

cross, and so, as a martyr to the cause of love, wisdom and virtue. He would be a great Example, a divine Reformer, but not a Saviour. The one to reform creed-born religions, abolish superstition, and bring the harmony of heaven on the whole earth.

This man would be the man of men among perhaps a thousand generations, and be the identical man whom Nature's laws generated in Nature's matrix, and brought forth out of human genealogy, without miraculous agency, to pour light upon man's path, cause a divine faith to shine in the heart of human nature, and guide him to happiness and heaven.

Pythagoras and Newton, and such like men, were born under the same law, to unfold the latent energies of the physical creation. The advent of some men is to expound the moral law, and others the physical. This great law that governs our genealogy, is the law of laws that gives now and then a spiritual leader, as Christ; or a physical leader, as Newton, to our race—it is but the universal law of human descent, fixed and irrevocable.

The soul of man is connected with his Creator, and in the long line of genealogy—if we judge the future from the past—there will occasionally arise an heavenly anointed one, who will be adored and believed in as a paradigm of divinity, whose doctrine will seem to fall, as it were, from heaven, to renovate the soul of man, and crystallize forever his angelic affections. Man is a child of God, for his spirit seems always immanent in him, and it is as much a law that he should show himself at great intervals of time in the progeny of our race, as it is for a father to transmit his disposition to some of his children. It is said man bears the stamp of God's image, and his purified soul is the lodgment of the Holy Spirit. If so, it is a fixed law in Mother Nature and Father God, that humanity, at certain epochs, will show its divine prototype—that is, its divine original, and some distinguished personage will rise up such as David, Confucius and Jesus Christ, who seem to be particular favorites of heaven. Their animal, moral and intellectual powers will move in heavenly order, to reflect the divine light in beauty and glory, while the world's corruption will brood like a vampire, and become innocuous around them. And what is remarkable, the long yearnings of plous souls brings forth the man divine from the womb of genealogy. Even all the benefactors of our species who have been defied by the gratitude of posterity, and their memories long-cherished in human hearts will seem to visit the world again. Thus Jesus of Nazareth is sighed for, hoped for, and expected. The holy principles of spiritual religion, which his Church possessed and enjoyed in the days of her bridal purity, would be transcendently effulgent and magnetically attractive, could it be but safely exhumed from the popular cemetery of ghostly creeds.

This paper, already too long for your patience, is but a hint in the great subject before me.

Norridgecock, Me.

DREAMS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Much of the wear and tear, the turmoil and the daily warfare of life is reproduced in our dreams. As physical conditions manifest themselves in the character of these nightly experiences, so also do our moral and spiritual states portray themselves in the quality of our dreams. The turbulent, antagonistic mind will toss about on stormy seas of trouble; the craven and superstitious fear will find itself pursued by phantoms; the restless, unsatisfied spirit will wander from place to place in search of change, not knowledge; the worldly-biased will meet the hollow displays, all the glitter of external life, to find them bubbles, all.

Our dreams present to us the truthful mirror wherein is reflected our condition of progress, or its lack. We can measure our soul's growth by their aid; for if we have admitted the love of Spiritualism, and if we have gained, through experience, the wisdom of advancement, then will our dreams be in exact correspondence with the interior aspirations, the efforts of a true, pure, just life. With moderate health, the beauty of a contented mind, a firm reliance on the over-ruling Good, and the benign guardianship of the angel-world, we can always ascertain the whereabouts of our moral and spiritual states; we can designate the planes we occupy. Symbolic visions, beautiful and teaching allegories of color, form, of changing scenes that signify ascension, will be presented to the clear sight of the soul. We shall catch radiant glimpses of the heavenly life, and receive truths wherewith to ennoble life. We may not retain the memory of the beauties we have looked upon; but an impression of lasting usefulness has been made upon the passive spirit by these visitations of the night.

How natural it is for us to soar away (without wings even), to feel the elasticity of a body unburdened by the clay! Thought transports us visibly from place to place; we sit among the stars, or walk the seas, and rest upon the gorgeous sunset's couch; we take no account of time, and distance is no more for us. All these are foregleams of the immortal life that awaits us, so lovingly divested of the heaviness of this. Oh, that our lives were so purely true, so nobly just, that in our waking hours we could enter the gateways of the Happy Land, and, hand-clasped, with its angel-dwellers, learn of the spiritual laws whose alphabet we are so painfully laboring to understand.

A Sealed Letter Answered.

Having heard of L. L. Farnsworth as a medium for answering sealed letters, I prepared some questions, and sealed them up with three seals on the envelope, which contained the questions I desired answered by the spirit which I addressed. This envelope sealed up, I carried with me in my pocket, and in a short time I received a perfectly satisfactory answer to the questions.

Upon the return of the sealed letter I found that the seals had not been tampered with. The following are the questions and the answer: My dear Farnsworth—Can you communicate? If so, will you answer the following questions: 1st. Are you happy? 2d. Who did you first meet with in the spirit-world? 3d. Do you often come to me? 4th. Have you ever communicated since you left the earth form? 5th. Will you go to the Banner of Light office and communicate through the Banner? 6th. Will you get some of the spirits to communicate and advise me in relation to my material matters?

The following is the answer to the sealed letter: My dear Farnsworth—I am happy and glad to communicate to you. I first met with brother Richard and Ellen. I am often with you, and have communicated through Mrs. E. I will try and communicate through the Banner of Light. Uncle H. will communicate through the medium, Mr. Farnsworth, and advise you.

I will here state, for the benefit of the public, and in justice to Mr. Farnsworth, the medium, that I have a son, Richard, and a daughter, Ellen, in the spirit-life; and I also have a brother in spirit-life, by the name of Horace, and he communicated and advised me, which advice I have followed, and have been greatly benefited by it. I must say that this is, truly one of the greatest proofs of spirit communication that I have ever experienced or heard of. I wish to have this published in your valuable paper, for the good of the public who desire and seek for evidence and truth that departed spirits can and do return and communicate with mortals.

As many inquirers, blessings ever attend the medium, Mr. Farnsworth, in his great and important work, who is now located in Chicago, No. 409 West Lake street. Yours for truth, WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Chicago, Ill.

PRAYER IS GOD, BUT WORK IS BETTEL.

BY WILFRID WILLEYS.

O, I worship not in churches, No allegiance own to creeds; And I seek not at the altars For my soul's outlying needs, Food—the old moss-grown traditions Of the "Fathers," in their graves; Of a different stuff, I fancy, Is the vital truth that saves. "If the salt have lost its savor," Spake our Master, ages dead, "Cast it out; 'tis fittid only For the rabble's feet to tread." So these old moss-grown traditions, Through the ages handed down, Full of savor in the old time, Savorless to us have grown. Let us cast them from our churches, To be trodden down of men, And a mine of newer virtue Open to the world again. Under foot—a firm foundation Whereupon the new may stand—Lay these allegoric fables; And a structure, fair and grand, Worthy man's progressive wisdom, Worthy man's immortal mind, Shall arise, a glorious beacon, For the guidance of mankind. Faith, we teach, must yield to knowledge; Action supercedeth speech; And our hands must do a service That our prayers can never reach. Prayer is good, but Work is better; Faith is mighty, but sublime Are the knowledge and endeavor That immortalize their time.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Remarkable Medium for Physical Manifestations, in Cincinnati.

It is not great cause for congratulation that this mighty work of the reform and regeneration of humanity; by the truths and principles of what we call Spiritualism, is in the hands of spirits of the other and better world themselves? Again and again they have promised us, heretofore, that mediums of every shade, variety and degree, would increase and multiply, to convince the world of the terrible errors of the past and present time, and restore truths for the future. And have they not, and are they not, faithfully fulfilling their promise? Why, the world even now is beginning to teem with mediums—bless them, for their instrumentality—and all mankind is beginning now to inquire, what does all this mean? In every department of life, inquiry and investigation are beginning to enlist and occupy the minds of men and women, and soon, we have no doubt, the world will be set in its proper spiritual motion. God grant it!

Since the development and unfoldings of the mediumistic powers of the Davenport Boys, who are now doing so much good in England, bearding the lion in his den, many mediums of a similar character have been brought forth by the power and active energy of the spirits. Physical mediums, so-called, are now becoming comparatively plenteous, so that the demonstrations of the truth of spirit power can be witnessed by almost all who wish. Rappings, movement of tables, playing of musical instruments, lifting of ponderable bodies, ringing of bells, and tying and untieing of mediums, speaking through trumpets, and many festivities of hands and arms produced by the spirits, are indeed becoming things quite common, so much so, that we hear very little of the obloquy and calumny which used to be heaped upon those who declared the absolute truth and fact of these things. In the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, all over this wide extended country, where the great sun of Spiritualism first began to shine, mediums of every kind are now being raised up. Way across the ocean, amidst the old established civilization of England and continental Europe, the "dry bones" are beginning to shake, and mediums are having their day. God speed the great and good work in the hearts of spirits in and out of the material form.

But the particular object of this writing is to inform the readers of the Banner of the fact that here in Cincinnati we have one of those remarkable physical mediums, who, I have no doubt, is destined, in the manifestations to be made through him, to become a greater medium than the Davenport Brothers. His name is WILLIAM M. ODEN—a native of Kentucky—Nicholas County, I believe. He came to this city a year or two ago. He knew nothing about Spiritualism, nor anything of his own spirit instrumentality. Being in my office one day, some time ago, one of my associates in the office, who had given the manifestations of spirits some attention, and by whom, by the way, I was introduced to Mr. Oden, noticed that whenever Mr. Oden sat, or stood, raps, yes, positive raps would be heard, and thumping, noises would obtrude themselves. My friend says, "Why, Mr. Oden, you must be a medium." "What's that?" said Mr. Oden. "Why, an instrument through whom spirits communicate," answered my friend.

Mr. Oden did not feel altogether right. He told my friend that for many years he had had those noises around him, and did not know what to make of them. "Let's sit down, and see if the spirits won't communicate," says my friend. They sat down, and sure enough intelligent communications, through the alphabet and interrogatories, were given, with names of spirits, &c. This of course astonished the parties. Among other communications, one was given from a Mr. Harris, I believe, whom Mr. Oden had left in the town of Nicholasville, Kentucky, alive and well. This amazed Mr. Oden; he could not believe that Mr. Harris was dead; but he afterwards wrote and ascertained the fact that Mr. Harris had departed this life a few days after Mr. Oden had left Nicholasville.

After the discovery of the mediumistic powers of Mr. Oden, of course I became interested, and time after time, in my office and elsewhere, have I had communications through him by raps, and those, too, louder than any I have ever heard coming through the instrumentality of any other medium. I have questioned Mr. Oden about his power, and not knowing the why or wherefore, he told me this most singular incident, which occurred to him just previous to his coming from Nicholasville, Ky., to Cincinnati. He had been a strong Union man, indeed, had been a captain in Col. Metcalf's federal regiment of Kentucky. That, on account of his "loyalty," he had got into difficulty in Nicholas County; and was put in prison, in the common jail of the county; that, as a prisoner, he was most completely handcuffed and ironed. One morning, to his great surprise and astonishment, with no effort of his own, his shackles fell from his wrists and ankles, the door of his cell was unlocked, the prison doors were opened, and, solitary and alone,

he walked forth into open day as a free man, and then he made his escape to Cincinnati. Is not this a miracle equal to that which released the apostle of Jesus from prison?

When Mr. Oden told me this, I was more than surprised. "Why," said I, "Mr. Oden, you must be an extraordinary medium." And time has shown the fact. All the demonstrations made through the Davenport are made in presence of Mr. Oden. I have sat with him in many a dark circle, with many others. Repeatedly I have seen him tied—have tied him myself—his arms, legs and body—with a strong rope, and in a moment the spirits have untied him. I have known him to be tied by the spirits much more strongly than any person of the circle could tie him, and then untied by the spirits. On one occasion, being tied by one of the circle very strongly, he was released, and the rope which tied him, came over to my wife, a medicinal medium, who was distant some yards from Mr. Oden, and her wrists were tied together, to the infinite astonishment and merriment of the circle, when the lights were brought.

I have known Mr. Oden to be tied as tightly as human hands could tie him, his hands tied together, and then tied to his legs, which were also tied together, and thus, in his tied, stooping posture, Mr. Oden's coat has been thrown off from his back and cast to another part of the room; and then the very same coat has again been put on, Mr. Oden yet remaining in his tied position. This I have been witness to, repeatedly. It has been done very often with Mr. Oden—is now done with him, whenever called for at a séance. Besides this, all sorts of musical instruments are played upon through this medium, and what is more than curious—and I never knew this to occur with the Davenport or any other medium—wind instruments can be played upon by the spirits through him. It is an actual fact, that at a séance at the house of a friend in this city, where were assembled some twenty persons, of both sexes, with Mr. Oden, a flue was laid upon the table, just for experiment, with little expectation that it would be played upon; but forthwith the flue was taken over our heads, and resting in the air in one corner of the room, it played distinctly the tunes of "Old John Brown," "Hall Columbia," and the "Marseilles Hymn." Was not this truly wonderful? Never had I heard before or since a wind instrument manipulated by the spirits; and I set this experiment down as one of the most remarkable ones, showing that Mr. Oden possessed not only very great powers, but very peculiar ones. What was satisfactory about this experiment, too, was the fact that the spirit, who "played upon the pipe," called himself "Len Woodruff," a gentleman, when in this world, well known to many of us—popular in this city as a local editor of newspapers, and distinguished as a performer on the flute or life. Do any of the readers of the Banner know of a similar manifestation to this?

I have seen, with Mr. Oden, a ponderous piano, weighing over eight hundred pounds, lifted from the floor by the spirits, Mr. Oden only applying one hand on the top of it. This experiment also I have witnessed; On one end of the table, opposite to where Mr. Oden sat—he being strongly tied, and a handkerchief tied over his mouth—a tumbler full of water was placed. This tumbler of water would be conveyed to the mouth of the helpless medium, and he would readily drink all the contents, when the tumbler would be put back in its place. In the séances of Mr. Oden, varied and beautiful lights appear, some ascending like rockets, and others crossing and descending like small shooting stars, while other small lights would play about and around his head.

Besides these wonderful powers for physical manifestations, Mr. Oden also possesses the power of writing communications from the spirits and the power of personifying spirits and speaking for them. These powers I have seen him exercise repeatedly with great success. At one time he took up a pencil at the upper end, and so holding it between his thumb and two fingers, he wrote out a communication in a good handwriting—not his own—and signed by the autograph of a celebrated actor of Pike's Opera House in this city, who had recently departed this life, and who was unknown to Mr. Oden. This communication of the actor was addressed to his wife, and was very interesting, and I took good care that his wife got it, although she was not a believer in these manifestations. But I believe she trusted in that communication, singular as it was, though whenever I have seen her she is very careful not to say a word about it.

Although thus gifted, Mr. Oden does not give up much of his time to manifestations. He seems, indeed, to be somewhat morbid in reference to them. But notwithstanding this, his friends induce him to hold many private séances, and on some occasions he has ventured to appear before the public in this city. What he wants is encouragement; indeed, this is what all our mediums—extremely sensitive as they are—most want. Our mediums of every description and every where should be better encouraged, spiritually and materially. I think the good time is coming when our gifted mediums will occupy their proper places in the estimation and regard of the community, and when they will not be compelled "to feed on the chameleon's dish—air," but will derive a good support and competence from their labors in the spiritual vineyard. "So mote it be."

Cincinnati, Dec. 15, 1864. A. G. W. C.

McQueen's Séances.

Permit me to call the attention of the readers of the Banner of Light to the excellent physical manifestations at John McQueen's circles. Mr. McQueen's manifestations are of the most powerful character. Skeptics are forced to acknowledge that the demonstrations are outside the pale of trickery, deception or collusion.

From one to sixteen bells are rung at once, keeping perfect time to the tones of the violin, played by some member of the circle, the bells passing around the room over the heads of the circle, with seemingly lightning rapidity, and changing the tune the instant the music does. It is claimed that four spirit bell-ringers are the performers. Tambourines, or pans, are made to fall around the room, and are played upon by spirit-hands. Sometimes pans and bells will be found resting on the heads of persons in the circle. Indian yells are heard. They are produced independently of human organs of speech. Bright, small lights are frequently seen, and grayish clouds of light. Spirit-hands are felt patting and passing over the hands and heads of different persons simultaneously. The hands are of different sizes. But perhaps the most wonderful feat is the raising of the medium to the ceiling in a chair, and carrying him around over the heads of the people. The medium is placed in a perfectly rigid and unconscious state across the seat of the chair, and in that manner carried up.

In many places where I have given courses of lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, the people have said, "We like your Philosophy, but we have no evidence that spirits of the departed do communicate. Give us some demonstration that these things are so." I have concluded arrangements with Brother

McQueen, and we will travel together during the winter months, he giving séances for physical manifestations, and I courses of lectures on Spiritualism. We will hold both dark and light circles; the light circle immediately following the dark one. The physical manifestations are confined to the dark séances. In the light, Mr. McQueen and myself will be controlled by a variety of spirits, for the instruction and amusement of those in attendance.

We will be happy to receive invitations to visit different localities, especially where persons are anxious to investigate Spiritualism.

W. JAMIESON, Paw Paw, Mich., Dec. 21, 1864.

A Spirit.

The following account of the appearance of a spirit after it had left the body, is taken from the San Francisco Alta California:

"Several weeks ago a married lady residing in the Sandwich Islands, who had come to this city for her health, and was boarding at a house on California street, awoke one night and plainly saw a phantom of her husband, who she supposed to be her living husband, and in that supposition called to her son, a boy about twelve years of age, saying, 'Henry, here's your father.' She got up and advanced toward the figure, when it disappeared. She pinched herself to see whether she was not asleep, but found herself to be fully awake. The vision vanished her view, she was, notwithstanding the fact that she had left her husband in vigorous health at Honolulu, a few weeks before, she feared greatly that the vision indicated his death. When she went down to breakfast in the morning, a gentleman boarding in the same house noticed the marks of weeping, and endeavored to get her into a good humor. She told him the cause of her uneasiness, and he attempted to remove the unhappy impression from her mind, but failed. She insisted that her husband must be dead, and that she must return to Honolulu by the first boat, and so she did. A few days after her departure, in a vessel arrived from Honolulu with news that her husband had died. His death, however, did not take place on the day when she saw the vision, but a week before."

Correspondence.

Letter from Miss Beckwith.

It is a long time, dear Banner, since I addressed you last, and although I know you are favored with a number of correspondents, still, when the force of something—I can hardly tell what—impels me to write you a word, I cannot resist; and to-day, while the elements seem at war, and no sunbeams notice the marks of heaven, I commune with your letters, myself and you.

A rest of two months in the summer season, gave me a needed strength; and September found me in the good old town of Stafford during two Sundays, and then I made my first visit to the city of Portland. When I entered the city, early in the morning, I felt alone, and thought, as I journeyed to the house of an unknown friend, "How strange it is for me to be here, knowing no one, and myself unknown." But soon after, when with the response to the ring I gave the door-bell, I felt something better than that—a tinkling of sympathy's silver bells, that opened the way into hearts as well as into doors. Oh, is there anything on earth like these influences that cluster round the household of our faith, to open the avenues of human sympathy? These guests, arrayed in the vestal garments of unstained purity, making white the walls of our inner being with the touch of their moving fingers, and hanging there pictured, whose glorious dyes rival the limner's skill.

My stay in Portland was more than pleasant; and after two weeks' sojourn there, I journeyed from those friends, with the thought, "I am blest, indeed!" God grant you, friends, the lights to guide, the truths to inspire, that you may open the hearts of all to the love which need comfort, rest and peace. Leaving the city, I found a dark and rainy night to take the Steamer Montpelier to Boston over the dark waters, there came a light to cheer me, and the faces of my Portland friends gleamed through its brightness.

October, with its wealth of golden glory, sent me to Quincy, Vt., for another season of rest and pleasant change, and the clearing of a lantern-light within, throwing its rays athwart my path, and I blessed the souls of those whose efforts cleared the road of sojourning, and opened in our midst the fountain, whose waters are life.

Rogers's Chapel you know of, as its dedication was mentioned in the Banner of Light. It is a pleasant building, and well filled of pleasant Sabbath-schoolers. The month of November found me in Philadelphia; and how can I tell you of the harvest I reaped while there? Our friends held free meetings in Sanson street Hall and the attendance is good. The audiences are composed, of course, of many new beginners, thus encouraging us all to believe we are not in vain. My efforts are, of course, feeble, for pint cups will not hold a quart; but I felt sure they were not in vain, and sometimes the sympathy of our audience carried me so far away from myself as to make me wish I might be translated and unite my destiny with those who often speak of "the loved and gone beloved." But I do not wish to get too far from feeling a joyful sadness, knowing that I was still here, yet glad to feel, that I had for one moment been so near the city of our dreams, (more real than all else we know.)

The Progressive Lyceum is progressing wonderfully—with its conductor working hard for the benefit of the community, and the teachers who all seem trying to understand the rules and regulations for such a system of teaching; and the children's faces brightened with expectation, and from the little four year old candidate to those of the Liberty Group, one finds an earnest expression of feeling.

With the gymnastic exhibitions on both Sabbath afternoon and week evenings, I was particularly pleased. They are quite proficient in this direction, having been well drilled by their conductor who understands the art of making these needed movements with ease and strength. To tell you all about Philadelphia, would be to monopolize your time, and I must not say that, with a pleasant home, surrounded by friends who became very dear to me, I look upon my visit there as one of the brightest spots in the page of my roaming. I had, also, while there, the seldom afforded pleasure of listening to two lectures delivered by Mrs. Currier, who is speaking of our age and country. It is astonishing how rapidly and to be dissatisfied with any is impossible; so long as we are trying to serve our cause we shall be upheld by friends here and in the world of spirits; and how blest it is to think that we may live and be of some service. Then let your folds still wave over our army of minds, and though there be treason in high places, we will still trust to the hand of the united "seekers after truth," to hold in firmness the staff from which our "Banner" floats. Yours in truth, M. L. BECKWITH, Dec. 14, 1864.

Meadville, Penn.

Is the county-seat of Crawford Co., on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, and one of the best places in the East or West, to inaugurate which it properly belongs. Both the Railroad Company and citizens are making extensive improvements, much of which is owing to the oil, oil lands and oil wells speculation, of which this is a sort of financial headquarters. This feverish excitement and wild speculation, with an under-ground and blind, is one of the marvels of our age and country. It is astonishing how rapidly this fever has run up almost worthless lands into stocks, and divided lands, wells and flowings, into shares of all sorts of fractions of one hundred, as a base for division, and by buying and selling has already made a few men rich, and more, of course poor; and yet some of the wits have proved a vast treasure for the owners, and those though few compared to the whole, are amply sufficient to set apart the tide of speculation and bring out the wild and enthusiastic articles that run through the newspapers and excite the people till a rash of speculators is produced and thousands are ruined, and a large number lose a season of life. The speculation is mainly in stocks and shares by the idle sharpers who infest our cities and large towns; but there is real wealth and great value in petroleum, and the working men are bringing it to the light and we are lighting our homes with it. No doubt it will be found in

some other places as well as in this region. The town (or city) is full of strangers and fortune-hunters, and citizens and all seem bent on money-making.

Our worthy and industrious friend, Dr. G. Newcomer, has tried hard to introduce Spiritualism; if he does not succeed it will not be his fault. He has fitted up an elegant hall, and lined it with elegant pictures worthy of his own make, and offered it free to speakers. He has procured speakers, and given the citizens a grand rich treat; but most of them are only slightly awakened by curiosity, not yet dreaming of the extent or beauty of the philosophy we teach. In fact, the people of the Keystone State, except in Philadelphia, are not yet advanced to or interested in Spiritualism. They are an honest, industrious and contented people, quite satisfied with the world as it is, and satisfied to live here, or die, if they must, in the old way, and go to the old-fashioned judgment, since they have got used to that style. Dec. 1, 1864. WARREN CHASE.

Letter from Washington.

I have long delayed writing you, dear Banner, but will now endeavor to give you an inkling of our position here. As announced, our meetings commenced in October, with T. Galus Foster, who spoke for us five Sundays, giving us five of the deepest, grandest lectures on the Spiritualistic philosophy I have ever heard. It is no disparagement to the host of super-excellent lecturers to place Mr. Foster as the peer of them all. He was followed by Mrs. E. L. Bond. During this month our desk has been occupied by Miss Nettie Coburn, a delicate trance speaker, through whom we have received spiritual food satisfying our very souls. I consider her as one of the very best evidences of spirit control I have ever seen. The change of spirit influence is the most marked of any I have ever under my knowledge.

We feel the loss of some of our ardent friends who were with us last season—Dr. Champlin, Dr. Hay and Dr. Dresser having all left us for other work. Dr. Dresser, while here, introduced a medicine for the cure of chronic diarrhoea, with marked success. It was my fortune to witness its effects on a number of patients in the soldiers' hospital in this city, where the patients had been given up to die by the surgeons, and in every instance it has proved a permanent cure. This disease is the scourge of the army, and rarely does it succumb to the remedies of the regular faculty. As Dr. Dresser's remedy does not come under this rule, it cannot be adopted, and is only used clandestinely. Is not this a severe commentary upon our boasted freedom? We are derided on account of our advocacy of the power of curing by laying on of hands, and even when we offer medicines which prove their power they are discarded, because, forsooth, they are not regular. I hope the Doctor will be enabled to introduce his medicine to the public.

Spiritualists are ever foremost in the needed reforms of the times. The colored free schools of this city were inaugurated by Spiritualists, and are conducted with unexpected success. Bro. A. E. Newton has given his whole heart to the matter. William Hamlet and T. B. Caldwell, of Massachusetts, are also enlisted in the cause. These are the only Massachusetts Spiritualists I have known this season as taking part. And I am glad to say that the colored people are treated with greater consideration, for it has been proverbial, where slavery has existed, that the colored people have no rights which the whites were obliged to respect. The prayers they have shown in fighting our battles, where they have taken part, has caused all candid persons to put them on an equality with the whites. I do not think the war will end until every right of the blacks will be recognized—and the greatest step was taken when their right to bear arms in defence of their own country was given them. They will have for a long time a prejudice to overcome, but their intrepidity, valor and courage in the army will demand and command for them a fair chance in the race of life. Col. Higginson, of Massachusetts, an ardent Spiritualist, has given to the world his experience as a pioneer soldier in the colored army, he having been the first to lead a colored regiment to the field. Col. Daniels, of this city, (also a Spiritualist), formerly of New Orleans, raised the first colored company, and this was done while the Government almost prohibited it.

I recently met with a lady of Michigan (Mrs. Gibbs), who was visiting sick soldiers in our camp, and I found her to be a Spiritualist. She said she had had two sons die in the service; her only two remaining ones were then in the hospital, wounded, and her husband was also in the service, and she said after they had gone she was determined to go, too. She came to Washington, and worked for her board, in order that she might give her services gratuitously to the wounded soldiers. I was constantly hearing of her good acts, and certainly have never seen greater self-sacrifice. ALFRED HORTON, Washington, Dec. 21, 1864.

Old Memories.

How they cluster around our heart-strings, those old, half-forgotten dreams of the past, thrilling our inner being like glimpses of some far-off, beautiful land. Dreams of our boyhood days, when we were happy, laughing children, playing on the village green, with no care or sorrow to darken our pathway, all bright, all happiness, like a lovely day in mid summer! Then come the more sober years of growing manhood, with its earnest cravings and its lofty aspirations, its longings for a portion of the chivalry of other days to yet linger around our heart-stones, that we, too, might go forth on some wild errand of enterprise, for the one whom we have classed among the highest and noblest of our Father's works. Our meeting with a gentle one, marriage, and the birth of a beautiful bud, now plucked to unfold its leaves in a fairer world, and anon, the wild waves of civil war sweeping o'er our fair land like a whirlwind, gathering up both good and bad, and bearing them forth on its bosom, perhaps ne'er again to gladden the old home in their earthly form. How it rises before me now, that terrible battlefield, where we stood beneath the folds of the old flag, with shot and shell whistling around us like hail, and after the battle, many a brave comrade missing from our mess, mustered in above; but, thank God, not dead, for often do they come from their spirit-homes to cheer us in our earth-course. The great-souled Baker, the post-warrior, Lander, pure-hearted Willie Groun, from Ball's Bluff, from Antietam, from Lookout Mountain, from Gettysburg, and from many a battle-field of other days, come our dasky warriors with those who were once slaves. Thus they come; some to guide us and some for assistance. Oh how beautiful this communion with the loved ones of other years! not mouldering in the silent tomb, but bursting forth into renewed beauty, with the gross and material portions laid aside, and only the nobler qualities clinging to them still. Would that all could feel the peace and happiness which fill the hearts of those who believe in modern Spiritualism. But, while we gain strength and knowledge from this communion, let us not forget the command of our Elder Brother: "Go ye forth in my name proclaiming glad tidings to all." Thousands there are in our midst, who for years have been looking for one ray of hope to break through the dark clouds of doubt and despair; to such let us go forth, bidding them be of good cheer, for the sun shall shine brighter and brighter upon the perfect day, and they, too, shall see and believe.

Fraternally yours, F. L. HILDBRETT, South Groton, Mass.

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens: "Can you tell me what this is, sir?" "Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites, is it?" "What, sir?" "In a voice of authority, and in a tone of command, and with a look that said, 'That's what it is,' said the chemist, putting a lid on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. "Dross." "And what is iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing." "Nothing? Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!"

THOUGHTS ON THE WING.

NUMBER TWO.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

DEAR BANNER—Though a little late, a "merry Christmas to you!" The word comes, I think, from the Latin, Christi messas—the mass of Christ. That the festival is of Pagan origin, referring originally to the astral heavens, no ecclesiastical scholar will dispute. It was Christianized about the year 500, since which it has been universally observed in Catholic countries, and quite generally among the Protestants. It is well to honor the birth of good men, but better to actualize their highest principles in our own lives. Yea, infinitely better to find and feed the poor, clothe the orphan, re-ignite the fires upon the widow's hearthstone, encourage the desponding, and bestow sweet charities upon the "sadly unfortunate," than to decorate churches, or chant choral serenades to a martyred brother nearly two thousand years in spirit-life.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress being appealed to, liberally responded with funds to trim a Christmas tree for the encouragement of the children attending the Progressive Lyceum, and it was a grand success. Pratt's Hall, including the galleries, was densely packed, Sunday morning, to witness the exercises of the Lyceum and distribution of gifts, under the excellent patronage of Mrs. A. H. Potter. The presents, selected with care, were both beautiful and useful. Being a larger child, among sundry valuable presents for me were the two elegant volumes of Weiss' "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker." I am credibly informed that the good people of Providence are given to playing just such tricks upon their lecturers.

SYMBOLS.

Not with muffled ears and closed eyes would I thread the mystic path of life, when a universe daily unrolls its delicious richness before me. As there are "sermons in stones," and things good in each human heart, waiting to leap therefrom at the first love touch, so is there a profound significance in all harvests of fitness to be reaped from symbols. The sun symbolizes infinite impartiality; the ocean, sublimity and overflowing life. The cyprus points to that link in life's chain called death, and a branch of it symbolized to the ancient what the waving crape does to the afflicted in the present. The myrtle, cedar, laurel and holly, breathe of high hopes, and sing victor songs from the funeral pile; while the vine speaks of aspiration, and all evergreens of immortality. Red, through all the mists of the ages, has been richly symbolic. Not only the Egyptian triad, but the globe on the highest Theban monument, was painted red. With the Jews, as in wondrous Egypt and classic Greece, red typified love—love being the life of the soul. It is the favorite color of all Indian races, and their very organizations are fresh with the glow of spontaneous love natures. Blue symbolizes truth or faithfulness. On some of the Asiatic monuments Vishnu appears in blue. The Catholics painted Christ's robe this color during the middle ages, representing that it was his fidelity that glorified him; and in the Ancient Mysteries, Egypt's priests wore robes of blue, embroidered with glittering stars. But white, like a central sun, reflects all the solar rays. It is the language of purity. The Magi wore white robes, the Paraclete white tunics, and thus also wore the priests of Jupiter enrobed. Both Plato and Cicero consecrated this color to the gods. It was worn in Druidical worship. Two Grecian Pythagoras, thus clad, ordered praise poems sung in honor of the Immortals. The Apostle John, speaking of certain sainted ones in Sardis, who had not defiled their garments, said "they should walk with him in white, because they were worthy." "A white stone with a new name" he also promised the victorious; and the gentle Nazarine appeared attired in shining "raiment of white" on the mount of Transfiguration. Let us remember that, as earth-life leaves us, eternity will find us, mentally and spiritually, that our garments there will be the result of this life's weaving, with each thought, deed, purpose, seen as a thread woven therein, to blur or brighten the immortal vesture. Unseen influences unconsciously affect us, hence the necessity of pure associations when on the negative side of life's mystic circle. It becomes us, furthermore, to surround ourselves, our houses, homes and highways with the beautiful, and hang our lecture halls, church edifices, and chambers of contemplation, with pictures, paintings, and all such memorial things as symbolize life's higher aims, sweeter condensations, and divinest soul aspirations.

ALONE.

Jesus trod the wilderness "alone." He went up into "the mountain alone to pray," and there, shut away from the unappreciating, babbling billion, solitude and meditation sweetened his inmost being. Jane Eyre, in a moment of exaltation, said, "I can live alone in self-respect or circumstances require me to do so. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss; I have an inward treasure, born with me, which can keep me sweetly alive, if all extraneous delights should be withheld." Be sure, friendships are continual soul-feasts. A friend's hand, how precious; his healing breath to the cheek, delicious; his smiles symbols of summer-land suns. I have one such, and strange the riddle, am most with him in spirit, when absent in body. The world knows him not—dead saints only are worshipped. His interior does not yet glisten upon the surface. Under the ice the crystal rivers run. It takes time for chemical forces to transmute souls to saps, these to buds, and buds into magnificent magnolia blossoms. God waited millions of years for the first delicate daisy to look up and breathe. I thank thee, oh Creative Power! Did I say any? Ay, many dear friends, whose auras are to me as inspirational as gentle gas to palms from "Araby the blest." Still, I chant 'tis sweet to be alone. Give me a library, a spirit-painting, a rose, and then farewell to giggling gabblers, who prate because they have nothing to say. Hush! A voice comes again, soft and silvery as vesper chimes—"Not alone! NOT ALONE! I am ever with you as teacher, inspirer, and shall be till you hear the dip of the Death-Angel's gilded oar, and pass the booming waves that glitter o'er the bright blossom of death's beautiful river."

ELIZA W. FAIRHAM.

A friend in New York writes me that "this true and brave woman has just passed the crystal stream and entered the spirit-land, and oh, how we mourn." I do not mourn, but rejoice and am glad—that another blessed soul has become the recipient of those glories that await the second birth. It is beautiful to see the bud displaced by the opening flower; beautiful, when Indian Summer sits down its golden haze, to behold the reaper come for the harvest; beautiful, at the close of a well-rounded life, to witness angels welcoming home a sister spirit. She has only ascended, to descend and work with us still as philanthropist and reformer. The first time I met her was as matron in the Lunatic Asylum, Stock-

ton, California, and her brilliant, solid intellect, boundless benevolence, and broad comprehension of principles, at once charmed me. She read evenings, for my edification, pages of her then unpublished volumes, "Woman and Her Era," also choice passages from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and several European poets. She informed me that she gave the first lecture upon Spiritualism ever delivered in California, thousands flocking to hear of this new galaxy of wonders. I am proud that I knew her, proud that I was favored with her confidence and personal friendship. Back, back from those palaces and porticos of the philanthropists that dot the star-realms of immortality, she waits to all true workers blessings and benedictions. Let those who go in future summer mornings to scatter over the grassy mound Spring's earliest violets and richest hued rosebuds, emulate her deeds of benevolence and true womanly heroism, remembering that with a noble life-record she has gone up at the invitation of the immortalized, a worthy participant in that grand oratorio of progression ever syllabled and sung by those banded sisterhoods of reformers that people the sun-bright isles of the Infinites.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 27, 1864.

Extracts from the Revue Spiritualiste.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The September number of the Revue Spiritualiste, Paris, contains much interesting matter. First, notices of the remarkable manifestations through the Davenport Brothers, in England, corroborating all that has been published in the Banner of the attention their mediumship is eliciting from some of their most prominent and learned people. Then there is the conclusion of an article commenced in a previous number, written by Rabbi Benjamin Mosse, "On the Non-eternity of Pain," as taught by Judaism and demonstrated by reason. It is very able; he gives extracts from many early Jewish writers, showing they taught that punishment was disciplinary. Thus Arbarbana teaches in the Miphelet-Eloheim, that the soul, after quitting its terrestrial envelopments, if pure, to a place of recompense, called, figuratively, the Garden of Eden, because that word contains their idea of perfect delight; if guilty, to an opposite place, from which it throws longing looks towards the place of happiness, but the weight of its sins draws it down to Gehenna, where it will suffer proportionate to the extent of its faults; he sees these faults now as in a mirror, and the soul by sincere regret expiates its sins, is drawn more and more into goodness, and is finally saved. Several pages are devoted to a work entitled "Etudes sur la médecine animique et vitaliste," by Dr. Charpignon, a learned physician of Orleans, who for many years has been an able defender of Magnetism. His researches upon the faculties of the soul have now conducted him to Spiritualism, and in this book (which has been honorably mentioned by the French Academy of Medicine), he avows his faith in the manifestations of the spiritual order; he tries to show that moral influence in the productions of extatic phenomena cannot destroy the influence of magnetism. "I believe," he says, "that the effects obtained by the soul over the body render not illusory the influence that can be established over it, between man and God, between man and the intelligences called spirits." He says much of this important question, after allowing this mixed influence, asking, "What is the degree of superhuman intervention, and what part have the living forces of nature, electricity, ether and the soul, in these facts called supernatural?" Who, in maladies, can determine the part that nature, via medicatrix, and that of the medicine employed? Who can decide the action of moral or physical agents in the various sensations and manifestations of the body experiences? He then says, "What amplitude and rectitude of judgment, what varied knowledge, what docility and uprighteousness of mind is necessary for a physician or philosopher, to seize the causes of phenomena which sometimes appear so varied and so isolated, and, also, to suspend an interpretation?" He considers Spiritualism, in a medical point of view, of great importance; and, also, its recognition by the physician—this faith in the dogmas of Spiritualism, the accomplishment of the practice it unfolds—must have a most salutary influence upon the march of diseases and their issue, and that absolute faith in it must lead to moral elevation and then corporeal purification—rendering possible the communion of the soul with the elements, the forces of nature and with the spirit-world. The work must be one of much scientific and physical research, and calculated to produce some sensation amongst the skeptical physicians and savants of France.

There is a singular account of a new manifestation, which is nothing less than a spirit taking upon itself a physical, tangible body, and—as far as we can understand the rather imperfect account—he appears usually near a certain medium, and takes upon himself his likeness; he seems to belong to a mischievous order, and makes trouble by tearing up important papers; but by giving him three good blows with the fist he will disappear. The writer, giving his experience with him, says: "He came to me with a body resembling the medium's, only paler; he placed himself at my left, and I lost sight of him for an instant. He took my pencil and wrote, 'You have demanded something from the spirits.' I said, 'No, only with myself; one day thou saidst to me in verse, 'Sad poet! little athlete! now thou must measure thyself with me; let us go inside into the next room.' He replied, 'I fear for thy destruction!' I persisted, he refused; immediately his figure began to decompose, his voice changed, his eyes rolled like one in a spasm. I then seized his right hand by both of mine, and gave it a violent squeeze; his bones were hard as mine, but, lo! he commenced sobbing, and lost his resemblance to the medium. He raised himself to go. I rose also, saying, 'It is necessary that I follow thee;' he responded with a sepulchral voice, 'Thou hast frozen my heart!' and was gone." They think he does not give his true name—that he disguised himself as having lived in another place, while he may have been a neighbor. The writer concludes by saying his brothers in the faith are having some very great manifestations, but have not the courage to confess them. Altogether, we judge Spiritualism is spreading in France and being investigated by many of its scientific men. E. M.

To Healing Mediums Again.

I desire to thank those good and kind friends who responded to my call for medical aid, the responses being too numerous for me to reply to each separately by letter. I thank them most heartily for their many expressions of sympathy, and the several prescriptions kindly sent, some of which I shall avail myself of, if I am not restored to health by the manipulations ("laying on of hands") of a kind friend from Springfield, (Mr. Bellmore), who has been impressed to visit me and apply his powerful healing energies to my shattered frame, which has already received much benefit from his treatment. K. GRAVES.

The net proceeds of the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair were one million twenty thousand seven hundred and twelve dollars. What has the London Times to say to this?

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. WANTS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The New Leaf.

With the opening of a New Year, we all turn a New Leaf. It is a familiar way of saying that new things are come to us—that the old is passed away, and cannot be renewed, that what stretches before us is fresh and new and untried, and that we can make our mark as we will upon a sheet that is still ununsullied. To all our readers, wherever from the Atlantic to the Pacific they are to be found, we proffer the sincerest wishes for a Happy New Year; believing only that it lies in the power of every one of them to make it as happy as he or she chooses. The past year has brought a multitude of experiences which were surprisingly new, and prepared us in a measure for what is to come during the present twelve-month. The nation has suffered and led sorrowfully, but the tidings which reach us now are significant of a more vigorous state of health in the future. We have been bowed with our afflictions, that we might be more spiritual and elevated after our trials shall have passed. The plowshare of suffering has been driven with a ruthless hand through many and many a household, that out of those same households might spring flowers of affection and beauty. But for this, they might have produced little but weeds. It is comparatively easy to write and speak homilies on the present season, but the suggestions which rise quickly and thick in the human heart do not start from mechanical aid; they are the fruit of long brooding, of solitary thought and contemplation. Hence the season, if but alluded to, will bring its own reflections with it. On every cultivated nature it will produce its proper effect. Our own labor, at the particular post which we find ourselves placed, we take this fit occasion to say shall not be remitted in the least on behalf of humanity at large. Whatever shall promise to make for the welfare of the great family of man, that shall we continue to advocate, explain, and defend, to the best of that ability with which we have been entrusted. We hope we shall omit to do nothing which is a part of our whole duty. The work which we have conscientiously tried to do, has been work which we have loved to do; and therefore we must have accomplished more by our efforts than if love was not in it. The same inspiration will move us in the year on which we are just entering; and our earnest wish is that we may have opportunity and power according to our desire.

Wherever we run our eyes over the wide field of labor, it is easy to discover that there is a spirit abroad that is certain to move the ancient errors from their base and lay the truth on an unshaken foundation in their stead. The spirit of reform, of progress, of recasting and renovation, is operative on all sides; so that it will before long be as fashionable to seek out the advanced opinions and enlarged views, as it hitherto has been to hold fast in stubborn and perverse blindness to the old and the antiquated. Not that mere renovation and change contains what is chiefly desirable within itself, but that it is the symbol and form of the progressive and all-conquering spirit which must cast itself continually in forms of some sort, or else cease to make advancement. The spirit and the form should be made always to agree; and it is mainly the effort, continued sometimes in violence, to rest contented with the latter and keep the former in a state of starvation, that causes all the dwarfing, and cramping, and mischief, and misery.

We earnestly hope that the new leaf which we are now turning will expose a fair page to the eyes of the spirit than any it has rested on before. May all hands be joined in the great work of undoing the wrong and establishing the right everywhere. Each year should show each one of us the amount of work he has done, in the welcome results of his labor. We ought to go all to our performance, that when we reach the close of the present year, we can cast our eyes back over it with a satisfaction more profound than any which can make us glad over the review of what is just passed. The time is short, and there is much to be done. We shall lose hope and strength if we wait for others to do what already lies next our own hand.

Burial before Death.

We have before us a communication on this most impressive of all subjects from a lady, whose expressions cannot convey to the heart of every reader a profounder horror than the hastiest contemplation of the subject will itself excite. She very properly dwells on the great importance of our ascertaining in respect of our acquaintances and friends that they are really and truly dead before they are committed to the earth. We very often hear of persons who are rescued at the last moment from the horrible fate of being buried alive, and this of itself furnishes almost demonstrative proof that many really suffer the tortures of this most dreadful inquisition. In Germany, the buried are provided with bills which can be made to ring by the slightest movement. In Sweden, the law requires that corpses be kept for three whole days above ground, and even this caution does not always prevent unjust burials sometimes, nor do the people at large take much pains to bring the dead to life. In our own country, advanced in the walks of civilization as we profess to be, bodies are oftentimes hurried into the grave within a day or two from the time of their assumed decease, and before the spirit can be fairly believed to have taken its farewell of the house it has so long tenanted. It would show much truer respect for the dead, to take more pains to find that they are really dead, than to lay out so much in shrouds, burial cases, and imposing funeral ceremonies; could they speak to us, they would wish to have us regardless rather of their security from the nameless suffering of dying in a grave, than of the pomp that expresses only the vanity of the living.

Test Seance with the Boy-Medium, Henry B. Allen.

It was announced two weeks since by us that the proprietors of the Banner of Light, and our medium, Mrs. Conant, with a few invited friends, were to have a private seance for the purpose of testing the truthfulness of the manifestations given in presence of the young lad, Henry B. Allen, of Vermont, which are claimed to be done in the light by spirit-power.

As many of our readers are aware, Mr. J. H. Randall, a well known lecturer on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, was in this city with the boy, holding seances, during the two first weeks in December; and has again returned to the city, and is now holding seances forenoon and evenings, at No. 8 Avon place.

Our first interview with the "boy-medium" was in the forenoon; the time set was ten o'clock, but Mr. Randall being unavoidably engaged elsewhere, came in half an hour behind time, consequently the manifestations were out short that length of time, thus showing the importance of keeping engagements promptly, especially when made with the invisibles. After a careful examination of the apparatus, the musical instruments, including a dulcimer, (weighing some twenty-five or thirty pounds), were placed on chairs inside the cabinet, the upper front part of which was left open, making a space of about two feet square. In front of the cabinet two chairs were placed, one for the medium, and the other for a committee-man, whose duty it was to see that the medium had no hand in the manifestations. Thus arranged, the boy was seated in one of the chairs, and Mr. Johnson, a U. S. Post-office Detective, (being the most skeptical person present), seated himself along side of him. The boy's right arm was then tied securely to the arm of Mr. Johnson's chair, allowing only sufficient movement of his wrist to enable him to take hold of Mr. J.'s arm. This extra precaution of tying the medium's arm, was done to prevent the possibility of his using it, were he so disposed, and to dispel the idea entertained by some that the hand shown was the medium's.

While in the position above mentioned, the boy's hands on Mr. J.'s arm, with his coat thrown over them—it being a condition required that the light should not strike directly on the instruments or the medium's hands—the room being light, so that every one present could easily perceive any movement made by the boy—there was a slight rustling heard in the cabinet; the dulcimer gave forth sounds, and a small pine stick used sometimes in producing music from that instrument, was seen floating back and forth through the open space in the cabinet, occasionally touching the gentleman on the head, drumming on the back of his chair, and then bounding out into the room. Mr. Johnson then raised his hand up over his right shoulder, when it was immediately taken hold of by a right hand, which was seen by many, if not all present; at the same time Mr. Johnson asserted that he was positive the medium's right arm was tied to the chair, and both his hands on his arm. The stick was then passed to Mr. J. by one of the audience, and held up to the opening in the cabinet, when it was immediately struck by another stick, which was plainly visible, and a brief feat of "fencing" took place, terminating by knocking the stick held by Mr. J., out of his hand. It was observed that the stick in the cabinet was held in a horizontal position, and quite out of the reach of the boy. A pencil was then handed in, but was struck quickly by the stick, and knocked into the lap of a lady, followed by the stick. While all this was going on, the dulcimer would occasionally give forth sounds. Mr. Johnson declared to the audience that he was satisfied that what had taken place was entirely independent of any physical action on the part of the medium, and that both of the boy's hands were on his arm.

It was then suggested by Mr. Johnson that some one else take his place in the chair, and Mr. L. B. Wilson was selected. The medium remained in the same position as above described. In a few moments the dulcimer sounded, and a hand took hold of Mr. W.'s. It was much larger than the hand seen just before, and had a dry, hot feeling. It also exhibited considerable strength of muscle in taking hold of Mr. W.'s hand and bending it back in spite of his efforts to prevent it. His hand was grasped cordially; finger-nails were plainly felt, and one nail was pressed into Mr. W.'s finger so hard as to make him rise from the chair in order to draw his hand away. The indentation and pain in his finger lasted some time. This closed the seance.

The second audience was at five o'clock in the evening, at which about fifteen persons were present. The cabinet and the arrangement of musical instruments, chairs, &c., were the same as at the previous seance, and the room was well lighted. Mr. Charles H. Crowell—who, until these seances, had been very skeptical about the genuineness of the manifestations—was selected to sit with the medium. It may not perhaps be out of place here to state that Mr. C. had sat with the medium on two other occasions, when no manifestations whatever were obtained while Mr. C. was in the chair. But this time the manifestations began in about five minutes. Mr. C. was very particular in regard to the position of the boy's hands, which he affirmed were on his arm. At the moment of making this statement, a spirit hand was seen at the opening in the cabinet; and on Mr. C.'s putting his hand up over his right shoulder, it was grasped by the spirit hand, and shook heartily. The same hand—which was about the size of Mr. C.'s—then passed up on to his head, took hold of his hair, and pulled it sharply. This transaction was plainly visible to nearly all present. The position of the medium was such that it was evident he could not have reached his hand to that distance without making a movement of the body that would have been noticed at once. Mr. C.'s hand was held by the spirit-hand for several minutes, thus giving the audience ample opportunity to scrutinize and criticize what was going on. Mr. Crowell stated that he was positive the medium did not remove his hands from his arm while the spirit-hand was being shown; and he was also perfectly satisfied that the boy had nothing to do with the manifestations further than his medium powers were concerned. More especially is he convinced that no deception was used by the medium, or any other party present, because, as a test, he placed at one time his right hand upon both of the boy's hands while a spirit-hand and arm were distinctly seen in the cabinet by the audience.

The heavy dulcimer, as a last manifestation, was then forced out at one side of the cabinet, and the cabinet itself raised up eight or ten inches from the floor, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its being done by the medium without turning round and using both hands.

Therefore, the proprietors of this paper—Messrs. White, Bibb, and Crowell—feel justified in expressing their unqualified belief in the genuineness of the manifestations given in their presence, in the light, by the Boy-Medium, Henry B. Allen. Mrs. Conant also endorses him as genuine. The editor will give his opinion hereafter.

Savannah.

By the capture of Savannah, Ga., Sherman took one hundred and fifty cannon, with a large store of ammunition, eight hundred prisoners, a seaport with a present population of twenty thousand, thirteen locomotives, one hundred and ninety cars, about thirty thousand bales of cotton, and many other things which are not yet set down with care in the enumeration. It is a grand result to his very grand campaign. By holding Savannah, he can at once move upon Augusta, way of the river; and afterwards upon Charleston, which latter city can be besieged on the land side and in due time reduced to terms. If, then, we can get Wilmington in our hands, there will be no seaport left through which relief from without can enter rebeldom.

In addition to the above estimate the following is summed up by one who was with the army during its march from Atlanta, who states that is correct: "The army passed through 42 of the finest grain and cotton counties in the State, captured and carried over two hundred towns and villages, tore up and utterly destroyed every railway in the route, brought out 10,000 negroes, 10,000 head of horses and mules, some of them fine and good stock, burned all the bridges, every cotton gin and building that could benefit the rebels; burned or bonded \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000 worth of cotton, captured several millions of rebel currency, some 60,000 pieces of artillery, an abundance of ammunition, a hundred thousand head of cattle, about 4000 prisoners, and subsisted the army on the rebels, and saved that much to Uncle Sam's exchequer."

Cora L. V. Hatch.

Mrs. Hatch closed her December engagement at Lyceum Hall in this city, Sunday, Dec. 25th. We are happy to announce that she is re-engaged to speak through this month in the same place. Two large audiences assembled to listen to her eloquent discourses. The afternoon discourse was very appropriate for Christmas, based on the words *Anno Domini*. She discussed at length the queries, "Who is our Lord?—and is this His Year?" bringing forth fresh ideas, and opening the way for more vigorous thought. The theory of a Saviour of mankind was treated with such forcible clearness as to leave the impression on most, if not all minds, that each one must be his own Saviour, and not quietly rest upon an impossibility; that of putting the burden upon another. In her review of the spiritual condition of England, France, Russia, and other countries in the Old World, not forgetting our own Continent, she uttered many plain truths, giving hints and suggestions worthy of remembrance.

In the evening, the audience desired that she should speak upon "The Origin of the Human Race," which subject she handled with ability. It was worthy of remark that a great many new faces were seen among the audiences, giving evidence of an increasing interest on the subject of Spiritualism.

Death of Minister Dayton.

The sudden decease of Minister Dayton calls forth universal expressions of regret. He was a man respected by all, and held in high popular esteem. He died in Paris, of apoplexy, on the 2d of December, in his 68th year. He had run an honorable career, both at home and abroad, and came to his end in the midst of his usefulness. It is not yet understood who is to be his successor, though several gentlemen have been named for the place; among them, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Evans. The two former are New Englanders—the latter is from New York. It is somewhat remarkable that New England already has seen first-class missions to foreign courts, and that is the chief objection urged against her being complimented with the offer of another.

In Canada.

The Canadian Government has taken such measures as to prevent for the future the raids of rebel emissaries across our lines and into our territory, with which arrangement our own Government appears to be satisfied. The order of Gen. Dix was revoked by the President with this understanding, and both governments are at peace once more. It would be a great mistake for the people over the border to embroil themselves with us in a matter like the St. Albans raid, for the injury which would be done them would be far greater than what could be done us. We certainly could not desire that there should be trouble with Canada, in addition to the other troubles already on our hands.

Obituaries.

We have to record the deaths of several men of note and distinction at this time. There is the Earl of Carlisle, who was better known in this country as Lord Morpeth; Minister Dayton, our representative at Paris; Wm. Curtis Noyes, a distinguished lawyer of New York; Col. Charles A. May, of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma fame; David Roberts, of London, the distinguished painter; James W. Wallace, the well-known actor, and proprietor of Wallace's theatre, New York, who had reached the seventieth year of his age; besides others whom we have not the space to make even an allusion to. Death appears to be busy, just now, with the men of mark, and the list is getting rapidly thinned out.

The Last Snow.

The last snow-storm that visited us was really the greatest one of the season, and it is not probable we shall have a greater. It really began in afternoon hours of the shortest day of the year. The sun had been wading in deep clouds of snow all day, and toward night the work began in earnest. Roads were blocked, houses muffled, cars stopped, vessels wrecked, and terror excited in every heart. The sleighing was excellent for some few days afterwards, but not long; for the awful thaw with which we have been visited has caused the beautiful snow nearly all to disappear. We had hoped it was going to last until spring, but it won't.

Arming the Slaves.

It is finally come to that point, with the leaders of the rebellion, where they are about resolved to arm the slaves and give them their freedom in requital for their services in the field. Gen. Lee is reported to be strongly in favor of the plan, and it is said that one branch at least of the rebel Congress has come out definitely for it, also. In consequence of the rumor, the negroes are getting away from Richmond in droves, not being willing to sacrifice their chances for freedom in return for the poor promises which are made them by Davis.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy in Charleston.

Mrs. Cuppy speaks before the Society of Spiritualists in Charleston, again next Sunday afternoon and evening. Her time is not all taken up yet, and our friends will do well to secure her services as often. For the present she can be addressed care of this office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GAZETTE OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. January, 1865. New York: D. M. Gayley & Co., 34 Liberty street, publishers. Vol. 1, No. 1.

This new gazette for public favor is half way between the style of the Atlantic and Harper monthlies, of the size of the former, and numbers printed on clear and beautiful type, and numbers eighty pages. It has many fine illustrations of views on the Isthmus, and in the wilds of California, and is to be devoted mainly to the interests of the Pacific States, where the editor has resided for the last six years, and became imbued with the necessity of having such a representative as this in the Atlantic States, through which to speak directly to the capitalist and the masses of the great commercial cities of the older States of the Union and of Europe. The editor says, "We shall endeavor to make the interests of the Pacific States our interests, and shall faithfully and candidly devote our columns mainly to placing before the world, and more particularly our brethren, friends, and kinsmen of the Atlantic Slope, such facts in regard to them as will interest, instruct and benefit. We shall also give full and reliable information in reference to their mining, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, educational, social and national interests. We shall eschew all political and sectarian animosities. We stand, as we have always stood, firm and unwavering for an undivided country. This monthly, in the conduct of which no means, effort, or expense has been spared, brings to its aid and assistance literary ability of a high order. Among our present and future contributors we have the gratification of naming Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., Prof. J. J. Mays, Dr. L. W. Ogden, Wm. H. Coventry Wadell, Esq., of the Geographical Society; Mr. Geo. Catheart (Telix Oran), Mrs. B. F. Frodsham, the poetess; Mrs. Emma Rigel, of Philadelphia; Mr. Frodsham (the art critic), John Penn Curry, Esq., for twelve years connected with the California Press; R. M. Evans, Esq., mineralogical contributor, and a number of other talented and popular writers, whose contributions to future numbers will adorn the pages of our work."

The general appearance of the magazine is favorable, and there is a spirit of energy manifested in its columns which augurs success. It certainly is much needed, and starts out in a new field, and should meet with a hearty support, and we hope it will.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. An Illustrated Magazine for boys and girls. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have received the first number of this Magazine. It is surely an era in the life of boys and girls, when such writers as appear in this Magazine willingly leave what is deemed their higher sphere of labor, and give their words to them. It certainly is to us a beautiful proof of the true progress of the day. Childhood has been turned away with slops; boyhood and girlhood had to take, not even "milk for babes," but chalk and water, that could not nourish, but only prevent a healthy appetite; and can we wonder that they have grown up just fitted for "dime novels," and "yellow-covered literature"? Thankful indeed are we to enumerate the names of the contributors to this initial number: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Gail Hamilton, J. T. Crowbridge, Edmund Kitchie, Dio Lewis, "Carleton," John Wells, Author of "Ten Acres Enough," Mayne Reid.

The one article by Dio Lewis is worth the price of the number. The practical article, "Farming for Boys," is full of the right sort of words. The best criticism we can give of the book is that he handed it to an intelligent lad, and he was chained to his chair for hours, eagerly following one article with another. We need not predict success to such an undertaking. It is already a success.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS. January, 1865. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

Number three of this new monthly periodical has made its appearance. The number before us is an improvement on the previous ones, as the reader will readily perceive on perusing the articles named in its list of contents: Timid Tom and Old Gurdy, by Rev. Edward C. Towne, with Dedication to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Out and In, (poetry) by Belle Bush; Progress in Literature, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham; Interest on Money and Rents; Bessie Grey, (poetry) by George S. Burleigh; Sanctification by the Truth, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham; The Kinder-Garten, (No. 2), by Mrs. Louise Pollock; The Moral Police Fraternity; Carmia, (poetry) by Alice Cary; The Conflict of Creeds, (by R. R., Minor Topics; Our Library.

The editor promises in a forthcoming number, another paper from Rev. Edward C. Towne, in which he proposes "to demonstrate beyond the possibility of a doubt the thorough radicalism of Mr. Beecher's most inspired utterances." And he further remarks that "the conflict in Mr. Beecher's new belief with old opinion is truly startling, and especially so when it is seen that this conflict invariably ends in the overthrow of the traditional notions which he still retains the credit of meaning to teach."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January, 1865. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This standard literary monthly has won an enviable place in the affections of the reading world, and the enterprising publishers are determined it shall continue to be worthy of such a place. This number appears in a new and antique style of type, which gives it a neat and clear appearance, yet we do not think it is as beautiful a style or as easily read as the new and improved style of type on which we print the Banner of Light. Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, Wasson, Taylor, Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Stowe, and others contribute to this number, which is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The subscription price is four dollars per year.

FRANKS ON THE FIELDS; OR, THREE MONTHS' RECREATION AND WHY I DID NOT BECOME A SAILOR. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Wild Man of the West," etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

This is a work well calculated to interest the young reader, for it is full of active life, thrilling adventure on sea and land, and pleasant domestic scenes, which make a work of this kind interesting to the general reader. It is well gotten up with illustrations, and makes three hundred and seventy-nine pages.

GRAVE'S VISIT; OR, THE WRONG WAY TO CURE A FEVER. By the author of "Douglas Farm." Illustrated with engravings. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

A pleasant little story, making nearly one hundred and fifty pages, finely adapted to girls of a readable age, though the boys would not be uninterested by a perusal of it. The lesson it inculcates is just what young expanding minds need.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. X, No. 10; December, 1864. New York: Edward L. Sells, editor and proprietor. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

The contents of this ably edited quarterly are as follows: Parley's and His Times; The Civilizing Forces; Chief Justice Taney; Spanish Literature;

Lope de Vega; Currency—Causes of Depreciation; Leo X. and His Times; Chemical Analysis by Spectral Observations; The President's Message; Notices and Criticisms. This work needs no praise from us to make it sought after. It is sure to find its way into the hands of the scholar and critical reader.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC, 1865. Boston: Published by Geo. Coolidge; for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This Almanac has been a general favorite for the last twenty-nine years, and has not yet lost its hold on the public. Besides its value as an almanac, it contains a Map of Boston, an Index to the Streets, a Chronicle of Events, Registers of National and State governments, and a hundred other matters for which there are always thousands of inquirers. Of course any one who can afford so to do will procure a copy, whether invited, or not.

TRAGEDIES: To which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. Talfourd. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth, 1865.

Talfourd is too well known to the reading world to need an introduction at this time. His poetic productions exhibit genius of the highest order. In this collection is the classic tragedy of Ion, which has long enjoyed an undimmed lustre, both in the Old and the New World; also, the fine reading tragedy of "Athenian Captive," and a good variety of the author's smaller poems, making a good sized and well printed volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Crosby & Noyes: "The Autobiography of a New England Farm-House;" "Together," a novel. From Lee & Shepard: "The Sailor Boy."

A New Book by a Poet-Artist.

We are pleased to learn that the poet-artist, W. P. Brannan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has a volume of Poems and an Autobiography in press, and soon to be issued by Messrs. Carroll & Co. Mr. B.'s poems sparkle with the true, poetic fire. Our readers have frequently been favored with gems from his pen, and in this week's Banner they will find another, entitled "Cloudland Pilgrims." The Ohio National Union, in speaking of the portrait of Archbishop Purcell, which Mr. Brannan has just finished, says: "It is sufficiently lifelike to speak for itself. We are gratified to learn that Mr. B. has numerous orders, and that he is at length reaping a rich reward for his meritorious labor. He handles the pen with as much ease and grace as the pencil, and both so admirably that it is difficult to determine in which he excels—hence he has been styled the poet-artist of the Queen City of the West. He is a gentleman whom to know is to esteem, while his poetical contributions to our columns have endeared him to our readers." We shall hail the book with pleasure, and trust it will meet with a large sale.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Scenes.

Mrs. Annie Lori Chamberlain's circles, at her room, 138 Washington street, continue to be fully attended. The manifestations are of a very remarkable nature, as well as interesting. We advise all who possibly can, to attend, if they want their doubts removed in regard to spirit-manifestations.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"THE GLAD NEW YEAR," (on our second page), by Mrs. Love M. Willis, is a gem—very precious—for the children. We hope they will treasure it well in their little hearts. "CLOUDLAND PILGRIMS," (also on our second page,) a Poem, by the "Poet-Artist," Wm. P. Brannan, is a superior production. Under the "Original Essays" heading will be found an article from the pen of Dr. A. B. Child, embodying new and peculiar views; also, an interesting article from John S. Lynde, entitled "THE GODHEAD WITH THE MANHOOD IN JESUS OF NAZARETH."

On the third page, under the head of "Spiritual Phenomena," will be found a very interesting account of Spiritual Manifestations through the instrumentality of Wm. M. Oden, (a remarkable medium,) prepared for the Banner by Judge Carter, of Cincinnati. There will also be found on this page a letter from Miss Beckwith, one from Warren Chase, and one from Alfred Horton; also a word on "Dreams," by Cora Wilburn, and "Old Memories," by E. L. Hildreth.

The sixth page is filled with the usual amount of entertaining and instructive matter, from embodied and disembodied spirits. This department of the Banner is attended with great extra expense; and as it is considered indispensable by many of our patrons, we hope and trust they will induce non-subscribers to the Banner to subscribe at once—thus guaranteeing the continuance of this department of our journal. The donations we receive from time to time in aid of the Free Circle Room, do not amount to but a fraction of the expense incurred, and will be seen by our list of receipts, which we publish occasionally.

On the eighth page the reader will find an interesting synopsis of Judge Edmonds's lecture on "The Progress and Objects of Spiritualism;" a fine poem by Mrs. Walsbrooker, and "Another triumph of Spiritualism," being an account of the discovery and destruction of a snake in a human stomach. The Boston Journal pronounces the account a hoax. We pronounce it true.

We have several lengthy original articles on file—very interesting—awaiting a chance to see the Light. And they will, too, as soon as the Story now running through our columns is concluded.

We have received Hudson Tuttle's large picture of "Scenes in the Summer-Land," from which the cartes de visite were taken, a full description of which we shall give in our next issue. In the meantime it will be on exhibition in our Free Circle Room, and we hope to find a purchaser for it.

Mrs. Lola Walsbrooker is lecturing with good success in Ohio. In Wellington they opened a church for her, and she gave the first spiritual lecture that had been listened to in that town for three years.

The Albany Union League have established a charitable fund for the purpose of supplying bread to the deserving poor, at the suggestion of our friend, Dr. E. Andrews, who backed up his hint with a donation to the value of one thousand loaves of bread. That's the true way to find "the kingdom of heaven."

The attention of test mediums is directed to an advertisement elsewhere, which interests them particularly.

The Spiritualists of San José, California, have organized themselves into a society for the purpose of holding regular meetings. The cause of Spiritualism is largely on the increase throughout the State.

Sojourner Truth, the negro prophetess, is house-keeping at the Freedman's Village, on Gen. Lee's estate in Virginia.

CORRECTION.—In our last issue an error was made in the report of the answer of the spirit to the inquiries made by Mrs. A. E. Gale, of Ellbridge, N. Y., in regard to the communications from spirits, which are published in the Banner from week to week. Instead of "nineteen thousand," as printed, it should have read, "over nine-tenths of the messages published in the Banner of Light have been mortally verified beyond a doubt."

THE SIEGE OF WILMINGTON, N. C.—The large naval force which left Fort Monroe, two weeks since, has arrived off Wilmington and engaged the forts at the mouth of the harbor, at one time throwing one hundred and ninety projectiles per minute. During the two days' bombardment twenty thousand shot and shell had been fired. At the last accounts, Dec. 20th, Fort Fisher had not surrendered, although its fire had nearly been silenced.

The news from Tennessee shows that Gen. Thomas has won several victories over Gen. Hood's rebel army, destroying and capturing nearly one half of it.

Mr. Eben Sutton, of South Danvers, changed worlds a short time since, leaving behind him a property valued at about four million dollars. Leaving no children, or will, it all goes to his widow and a rich brother. What a grand opportunity was lost to help the poor, and thus "lay up" some of his "treasures in heaven."

Dame Tattle stalks abroad to-day with more brazen face than ever. She is near akin to Dame Slander; so both are in harmony, and carry on business conjointly.

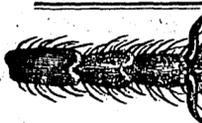
MR. GARRISON'S PORTRAIT.—The portrait of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, just finished, is for sale by C. H. Brainard, Esq., the publisher. Price \$1.50 per copy. Address Liberator office. We have not seen this portrait; but those who have, pronounce it an excellent likeness.

The population of the city of Chelsea is nineteen thousand. As "dead as Chelsea" is played out, then, of course, isn't it, Ben?

TERRIBLE FIRE.—A letter from Japan in the Tribune says that in consequence of the explosion of shells at the attack made by Choshu, a leading Daimyo on Mino, the capital of the Mikado, the spiritual sovereign of Japan, some months ago, fires broke out in many places, which caught up by a high wind then blowing, raged unchecked until this populous city was reduced to ashes. According to the native accounts the fire raged two entire days, laying in waste nearly one thousand blocks or squares, destroying seventy-eight thousand houses and temples, and three thousand seven hundred ware-houses. About five-sixths of the city was in ashes, and half a million people were made homeless. Japanese houses are not altogether paste and paper affairs. A very large portion of the European sanitarium are sheltered by no better. The great temple of Hum-quan-gee, the most famous in the empire, was burned.

An arrangement has been made by which the Reconstruction Act of last session is to pass, and receive the signature of the President, provided that Louisiana is exempt from its provisions. That State is to be re-admitted at once, the Senators and Representatives receiving seats in Congress.

SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.—Some, who are not posted in facts, think that Spiritualism is losing ground. We might as well say the Mississippi river was losing ground because it makes less noise near its mouth than it does away up near its source, when tumbling among the rocks. Spiritualism has become like the mighty Amazon, too broad and deep to be stopped by any human efforts.—The World's Crisis.



The above rather queer looking picture is a representation of the mere foot of a common house fly, as it appears under the powerful magnifying lens of the celebrated Craig Microscope. Some idea may be formed of its magnifying power by comparing the above cut with the mere foot of a fly. It has been thoroughly tested and compared with costly microscopes made by other parties, and it is warranted and has been proved to be a higher magnifier than other complicated microscopes which cost twenty dollars. And the Craig Microscope is the only one which has ever been simplified and adapted to the family circle. Other microscopes are too costly and complicated for general use, and seldom none but scientific men can understand how to use them. But the Craig Microscope is so simple that even a child can use it; and there is no field of inquiry more interesting than that which is opened by the microscope. See advertisement.

Sealed Letters Answered.

J. V. MANSFIELD, the well-known reliable writing medium for answering sealed letters, has 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.

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.

We have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have prosecuted this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best musical critics, composers, and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools and families, have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations.—New York Christian Advocate.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] H. A. FAYETTE, IOWA.—We have no doubt every sensible mind thinks just as you do in regard to the lecture you criticize. Some spirit with curious ideas of the "Summer-Land" must have controlled the medium. The whole subject has been gone over by another correspondent, hence we shall be obliged to omit your remarks at this late day.

J. L. D. CINCORER.—Address, New York City, care of C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

W. C. STRAUSS, N. Y.—\$9 received. Ditto, \$1.50.

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Add ten drops of Dr. T. B. Tait's Medicated Fishscale Ointment to a pint of cold water, and use as a gargle; put a wet cloth around your neck when you retire.

For sale everywhere. B. T. DARRITT, Sole Agent, 64, 65, 67, 69, 71 and 73 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

By Express—Three Boxes for children. One pair will cost three without tips. Sold everywhere. Jan. 7, 1865.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS. Number 111, for January, 1865.

Timid Tom and Old Gurdy, by Rev. Edward C. Towne, with Dedication to Rev. H. W. Beecher. Out and In, (poetry) by Belle Bush. Sanctification by the Truth, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Interest on Money and Rents. Bessie Grey, (poetry) by George S. Burleigh. Sanctification by the Truth, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The Kinder-Garten, (No. 2), by Mrs. Louise Pollock. The Moral Police Fraternity. Carmia, (poetry) by Alice Cary. The Conflict of Creeds. Minor Topics. Our Library, &c. Single copies, 5 cents. To be procured of all booksellers, or of the publishers, Messrs. C. M. PLUMB & CO., 274 Canal St., New York. The three numbers sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address, C. M. PLUMB & CO., 274 Canal St., New York. Jan. 7.

WILLIAM DENTON, GEOLOGICAL LECTURER AND MINING GEOLOGIST, IS PREPARED TO EXAMINE AND REPORT ON GOLD, COPPER, MANGANESE, IRON, COAL, AND OTHER MINERAL LANDS. Office 30 State Street, Boston. Jan. 7.

The Great Indian Catarrh Remedy WILL positively cure the Catarrh when perseveringly used. It will last three weeks or more, when taken three times per day. New York, Nov. 28, 1864. Dr. A. J. BIGGINS.—For a long time I had been troubled with Catarrh, and had tried many remedies without success, when last spring a friend sent me a box of your "Indian Catarrh Remedy," which gave immediate relief, and within the aid of a few more boxes I am almost entirely cured. Of an ultimate cure I have not the least apprehension. I shall do all I can to extend its use among suffering friends. 560 West 23d street. Yours, &c., GEO. F. MARTIN. Sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-cent stamp. Address, DR. A. J. BIGGINS, Box 143 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. Jan. 7.

TO TEST MEDIUMS. THE ADDRESS OF EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN who desires to test a MEDIUM, or to have a MEDIUM tested, is to send a letter to the Editor of the Banner of Light, stating the name of the MEDIUM, with a view of ultimately securing his professional services. The Circle will furnish, free of charge, a good room, fuel, &c. Please address stating particulars in regard to kind of tests, &c., given. DR. SAMUEL GILBERT, Lock Box No. 25, Memphis, Tenn. 3w—Jan. 7.

MR. & MRS. H. M. RICHMOND! HAVE opened rooms for Healing the Sick, without medical aid, at No. 21 BATTIE ACADAM, until April. No charge to the poor. Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1865. Jan. 7.

MAGNOLIA HAIR RESTORER. A POSITIVELY RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR, AND CURE DRY ITCH TO SOFT AND SILKY, as in youth. For sale at 47 North Street, Boston. Agents sented, A. S. HAYWARD, Proprietor, 61 Nassau Street, N. Y. 2w Jan. 7.

A NEW BOOK OF POETRY, BY A VERMONT AUTHORESS: The Poet, and Other Poems, BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. ONE HANDSOME 12MO. VOLUME. PRICE, \$1.50. Postage, 20 Cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS: MISS SPRAGUE was an independent thinker, and gave vigorous expression to her thoughts.—Portland Transcript. Her writings evince great mental ability, vigor of thought and purity of character. If her life had been spared, she would undoubtedly have taken high rank among the female writers of our day.—Boston Gazette.

These Poems show a strong individuality, a earnest life, and a remarkable facility of composition.—Atlantic Herald. This book will be especially welcome to those who knew the author as a lecturer, and who, by her earnest and persuasive speech, has so often been quickened to loftier thought, or filled with the balm of consolation.—Christian Repository.

Miss SPRAGUE sprung from the people. Springing thus from the people, she was loved by the people. Numerous in this section of Vermont, can but regard this book with lively interest, and as a memento of her whom they so much admired.—Hallow Falls Times. A book of woman's faith, and prayer, and aspiration; as such, worth reading.—Christian Inquirer.

These Poems are characterized by great ease of style, feeling, and earnestness in the cause of philanthropy, and frequently contain high moral lessons.—Continental Monthly. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS, 135 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. Dec. 24.

AN ELEGANT CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT! WE have just received from the Bindery a new lot of LIZZIE JOTEN'S beautiful Book of POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE! ELEGANTLY BOUND IN FULL GILT.

A more appropriate Christmas Present could hardly be selected. For Sale at this Office. Price, 50 Cts. IN PRESS, AND WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED, A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS, ENTITLED, "VOICES OF THE MORNING."

BY MISS BELLE BUSH, AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL." Orders received at this office. Price, per copy, \$1.00; postage 20 cents. Dec. 24.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS GIVEN IN THE LIGHT! IN presence of the "BOY MEDIUM," HENRY B. ALLEN, every morning, (except on Wednesdays), commencing on Monday, Dec. 20th, at 10 o'clock, Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 7 o'clock, at No. 8 AVON PLACE, Boston.

STRENGTH FOR GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, \$1.00. Single tickets, 50 cents each. (Orders excepted) at 10 o'clock, commencing on Monday, Dec. 20th, at 10 o'clock, Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 7 o'clock, at No. 8 AVON PLACE, Boston. Single tickets for ladies, 50 cents. Dec. 31.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS! Sleep is the great renovator of mental and bodily health. IS A POSITIVE BLESSING TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS. It allays irritation, and, like sleep, promotes all the proper secretions—thus equalizing the Serenus Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose; calms the agitated mind; quiets the throbbing muscles and twitching nerves; and repairs the waste of the vital force. CONSULT WITH DR. HENRY B. ALLEN, either personally, in person, or by mail, at No. 8 AVON PLACE, and ALWAYS BENEFIT. Sold by DR. HENRY B. ALLEN, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, and by all respectable druggists. It is 16—Dec. 31.

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE. HAVING increased the efficacy of the late Mace Kneeland, we have fitted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the suffering throughout the country to our successful well-peculiar method of treatment, being the same as practiced by Dr. Newton and Bryant, and pronounced by many who are conversant with the cure of both chronic and acute Rheumatism, as being the best of all Divisions treated. P. O. Drawer 117. DRIS. PERSONS, & GOULD. Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 1, 1864. Jan. 7.

MUSICAL CIRCLES. MISS ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a series of Concerts at 138 Washington street, (Room No. 7), on Monday, Dec. 12th, at 7 o'clock, and continue every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, and Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Tickets admitting a lady and child, 50 cents. Single tickets for ladies, 30 cents. To be obtained at this office. 1f—Jan. 7.

MISS LIZZIE WHITTLE, Fashionable Cloak and Dress Maker, 50 Warren street. Work done at the residence of customers, if desired. Dec. 31.

THE ARCANAE UNVEILED!

BRITTON'S GREAT BOOK, Man and His Relations; ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY; THE RELATIONS OF ITS FACULTIES TO THEIR APPROPRIATE ORGANS; TO THE ELEMENTS, OBJECTS, AND PHENOMENA OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

THIS WORK presents a careful classification and philo-sophical exposition of the diversified and wonderful faculties which spring from the Mind's influence over the imperishable elements of the Human and Animal Kingdoms, and from its mysterious connection with the realms of INVISIBLE LIFE AND THOUGHT.

Among the curious books belonging to this department of Metaphysics, the value of this to His RELATIONS, as estimated by an eminent authority, is "UNRIVALLED AND PECULIAR."

It is crowded with truths of the most vital interest to the Human Race; and which they are presented in a clear, rational and convincing light, the whole theme is invested with a fascination that renders it.

FROM THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. "We regard Professor BRITTON as a man of superior intellect, an original thinker and profound student. As a cultivator he has exercised a wide and powerful influence; and a clear, rational and convincing light, the whole theme is invested with a fascination that renders it.

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