain Sosthène exerted himself to divert the languor of the young girl; his witticisms obtained only a sad smile, drowned by two tears, like a pale ray of the sun through a sky full of storm.

The assiduities of Frank at the house of Madame de Rigny, made her suffer.

"No, he does not love me," murmured she; "for as soon as he saw this woman he went away from us—from me, to whom he swore an eternal love from me, whom he wished to make his companion! Oh, I was right not to listen to my heart; I have done well. But I love him, my God!" continued she, with an unutterable accent, "for he is good and devoted. I should not have refused his love; I might have saved him with my tenderness, with my patient affection. Oh, I have been a coward; I have been afraid. And now that he loves another—another who will make him suffer, I know it—I see what is the happiness that I have lost, and I hate this woman who robs me of my happiness."

During this moment Frank was at the house of Madame de Rigny. She had received the visits of the poet, as a distraction, without thinking that the world could find this appearance of intimacy strange, and without thinking of it herself. As she had promised, she advised Frank, she initiated him into the ways of the world; he was a pupil for her, and in her mind she did not receive him otherwise. But the pupil made so much progress, he understood so well, that the teacher was quite proud, and applauded herself for her work. The timidity of Frank disappeared little by little; with freer manners, he had the voice more unconstrained.

Madame de Rigny found him an accomplished cavalier, and without explaining it to herself, as Pygmalion before his Galathea, she felt herself sweetly drawn toward Frank, the beautiful marble to which she had given life.

One evening they were alone in the saloon; the storm raged without, the wind blew with violence through the trees, whose branches cracked with a noise like lamentations. Within, the flame of the hearth diffused a mild heat, and twisted hissing tongues, which one had taken for slender serpents. The rain, which beat the windows with a rumbling and continued roll, created in the soul a reverie vague and full of alarm. Neither Frank nor Madame de Rigny spoke for a moment; they listened to the grand voice of winter, full of menace for the ear of the poor, who heard its tones with terror.

Suddenly the clock struck eleven.

Frank rose.
"Where are you going?" asked Madame de Rigny, on seeing him take his overcoat and his hat, which he had placed on a small sofa.

Frank indicated the hour with his finger, as if to say:

"Look! It is late; I must leave."

"But the weather is horrible; hear the storm; sit down and let us talk."

Frank replaced his hat and coat on the sofa, and returned again to take his place.

"Madame," said he, "if any one could suspect my presence at your house at this hour, I should certainly make some jealous ones."

"Child! Is it therefore a happiness to you to keep me company?"

"Can you ask me? It is a happiness so great that I never dared hope it."

"Why so?"

"Why? because, yesterday, even, I was only a poor workman, a miserable stage-player, and that to-day your indulgent goodness has made me the equal of the favorites of birth and fortune."

"Have you not something more than that?"

"I?"

"Have you not genius?"

"Oh, yes; when you speak thus! For then I feel here and there, in my head and my heart, something which impels me, which animates me and fills me with ideas great and beautiful! If it be genius which struggles in me, I supplicate you, say it forever, that it may not abandon me!"

Madame de Rigny, in listening to him speak, was proud of the enthusiasm which she had created in the soul of her pupil; without acknowl-

edging it to herself, she loved Frank; she allowed herself to mingle gently with the charm of this nature, believing and full of will, of this mixture of ardent faith and timorous hesitation; she had seen a real affection in the silent homage of Frank, and without reflecting on it, as at first, she had playfully encouraged it; but she had played with the fire, and she commenced to feel the effects of the flame.

"Yes, I will say it always," replied she to Frank, who contemplated her with happiness; "yes, it is genius which impels you toward celebrity; toward fortune."

"Fortune! celebrity! Oh, then I shall dare, perhaps—"

He stopped.

"You will dare? What then?"

"Oh, pardon, Madame, pardon! But if you know how much one suffers by being poor and obscure, having caught a glimpse of a new world full of splendor, toward which one feels himself carried away! At each step the multitude cries to you, 'Where go you, poor fool? Your place is not there.' And if you advance always, if the happy of this world open to you their doors, you are still only a straggler whom they receive for distraction, for fantasy, as a curious thing which they regard for an hour, and then leave in the ante-chamber when it amuses no more. This is what I am, Madame, a stranger, a curious thing, a phenomenon of memory, who must dance in attendance till they do him the honor of consulting him, and leave his heart at the door in setting foot in the saloon."

"M. Frank!"

"Oh! It is a strange destiny, this of mine, Madame! Men of my sphere disown me in calling me proud; those of yours drive me away as a lackey."

"M. Frank!"

"Yes, as a lackey! above all, if in this brilliant sphere my look rests on a great and beautiful lady, they would make me a criminal for my adoration! Oh, it is fearful it is fearful to have to stifle the cry of the soul, and walk alone in the spirit, in the middle of so much brightness!"

Copious tears filled Frank's eyes; he wept like a child.

"Will you hush, and not cry so?" said Madame de Rigny, keenly moved; "you are unjust, M. Frank!"

And, without knowing what she did, she laid her hand on his head and dried his tears with her handkerchief. Frank took possession of it with vivacity.

"Ah, I will keep it all my life!" said he, covering it with kisses.

Madame de Rigny saw her imprudence.

"Give me the handkerchief, child," said she, "and go, for the storm subsides."

"On the contrary, it increases. Listen!"

In fact, the thunder roared at the moment. They kept silent. Frank smiled through his tear.

The look of Madame de Rigny met his own. They started involuntarily.

"Oh, I love you!" cried Frank, holding out his arms toward her.

She put her hand on his mouth, and said in a low voice:

"Hush you! hush you!"

Frank gave a cry of supreme happiness and fell on his knees to the great lady.

At this moment even, Elise prayed God for Frank, who had forgotten her.

CHAPTER IX.

It was midnight. Miss Elise worked while waiting for Sosthène, who had found employment in a café concert since the desertion of Frank. Suddenly the young girl heard some one coming up the stairs. She believed it was Sosthène, and interrupted her work to lay a knife and fork for the singer; the door opened, and instead of the one whom she expected, she saw, in turning around, a young man whom she did not know. She uttered a cry of surprise and fright.

"Fear nothing, Miss," said the unknown, "and, in spite of the strangeness of my visit at such an hour, please to listen to me a moment."

"You are mistaken, without doubt; it is not I whom—"

"Oh, pardon! It is certainly to Miss Elise whom I wish to speak."

"You will know me soon. I have had the pleasure already of addressing to you half a dozen letters, and—"

"You are M. Fritz de Stolberg?"

"At your service, yes, Miss."

"Go out, sir; go out!"

"How? Immediately—in this manner? Ah! zounds, no! It shall not be said that I have mounted your four floors at the risk of breaking my neck in a dark stairway, to go away without giving you a good piece of advice."

"Beware, sir! some one is coming who will protect me, who will defend me against your insults."

"Some one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Frank, will you say? Reassure yourself; he is kneeling to Madame de Rigny, and he finds that the place is too good to quit."

"I have not named M. Frank."

"Who then? Sosthène?"

"Yes, sir."

The good fellow does not think of coming so soon; I have been searching him myself at his café concert, to aid us in passing the night joyously at the Circle, with the songs the most facetious of his repertory, on condition of the sum of one hundred francs, which I delivered him myself, and which he accepted with joy, I must acknowledge.

"My God! my God!" murmured Miss Elise with terror.

"You see it: I have taken my precautions; no one will come to trouble our charming tête-à-tête. So let us sit down and talk."

And, suiting the action to the word, he took a chair, and invited the young girl to be seated.

"Sir! sir!" said she, "I supplicate you, go, and I will forget your offence! It is not possible that you have coolly reflected on what you are doing. I implore you, go!"

Fritz began to laugh.

"Ah, go out!" said she then, with an imperious tone; "go out, or I will call!"

"Call," replied Fritz coolly; "I will say that you are my mistress, and they will believe me, because you are an actress, and I—I am Fritz de Stolberg!"

"You! you are a base wretch!"

"No; I love you, that's all."

"You love me?"

"Listen to me, Miss Elise: you are without money, obliged to work to live miserably; I offer you luxury, dresses, finally all that which renders a woman happy and beautiful. I offer you that in exchange for the favors which you would have accorded to Frank—to Frank, who does not love you, you know it well. Say one word, and from this night you shall quit this cold and sad chamber for a rich apartment, where, instead of work, you shall have servants at your service. Say one word, Elise, and your fate changes; for I love you, and have sworn that you shall be mine."

Fritz arose and took the hand of the young girl, all trembling with fright.

"Oh! for pity, for pity, sir, leave me!"

He pressed her in his arms.

"To me—this to me!" cried Miss Elise, in escaping from his arms. "Help! help!"

"You call in vain; no one will come. We are two here."

He rejoined the actress, searching to press his lips to hers, when the door opened violently, and Frank suddenly appeared.

"You deceive yourself, sir; we are three," said he.

"Frank!" cried the young girl, running to shelter herself in the arms of the new comer.

"Frank!" repeated Fritz, with surprise.

"What signifies your presence here at such an hour in this house, M. de Stolberg?"

"It signifies, my dear Frank, that having learned your love for another woman, I came to offer mine to Miss Elise. What is there surprising in this?"

"That you are a coward!"

"M. Frank!"

"Ah, no bravado, sir. I will be at your order when it shall please you; but in the meantime, go out."

With a gesture, he showed him the door. Fritz went out in landing a look of anger at the poet.

"Zounds!" said he, "here is something which may embroil the love of the tender gallant with this fool Madame de Rigny."

And he went to rejoin his friends at the "Cercle des Lions."

When he was gone, Miss Elise wished to address thanks to Frank.

"You have preserved me from the insults of this man," murmured she; "it was God who sent you! I did not expect you, since lately you come in so late! Oh, it is not a reproach, only," said she, with hesitation, "you work no more!"

"Why, certainly," replied Frank, with an embarrassed air.

"No, my friend, no; you no longer work. Sosthène said to me this morning again—"

"Out with it! What did he say to you?"

"Why—I don't know—I don't remember. He said to me that you were wrong to interrupt your work; so that your visits to the house of Madame de Rigny make you lose a precious time."

"Ah!"

"And that—"

"And that?"

"Nothing more, M. Frank."

"Ah! you do not tell me the truth; and I find that Sosthène carries a little too far the interest he takes in me."

"He is devoted to you."

"Without doubt; but his devotion—must it go to controlling my simplest actions?"

"One has always need of counsels, and those given by disinterested friendship should be frankly received."

"I do not say—certainly—but, since my progress, I may, it seems to me, know and judge for myself, and have no need of a mentor."

"Say ever since you have seen this woman."

Frank made a movement of impatience, and did not reply. Miss Elise remained silent also; only, when the poet threw a regard on her, he saw that she endeavored to keep back two tears which fringed her eyelashes. He felt himself touched with pity; he had a moment of repentance, for he understood, at last, all the love of the poor girl.

"Miss Elise," said he, "Sosthène is wrong to suppose that my visits to the house of Madame de Rigny prevent my working; on the contrary, since I see myself the object of so much interest, of so much encouragement, I feel, to render myself worthy of it, the need of still more labor, and if I stop a moment, it is that this moment is necessary to collect my forces, in order to approach boldly the difficulties which remain to me to conquer."

"M. Frank, you love Madame de Rigny," replied the young actress, with a melancholy smile.

"I?"

"Yes, you! Why deny it? Why not speak to me without evasion? Am I no longer then your friend, your sister?"

"Yes, in fact, it is what you replied to my love, which asked yours, 'Let me love you as a sister?'"

"Have I not done well, and should I not be unhappy to-day, if I had responded the contrary?"

"If you had responded to my love, Madame de Rigny had not—"

"Ah! you see clearly that you love her! But listen to me, M. Frank; it is your sister who speaks to you; where will this love lead you? Madame de Rigny receives you for want of occupation, for distraction; and she will break to-morrow that which amuses her to-day. Remember what I now tell you; it is the purest affection

which makes me speak thus; beware, M. Frank, beware!"

"But she loves me! She has said it to me."

"Well said! You speak with frankness at last!"

Frank wished to correct himself.

"I wish to say," murmured he, "that she interests herself in me; that she—"

"Oh! do not search to correct yourself! She loves you, you say? So much worse. You will be only more unhappy for it afterwards."

"I do not understand."

"You will understand later, and then if consolations are necessary to your grief, a sincere and devoted affection at your heart weeping its allusion, return among us, my friend, and your grief will be consoled, and your heart will find affection which never deceives—that of friendship. Now let us speak of other things. Do you know for whom I embroider this?"

"No."

"For Madame de Rigny."

"Ah!"

"Has she not a great party to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you may admire on her this rich trimming which I am finishing, and which she wishes me to carry her myself."

"To her house?"

"Without doubt. She wishes to know me, she said, and I am not less curious than she," added Miss Elise, in trying to smile.

Frank wished to change the conversation.

"Sosthène has not yet come in?" said he.

"He will not return until very late; he is at the Cercle."

"Who told you?"

"M. de Stolberg," replied the young girl, blushing.

"Ah yes! I understand. The miserable fellow wished to keep him away."

"Yes, but God sent you."

"And now you have no fear, have you?"

"No."

"I may go up to my chamber?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, Miss Elise."

"Good-night, M. Frank."

CHAPTER X.

That day, in fact, there was a grand evening party at the house of Madame de Rigny. It was a party of adieu which she offered to her friends, ere she left Geneva to visit the south of France.

The multitude was numerous in her saloons, and divers groups were formed. In one of these the libertine, Fritz de Stolberg, replied to questions, all more jesting, one than the other, and which were addressed to him by his friends of the Cercle des Lions.

"Well, beautiful Don Juan, your projects of abduction have been foiled in the presence of Frank!"

"We expected you to supper with your young conquest."

"Why not show her to us? Should you be jealous?"

"Ah! my poor Fritz. What a lesson!"

"Ah! gentleman," replied Fritz, "it is a lost battle—that's all. To-morrow I will take my revenge. Who the devil was going to imagine thus: that virtue could lodge at the house of an actress? She entered there through mistake; she was mistaken at the door."

"And you have done like her?"

Frank arrived in the saloon with Sosthène. They exchanged a rapid glance with Fritz. It was a regard of indignation with the one, and of irony with the other.

They called for the dancers. The group of young men dispersed themselves in the saloons where the quadrilles formed. The poet and the artist remained alone.

"Why this sadness, Frank?" asked the good Sosthène of his friend.

"Ah! can you ask me, when she is leaving?"

"Who?"

"Madame de Rigny."

"Do you hope, then, to see her incessantly? My poor Frank! what torments you are preparing yourself. Be reasonable. Come, think of the distance which separates you."

"The distance! Ah, my friend, if you knew. But no; you would not believe me if I said to you that—"

"What, then? My heavens!"

"Nothing, nothing. But in spite of distance, in spite of all the obstacles, I love her, and I cannot live far from her look, which I have made my life."

"Calm yourself."

"Ah, why, why have I seen her?"

"Ah, yes! for example, why have you seen her? You would be a thousand times more happy, and a thousand times more tranquil on your account; for who knows where this love will lead you, with an exalted heart like yours?"

"Here she is. My friend, leave us, I pray you. I believe they ask for you yonder—at the piano."

"Be prudent, Frank. Beware!"

Sosthène went away. One soon heard him executing the cavatina from *Le Barbier de Seville*.

Madame de Rigny approached the poet.

"Do you not applaud your friend, M. Frank? And yourself? Do you not soon recede to us one of your charming poems? But what is the matter with you? You have quite a sad air."

"I am sad, in fact, Madame."

"How? In the midst of my fête?"

"It is just because of your fête. Does it not tell me that you leave in a few days?"

"Monseigneur Frank!"

"Ah, pardon me, Madame—pardon me. But I am very unhappy, and I suffer."

"Why so?"

"Why? Ask me if I have dreamed, and then you will ask me afterwards why I suffer."

"My Frank, you have not dreamed; but you are a child, who saddens at nothing."

"Yet you leave, Madame."

"Yes, without doubt, I leave."

"Ah, do not play with my grief. That would be too cruel."

"I do not play with your grief. I speak seriously. Is it not you, rather, who will forget?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. I believe I have heard you say that your happiness would be to travel; to visit Italy, Spain and elsewhere."

"It is true."

"And I believed it would be agreeable to you to see me visit the same cities as yourself. Perhaps I am in error."

"What have you said? Repeat it to me, Madame, for I cannot, I dare not understand."

At this moment a domestic came to say that a young girl asked to speak with Madame de Rigny; who had summoned her, she said.

"Shortly, M. Frank, for mercy's sake, be no longer sad. I wish only the happy at my fête," said Madame de Rigny to the poet, accompanying these words with a most gracious smile.

Frank left her, and was going joyously to mingle with the guests who applauded the cavatina which Sosthène had just finished by a brilliant organ point.

"Jean, show in this young girl," said Madame de Rigny to the domestic, who waited his mistress's order.

Jean went out, and soon returned leading a young person.

It was Miss Elise.

"Pardon me, Miss, for having thus incommoded you; but you will excuse me when I shall tell you that before my departure I wished to see you, to compliment you on your marvelous skill, and make arrangements with you for the choice of some necessary things, which I shall confide afterwards to your fairy fingers. Truly, you are a skillful work-woman."

"But I am not a work-woman, Madame; I am an artist."

"In linen, then," said Madame de Rigny, smiling.

"No, Madame, I am a dramatic artist; in a word, an actress; and since the theatre closed, I work for a living."

his kind a woman, coming from no one knows where, a mistress—
 "M. Fritz!"
 "You do not believe my story true, Madame? Yet I tell you, for I know this young man, and his mistress. There she is!"
 And Fritz showed Miss Elise, who entered to take the last orders of Madame de Régné.
 Frank made a bound, and found himself close to the libertine.
 "Such a scandal! Ah, M. de Stolberg, you are in my house," said Madame de Régné.
 "I will retire, Madame, although I have not named all the personages of my story."
 Miss Elise, prey to a violet emotion, fell into an arm-chair. She wept without power to say a word.
 Frank wished to spring toward her; Madame de Régné retained him.
 She was jealous of the poor actress.
 "We shall leave to-morrow," she whispered to Frank.
 M. de Stolberg turned toward the door, when Soesthène, whom no one had remarked, approached and said to him:
 "Sir, we shall fight to-morrow."
 "We fight? and why?"
 "Because you are a coward, and I love Miss Elise!"
 [To be continued in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
 102 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
 About our hearts, angels that are to be,
 Or may be they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
 (LIONEL HERR.)

The Hemlock Tree by the Riverside.

The hot, dusty summer had passed; the beautiful, glowing days had gone, and the autumn, too, with its fresh breezes, and its brightly-tinted trees, its clear, frosty nights, and its days of storm and sunshine had gone, and winter had come, white and cold, and the streets of the city were pure with the freshly-fallen snow. Carl had grown very ill during all these weeks, and now lay on his bed continually. Bill had begged his mother to have his little bed brought down into their room, that they might tend him and care for him; for Carl had little love shown him in the miserable attic he called home.
 "But we have so little room," said Bill's mother; "and then we are growing poorer and poorer every day; your father is not strong, and may lose his work any day, and I get so tired, Bill, how can I have more care?"
 "Oh, you can't of course," said Bill; but Carl is such a help! He'll play with baby Lulu, and keep Tim out of mischief, and then I'll work harder every day. I'll sell more papers, and I'll find something else to do."
 "And I'll hurry out of school," said Dick, "and get time to sell a whole basket of apples at the depot."
 "And I'll be up by light in the morning, and fill my basket with cinders, that will last you all day," said Mary.
 "Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the mother; "that my children should have to do such work!"
 "But we love to," said Mary. "I am all the time thinking how warm the coal will keep you, and I don't mind the dirty barrels; and some day, you know, we are going to live better."
 "Let Carl come," said Tim, "and I'll keep just as still as a mouse all day."
 "Well, children, have it your own way; you are dear, good children, and I believe you'll be taken care of some way."
 And so Carl had his little bed brought down into the crowded room, and was one of the family. His dim eye brightened day by day after this, and he grew stronger; and was able to sit propped up with pillows. The children did all they had promised their mother they would do. Mary rose early, and took her basket and filled it with the best cinders she could find; and Bill sold his large package of papers, and Dick peddled apples and matches, and their hearts grew more and more loving every day, as they saw Carl so patient and happy, and so blessed by all they were able to do for him.
 And now Christmas was close at hand—that season of joy and love, when every one feels beautiful wishes in his heart, and seems to come nearer to heaven by the love that flows out to others. Perhaps not every one, but so many are there that feel thus, that even the selfish and unloving know of the warm life of love, and wish beautiful wishes, if they do not do beautiful deeds.
 There were great consultations in that poor, miserable room, in that horrible street, and Carl was the adviser and assistant of all.
 "What puzzles me," said Bill, "is to know how to get money enough for a Christmas pudding, or mother 'd think we were all going to be beggars in a week—and to get money to buy all the rest something."
 "Oh!" said Carl, "I dreamed it all out last night. You see, Bill, you mustn't tell anybody, but I'm going to sail on that beautiful river Christmas night."
 "What do you mean?" said Bill. "You are so sick; and then we want you here."
 "I shan't be sick there, Bill. I'm going to die. I know it, because I saw it all. Now do n't cry, because then you know I shall be well and strong; but I have seen just how it will be. Oh! the river is so broad and so clear, and the sky is so blue, and I shall sail so gently that I shall fall asleep, and when I wake I shall not be poor, sick Carl, but just like an angel. Did you know, Bill, that we all had angels close beside us?"
 "I heard the minister say that little children had," said Bill; "but I didn't quite believe him, for I never saw one, and I've looked around Lulu most every day since I heard him say so."
 "But it is so," said Carl; "for I saw it all, and I'm going to be one of them when I get strong. You see, Bill, that beautiful river that I've dreamed so much about reaches a beautiful place, and it do n't seem far off at all; and when I reach that place where I am going, then I shall know just what to do to make you all happier. I did n't know what I could do for Christmas, and I felt just like crying, because I could n't get Lulu something nice. I kept thinking about a great, big doll I saw once, and I wished, and wished that I could buy it; and while I was wishing, I fell asleep, and I dreamed such a queer dream! It was all about hemlock trees; and I thought that great, big dolls were growing out of that tree that we saw last summer."
 "Oh, Carl!" said Bill, clapping his hands, "I've got it!"
 "Got what?" said Carl.
 "Why, the dream. There's nothing sells better than Christmas wreaths. They are just beginning to bring them into the city. Now I'll get time to go out there and get some splendid branches, and

you can tell us how, and we can make some wreaths, and Dick and I will sell them, and then hurrah for a doll, and a pudding, and a knife for you, Carl!"
 "But you know I am going off Christmas night, and shan't need a knife."
 "Oh, but you are to have it, Carl!"
 "And if I don't want it you'll give it to Tim, won't you?" said Carl.
 "Oh, but you will want it! Now I've thought of the wreaths, I'm sure you'll be better."
 "Perhaps I shall," said Carl; "but I hoped I should have that beautiful doll."
 Bill found a little leisure time, and laid by a few pennies, by the paying of which they let him ride on the freight train, and he went out for the beautiful evergreen.
 Meantime the tree had stood there looking more beautiful than ever, for its branches drooped more tenderly to the earth, and its green seemed brighter, as if it had more love in its delicate leaves. Bill looked at it as he jumped from the car, with delight.
 "Really, it seems like seeing an old friend," thought he. "I feel just like taking off my hat and making a bow. I wonder if it really knows what I think? and how glad I am to see it! Mr. Hemlock, your servant, sir," and Bill raised his hat, and made a low bow.
 All the branches rustled, so that the soft flakes of snow that had lodged on them came falling down like the feathers of a dove.
 "Ah!" thought the tree, "now am I happy! Ever since that summer's day I've wished for this. When I saw that loving family, and knew all their unselfish care for each other, I've been ashamed of my selfish life, and so I've tried to do better. I've sheltered many a poor traveler from the hot suns of summer. I've lifted my branches to the sky, that the sad and sorrowing might perchance look up and find some hope written on the clear heavens. I've reached down low, bending tenderly over the tired and wet travelers who took shelter for a moment beneath my branches from the rude storm. I've let the world come nearer and nearer to me, while I have reached down to it, and still up, up to the beautiful sky."
 "Oh, what a rustle there was among the branches then," thought Bill. "I almost fancied I heard words; but how shall I get branches enough for Carl?"
 "I'll reach down," rustled the tree.
 But Bill all at once thought he'd climb the tree, and he was soon far up among the branches. Here the river looked so grand, and the sky so near, that he felt that what Carl had said was true, and he did not wonder that he wished to sail to a beautiful home. "But I must hurry," thought he; and he began to break the most beautiful branches that he could find, until he had quite an armful.
 "I'll put all the beauty I can into them," rustled the tree. "I'll make the mother dream of the beautiful time coming; and the poor, sick boy shall forget his pain, and baby Lulu shall laugh and crow she knows not why. Ah, I'm only a hemlock tree, and little can I do; but if I do my best, who knows what I may accomplish? The world does not understand my speech; only the good and pure hear in me some voice of tenderness, but in my green branches God utters a little word—love. Good-by, brave boy; keep sweet memories of me all through the glad Christmas time."
 In a moment more Bill was on the train, and before dark reached his home.
 Oh, how Carl's eyes brightened as he saw the beautiful green.
 "And did the river look just as grand, Bill?" said he; "and did you look far up and down to see what you could see? and were there any boats? Oh, if I could have been there! but then you know I shall go soon, and they'll let me sail whole days till I get rested."
 "See here, Mary," said Bill, "is n't it good, we've got a Christmas night here. Only think, first a doll for Lulu—that's for Carl, and then a knife and who knows what? Oh, I feel as rich as anybody."
 There lay the beautiful branches close by Carl's bed; it seemed indeed as if a little of heaven had come in among that dingy furniture; and the whole room seemed fresh and bright.
 "Oh! oh!" sobbed the mother; "I used to gather it so many years ago for Christmas time, and trim the old church, and put wreaths into our cottage window; but, alas! now I think only of how I shall get a garment, or a bit of bread for my children."
 It seemed as if the branches shivered, but Carl looked at them a long time, and then said:
 "Who took care of the tree all last winter; and who gave it rain and sun? I've been thinking if Lulu was n't better than all the hemlock trees that ever grew, and if she could n't be taken care of just as well?"
 "Oh," sighed the mother, "if I only knew that the Lord loved us, I would n't complain."
 "Well," said Carl, "if he don't love Lulu and take care of her better than the hemlock tree, then when I get to be a big angel, I'll come back, and will tend to her myself; but I know he does love her; and he has just made those green branches to let us be sure he does. See how bright they are—just like summer—and yet it is cold and frosty. Oh, I'm very sure since I've seen them that he is going to take care of us all."
 "Here's the twine you wanted," said Dick; "now tell us how, Carl, and we'll work till the candle is all burned out. Can't we have all the candles we want for Christmas?"
 As the happy group gathered about Carl's bed and twined the little branches into wreaths, it seemed as if summer indeed had come back. It was a beautiful summer-time of love; and in Carl's eye gleamed a light never there before; for in the beautiful branches he seemed to catch glimpses of the river, and of the sunshine, and of the glad time coming. Even the mother, as she held the sleeping Lulu, seemed looking to something more beautiful, and watched her children with pleasure as they finished their work.
 Carl dreamed that night of the river again, and of sailing to his beautiful home. The mother seemed, in her sleep, again to be dwelling in the pretty cottage; and Mary smiled as if an angel kissed her in sleep; and baby Lulu, too, must have seen something as fair as an angel, or a flower, for she opened her eyes with a start of delight, and closed them again to sleep with a smile on her lips. The whole room seemed full of sweet odors; and it was as if sweet music was ringing through the air, and beautiful flowers were blooming.
 The morning before Christmas Eve was cold and dismal. Dark clouds covered the whole sky, and it looked like snow; but Bill was up early and had sold papers enough to buy their breakfast; for the father had grown so ill since the cold days came, that he could not work half the days. Mary, too, came in with her basketful of half-burned coal, and Dick had made the fire. Carl could not lift his head, even when Lulu was brought for him to kiss, but lay very pale and still, so they thought him asleep and feared to waken him. Bill went out with his wreaths and did not return until almost

noon; then he came and threw himself down beside Carl's bed, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and great sobs came from his throat. His hands were purple with cold, and he could not speak.
 "What is it," said Carl, "do tell me. Ifs any one hurt you?"
 "They won't buy the wreaths," sobbed Bill; "and now there'll be no doll for Lulu, and no candles, and no knife—oh, I hate everybody! I wish I was dead! I wish everybody was dead—mean, stingy people. They said the leaves would fall. I wish there was n't any Christmas!"
 "Oh Bill, don't!" said Carl, "it hurts me so. They do n't mean to be bad, only they do n't know. If you'd only told them about Lulu's doll, they would have bought one. I'm sorry, Bill; but we'll have them in our windows, and we'll look at them and think of the great tree, and the river, and the sky—oh, how blue it was. If they only saw what I saw in the beautiful green, they'd want to buy a great many. I'm so tired; I think I shall go soon, Bill, and then I'll come right into the branches and send out little shining lights that folks will see, and then they'd want the wreaths. Oh, how tired I grow; let me go to sleep."
 Carl slept a long, quiet sleep; and when he opened his eyes again, it was to see them on the hemlock wreaths, and to say, faintly:
 "I'm going—I see the beautiful river—and the angels—I'll not forget to tell them—all about the wreaths—and the doll—and do n't cry—Christmas coming—there, I'm all ready. Good-by, Lulu."
 He closed his eyes, and opened them no more in the dark, dismal room, but his spirit beheld the angels, and the river, and the light and sunshine.
 [Continued in our next.]

Some Things I See In and Around New York.

I was coming toward the city on one of the lines of railroad that meet here, bringing people from all parts of the country. The cars were very full, not a seat being vacant. We stopped at a small station and took in several passengers; among them a lady and little child. She looked pale and ill, and quite unable to stand, but no one offered her a seat, and she quite patiently leaned against one near her.
 Just in front of her a boy had been seated, but as we approached the city, he was anxious to see what was going on outside, so he left his seat and went toward the other side of the car. As he had really vacated the seat, the pale lady occupied it, taking her little girl into her lap. As soon as the boy discovered that his seat was occupied, he returned in haste, and asserted his right to it. The lady rose and gave it to him, but he did not wish to sit, he only wished to keep some one else from the comfort, like the Dog in the Fable. All the way to the city he never sat down once, but stood, keeping guard over his seat, and reaching his head about in all directions.
 As he turned so that I could see him, I thought, "I wonder what I can see in your face?" I looked at his eyes, and there I could plainly see selfishness written. How cold, and hard, and unloving they looked! I looked at his mouth; every line about it said *Selfishness*. I looked at his nose and his chin, and they both said *Selfishness*; even his hair looked stiff, and cold, and hard. No lovelight shone out of his face anywhere. Perhaps I should not have noticed these things but for his selfish act.

Then I began thinking what sort of a man he would make. Would he care for others' pleasure or comfort? Would he be willing to sacrifice any pleasure for the good of others? Would he love little children, and take them in his arms and seek to make them happy? Would girls and boys run to meet him, and call him dear uncle? It seemed very plain what he was going to be, unless he changed greatly—a selfish man.
 Now if he had kept his seat, no one would have blamed him for not offering it to the lady; though he would have shown himself quite a gentleman by doing so; but to keep guard over it, and prevent another from a comfort he did not wish, showed to me just what sort of a life he lived. That one act told what he would do to brothers and playmates at home. His good clothes would not hide the real boy—that was to be seen through all. Do you ever think how you show out yourself, all that you are, in a little act that perhaps you think no one notices.

If your heart is loving and kind, nothing can hide it either, not the poorest clothes or the homeliest features, as I will illustrate next week by something else I saw.
 L. M. W.

THE SOUL'S HERMITAGE.

BY WM. P. BRANFAN.
 I have a hermitage of common clay
 Wherein are treasures neither rich nor rare,
 Yet sacred relics to my life are they—
 And hoarded up in secret caskets there.
 My pilgrim soul resides there all alone,
 Its weary years of wild unrest are o'er;
 Now soiled and travel-worn from many a zone,
 And vain researches on the sea and shore.
 No prying eyes looked through the portals there,
 No shameless pleasure tempts the soul within;
 Despair without must still remain despair—
 I have no room for any pleading sin.
 In dim, past shadows of a distant morn
 I still can see the budding of my years—
 Still hear my hopeful songs and sighs forlorn—
 Still see the rainbow in life's morning tears.
 Within this hermitage my sleepless soul
 Lives o'er again the stormy years of life,
 And nerves itself for that eternal goal
 Where puny man ends all his petty strife.
 Lives o'er again the wild, enchanting prime,
 That played with golden gladness through my brain,
 And swept with dire alarms, or thrills sublime,
 The diapason of all joy and pain.
 I entertain no stranger unwarned
 Within my soul's most secret solitude;
 No guest but Death may claim an entrance there,
 No vaudal foot shall ever dare intrude.
 No one can share in all my bliss or woe,
 No eye may see my rapture or despair;
 On beggar palms no alms can I bestow
 Of sacred relics, or of treasures rare.
 My house of clay stands midway on a slope—
 Oblivion's stream meanders at its base;
 Upon the summit of this mount of hope
 The sons of Fame have found a dwelling-place.
 I ne'er may write my name upon their scroll,
 Or see the glories of their temple fair,
 Yet I can hear those thunderous voices roll
 Their God-like anthems on the echoing air.
 I can overlook the world a little way;
 See isles of palm and bloom forever sweet—
 Behold the rising of the Orient day,
 And sing low murmurs in my safe retreat.
 O blessed midland of my soul's domain,
 Secure retreat from envy, hate and scorn,
 Here let me close my simple hermit reign,
 And rest in quiet till the coming morn!

An injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself, and dies away in an involuntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

A FABLE.
 (From the German, for the Banner of Light.)
 BY E. P.
 In ancient times of doubtful ken,
 When Gods came down and walked with men,
 And lines were not so well defined,
 That parted brutes and human kind,
 Great Zeus, who created all,
 Gave audience in his earthly hall—
 With equal justice weighed each suit,
 Whether preferred by man or brute.
 The Horse, for speed and beauty famed,
 Thus in the court a hearing claimed.
 "Father of beasts and men," 'tis said
 That I more beautiful am made
 Than any other creature formed,
 With which thou hast the world adorned—
 And what by all men is believed,
 Of course by me must be received—
 And yet with diffidence I move;
 Some things in me you might improve."
 "In what respects," said Zeus, "pray?"
 "I'm open to instruction—say?"
 The Horse resumed without delay:
 "Would not my limbs with added length
 Increase my swiftness, and my strength
 Be greater with a broader breast?
 And for the beauty of the race,
 A long swan neck might give more grace.
 And if I favored, Man, to bear,
 The saddle I am doomed to wear,
 It might as well created be,
 And over form a part of me."
 Indulgent Zeus smiling heard,
 And uttered the creative word:
 "Life, dust, combine and organize."
 The Horse awaits with earnest eyes,
 Expectant of his beau ideal,
 Soon to be manifest and real;
 When to his horror and affright,
 The ugly Camel rose to sight.
 "Behold," said Zeus, drawing near,
 The taller, thinner legs are here;
 The swan-like neck, the broader breast,
 And the created saddle-seat.
 Wouldst thou, with all thy grace adorned,
 After this fashion be transformed?"
 The Horse, in silence, trembled still.
 "Go, then," said Zeus, "if you will,
 Unpunished, yet instructed be:
 A living warning this to thee:
 Never, for thy temerity,
 The Camel, without shuddering, see."
 The Horse retired, with altered tone,
 Concluding to "let well alone."

Original Essays.
ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.
 NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.
 BY C. B. P.

Of course, as a Spiritualist, we differ from the authors whom we cite, as to the origin of the ancient mysteries, so far as they make them wholly to begin on this side of the Jordan. We have knowledge of something more than this material aspect—a knowledge that unflushed spirits, under certain conditions, can control to manifest through the veil of the flesh, and that this spiritual aspect was more or less known in all the ancient mysteries, however perverted by the priesthoods in the name of Lord or God.
 Apart from the material Symbolism, there was the hidden Word, equivalent to the spiritual, or "incorporeal model" of Philo. From the basic unity or centre, there was outwrought a wide range of significant parallels, whose warp and woof were blended through the material veil in correspondence with clairvoyance and trances for the fashioning of the Word, or manifestation of the spirit. Our knowledge of present phenomena beholds the supernatural or miraculous arrange itself in consecutive order of being, so that the boundaries of the two worlds may be synchronous in their gearing, and that much of the ancient mysteries may have been given "by the disposition of angels," or unflushed spirits, through inter-relations of the incarnate world with diverse fashionings from the mundane side in the mystic Lodge, where priest or Hierophant spoke in the name of God.
 Philo does not hesitate to lay on the literal Word a fabulous significance, known only to the earlier initiates of Hebrewdom, while Gen. Hitchcock finds the life of Jesus "a drama written mystically, in order not to disclose openly a certain secret, which, nevertheless, was taught to those who had ears to hear"—who finds that "Christ is not a historical fulfillment of prophecy, but an ideal representation of the meaning of the law and the prophets"—that "we are at liberty to see more than one meaning in a symbol, and that the different scenes were unfoldings in progress toward an ultimate, illustrating, after the method of all the ancient esoteric societies, the doctrine of immortality."
 But what kind of immortality does our author discover in this?—only the Buddhist, or pantheistic kind, for no spiritual individual identity "has ever declared anything," and therefore the "immortality" of the mysteries was only "an illusion to that bourne from whence no traveler returns."
 This is rather shyly put forth; for it is equivalent to annihilation. It was our faith through the dark valley and shadow of death, till modern Spiritualism opened a more sure Word of prophecy to behold the individual soul in continuity of being through the portals of death, from whose bourne we have knowledge that travelers do return; and on this wise, too, we can find that life and immortality were brought to light, however dimly, through the ancient esoteric mysteries, so that these were not wholly in their limitations this side Jordan, though a clouded canopy in mist skirted the horizon.
 In the ancient mysteries, the West was the image of darkness, as the East the image of Christ, or the Lord, whose symbol was the Sun. Egypt was the symbol of darkness to the Jews; hence the darkness over all the land of Egypt, and "out of Egypt have I called my son." The Egyptian mysteries, says Dr. Mackey, in "Lexicon of Free Masonry," "were of two kinds—the greater and the less; the former being the mysteries of Osiris and Serapis; the latter those of Isis. The mysteries of Osiris were celebrated at the autumnal equinox; those of Serapis at the summer solstice; and those of Isis at the vernal equinox."
 "The candidate was required to exhibit proofs of a blameless life. For some days previous to the commencement of the ceremonies of initiation, he abstained from all unchaste acts, confined himself to an exceedingly light diet, from which animal food was rigorously excluded, and purified himself by repeated ablutions." He then "entered a narrow gallery"—the narrow way to the kingdom of heaven—"on the walls of which were inscribed the following significant words: 'The mortal who shall travel over this road, without hesitating or looking behind, shall be purified by fire, by water and by air; and if he can surmount the fear of death, he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth; he shall revisit the light, and claim the right of preparing his soul for the reception of the mysteries of the great Goddess Isis.'"
 "We shall not fail to see in this the man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven, the baptism by water, by fire and by the Holy Ghost. These things are all set forth in the various books of the Biblical mysteries, and hence, essentially one with Jew

and Gentile. Here was the passing through fire to the several names of the Lord to be "named as by fire, for our God is a consuming fire" whose "fire is in Zion, and his furnace is Jerusalem." So, too, in the Egyptian mysteries was the "firey furnace" in correspondence to that which, in the words of Blavatsky, Melchizedek and Boehm, "is the mystical twelve of the Zodiac in 'the twelve days of manifestation'—the twenty-four hours, or four-and-twenty elders, of the four beasts who sang night and day, 'holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to be.' Each hour was the young Horus, or Son of the Virgin Mother. The initiated was made to pronounce the following solemn obligation: 'I swear never to reveal, to any of the uninitiated, the things that I have seen in this structure, nor any of the knowledge that shall be communicated to me. I call as witnesses to my promise the Gods of heaven, of earth and hell; and I invoke their vengeance on my head, if I should ever willfully violate my oath.' He then entered into the holy of Holies, 'where a priest instructed him in the application of their symbols to the doctrines of the mysteries, in all of which the *Phallus*, emblem of fecundity, was found' as the greatest multiplier and replenisher of the earth—the *Phallus*, emblem of the Father of all living, and was astronomically and physiologically by the spirit made flesh—was essentially one in all the mysteries, whatever the name of the God—the same in Baal, El-Shaddai, I (Am), and Jehovah—the same in Tetragrammaton, Loviathan, and some hundred other ineffable names—for which see *Ancient Physiology*, and *Dungleson's Medical Dictionary*.
 He was the "Strength of Israel" in the Taurus of the Spring equinox, for Taurus was a name of the phallic emblem, as well as of the Sign in heaven; and whoever will ascend to the topmost height through all the degrees of ancient or modern Free Masonry, according to the Land-Marks, will see the symbol of the ancient Godhead, as Moses saw the God of Israel, whose kingdom on earth was as one with the Sun of Righteousness in heaven, and whose foundation-stones were of the rock of salvation for the life everlasting; hence the significance of 23d Deuteronomy, as precluding the "wounded" man from "entering into the congregation of the Lord."
 On the same wise, too, was circumscribed a phallic rite of Israel's God, the "covenant of El Shaddai and Jehovah," hence the swearing by these names of God, or of the Elohim, by Abraham and Jacob, with "hand under the thigh" for which see "Cath in 'St. Paul's Dictionary of the Bible,'" where a new Septuagint of England's learning in Biblical theology, though writing to the Procrustean measure of Church drill, yet so open "God's Word" as to leave it utterly straddled as to any claim of infallibility. Bishop Colenso may well advance his lines when the new Septuagint are so close upon his rear.
 The Cross is no less an ancient phallic emblem, with its Trinity included, than the number of generation in the stem of mystical numbers, as per Dr. Mackey's "Lexicon of Free Masonry." Of course, there were the female counterparts, and upon all these emblems the moral and spiritual were superstrated. In "CHRISTUS TIBI SPIRITUS," Gen. Hitchcock informs us that "we may understand that the Holy Ghost may be manifested among the Gentiles; and if so, we may acknowledge, as among them, though not in the eastern Jewish sense, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and perceive among all nations not only the Holy Ghost, but the Father and the Son; and further than this, we may expect to discover among them, no less, the mysterious Mother. If we insist upon the relation of the Father and Son, how can we dispense with that feminine existence which this relation supposes, or rather necessitates? Who, then, is this Virgin Mother of a Son who is one with the Father? St. Paul clearly refers to her in Galatians, where he tells us that Jerusalem which is above, and the 'Mother of us all.'"
 "We cannot suppose that the Mother of us all, as referred to by the Apostle, is any other than the Mother of Jesus, whom Jesus himself calls the Mother of the loved disciple." We do not find in St. Paul's epistles any authority for supposing that the Apostle ever alluded to the Mysterious Mother as a mortal being, and the wife of Joseph. The Mother is a Mother in an infinitely higher sense than this, and in this higher sense she was known among the Gentiles, no less than was the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost was known among them, according to the testimony of both St. Paul and St. Peter. In this higher sense [as the Divine Wisdom] we have all of us need to take her to our "own home," as we see it expressed in John; and until we do so, we have truly no proper home, but one precisely in the condition of Ulysses during his mysterious wanderings before he, also, returned to his "own home," and was reunited to one from whom he had separated twenty years before.
 Let the truth be stated: the Virgin Mother of the Son of God is symbolized in the Gospels by a woman—as she had been in a multitude of other writings, both before and after the gospels were written. She is the Isis of Egypt, and was known among the Gentiles in a multitude of names, and in many a form; indeed, that she has been called the Myrionymous. She is the Venus born from the Sea, the Sea itself (the Latin *Mare*) being an emblem of her. She is the changeable side of the unchangeable, and has in all ages been figured by the Moon, the chaste Diana.
 Few things are more remarkable in the Old Testament than the manner in which Wisdom is referred to in the feminine gender; and when the attention is once turned upon this subject, it affords but little study to perceive that Wisdom is there put for the Virgin mother, whose ways are everlasting commandments; or, we may say that the Virgin Mother of the New Testament is the Wisdom of the Old Testament.
 We have no wish to make a direct comparison between the wanderings of Ulysses and those of the children of Israel, and yet nothing is more certain than that the two histories have a common object, and no student can be ignorant of "home" who does not recognize it. One is a Grecian, the other a Jewish story; and we, Gentiles of another age and nation, are perfectly at liberty to choose between them; or, by accepting both, find each throwing light upon the other, and both serving to illustrate the common nature shared by all nations—all nations being, in the judgment of St. Paul, of one blood.
 When the Mysterious Mother becomes known, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving her in the multifarious modes by which she has been exhibited in mystical writings of all ages. She is a very Proteus in ancient writings, endowed with a certain "Uniformity," by which, in the very same story, she may be seen in a great variety of characters or symbols.
 She was the true Diana of those who knew this Goddess. She was also the true Arendia of those who knew this blessed creature, which had no geographical localities. She was the true garden of Hesperides; and was the very fountain of Aretus, by the side of which so many exquisite lyrics have been composed. She presides over the adventures of Ulysses in his wanderings, and yet is the Penelope to bless him in the end; and it is a most suggestive fact, that Ulysses does go to his father until after his re-union with his wife; and equally suggestive, that his father is alone when the Son goes to him, and that he goes to him alone.
 The Virgin Mother has her appropriate place in the Grecian romance of Thages and Clereola, which is a pure Hermetic tale, not written by a Bishop, as tradition reports, but by one who claims to have been "of the race of the sun," his assumed name clearly pointing out his character; HELIOPHOS, son of HEBODORUS. This name was not ill chosen, and sufficiently indicates the mystical affinity of the author of the romance with the reputed author of the Smaragdine Table which professes to disclose, though in symbolism, the complete and perfect doctrine of what is called the "Solar Work." Every one knows the ordinary meaning of Helios and Theos, but they have always had a mystic sense besides—the common property of an esoteric school, which had no "Mystic" in its name, but the "wise Master Builder" builds the Broad Church upon a broad foundation, while the true Word is equally broad in its treasures "new and old," which every scribe instructed into the Kingdom of Heaven knows how to bring forth, as per Jesus, showing, as in "William Meister's apprenticeship," a "strangely interwoven piece of art, a wonderful *Mosaic*, for in Meister's wanderings through the "dark shining wilderness," trying "his practice hand on man," on the bare Rock of Sinai, "before he made the lasses O," Salvalor, the Virgin Mother, becomes a "widow," and Mr. Samuel Weller has expounded this aspect of the Word, "in point of coming over ye." The forty years' wandering in the wilderness, in the regions round about Si-

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Banner of Light.

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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.

Homes for the Laboring Class.

This is a question which will press upon public attention with more and more force, as wealth accumulates in this country and the population of our cities and towns becomes denser every year.

The system of tenement houses in our important cities has never yet received the attention which it merits, although there have been enterprising and philanthropic minds, as here with us in Boston, which have bestowed considerable thought upon it.

It is made to appear that, in the new London tenement houses for the laboring classes, the annual rent for each family amounted to eighty-four dollars, while the interest on the capital invested was about twelve per cent.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, after all. The huge buckles that have broken out over everybody of late, one would suppose to be a decided novelty; but it appears that the story is an old one, at best.

Nothing New.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, after all. The huge buckles that have broken out over everybody of late, one would suppose to be a decided novelty; but it appears that the story is an old one, at best.

Winter and the Poor.

Let us not forget the poor and unfortunate, as winter strengthens in the skies. Thus far, the weather has been very favorable for such as can supply themselves with but a scanty quantity of fuel and raiment, but the time is not far off when the sharp winds will pierce them and cause them to feel winter in all its bitterness.

More Pay Wanted.

We should think the rebel officers would be asking for more pay for their military services, by this time. It costs a rebel Congressman forty dollars a day for his board in Richmond, while he receives from Congress an allowance of but ten dollars a day.

Congress.

This body has again assembled, it being the second and last session of the Thirty-Eighth Congress. Much business really ought to be transacted during the present session, short as it is—the same terminating constitutionally on the 4th of March next.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published "Six Morceaux, composed expressly for the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ, by L. H. Southard," entitled, "Anticipation," "Remembrance," "Penance," "In Memoriam," "Children's March," and "Gaiety." Each piece is finely embellished.

Physical Manifestations.

We announced last week that Mr. J. H. Randall was coming to this city with the remarkable Boy Medium, Henry B. Allen, for the purpose of giving our citizens an opportunity to test the truthfulness of the manifestations, given in the light, in his presence, which are claimed to be done by spirit-power.

On Tuesday afternoon a private séance was given at the residence of Daniel Farrar, Esq., Hancock street, at which about twenty persons were present. The manifestations were witnessed in the light, and were very satisfactory.

A clothes-horse was placed nearly in the centre of one of the drawing rooms, in which several musical instruments were deposited, resting upon two chairs; then shawls were thrown over the frame, covering it so as to leave only an opening of about two feet space on the side facing the spectators, against which the medium was seated, with his back to the frame.

J. Rollin M. Squire being present, was requested to sit with the medium. He consented; when several spirit hands were immediately seen back of him and the boy, patting both on the head, &c.

A ring was taken by them from Mr. Squire's forefinger and placed upon another finger. This was repeated several times.

During these performances, the committee assured the company that the boy's hands were both hold of their arms.

[The editor and publishers of this paper, having made arrangements with Mr. Randall for a private sitting with his medium at an early day, will in a future issue be enabled to state whether or not in their opinion the above described manifestations are what they purport to be.]

Educating.

In Emerson's first lecture before the "Fraternity" of this city, on the subject of "Education," he speaks felicitously of how it is to be best accomplished, and sets down the two great essentials in educating one's self, Enthusiasm and Drill. One nature gives, the college never can. But the knowledge already existing in the minds of trained persons is indispensable, and must be had; to secure this to the young, is the aim and theory of the college. He says that a college is but a society of experts—of men selected for their skill each in one department of art.

Illinois Cotton.

The staple is now talked of in Illinois as freely as in any of the real cotton-growing States. The people out there are already beginning to talk of the "success of their cotton fields," just as they once would have done at the South. In one section of the State, there have been two hundred and ninety acres of cotton; and the average yield has been four hundred pounds, or a full bale, to the acre. This is what the staple averages on Southern cotton lands, with "field hands."

The Average Production.

Taking the production of the present year with those of other years, the balance is clearly in favor of 1864, with the quality a good deal better. Although so many men have been called away from industrial occupations to the field, the rate of production does not fall so much behind that of other years as to affect the stock of subsistence actually on hand for the use of the country.

The President's Message.

This document was laid before Congress on the second day of its session. It is but a business statement of the affairs of the different Departments, and furnishes a summary of the general interests of the government and the nation that all can readily comprehend. In reference to the war, the President holds the view that it rests on the will of the "insurgent leader," Davis, to bring it to a close; but as Davis has repeatedly said that he would not, except on the basis of Southern independence, the President says that nothing is left to him but to wage war with vigor until the former's military power is broken.

Scott on Jackson.

In his recently published "Memoirs," Gen. Scott sketches President Jackson pretty clearly. Speaking of the idolatry with which Old Hickory was regarded by his followers, he remarks that it may be placed to his credit, to the bright face of his quality, that he never betrayed any desire "to profit by the circumstances and to trench himself for life in the Presidency, with remainder over to his heirs and assigns." Scott says the General was not in the least intoxicated with power. He seemed to care nothing to keep and perpetuate it. "Enveloped in the fumes of his pipe, with the only occasional imprecation—'By the Eternal!'—he cut off the heads of more office-holders than all his predecessors put together."

Presents to Public Men.

People are beginning to see how needless it is to make costly presents of silver service and gold-mounted swords to men whose merits should be rewarded in a more practical way. Many such men find themselves too poor to keep these gifts, and still too considerably grateful to sell them. They would be better presented with houses and farms, and some of those good and substantial things which help them along in the world, and last during their life-time, and excite a feeling of true gratefulness in their hearts every day, instead of regret at the ill-judged kindness which burdens them with a wealth that is of no use to them.

The Muller Execution.

This was a horrible affair. A hundred thousand people, of both sexes and all ages, thronged to witness the revolting tragedy. Only at the very last moment of life did the criminal confess his guilt, and even that is questioned by his friends to have been anything but a confession. The London Times expatiates on the moral effect of having these executions public. This feature is the one which establishes the unrelieved brutality of the popular sentiment in England. Their papers have been full of this matter, pictorial and otherwise, for months. If the progressive minds of England do not soon take the lead in public affairs, Alblon is doomed.

Mr. Chamberlain's New Circle Room.

Mr. Chamberlain has taken the upper room (No. 7) in the same building with the Banner, and fitted it up for the accommodation of séances for spiritual manifestations, through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, where she will continue to hold circles during week evenings. This will be a great convenience for our citizens who have heretofore been obliged to go to a neighboring city in order to witness the astonishing physical manifestations given in her presence. We advise the most skeptical to attend her séances.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A Poetic Gem.

Corra L. V. Hatch gave two excellent discourses on Sunday, Dec. 6th, to crowded audiences in Lyceum Hall, in this city. At the close of the evening address, while in the trance state, Mrs. Hatch gave the following exquisitely beautiful poem, entitled,

VOICES.

We have heard the many voices With which earth mourns and rejoices— From her high and lowly places, Echoed in the mystic spaces; From the thoughtless mocking throng; From the weak and from the strong; Hill and valley everywhere, Voice of song or voice of prayer— Mingled chorus, Blending o'er us— Voices, voices everywhere.

Voices free of happy childhood, Echoing over glen and wildwood; Shouting, laughing, cheering, singing; Through the day their wild notes ringing; Homeward, sobbing, tired of play, Lips so weary scarce can pray— Happy chorus Ringing o'er us— Children's voices everywhere.

Voices from the field of battle, Where the horrid death-notes rattle, Shrieking, sighing, choking, moaning, Cursing, swearing, praying, groaning! Sweet name murmured by fond lover; Whispered blessing for dear mother; Death-curse silenced o'er 'tis spoken; Vows repeated that were broken— Horrid chorus Bursting o'er us— Deadly voices everywhere.

Voices from the cottage lowly, Hymn of praise and anthem holy; Soothing, hushing, peaceful, blessing, Mother her sweet babes caressing; Much of joy and much of praise, Humble wants and simple ways— Peaceful chorus Bonding o'er us— Lowly voices everywhere.

Voices from the crowded city— Snatch of song or cry for pity! Rushing, foaming, rattling, dashing; Tides of sin and anger clashing; Pale ones moaning in the cold; Strong ones crying out for gold; Mother weeping o'er her dead; Children famishing for bread; Music where the favored dwell; Women shrieking down to hell! Din and chorus Breaking o'er us— Human voices everywhere.

Voices from the world of angels, Messengers and bright evangels, Whispering, cheering, praising, chiding, With their strength and virtue guiding, Lifting the dark veil of sorrow, Speaking of a brighter morrow; Voice of angel, sainted mother, Loving sister, child or brother— Angel chorus Floating o'er us— Angel voices everywhere.

Voices from the Great Eternal, From the mountain heights supernal; Not a swelling, surging, rolling, Like an endless, ceaseless tolling, But a silence deep, profound! Broken by no wave of sound; Filling all the deepening space, Where the suns their orbits trace; Holding in its calm control Every word and every soul— Solemn chorus Bonding o'er us— God's great silence everywhere!

Mrs. Hatch will speak in the same hall next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

The California Steamers.

A plot was set on foot by a gang of bravadoes, with the countenance of the rebel Secretary of the Navy (though it is unfortunate for them that they have no navy), to rise on one of the steamers from Panama, on the Pacific side, and, after capturing her, to cruise in search of the other steamer of the same line which was expected down from San Francisco, capture her and her treasure, and afterwards make their escape with their booty. It would, of course, have made the scoundrels entirely independent, in the pecuniary sense. The plan, however, was discovered just in time to overhaul the whole gang before the mail steamer on which they sailed was well away from port, and a war vessel's men boarded her and captured the whole lot, the leader of them afterwards confessing the scheme.

Incendiary Fires.

The recent incendiary fires in New York have created an intense excitement in that city of daily excitements, and have even had the effect to thin out the attendance at the hotels and theatres. Gen. Dix has issued an order requiring all Southern refugees to register their names at his office without delay. This collects a motley crowd daily. The statements which many of these people make are extremely curious. The excitement about the fires has somewhat subsided, yet the authorities, both civil and military, are at work cooperatively to ferret out the real authors of the late nefarious attempts to destroy the city. There is not much doubt in the public mind that this diabolical scheme originated with the leading rebels of the South.

The Dome of the Capitol.

This new and magnificent dome, just finished, when lighted by gas at night can be seen as far away as Alexandria, and indeed for miles in nearly every direction from Washington. The scaffold and staging employed in its construction have been removed, and the whole canopy can be seen with a single sweep of the eye from below, presenting a sight of the most magnificent and impressive character, rising even to the limit of sublimity. We are glad to know we have a noble Capitol, nobly surmounted.

The Florida Case.

Our Minister to Brazil, Mr. Jas. Watson Webb, has got ahead of our Washington Secretary in the management and disposal of the Florida case, and laid out ground before Brazil which he says our Government will not fall to follow. This is a new style of diplomacy, but is direct and outspoken. It makes the old style diplomats shake their locks in indignant protestation. It appears now as if the Secretary of State had nothing to do but what Mr. Webb has pointed out for him.

New Publications.

THE THREE SCOUTS. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The readers of "Cudjo's Cave"—and they are numbered by many thousands—will be anxious to peruse this last work by the same author, for it is so intimately connected with the story of the "Cave," that one book cannot be read without creating an earnest desire for the other. The story is well written, and will be popular with the masses. The work is issued in Tilton & Co.'s usually excellent style, and makes a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-one pages. There is no necessity for our saying more, as the work will doubtless find thousands of admiring friends.

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY. By Walter Barrett, Clerk. Third Series. New York: Carlton, Publisher.

This is the third book of the series, by a popular writer, and like its predecessors, is full of matters of interest. The flattering success of the two previous volumes induced the author to put forth a third, trusting that it will meet with a like success, not only from the mercantile mind of the country, but from the reading public generally. It is neatly printed on tinted paper, and makes over three hundred and fifty pages.

THE PALACE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, and other Poems. By Orpheus C. Kerr. New York: Carlton.

The author of these poems, which are issued in Carlton's chaste and taking style, is well known in the world of light literature, and has many admirers, who will no doubt be glad of the opportunity of obtaining his poems in the elegant form in which the enterprising publisher has sent them forth.

MOSMAN'S MATERIA MEDICA CHART. By E. P. Mosman, M. D. Norwich, Conn.

The principal design of this chart is to show at a glance the range of action or organs of the body chiefly affected by one hundred of the most valuable of the Homeopathic medicines, and the relative degree of the intensity of their action. It is no doubt a very useful and convenient chart for physicians of that class of practice.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1865. By Robert B. Thomas. Boston: Brower & Tilton.

This old favorite has reached its seventy-third year, and is likely to reach as many more. It is an indispensable adviser in every family, and we need not praise it, for every one is satisfied of its reliability.

ESSAYS AND LETTERS on the Treatment of Consumption, and Other Diseases. By N. B. Wolfe, M. D. Cincinnati, Ohio.

These letters have reached the sixth edition, and were written, the author says, "on the side of truth, in defence of principles which never change."

WALTER HYDE'S LECTURES.—We understand that Walter Hyde, of New York, is about to publish in book form his series of lectures on the art of healing by the laying on of hands, and the principles attending mediumistic development. It is his intention to have the work issued about the 15th of February.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for December. This well conducted magazine enters upon its fourth year, next month. It is devoted to the interest of Odd Fellowship, and deserves to be well patronized by the Order.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for January is fully equal to any of its predecessors, in its illustrations and literary contents.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"Game of Great Truths, by Great Authors," is the title given to a pack of cards, with poetic and prose quotations on them, each card being titled and numbered, and arranged so that a very interesting game can be played by any number of persons from two to twelve. Published by John H. Tingley, New York. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

The Daily Evening Voice.

This is the title of a new candidate for public favor, which has just made its appearance in this city. Price three cents per copy. It is devoted to the cause of moral, social and labor reform, published under the auspices of the Boston Printers' Union, and will favor the cause of workingmen generally throughout the United States. The time has come when just such a journal is needed. The God Mammon is a mighty power, and is endeavoring by all the appliances he is master of to sit up his kingdom on earth; to crush out the spirit of freedom in humanity, and to degrade human labor to a level with the brute creation. But the spirit of man rebels against his task-master—his spirituality comes into the scale, and weighs down the sophistry of the latter—and the time is not distant when not only black slavery will cease to exist on this continent, but white slavery also.

We pray that our brothers may succeed in their new enterprise; and we hope they will call to their aid, everywhere, working men and working women, too, which will enable them to persevere, till the great end in view shall be reached. Let not the hardy sons of toil of our own dear beloved New England slumber at their posts. Still advocate and maintain the dignity of labor; and, if need be, rally to the polls and elect men to office who will second your noble endeavors.

A New Volume of Poems.

We learn that the well known publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have in press and will soon issue, in elegant style, a Volume of Poems from the poetic muse of the inspired author, BELL BUSH, of Norristown, Pa., whose chaste and eloquent productions have often graced the columns of the Banner of Light. The book is to be entitled "VOICES OF THE MORNING," and will contain many new poems, with choice selections from those already published. The volume will contain about three hundred pages, and will be sold for \$1.50, at retail. This "Gem, with many sparkling diamonds set," will probably be in market in season for the Christmas Holidays, by which time we hope to be able to supply all those who may desire it.

The Spread of Spiritualism.

In Paris also there are at this moment no less than sixty thousand persons who have no other religion or creed than that of spiritualism, or, as we call it, "Spiritualism." There, the belief is as thoroughly organized a system as any sect of the Christian religion. It has its disciples, its priests, its altars, &c., as well as its papers, reviews, publications of all sorts, with editors and booksellers of its own.—Ez.

Yes, Spiritualists are increasing in numbers everywhere. In the United States, the British North American Provinces, in Great Britain, in Germany, and in Italy, as well as France, with their "disciples," "papers," "reviews," and "booksellers," but no "priests." Ere five years have elapsed Spiritualists will be ten times more numerous than they are to-day. "The truth is mighty and will prevail."

"PHYSIOLOGY AND RELIGION," an Essay, by Rev. J. C. Knowlton, of Boston, will appear in our next.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

See Cora Wilburn's notice in another column. Here is a good opportunity for those spiritualists who live remote from central lines of travel, and consequently are frequently unable to procure regular lecturers to speak at their meetings, to secure Miss W.'s services to prepare lectures for them—and who is amply qualified so to do—which some one of their number can read, after the plan of many Lyceum lecturers. She is truly inspirational, and we have no doubt but that the matter she would prepare at a small fee would be acceptable.

Laughter and music awaken the affections and elevate our natures. Therefore "laugh and grow fat," and if you wish to circulate the blood, dance. It is an innocent amusement. And with (at the proper time) laughter, dancing and music for your companions, the "Blue Devils," that lure so many to destruction, can never approach you. Melancholy leads to all sorts of sins. Shun the monster, as you would the tongue of a slanderer. Both make earth a hell.

The next Sociable takes place on Tuesday evening at Lyceum Hall, where good order and good music predominate.

PARKER FRATERNITY LECTURE.—The eighth lecture of this course, at the Music Hall, was delivered on Tuesday evening week by Wendell Phillips, upon the theme "Our Situation." Notwithstanding the storm, the hall was well filled. The usual organ concert preceded the lecture. Mr. Phillips occupied an hour and a half in the delivery of his lecture. The lecture on Tuesday evening of the present week will be by Rev. J. M. Manning. Subject, "Victory through Sacrifices."

In the divorce suit now pending in New York, Benj. F. Hatch vs. Cora L. V. Hatch, the Court decided that Cora should have alimony at the rate of five dollars per week, and an allowance of one hundred dollars for counsel. The case was called at the Nov. term of the Court, but the plaintiff failed to appear, says the New York Herald.

Paris is gazing with wonder at the man who lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth. There is many a man hereabouts who has lifted a barrel of liquor with his thumb and finger.

A Waterford, Conn., doctor has sued a soldier for \$48 for services rendered his wife. The defence is that the physician agreed to cure her for \$50, but she died.

Old customs are rooted in and upheld by ignorance. Men cling to them because they are old, when, could they trace them to their origin, they would be ashamed to recognize them.

By the new waterworks in our neighboring city of Charlestown, a daily supply of thirty-five million gallons is secured at a cost of \$800,000.

A loin of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite to it took the carver: "Shall I cut it saddlewise?" quoth he. "You had better cut it bridlewise," replied another, "for then we shall stand a better chance of getting a bit in our mouths!"

One individual's selfishness doubles that of others, and this again redoubles that; and so layer upon layer of ice is frozen.

Lelgh Hunt was asked by a lady at dessert, if he would venture on an orange. "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

One of our frigates being at anchor on the Southern coast, on a winter's night in a tremendous gale the ground broke, and so the ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right; who would stop out such a night as this?"

Gen. Banks goes back to New Orleans as commander of the Department of the Gulf, including Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, the same command in which he was superseded by Gen. Canby.

A miniature telegraph office, designed for a present to the Emperor of Russia, has been prepared by an artisan of New York. It consists of complete telegraphic apparatus, capable of transmitting messages two hundred miles, all embraced within the compass of a morocco case eight inches in length, six inches in width, and three-and-a-half inches in depth.

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "No-ing by half."

Nothing is so fallible as human judgment, but nothing so pitiless. The one black spot in our hearts—the devil's share in us—is that the general impulse is to believe the worst.

MISS ANNA RYDER, trance medium, has removed to the rooms of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, 158 Washington street.

A city congregation was informed, says the Springfield Republican of last Monday, that the materials for Solomon's temple were floated from Joppa up the river Jordan to Jerusalem. Sunday school children who had studied the map of Palestine thought this a miraculous thing in the way of transportation. It is a great thing to have an educated ministry.

Wm. Burr, the inventor of the easement iron-clad system, died a few days since at Greenfield Hill, Conn.

H. P. Tuttle, the well known astronomer, who volunteered as a private in the army, is now a paymaster in the navy.

A bookseller's clerk in this city, a few days ago, was sent out to buy a book his employer had not in the store, and called for "The Hon which Croweth." After an anxious but unavailing search, he was asked to read the written order again, when he found it to be "The Hour which Cometh," a volume of sermons, by Rev. James P. Clark.

The latest illustrious Englishman who has visited our shores, has given it as his opinion that our youths are smoking themselves to death.

A late English paper, in treating of the poor rates of Great Britain, states that one in six of the inhabitants of London dies in charitable institutions; and one in eleven in the workhouse; and that about one-fifth of the entire population have to subsist more or less on public or private charities. And yet England is overflowing with pride, pretension, arrogance, and kindred "virtues."

A freshman in Bowdoin college, who was handled roughly by some of his fellow students, is about entering a complaint before the grand jury; and intends also to commence a civil suit against the parties implicated.

The tobacco dealers think it will be a re-leaf to them to have tobacco taxed in leaf, instead of manufactured, as at present, and have petitioned Congress accordingly.

Says a New Orleans correspondent: "Campbell's slave pen is now a rebel prison. 'Get in dar ye self,' said a colored woman, as she saw the rebel prisoners filling into the old pen. 'Use to put us in dar. Get dar ye self, now. Do Lord's a-comin', sure!'"

SIN-TAX.—"Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means?" said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler. "Yes, sir; the duty on liquors."

Capt. Howard, presumptive heir to the Irish Earldom of Wicklow, died of intemperance lately, and his life having been insured for half a million of dollars, several of the London offices have been heavily taxed. All of the policies were in the hands of the creditors of the deceased for bona fide debts.

Notwithstanding the heavy tax on tobacco, cigar dealers assert that the demand for the weed has increased, rather than the contrary.

Alvin Adams has the most beautiful residence in Watertown; the grounds are splendidly laid out, and his gallery of paintings is the most superb and costly of any individual in New England.

A board of trustees will soon be appointed to manage the funds realized by the late national sailors' fair in this city. It is almost certain that the proposed home will be located at some point on the shore of Massachusetts bay, not far from Boston.

"Dr. Franklin said, 'A good kick out of doors is better than all the rich uncles in the world.'"

A REFORM IN EMBRYO.—An adjourned meeting of the State Board of Charities was held in the senate chamber at the State House, last week. A discussion on the expediency of changing the present system of conducting almshouses was participated in by Hon. Robert C. Pitman of New Bedford, Rufus Wyman of Roxbury, Rev. Chas. F. Barnard, Dr. Green of Boston, Mr. Fiske of the Monson Almshouse, and other gentlemen. The general sentiment was that too much severity had been exercised toward the inmates.

Since the 1st of last January gold to the amount of almost \$43,000,000 has been exported from New York.

A French chemist has discovered that a depressing effect upon the action of the heart is caused by smoking.

Billie Burritt's "Walks in London," is having a great run, and we understand there are many callers for it at *Mattie's* Select Library!

The Queen of Spain it is said disburses 10,000,000 reals per annum in charities. She must be "a real good woman," says *Dig*.

The tax on whiskey is to be increased after the first of January, which will be the means of increasing the adulteration of the article, and increase the deaths of the poor victims who partake of the poisonous mixture.

There is an allegorical story current that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried: "Sir, do you know that the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied: "My good man, that do not concern me; I live in Boston!" The same fanatic overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; on which Emerson replied, "I am glad of it, sir; man will get along much better without it!"

The battle-field may mature in one day the precious flower of immortality, which would require a whole life to blossom elsewhere.

Female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable, as they never miss the males, and are never "tight," except when lazed.

There are 83,705 children of school age in Vermont, of whom 73,200 have actually attended school. The number of pupils between 18 and 20 that have attended school is 2765. There were 4841 teachers employed during the year, and their average monthly pay was \$20.48 for male teachers, and \$8.16 for female.

SLEEP IN THE CRADLE. Sleep! soft bedower of infantine eyes, Pout of little rosy lips! plump hands And doubled into deeply-dimpled fists And stretched in rosy languor, curls are laid In fragrance on the rounded baby-face, Kiss-worthy darling! Suller of clear tongues And silvery laughter! Now the musical noise Of little feet is silent, and blue shoes No more come pattering from the nursery door. Death is not of thee, Sleep! Thy calm domain Is tempered with dreamy bliss, and dimmed With haunted glooms, and richly sanctified With the fine elements of Paradise! David Gray.

Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul in the countenance, is as superior to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter. Those who look good cannot fail to be good-looking.

Two men in a Milwaukee hotel blew out the gas when they went to bed, and were suffocated.

A browbeating counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards two feet and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me the question, so I measured it!"

Prentice asks, Where in France are there the most babies? At Brost.

The Wealthy and the Noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of Genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the Master himself be not inferior to the Mansion, and that the Owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst everything else that is great.

A certain young lady was so modest that, while at a watering-place, she refused to speak to her lover after he had shocked her by asking her to walk with him to see the heaving bosom of the ocean.—*Ez*.

More likely she was jealous because he wished a change of scene.

A GREAT MOVEMENT IN PROGRESS.—It is stated on good authority that all the Federal troops along the coast are being concentrated for the purpose of forming a junction with Sherman at a given point, that the Navy is active, and that shiploads of soldiers are continually leaving Fort-tress Monroe bound southward. Preparations are also making for an important movement upon the defenses of Richmond. The rebels in Richmond are not ignorant of these great preparations, and are vigorously prosecuting the war, and through of the citizens are advocating submission, avowing that it is hoping against hope to continue the present contest any longer.

No one knows the weight of another's burden, nor tastes the saltness of another's tears.

Pills and Bitters.

The "Medical and Surgical Reporter" is published in Philadelphia, ostensibly for the special enlightenment of the profession, but really as a fossil curiosity for the study of those who have no interest in living things. The ancient visage of the Editor, (we suppose) done in wood, appears on the dingy cover of his magazine. He wears his spectacles on the top of his head, and does not appear to see anything distinctly. The clumsy repetition of what others have said with far greater elegance and force seems to realize his highest idea of science; and this poor conception is illustrated by wretched caricatures of the human figure, which ought, in justice, to subject his artist to an indictment for "assault and battery with intent to kill." The Editor's literature is grotesque enough, and somewhat resembles the pictorial illustrations of dry and broken bones which adorn his pages. In opening the work one may fancy himself in a junk shop; or the Editor's crude and disjointed paragraphs may possibly suggest the subject of compound fractures and the remains of the dissecting room.

In a recent issue of the Reporter the Editor is unfortunate in attempting to review Dr. Brittan's "Man and his Relations." That author's ideas are unsuited to the reviewer's appetite, and seem to have precipitated a severe bilious attack, accompanied by rice water discharges and unusual cerebral excitement. Armed with a kind of editorial meat-axe, the Reporter man strikes out in a very terrible manner; and if there is no one hurt, it is doubtless because everybody chances to be out of his way. He evidently estimates "Man and his Relations" quite as perfectly as a rhinoceros would appreciate the Elgin Marbles. To see such a man stalk in among the living graces of polite and philosophical literature, reminds one of the elephant in the picture gallery; or it may possibly suggest the analogous images of a buffalo in a flower garden, treading down the morning-glories, and pawing up the beds of myrtle and amaranth. SCALPEL.

"MAN AND HIS RELATIONS: Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body; the Relations of the Faculties to the Organs, and to the Elements, Objects and Phenomena of the External World; by S. B. NEWTON, M. D.

We learn by a private note from Dr. Newton, that his labors in behalf of suffering humanity at Rochester, N. Y., will positively close on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, at 5 o'clock P. M.

This remarkable man has been very successful in the cure of various diseases since his location at Rochester, as will be seen by the list which we publish on our eighth page.

Dr. Newton goes to Chicago, Ill., we understand, by request. God bless him, wherever he may be.

Sealed Letters Answered.

J. V. MANSFIELD, the well-known reliable writing medium for answering sealed letters, is located, for the present, in New York City, where those who wish to communicate with their departed friends can forward letters for that purpose. Enclose, with the sealed letter, \$5.00 and four three-cent postage stamps. Address, J. V. Mansfield, 102 West Fifteenth street, New York City.

Information Wanted.

If these lines should meet the eye of either Sarah Ann Watson—formerly Johnson—or her husband, James Watson, or any of their friends, will they be kind enough to send Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Kansas City, Mo., their address, and relieve the mind of an anxious mother?

A Beautiful Christmas or New Year's Gift.

We find the following interesting and truthful item in the Milwaukee Daily Life. Read it, and learn what the well-known editor of that paper says about the celebrated Orbig Microscope:

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—During the past fifty years science has made some wonderful discoveries, tending to impress us with the magnitude, and with the complexity, of nature. Not the least among these we may count the microscope, which is calculated to examine those wonders which are invisible to the naked eye. One day last week we were amusing ourselves with looking through one of the Orbig Microscopes, and were forely struck with the wonders hid from our unaided view. We placed a small drop of stagnant water upon the lens of the microscope, and saw in it thousands of animalcules swimming around and apparently enjoying themselves hugely. And this was in a space no larger than the head of a large pin. The insects were magnified to about the size of the letter "o" of this print. We then went on a scouting expedition, and succeeded in capturing a butterfly. We scraped a small quantity of the dust from off its wings, and placed it under the lens, when there appeared a large number of perfectly formed feathers. A very small quantity of mould placed beneath the lens, exhibited many wonderful vegetable formations, and the small grains of sand appeared like small pebbles. And so we might go on ad infinitum, and enumerate the many wonders brought into view through this instrument. But this will suffice for the present. We would like to secure one of these instruments, which will be an endless source of amusement for both old and young, can do so by enclosing \$250 to Mr. G. G. Mead, Chicago, Ill.

The Newburyport Herald concludes an interesting history of the various substitutes for the large and costly pipe organ with the following well-deserved notice of the Cabinet Organ: "All these inventions were, however, but little more than a series of experiments, a striving after an ideal, which should contain all excellencies and reject all imperfections, which, according to the universal testimony of the greatest musicians throughout the world, has at last been attained in the 'Cabinet Organ' of Mason & Hamlin. Those who have had their ears pained by the thin, brassy sound of the old-fashioned seraphine, in which the wind was forced instead of drawn through, or who have tired to be thankful for the improved melodeon, but wishing there was more of it, can hardly realize that an instrument of the same class should be capable of such power, richness of tone, and surprising effects as the Cabinet Organ. It is fortunate, too, that their expense is so low as to place them within the means of almost every family in the land; and their influence will, we doubt not, be unbounded in musical, aesthetic, and social culture."

A Festival.

The Friends of Progress in Geneseo, Ill., will have a Festival on Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 22d, 1864, at Sniff's Hall. Leo Miller and other speakers are expected to be present. All friends in neighboring towns are invited to be present with us. Come one, come all; you will be cordially received. Per Order of Com. Geneseo, Henry Co., Ill., Nov. 15, 1864.

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) S. B., Handwick, Vt.—Your article was anticipated by a correspondent from Des Moines. W. C., MADVILLE, Pa.—\$3.00 received.

Musical Circles.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a series of Church at 158 Washington street, (Room No. 7), on Monday evening, Dec. 19th, at 7 o'clock. Tickets admitting a guest and lady, \$1.00. Single tickets for ladies, 50 cents, to be obtained at this office. 15th-Dec. 17.

INTERESTING TO ALL.—As the Holidays approach, we would call attention to our cabinet organs and organs for sale. C. H. WILBURN & CO., who have removed from 8 and 7 Center Street to 220 Washington street, Boston. Besides the Cabinet Organ and Organ, which thousands have already purchased and are delighted with, Messrs. W. & Co. have the Novelty Microscope, designed as a companion to the Craig, to be used for the examination of Living Insects, Cloth Seeds, Minerals, Bank Notes, and such articles as are too large for the high power of the Craig. This Microscope meets a want never before supplied. Also, the Bellovue Microscope. This splendid instrument appears to excel everything of its kind. It has been greatly improved in finish, and the style of manufacture since its introduction, one year ago, and already several thousands have been sold. For the family circle no article can possibly give so great and permanent pleasure. Prices are as follows: Craig Microscope, in Brass, \$7.00; in Hard Rubber, \$5.00; Novelty Microscope, \$2.00; Bellovue Microscope, \$2.00; Stereoscopic Views, \$3 per doz.; Microscopic Objects, \$1.50 per doz. Any or all of the above will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of the price. To those who want articles that are valuable and not mere toys, we commend the above.

TO CURE COLDS.

A sure cure for a bad cold is four table-spoons full of T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Syrup when you retire. A cold is the foundation of most diseases. Who would not readily buy a whole bottle of Pineapple Syrup if it were sure it would cure? Any one who buys a bottle of the Pineapple Syrup and is not satisfied with it, can return the same and have the money refunded. For sale everywhere.

B. T. BABBITT, SOLE AGENT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Buy COPPER-TIPPED SHOES for children. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. See Nov. 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

BROKEN LIGHTS.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE. A TRIBUTE INTO THE PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF RELIGIOUS FAITH. Probably no work of the present day—if we except "The Life of Jesus"—on any religious subject, has attracted more attention than this work, from the pen of this vigorous trans-Atlantic writer. We earnestly commend it to the attention of all, without regard to class or sect.

"Broken Lights" is a little which might readily be mistaken for a novel, but is in reality a profound and far-reaching work for which it has been chosen. The lights by which the religious world has walked for thousands of years are certain to be in the shadows of the future. The Englishman who is known to us as Frances Power Cobbe, a woman of a noble and noble mind, has compiled a collection of the works of Theodore Parker. She is a woman of a noble and noble mind, and her work is a noble and noble work. She discusses the various forms of Christian theology with acrimonious candor, so far as she understands them, being evidently sincere in her faith, and the light she is at war with science, and is doomed to capitulate in the struggle. She accounts for the acceptance of prevalent doctrine by the assumption that man's mind is saturated with such ideas from early childhood.

She takes the ground apparently that reason is the loftiest of human powers, and that it is the duty of the intellect to question every interpretation of the Scriptures, and every interpretation of the human intellect. She asserts that the Atonement of the human intellect, knowledge to address the intellect, which mankind have drawn from revelation must be what it meant that they should draw. Few of her opponents will dispute this statement, but very many will dispute the fact that the Bible was adapted to a progressive race and widely varying conditions, holding spiritual food for diverse natures, and admitting countless interpretations, and that the Bible is a book of truth, and that it is incredible that God's Word could have contained teachings which for eighteen centuries have failed to comprehend, but that it is a book of truth, and that it is incredible that God's Word could have contained teachings which for eighteen centuries have failed to comprehend.

Dr. J. R. Newton. We learn by a private note from Dr. Newton, that his labors in behalf of suffering humanity at Rochester, N. Y., will positively close on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, at 5 o'clock P. M.

This remarkable man has been very successful in the cure of various diseases since his location at Rochester, as will be seen by the list which we publish on our eighth page.

Dr. Newton goes to Chicago, Ill., we understand, by request. God bless him, wherever he may be.

Sealed Letters Answered.

J. V. MANSFIELD, the well-known reliable writing medium for answering sealed letters, is located, for the present, in New York City, where those who wish to communicate with their departed friends can forward letters for that purpose. Enclose, with the sealed letter, \$5.00 and four three-cent postage stamps. Address, J. V. Mansfield, 102 West Fifteenth street, New York City.

Information Wanted.

If these lines should meet the eye of either Sarah Ann Watson—formerly Johnson—or her husband, James Watson, or any of their friends, will they be kind enough to send Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Kansas City, Mo., their address, and relieve the mind of an anxious mother?

A Beautiful Christmas or New Year's Gift.

We find the following interesting and truthful item in the Milwaukee Daily Life. Read it, and learn what the well-known editor of that paper says about the celebrated Orbig Microscope:

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—During the past fifty years science has made some wonderful discoveries, tending to impress us with the magnitude, and with the complexity, of nature. Not the least among these we may count the microscope, which is calculated to examine those wonders which are invisible to the naked eye. One day last week we were amusing ourselves with looking through one of the Orbig Microscopes, and were forely struck with the wonders hid from our unaided view. We placed a small drop of stagnant water upon the lens of the microscope, and saw in it thousands of animalcules swimming around and apparently enjoying themselves hugely. And this was in a space no larger than the head of a large pin. The insects were magnified to about the size of the letter "o" of this print. We then went on a scouting expedition, and succeeded in capturing a butterfly. We scraped a small quantity of the dust from off its wings, and placed it under the lens, when there appeared a large number of perfectly formed feathers. A very small quantity of mould placed beneath the lens, exhibited many wonderful vegetable formations, and the small grains of sand appeared like small pebbles. And so we might go on ad infinitum, and enumerate the many wonders brought into view through this instrument. But this will suffice for the present. We would like to secure one of these instruments, which will be an endless source of amusement for both old and young, can do so by enclosing \$250 to Mr. G. G. Mead, Chicago, Ill.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

HEALTH is the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon man. It is the foundation of all our enjoyments, and the source of all our power. It is the key to all our success, and the basis of all our happiness. It is the gift of God, and it is our duty to cherish and preserve it. The Herald of Health is a journal devoted to the promotion of health, and the prevention of disease. It contains articles on the most recent discoveries in medicine, and on the most effective means of preserving health. It is a journal for the people, and it is our duty to read it.

HERALD OF HEALTH.

The next Volume will contain articles, written by experienced physicians, on Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fever, and all those diseases so common; and it will endeavor to show, to the best of its ability, their causes and their cures, with the latest and most reliable information on the physical education of children, particularly feeble ones. We shall endeavor to make it a present in every household, and to every parent who would secure to his children health, strength and beauty.

It will contain articles on Mental Hygiene, School-Broom Hygiene, the Hygiene of Teachers, Physical Culture and all articles of vital importance to the physical well-being of the race. It will endeavor to show the invalid the true road to health, the well man the rules for his preservation, the mother the laws of growth and development of her children, the student the right course of the brain and muscular system, it will endeavor to lead to the most reliable means of securing health, and to the most effective means of preserving it. It will contain articles on the most recent discoveries in medicine, and on the most effective means of preserving health. It is a journal for the people, and it is our duty to read it.

AN ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

WE have just received from the Dindery a new lot of LIZZIE DOTE'S beautiful Book of POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE!

A more appropriate Christmas Present could hardly be selected. For sale at this Office. Price, \$3.00.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HEREBY offer my services to the friends and investigators of the Spiritual Phenomena, in connection with the friends of the frequent visits of lecturers on these subjects. Friends convening together can appoint one of their number to receive the friends of the frequent visits of lecturers on these subjects. Friends convening together can appoint one of their number to receive the friends of the frequent visits of lecturers on these subjects. Friends convening together can appoint one of their number to receive the friends of the frequent visits of lecturers on these subjects.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS GIVEN IN THE LIGHT!

In presence of the "BOY MEDIUM," HENRY B. ALLEN, at Washington Street, Room No. 7. Tickets of admission 50 cents. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Boston, Mass., Dec. 17, 1864.

DIAGNOSIS AND PRESCRIPTION.

INVALIDS who will send a Photograph, with hair and a description of the body, will receive a Diagnosis whose accuracy may be relied on, with a prescription through a private lady medium who has never yet failed in any point, and who confers with the other person. Positive reliance cannot be placed on examinations with Hair and Autograph only, and all such are declined. W. M. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y. Dec. 17.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS IN DURABILITY, LIGHTNESS AND FINISH.

Information desired on application, in accordance with every request. Address, RICHARD CLEMENT, 1626 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. 8th-Dec. 17.

DR. P. B. BRISTOL, PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

Will be at the VEAZIE HOUSE, Geneva, N. Y., November 28th, 1864, till February 1st, 1865, to heal the sick, by a new and practical operation requiring but a few minutes. Dec. 17—18.

N. KENISON, CORN DOCTOR.

Rooms 21 Temple Place, Boston. Hours from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Dr. K. has had twenty-five years' experience. 8th-Dec. 17.

MISS ANNA RYDER.

TRANCE MEDIUM will be pleased to receive her friends at the CIRCLE ROOMS of Mrs. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, 158 Washington Street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. 15th-Dec. 17.

MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant, Healing and Test Medium.

Test Medium, 18 Leitch street, 1st-Dec. 17.

MUSICAL CIRCLES.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a series of Church at 158 Washington street, (Room No. 7), on Monday evening, Dec. 19th, at 7 o'clock. Tickets admitting a guest and lady, \$1.00. Single tickets for ladies, 50 cents, to be obtained at this office. 15th-Dec. 17.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

MASON & HAMLIN respectfully invite attention to the fact that their CABINET ORGANS, and their organs of tinny of a MAJORITY OF THE MOST EMINENT ORGANISTS AND MUSICIANS IN AMERICA, as well as a number of distinguished artists of other countries, decided to be unequalled by any similar instruments. "THE BEST OF THEIR CLASS"—also, that they have been invariably awarded the first premiums at the numerous industrial exhibitions at which their instruments have been exhibited. They will be glad to send to any one desiring an illustrated catalogue of styles and prices, with a large amount of this testimony.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The High reputation of our CABINET ORGANS has frequently induced those who pretend that their instruments are the same thing; that there is no essential difference between the Cabinet Organ and Organ with various names made by other makers. It is not true. The quality of our CABINET ORGANS which have given them their high reputation are the result not merely of the superiority of their workmanship, but also of their material, and of the fact that their instruments have been patented, cannot be employed by other makers. These are essential to their better quality and volume of tone and unvaried capacity of expression. When a dealer represents another instrument as the same thing as the Cabinet Organ, it is usually an attempt to sell an inferior instrument on which he can make a larger profit.

WAREHOUSES.

MASON & HAMLIN, 274 Washington street, Boston. MASON BROTHERS, 7 Mercer street, New York. Dec. 10—14.

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.

HAVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Moses K. Weston, Esq., we have fitted up the premises as a Dynamic Institute, and invite the suffering throughout the country to our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment, being such as practiced by Dr. Newton and Bryant, and pronounced by many who are conversant with the cures of both equally wonderful. Residence on Marshall, second door south of Division street. P. O. Druggists, 158 Washington street, Boston. D. S. PERSONS & GOULD, Nov. 19.

An Original Book!

JUST PUBLISHED, MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY; THE RELATIONS OF THE FACULTIES AND AFFECTIONS TO THE ORGANS AND PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS; AND TO THE ELEMENTS, OBJECTS, AND PHENOMENA OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to their beyond—whether for good or evil.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

DONATIONS IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Free Circles, including Mr. Boardman, Norwich, Conn., and Mrs. E. W. Alden, Albany, N. Y.

BREAD TICKET FUND.

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Bread Ticket Fund, including Mrs. E. W. Alden, Albany, N. Y., and Mrs. G. S. Stewart, Burlington, Vt.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Thursday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph H. Hester, to his mother, Ann E. Hester, residing near Spotsylvania, Va.

Invocation.

Oh thou who weareth the universe like a garment, whose language is the ever varying intonations of life, who art around us and within us in perfectness and in power, Great Spirit of Life,

Give us power to endow these thy children with a desire, earnest desire to praise thee in spirit and in truth; not merely in words, but in deeds of love, in kindly acts, in the manifestation of charity at all times.

Oh, may we never forget that all things have been fashioned by thee. May we always remember, when speaking of thy creations, that we are speaking of thee.

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A.—We believe the will to be the manifestation of soul, not the soul.

Q.—Where, then, shall we draw the line between the spirit and material worlds?

A.—It is almost impossible to draw the line, the two are so connected. When the spirit has lost all its attraction for earth and earthly things, it must of necessity gravitate beyond earth and earthly conditions.

Q.—Is there any distinction between persons born idiots, and those who become so during life?

A.—There is a very great distinction. Q.—Where persons become idiots after birth, do they exist in the next world?

A.—Certainly they do. If the soul has ever been identified through the human, it is an absolute, independent entity in the spirit-world.

Q.—What causes spirits to gravitate toward earth—attachment for the physical, or want of development?

A.—Generally attachment to things here. Love of friends, perhaps; love of earthly surroundings; a desire to enter where they think things are real and substantial.

Q.—Will the present intelligence give us some ideas with regard to the best plan that can be adopted, by which the poor, the working classes, can be improved, elevated, benefited every way?

A.—The only way by which the poorer classes can be benefited, financially speaking, is to educate the masses. Give them to know that the down-trodden of earth are their brethren, their sisters.

Q.—Is not the development of soul dependent upon the development of the body?

A.—So far as its relationship with earth is concerned, it is so dependent. Q.—Will the present intelligence give us some ideas with regard to the best plan that can be adopted, by which the poor, the working classes, can be improved, elevated, benefited every way?

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Obituaries.

Passed to brighter life, from White Haven, Mich., on the 9th of August, Margaret, wife of David Kidd, aged 67 years, 8 months and 16 days.

After long illness, which she bore with patience and resignation, her spirit took its flight without a struggle or a sigh.

Passed to Spirit Life, from Gum Plains, Mich., Nov. 23d, James H. Cunningham, aged 49 years.

Mr. Cunningham was a native of Seneca County, N. Y. He was an old resident at Gum Plains, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer in the Presbyterian Church at Gull Prairie. W. F. JAMESON.

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THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD; or, the Age of Thought.

By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Bound in small 16cts., postage 12c.

THE SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries.

By William and Elizabeth M. P. Detroit, Mich., 1864. 20 cents.

THE SPIRIT MINSTREL. A Collection of Hymns and Music for the use of Spiritualists in their Circles and Public Meetings.

Sixth Edition, enlarged. By J. B. Parkers and J. H. Loveland. Paper 25 cents, postage free; cloth 35 cents, postage free.

THE SPIRITUAL REASONER. 50c., postage 12c.

TWELVE MESSAGES from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph B. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham.

\$1.00, postage 12c.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL, in All Ages and Nations, and in All Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith.

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THOUGHTS ON SEEING NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

BY EMMA TUTTLE. The gray church-towers of Notre Dame Rise high into the sun's gold, Dispensing reverence by its name, Its aspect grand, its memories old. I think how, centuries ago, A poor girl-mother and her child Lay in a stable. Did she know The destiny, the romance would Which Time and Ignorance would throw Around her? No! A crimson glow Would have burned up her dove-like brow, Could she have seen the distant Now!

LETTER FROM DR. DRESSER.

Spiritualism and the Fine Arts. Since the advent of the Higher Faith, and my adoption of its Divine Philosophy as the Guide of Life, in a conversation with a brother, held at the old family Homestead, it was resolved upon by us that we would obtain, if possible, the picture of a beloved sister, who departed this life many years before. It was easy to see that a spirit beholding his fellow-spirit, might transfer his present form, figure and drapery to canvas, if able to use for that purpose the organism of a mortal. At this time, it had been demonstrated that faithful portraits of departed ones had been taken by a gifted few. Believing that the best productions of Art are dependent on invisible agencies for their execution, and that the genius of the artist, to which has always been attributed his skill in the creations of the canvas and the marble, is nothing more nor other than the plastic influences of the masters of High Art, who once inhabited earth, and who still exercise their chosen vocation through persons of peculiar organization, it seemed to be among the possibilities that our desires for a likeness of one in Spirit-Land, might, at some time, be gratified.

Soon after my return from the visit at my birth-place, and at the earliest opportunity afforded by my calling to see a medium, my spirit sister, whose picture it had been agreed to obtain, availed herself of the occasion to speak with me, when she said to me, "You shall have my picture." I confess to the surprise I felt on receiving this declaration, because I knew that the medium was ignorant of the conversation had with my brother—that the subject was not, at the time, in my mind—and because I had never once apprehended that our conversation had been listened to by our unseen sister. But such was the fact, as she affirmed through the medium. At sundry times, subsequently, when she, no doubt, discovered that I almost despaired of the fulfillment of her promise, she would unexpectedly control the medium and renew her promise, charging me to be patient, for my wishes should surely be gratified. The friends to whom I made known my expectations, would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, plainly indicating their unbelief and pity for my credulity. But time passed on, and the period for the fulfillment of the promise approached.

Last August I attended the National Spiritual Convention held at Chicago. I was attracted to some paintings of great merit which were exhibited to the Convention, and, while examining them, learned that they were spirit-pictures—they were, clearly, of angelic origin, both in subject and artistic workmanship. Of this I was the more convinced when my cicerone for the occasion, an old gentleman, aged sixty-six years, informed me that he was the visible and apparent artist—the medium through, or by whom these works of art were outwrought. Though intelligent, his appearance did not begot the idea of foreign travel—of his having visited the Vatican, the Louvre, or the banks of the Arno. He informed me that the pictures were those of spirit-persons, as they are seen in spirit-life, not cognizable as earthly or mortal resemblances, except quite dimly in glimpses of expression. He disclaimed any artistic skill of his own, and said he had all his life long pursued a mechanical trade. Thought I, the time has come to secure the so long promised picture. I gave the stranger artist my address, and an order for the portrait of my sister, resident in spirit-land for the last twenty-eight years. The name of this gentleman and his address I give with pleasure: N. B. Starr, 35 Milton street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The history of the picture so ordered, and of its progress in the hands of the artist, may be seen in the following extracts from his correspondence. Under date of Aug. 31, he wrote as follows: "I yesterday commenced a portrait of a beautiful spirit, purporting to be that of your sister. It is for you. It will be finished in about six weeks or two months. I feel impressed that you will be pleased with it. My only fear is, that I cannot do justice to the ineffable beauty, as I saw it, of that spirit." He wrote again on the 4th of Nov., as follows: "Your picture is nearly finished—it will, perhaps, take a week to complete. I hope you will not think I am vain or egotistical if I say something to you about it. I speak from my normal condition, and so criticize it as though it had not been painted through me. And first, as an earth-likeness of your sister, if you expect such, I think you will be greatly disappointed. The test of the painting is the painting itself. I feel quite sure that any one who sees it, will say it is not of earth; there is a spiritual phosphorescence about and around it, that seems to glow even in a moderately darkened room. Perhaps you and others may not see this, but I think you will. The face is very beautiful; the hair is lightish; the eyes blue; both hands are shown; the drapery is azure and white. No one has yet seen it—not even my own family—for I have a dark room that I keep locked, and where I go while under influence."

Again, on the 24th of November, I received the following: "Your painting is finished. Our friends here are to have it on exhibition at a social gathering, at Metropolitan Hall, this evening. It has made, already, something of a sensation among those who have seen it. I hope you will like it; but if you do not, I cannot help it. You are at liberty to say to your friends that this painting was executed in a partially darkened

room, by a man who makes no pretensions to art, but has worked as a mechanic for forty-eight years. In another letter I will tell you all about how I came to paint this picture, together with the manifestation that produced it."

If the letter spoken of as forthcoming shall be interesting, and give light in respect to this wonderful painting, I will give its contents to the public. The picture reached me November 30th. I have had liberty to place it in the parlor of Mr. John T. Stants, No. 83 Amity street, New York City, whose lady is so well known, and so much visited, on account of her superior mediumship. It is quite impossible for me to give an adequate idea of this picture. It is best that I leave description to the artist, and refer to his statements given above—let that suffice. I am satisfied; the workmanship is exquisite. I am captivated with the picture; it is unearthly, angelic. The artist says it is the picture of my sister as she is now. I have not yet had her statement concerning the picture, but spirits, whose words are over reliable, say to me that it is a true likeness of her, as she now appears in their midst. They ought to know; I receive their testimony.

The picture certainly transcends in beauty the earth-form, as it should; but I see, or seem to see, resemblance, albeit so vision-like, so shadowy, so dreamy! Oh, how much I love to look on that angel-face, and that sybil-like figure! Indeed, I feel that I am vorily holding high festival with the pure and the lovely—that I am sweetly communing with the sainted and the heavenly!

Yours &c., HOBACE DRESSER. New York City, Dec. 5th, 1864.

THE ASCENSION OF SPIRITS FROM A BATTLE-FIELD.

BY E. L. FENTON. It was morning. The lines of battle of the two armies had been drawn. The strength of the Federal army laid in its centre. From it either wing could be reinforced, or, if the wings were driven in, they could double upon the centre, and form a solid body for defence. The lines of the rebel army were parallel; a good position, if formed of heavy masses of troops; a weak one, if fewer in numbers than the enemy. The Federal troops were the attacking party; the method on echelon, or wedge-shaped, to pierce the enemy's lines in the centre, while the right and left wings attacked and executed a flank movement upon either end of the rebel army. The signal was given; the skirmishers thrown out; the charge sounded; the cavalry dashed forward; the infantry supported them, while the artillery opened to cover the advance. The lines of the enemy were reached; the flank bodies of skirmishers were drawn in upon the main body of the attacking party. The centre of the enemy was pierced, their army divided, while at the same time they were flanked right and left. The cavalry again charged; the rebel army was broken, scattered, and they fled. The day was won, the victory ours.

The battle lasted all day. The clouds, which were scattered in the morning, had grouped themselves, and now, at night, hung low over the earth. It is dark, but my spirit eyes can pierce the gloom. Details of soldiers come out from the ranks to bury the dead; the ambulance corps remove the wounded; the trenches are dug; the bodies are rolled in their blankets and laid side by side; the earth is heaped over them; the head-boards are erected; the burial parties depart, and all is stillness for that spot of earth.

From the distance I see coming forward the gleaners from the plains of heaven. They come from the virgin spheres, and they are all female spirits. They are clothed in white garments, and upon their shoulders they each bear a sheaf of wheat, and from each grain there is pending a drop of water. Their steps are measured to a chant which they are repeating, and they bring spirit light with them. They pass to where the bodies of the soldiers lie, and there all kneel. The hymn they were chanting gradually ceases; their task of disenthraling the spirit from the material body commences.

They remove the wheat from their shoulders and lay it upon the newly heaped-up earth; the water-drops which are pendant from the grain fall to the earth, and I see it go down, down, down, until it reaches the bodies beneath them. Water corresponds to eternal life and truth, and, as it falls upon the bodies, I see the spirit within the material forms tremble and emit faint sparks of light. The spirits, kneeling above, those forms, clasp their hands in silent prayer, and time passes on. Now I see the spirits slowly withdraw from the bodies, and hover over the graves, but they are connected with the form by a cord.

Another class of spirits now comes upon the scene. They are men, and they take the sickles from the girdles of the gleaners and cut the cord that binds the spirit to the material body. In concert the two classes of spirits lift the perfectly formed spiritual bodies of the dead soldiers, and bear them in their arms to the world of spirits. The newly uplifted spirits are unconscious, and they are laid upon couches by their attendants.

Another class of spirits now enter. They are unseen by the other spirits present, but I can see them. They come from the plane above the marriage heavens, and belong to a class of beings called dual—that is, two spirits, male and female, each perfect within themselves, united in one form. Their work is to breathe the breath of life into all who enter the world of spirits from the earth. Bending over the prostrate forms of the newly arisen, they breathe into their nostrils. I watch the effect upon the body. The blood, which had not entered the lungs, now passes from the right auricle of the heart, through the lungs, into the left auricle, and so takes its course through the system. The lungs respire; the eyes open; they move, and the brain resumes its power of thinking. They do not see their attendant spirits, but I can see a tunnel of angels formed, and from them comes an influence which attracts the friends of the new comers from the earth, to them, and it is upon them alone that their eyes fall when they open. Their thoughts are various, according to the direct degree in which God has placed them, and their manner of educating their own souls. They remain here in the world of spirits until the love of attraction direct them to their own planes of being, and then they follow in the path of progress marked out for them by a higher power.

It is appointed from the governmental planes belonging to earth, that, within certain periods of time, there shall arise in and among the nations, disputes, which shall result in war. So many of a particular kind of men shall have their bodies buried in certain localities. From these bodies there is an emanation which attracts classes of spirits who can approach near unto the mortals of that part of the world, and place ideas in their brains, which shall lead the people of that section a step higher in human progress. Thus, what seems to us a sacrifice of life, is foreordained by eternal law, not only for the well being of the killed, but to progress the race here below temporarily as well as eternally. There are no accidents in life; all events are brought about by God, and by Him provided for.

East Boston, Mass., 1864.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Note from California. It is very seldom that I witness in the correspondence column of the Banner a word of cheer from this section of our country. I hope you will not mistrust your "a small number of friends" as being inactive, or deficient in the true spirit of our cause; on the contrary, we are doing all, considering these straitened times, to permanently establish, on a sound, practical basis, a society, to be known as the "Friends of Progress," here in this great Pacific Metropolis.

Our organization has already been completed, our room for meetings engaged, where we propose to meet every evening a week, for social converse, circles, readings, discussions, and to become generally acquainted. During the past year the people of California have been favored with the privilege of hearing our eloquent and gifted sister, Miss Emma Harding, in her matutinal efforts in the advocacy of the Harmonical Philosophy. One of the most prominent fruits of her ministry has been the establishment of our society. Yet to Emma justly belong the honor of having collected and united the progressive minds of San Francisco, moulding them into a nucleus around which will circle the investigating class among us.

May good angels ever guide and care for our favored sister and co-worker in the great work before us. Yours truly, F. O'DRONE. San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 28th, 1864.

Discussion at Des Moines, Iowa.

Father Gaston, Pastor of the Christian Church of this city, has challenged Bro. J. L. Potter to discuss the following proposition with S. P. Leonard, late of Illinois, for five consecutive evenings, viz: Resolved, That as disembodied human spirits have communicated with the inhabitants of earth in olden times, and given sufficient evidence to prove their spiritual identity, we as believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism, believe that communications are likewise made by disembodied spirits to the inhabitants of earth in modern times, including the present era.

The discussion is to take place about the last of this month. The Spiritualists of this place look forward to a good time, and the advancement of truth generally, through the instrumentality of Bro. Potter. Des Moines, Dec. 3, 1864. B. N. KIRKOR.

P. S.—We are in need of a good medium for physical manifestations, and the public mind is ripe for them. Will not Bro. Church, the physical medium, late of Illinois, or some other who can, visit our city? Address E. A. Ingham, D. Helen Ingham, or S. A. Kelsey, Executive Committee of the Religio-Philosophical Society of this city, and oblige the friends. B. N. K.

Spiritual Progress in Troy, N. Y.

Spiritualism is not dead, nor does it sleep, in this city. In the city on the banks of the Hudson, although there is not as much manifested as in other years gone by; but its glorious principles are so thoroughly established in some souls, that it must eventually thrive and bear fruit for the many. Messrs. B. Starbuck and E. Waters have stood like giant oaks through all the storms of opposition and fruitless organization, and when one sees their cheerful faces and hears their words of encouragement and hope, the heart grows strong, and though the way is dark and thorny, its impulses are—to labor on.

My audiences were quite good on Sunday, and I think will grow larger through the month, because I feel the power of great truths, like magnets, calling them to come. Hungry souls wait bread, and our storehouses are not taxed beyond their means to furnish it. May the Truth in all its Divine beauty, be given to the race until they hunger no more, and "peace on earth and good will to men" be the living record in every heart. Ever yours for Truth and Right, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1864. M. S. TOWNSEND.

A Spirit Message Verified.

In the Banner of Nov. 19th, is a message from the spirit of Alonzo Dresser, who passed away from this earth at Colburn Hospital, Washington, D. C. He was a member of Co. I, 3d Mass. Cavalry. After reading the message, I thought possibly his body might be buried in the cemetery on the lands formerly belonging to the rebel Gen. Lee, where many lie who have passed away from the hospitals in Washington. I felt a great inclination to search for the grave, and accordingly, last Sunday morning, in company with two of my fellow soldiers, I went to the cemetery, and, to my gratification, found the grave, and the inscription on the head-stone, precisely as given in the message: "Alonzo Dresser, Co. I, 3d Mass. Cavalry."

Thinking you might like to hear of this, I thought best to write you those few lines, for you to make such use of as you please. The number of the grave is 3763, and there are about 6000, I believe, in Co. A, 4th Regt. Mass. Heavy Artillery. Fort Whipple, Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1864.

A Word from Oregon.

Your most welcome and worthy paper, the Banner, has been a source of the greatest pleasure to me for the last six or eight years. I have been a firm believer in Spiritualism for more than ten years, and have seen many demonstrations of the veracity of Spiritualism on this coast, where I have resided since 1845. I notice by the articles in the Banner that it has become necessary for you to raise the price of the paper, and I for one am ready and willing to add my mite to the support of so great and noble a cause. There are many in this State who would be strong believers if we could have some good, thorough and decided speakers to address us on the subject of Spiritualism, occasionally. But we have none.

Enclosed find five dollars, and send me the paper for one year. I am, sir, as ever, a lover of Truth and Progress. D. H. HENDER. Portland, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1864.

Dr. Nowton's Lecturing Tour.

I have again taken the field for another winter's lecturing in this State. My appointments are as follows: Waterloo, Dec. 13th and 14th; Lupton City, Dec. 20th and 26th; Iowa Falls, Dec. 27th and Jan. 2d; Fort Dodge, Jan. 3d and 9th. Friends in Waverly will please address me at Waterloo. Those in Humboldt, Homer, Boonboro and Webster, at Fort Dodge. I will send appointments to Fort Des Moines and Marshalltown as soon as I reach Fort Dodge, unless advised to the contrary.

Friends at Askaloosa, Sigourney, Niles, Washington, Iowa City, Keokuk and Warsaw, will receive a visit from me in the course of this journey. Will they kindly consider the subject of Organization, so as to be able to act upon it? I shall have with me all necessary forms and documents to facilitate their action. Yours for truth and humanity, JOHN NOWTON. Monticello, Jones Co., Iowa, Dec. 5th, 1864.

Vermont.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., a spiritual speaker, was called upon a few weeks since to deliver a discourse at the funeral of a soldier of this place, who was wounded before Petersburg, and soon after died. While Mrs. Brown was spending a week or so in Milton, Vt., she gave several lectures, to full and attentive audiences, with satisfactory explanations of the subjects, and the questions which were asked. Though many of the subjects given her for the foundation of her remarks were of the most conflicting nature, nevertheless she spoke very rapidly, distinctly and with the utmost ease, for the space of one hour, it being something new here, created quite an excitement among the people, the result of which: time can only determine. W. S. JOHNSON. Milton, Vt., Dec. 6, 1864.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Our meetings are flourishing here finely. We have a Lyceum for the children every Sunday; a Benevolent Society; the meetings once a week to work. Last week we collected, prepared and shipped five boxes (61 garments) to the Freedmen, and we are making calculations to help the poor and unfortunate at home and abroad during the present winter. F. L. W.

Dr. Nowton, the Healer.

We copy the following account from a late Rochester paper: The stories we have heard for some time past of the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Nowton, heretofore very closely upon the unparalyzed, but those who have not seen, or heard of, him, are naturally not likely to be impressed upon. We have heard citizens of the highest standing testify to what they have seen and felt of the work of Dr. Nowton, and we should have given the stories no credence whatever had they come from any other source.

The following communication gives names and residences of persons who have been operated upon and cured by this truly wonderful physician: Dr. J. R. Nowton, the Healer, will stay in Rochester until Dec. 20th, and for the satisfaction of invalids has permission to publish a few of his many cures since he has been in this city. Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, Warsaw, Wyoming Co., N. Y., unable to speak, even in a whisper, for two years—used a salve, was cured in five minutes to speak as distinctly as any one. Miss Emma E. Bailey, Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y., long diseased and had good cures. Cornelius A. Great, Rochester, N. Y. Spine diseased four years—cured. R. G. Wells, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. Lame twenty years—cured instantly to walk as well as any man living.

Miss Martha Reynolds, 84 St. Paul street, Rochester. Inflammatory rheumatism—unable to sit up. Cured, rose from her bed, dressed herself, and was well from that hour. Sanford P. Clarkson, Monroe Co., N. Y. Epilepsy four or five years, fits daily, perfectly cured. Reuben T. Stiles, Monroe street, Rochester. Bad sprain of knee; walked off and left two crutches. Mrs. Alexander Hess, Bath, N. Y. Sprained knee—unable to walk. Cured instantly. Mrs. John R. Ganevoort, Bath, N. Y. Dislocated shoulder—cured instantly.

Almira Sears, East Bloomfield, N. Y. Could not raise her eyelids for ten years without using her fingers to hold them up. Cured instantly. Mrs. Frederick Hubbell, East Mendon, Monroe county, N. Y. Very sick and paralyzed fifteen years—brought in a chair, unable to stand or move her feet, or raise her hands to her head. Cured by touch instantly. Miss Nellie Nagell, Auburn, N. Y. Stiff knee many years—cured instantly. John Woodworth, Auburn, N. Y. Lame five years—cured instantly. Curtis C. Morgan, 4 Academy street, Auburn, N. Y. Speechless eighteen months, perfectly cured, to the joy and wonder of many witnesses.

Arthur Burdick, Detroit, Mich. Cured of deafness—child also cured of chronic dysentery and scald head. Mrs. Hulda C. Satterlee, Horse Henders, Chemung county, N. Y. Varicose veins cured. Susan Hughes, 3 South street, Rochester. Rheumatism cured with one treatment. Miss Ida Doane, 4 North Ford street, Rochester. Jaundice, bad circulation, paralyzed fifteen years with stiff knee. Perfectly restored to health. Mrs. James May, Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. Bad eyes cured. Also her husband cured of deafness.

Mrs. Ann Bishop, Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y. Large tumor on wrist cured instantly. Joseph Townsend, Monroe county, N. Y. Chronic vertigo for sixteen years; unable to sit up. Cured in five minutes; arose, dressed himself, and went out to supper a well man. Miss Louisa Hackett, Dundee, Yates county, N. Y. Lame fifteen years; scurvy and catarrh. Perfectly cured with one treatment. J. H. Huyck, Toledo, Ohio. Paralysis three years. Cured in ten minutes and left two crutches. George Dyer, 41 Atwater street, Rochester. Polio-sore feet, all black, supposed to be mortifying; brought in arms, unable even to sit up. Cured in a few minutes and walked off well.

Esqr Henderson, 4 Johnson's Park, Rochester. Cured of rheumatism, sciatica and catarrh. Harriet J. Penocoff, 93 Stone street, Rochester. Spinal curvature, chronic headache and neuralgia. Perfectly cured. Miss Milly Bryan, corner of Monroe and Manhattan streets, Rochester. Catarrh cured instantly. Mrs. M. J. Klidder's daughter, 14 Albert street, Rochester. Cancerous scrofula in nose four years; perfectly cured with five minutes' treatment. Robert Gordon, Adams street, near Prospect street, Rochester. Bad lateral curvature of the spine; legs and knees drawn up; brought in arms like an infant. Spine and legs both straightened, and has since walked many times to this office.

Miss Frances Cornelia Bascom, Ludlowville, N. Y. Defective sight; could not see a light most of the time for ten years; great nervous debility and vomiting. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Wm. H. Cheney, 4 Livingston place, Rochester. General debility, weak neck, so that he was unable to hold his head without support for seven years. Cured in five minutes. Susan Bodkin, 4 Lafayette street, Rochester. Bad case of rheumatism; perfectly cured. Mrs. Laura Ann Frice, 45 Stone street, Rochester. Lame nine years; female weakness twenty years. Perfectly cured, and would be pleased to be referred to.

Frank G. Lacy, Scottsville, N. Y. Spine disease and rheumatism nine years. Walked with difficulty with a person on each side. After five minutes' treatment was restored to health, and walked with ease four miles. Mrs. Wm. Fingar, Macedon Centre, N. Y. Cured of rheumatism. Lucinda Fonda, Savannah street, Rochester. Asthma cured. Dr. Nowton has the gift of healing all diseases; even many patients given up as incurable are restored to health. THIS GIFT IS PECULIAR TO HIMSELF. And invalids are informed that he will stay no longer at Washington Hall, Rochester, than December 20th.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 23) at 7 1/2 P. M. Admission, 75 cents. Lectures on the Gospel of Charity will meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Bromfield and Province streets. Admission free. THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at No. 34 W. Washington street. There will be a Sabbath School every Sunday, at 1 1/2 P. M. All interested are invited to attend. C. V. Veazie, Superintendent.

CHARLOTTE.—The Spiritualists of Charlotte hold meetings at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Jennie S. Rood, Dec. 18 and 23; Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Jan. 1, 15 and 22; Mrs. E. B. Biles, Feb. 22, and Feb. 29; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March; A. B. Whiting during June.

CHESAPE.—The Spiritualists of Chesapeake have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. Nowton, 34 W. Washington street. The following speakers are engaged:—N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 23; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Jan. 8.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services for the foreigner will be held every Sunday at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, Dec. 18 and 23. TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—N. S. Greenleaf during December; Mrs. Mattie L. Beckwith during January; Miss Emma Livingston, March 5 and 12.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dec. 18 and 23; W. K. Ripley, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 5 and 12.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—J. M. Peckies during December; J. G. Fish during January. NEW YORK.—Ebbitt Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street, between 4th and 5th Avenues, at 2 1/2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker. THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISTS of New York hold meetings in Ebbitt Hall, No. 886 Broadway every Sunday, at 10 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Sent free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds meetings at 10 1/2 o'clock. THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, every Sunday, given by notices in the daily papers. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Smead's Hall, 481 1/2 street. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Dec. 18 and 23; Warren Chase during January; Mrs. M. Peckies during February; Mrs. F. O. Hays during March.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be, however Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.) Mrs. CORA L. V. HAZEN will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during December. Mrs. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., the three first Sundays in January. Address as above, or Dayton, Ohio.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Chelsea, Dec. 18 and 23; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Somerville, Conn., during February; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass. Mrs. S. E. WALKER will speak in Portland, Me., during December. Will speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Pavilion, 51 Tremont street, Boston. Dr. L. K. CONKER will lecture and heal in Quincy, Ill., during December. Address, care of Wm. Brown, Quincy, Ill. F. L. WADSWORTH will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., one-half of the time for six months.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, France speaker, will lecture in Willimantic, Conn., Dec. 18 and 23; in Taunton during January; in Stafford, Conn., during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April; in Plymouth, Mass. and in Portland, Me., May 22 and 27, and during September. Address at New Haven, care of George Lockwick. J. H. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Boston from Dec. 3 until Dec. 15; in Worcester, Dec. 18 and 23. Address as above, or Boston, Mass. Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., during January. Lots WADSWORTH will speak in Wellington, O., Dec. 16 in Liverpool, Jan. 1; in Eaton, Jan. 8. Address, Liverpool, Conn. J. O.

LEO MILLER will speak in Evansville, Wis., Dec. 18 and 23. Persons desiring Mr. Miller's services for Sunday, or for week ending meetings in the vicinity of his place, will please apply immediately and address him at Milwaukee, Wis. Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Quincy, Dec. 18 and 23; in Chicago during January. Address as above, or South Wabash, Ind. Mrs. E. M. WADSWORTH will speak in South Hardwick, Vt., Dec. 18; in Montpelier, Dec. 23. Address, Rochester, Vt. ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Bucksport, Me., Dec. 18 and 23. Address, Exeter Mills, Me. Miss H. A. HAYDEN has removed her residence to Rutland, Vt. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend funerals. Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 23; in Chelsea, Jan. 8. Address, 47 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. FRANCES LOND BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. Mrs. H. A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell, Jan. 12 and 19; in Lowell, Dec. 20 and 27; in Iowa Falls, Dec. 27 and Jan. 2; in Fort Dodge, Jan. 3 and 9.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18 and 23; in Lowell during January and May in Chelsea during February; in Haverhill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30. Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during December; in Waukegan, Ill., during January; in Charlestown, Mass., during March. Address as above. J. M. PERLINS will speak in Providence, R. I., during December in Portland, Me., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February; in Worcester, during March; in Lowell during December; in Worcester during January; in Lowell during February. Address, box 10, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. E. A. BILES, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Cincinnati, O., during December; in Charlestown, Jan. 22 and 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; in Plymouth, Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March. J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice. Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

JAMES M. ALLEN's address, for the present, is Banner of Light office, Boston. J. C. FARM will speak in Providence, R. I., during January and March; in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments. W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Somers, Conn., during December; in Lowell, Jan. 1 and 8, and in Lowell, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me. Miss EMMA HOUSTON will lecture in Taunton, March 25 and 26. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H. Mrs. A. E. SHAW will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, Pavilion, 51 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON, Chicago, Mass. Mrs. E. DODD, N. D., is again in the field, and ready to receive calls for lectures. Address care of A. J. Davis, 74 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich. Mrs. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. BENJ. TODD, Decatur, Ill. Miss BELLE SCOGGALL, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Mrs. IDA L. BALLOU, Ypsilanti, Mich. Miss LIZZIE CHASEY, Fond du Lac, Wis. W. F. JAMESON, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. Mrs. H. M. SPYRANS will answer calls to lecture. Address, South Exeter, Me. GEORGE KATES, of Dayton, O., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, at accessible points. Mrs. H. CHURCH speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. LOVINA IKATTI, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 35 Bank street. C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 4265, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. A. C. MURPHY will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Montpelier, Vt., care of L. L. Yarnes. Mrs. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. Mrs. FRANCES LOND BOND, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. Mrs. H. M. BROWN may be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss L. T. WATKINS, Danville, N. Y. MISS HULL, Kalamazoo, Mich. F. L. H. and LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 West 27th street, New York City.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. REV. D. P. DANIELS will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Lafayette, Ind. Miss MARY J. WILCOX, Hampton, Atlantic Co., N. J. Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Beloit, Wis., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give sittings, or give courses, as usual. Mrs. F. O. HAYDEN, 125 Buffalo, N. Y. L. JUDF PARKER, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light. Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL, Address, care of Mrs. A. Patterson, No. 269 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O. REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopkinton, Mass. Mrs. H. M. HILL, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hayes, Elmira, N. Y. J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn. H. B. STOKER, Foxboro, Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

(Each insertion of all advertisements under the above heading will be twenty cents per line.) Miss JENNIE LOND, musical medium, care Ernestus Stebbins, Chicago, Mass. 5024-3m HENRY C. GORDON, medium, 66 West 14th street, corner 6th avenue, New York. 0011-3m

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence; also an Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. Published weekly at 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass., by WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICE, and CHARLES H. CHOWELL. LUTHER COLLYER, Editor, assisted by a large corps of the ablest writers.

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