



how I suffer—and yet I am happy to suffer! Tell me that you suffer more than I. Soon I wish you to carry me to your house, that mother may come and take me away. You must burn this dress, which is already the robe of Nessus for me. I stifle, Horace! Open the window, that I may breathe—for I have not breathed for eight mortal hours!"

A danseuse entered who had listened at the door with fright. "Ah, my God!" said she, "an assassination!" "Silence!" murmured Luciani; "it was I who struck the blow."

Horace placed Luciani before the window. "Horace, I stifle!" she hissed. Horace opened the window, and Luciani felt a momentary relief. She then threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming: "Ah, Horace, how I love you!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

While this drama was being enacted in the boudoir, the gaming table, ornamented as usual, in the large saloon, was noisily usurped. "I," said a comedian who had no engagement, "wish to stake, this evening, all that I have."

"Then," said a player who had studied the chances, "I will not play against you." Madame de la Roche-Tarpéenne was engaged in putting some liquor into her teapot, in order to give a little gaiety and boldness to her guests. The Knight of the Quatre-Emperors walked round the table, that he might seize the opportunity to take a hand at cards—for he never engaged in play except to play his game. He had great art in handling cards. Two kings, two aces, and two sevens would make their appearance at will, and wonderfully assist him in winning the game.

That evening—Sunday—the playing took a lively turn. The ladies were braver, the men courageous. In the eagerness of play, all had forgotten the tragic entrance of Horace, or thought of the fair Venetian, till, all at once, they heard the cry that the young man uttered on seeing the blood flow from Luciani's heart, reminding them that there were other emotions than those felt at play.

The danseuse, who had already half opened the door of the boudoir, entered hastily, followed by the Roche-Tarpéenne. But none of the players wished to be interrupted in their game. But Horace, on seeing two women enter, cried out in agony, "Do not enter!" as though he feared the presence of these two women would distress Luciani in her dying moments.

"Bring a doctor!" he added quickly. The Roche-Tarpéenne threw herself on her knees before Luciani, and seized her hand. "Do not touch her!" said Horace with anger, pushing away her hand.

At that instant the door opened, and all entered. "A doctor! a doctor!" said Horace, frightened. "I am a physician," said one of the players, pushing back the curtains.

"Save her!" murmured Horace. "It is impossible!" gravely said the doctor, after a few moments, and then made a sign for all to withdraw. Soon he was alone with Horace and the dying girl.

"Was it you who struck her?" said he. "I?" cried Horace with surprise, and then continued sadly: "No, I did not do it; but I am the cause of it. Do you understand? She is an honest girl, a lady of good society. She loved me. When she learned that I left her every evening to come here, she came here also—but, alas, to die!"

"Poor woman!" responded the man. "She was born in Venice, that country where they avenge their disappointment."

A Christian sentiment suddenly seized the soul of Horace. "A priest!" said he to the waiting-maid. "Let some one go immediately to Rue de la Madeleine, and seek the Abbe X—"

"The Abbe X—?" asked the waiting-maid. "He comes here every Sunday to make up the whist party of the old Marquis, who resides just above here."

"Ah well; let us see him at once." I do not know as Monsieur the Abbe X— was angry at being taken from his last game, as in the comedy of Alfred de Musset, but he did not make them wait long.

In a few minutes, grave and dignified, he entered the boudoir, and bowing, regarded in turn Luciani, the doctor and Horace.

"Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, who had met him oftener in society than at the church, "pray for this young girl, who, you see, is drawing her last breath."

The priest made the sign of the cross, and recited a prayer. "Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, "I am the cause of her death, because I have refused to wed her. Is there not time to repair my crime?"

The priest looked at Horace as if he did not comprehend him. "Have you never married at the last hour, a man to a woman, that death had called for too soon? I wish this poor girl should bear my name into eternity," said Horace.

The priest turned to the doctor, saying: "Doctor, does this young girl retain her reason?"

"No," replied the doctor. "Her heart beats, but she is unconscious." Horace, who had re-taken the hand of Luciani, said to her: "Do you not hear me, Luciani, and do you not wish I should give you my name?"

The hand was icy; Luciani did not answer by any sign. "It is too late!" said the priest, shaking his head sadly.

"Alas!" murmured Horace, "I have done nothing to soften this terrible death," and he fell on his knees, choking with sobs.

The priest made the sign of the cross on the forehead of the dying, recited a psalm, and then left the room silently.

Luciani spoke no more, though life was not yet extinct. Her large eyes seemed to regard the despair of Horace. A sigh passed her pallid lips. "Horace," she murmured, in a stifled voice, raising her arms, "I go but I shall return!"

Horace did not understand what the dying girl wished to say. As her arms fell around his neck, he murmured: "Luciani! Luciani! if you die, I wish to die! But tell me that you will not die!"

"It is her last sigh," said the doctor. Horace arose pale and sad. "Her mother!" said he, after a silence. "Her mother!" repeated the doctor; "is it possible to call her?"

"It will first be necessary to carry Luciani to my house," replied Horace. "I understand," said the doctor. "Go, and I will bring her to your house; I will take charge of everything; I will say that she is not dead."

"Bless you!" said Horace, with a feeling of gratitude. "No one knows her here under her true name. I have confided to you our secret; I beg you never to reveal it."

Not wishing to pass through the saloon, Horace opened the door of the little stairway and went out. As to the rest of the people in the house, the spectacle of Luciani's death had terrified them. Some of the players had gone, while others stood talking before the closed table, each asking the other about the tragedy.

"She was a beautiful and charming creature," said the Captain of the Zouaves; she surprised me by her fits of gaiety and sadness. At the piano she played with the most profound expression Weber's 'Last Thought.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A great noise was heard at the street-door. Hector, in his eagerness to gain admission, had thrown to the sidewalk, a stranger who was fleeing, in fear, from that house of sorrow. But Hector's rudeness had restored his courage, and he exclaimed: "Sir! since you are determined to pass so quick, you shall not pass at all," and immediately placed himself before the door.

At the first noise, the Roche-Tarpéenne and the Knight of the Quatre-Emperors, who were always in fear of the police, were already in the ante-chamber. "Who is there?" said the lady, with a frightened air.

"Why is there so much racket?" demanded the gentleman, knitting his eyebrows like Jupiter. "I have not time to answer!" cried Hector, who endeavored to pass up.

But the Roche-Tarpéenne, who judged, by Hector's paleness, that it might be his sister, or his mistress, who had just been killed, took hold of him to hinder him from advancing. "I beg of you, do not go there!"

"Is Horace here?" asked Hector. "No," replied the Roche-Tarpéenne, "he has not been here this evening. I supposed he was with you."

"And why should I not go there?" replied Hector, succeeding at last in opening the door of the saloon. "I beg of you, listen to me!"

The Roche-Tarpéenne whispered in Hector's ear: "There have been some arrests here this evening. They have seized some cards. Everything is topsy-turvy."

"Is that all?" said Hector, breathing freer. "Is that all! Mon Dieu! it is my ruin!" Hector had entered the saloon, but before any one spoke to him, the Roche-Tarpéenne had time to tell every one that she who had just died in the boudoir belonged to the family of this young man.

"Let me see!" pondered Hector, striking his forehead, "who is it that is mad?—myself? Horace? or my sister?"

He began to think that if Luciani had, in a moment of jealousy, written the four lines that were continually before his eyes, it had been simply a menace.

"No," thought he, "my sister never seriously had an idea of coming here. Still, everything is mysterious!" and he concluded to go to Horace's house. He went out of the saloon without speaking to any one. It did not take him two minutes to arrive at his friend's door, in Rue d'Isly.

"It is him!" said Horace, who stood at the top of the stairs waiting with anguish the arrival of Luciani. "My sister!" cried Hector; "where is my sister?"

"Your sister! repeated Horace, as he came down four steps and took his friend's hands. "My dear Hector, there remains but one thing for you to do—kill me!"

"Speak!" said Hector, disengaging his hands. "Where is she?" "What shall I say to you? I was mad, and she was foolish. Your sister has killed herself with a blow of a polignard."

"Luciani!" murmured Hector, sustaining himself by the balustrade. "Yes; and still I loved her fondly. Poor Luciani!" continued Horace.

"What have you done?" asked Hector. "You drew me with you, yesterday, to the house of the Roche-Tarpéenne; some one told her of it, and to-day she has wished to punish me by her death. Truly, she is terribly revenged."

Hector cast a terrible look on Horace, and with vehemence replied: "Sir! I believed you a man of honor; I introduced you to my sister as I would a brother; you have deceived my friendship as you deceived her love."

Horace did not wish to reply in the same tone. "My dear Hector, accuse me. If you do not believe me unhappy enough, still further wound me with your hatred. I have but one refuge—death!"

"Death!" replied Hector with anger; "it shall be death, for I will not leave you time for consolation."

A noise was heard on the stairway. "Silence!" said Horace to Hector; "it is your sister!"

Hector saw, in the shade, two men who carried his sister's body enveloped in a cloth already stained with blood. "She need not enter here!" said he, descending the stairs.

He ordered the two men to follow him. "Hector! I entreat you!" said Horace, who had descended also. "You will kill your mother!"

"Sir, my mother's house is the place for my sister."

Horace acquiesced. He saw them depart with Luciani with a sullen despair. It seemed to him as if he had lost her for the second time. On the contrary, if they had brought her to his house, it would have seemed to him as if he had refound her; at least he would have tasted the voluptuous sorrow of weeping all his tears, on his knees, beside her dead form.

"Poor Luciani!" said he, as they closed the coach door; "I shall never see her more!"

I shall not give all the details of that horrible night; how they concealed the spots of blood, or how mysteriously they carried the dead body from the lansquenets house. Nor shall I describe the interview between Horace and Madame Mariani, when she came, the next day, to demand of him an account of this misfortune. They were terrible and touching scenes.

Horace had wished a thousand times to die, but he did not wish to die before having his quarter of an hour's vengeance also. He did not wish to die before his duel with the Captain of the Zouaves.

"But, Monsieur," said one of the seconds of his adversary to him, "the duel is useless; the Captain pardons you, and you have nothing to reproach him with."

"Have I nothing to reproach him with?" cried Horace, with indignation. "Did he not converse half an hour with Mademoiselle Mariani without perception enough to know that she was an honest girl?"

CONCLUSION OF OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CREED.

BY WILLIAM P. DIANNAN.

I will not bow with patient knees To worn-out laws or bigot Creeds; My nature knows its wants and needs, And scorns all cant hypocrites Of hollow words and empty deeds.

I am unto myself a law; No mortal man, reaching from the grave, Shall drag me down where demons rave, Or bow my soul with servile awe To that which has no power to save.

I worship what is truth to me; Have faith in what is just and right; No cloak shall hide from my clear sight Those bigots of idolatry That blot the blessedness of light.

A larger breadth of heart and mind— A genial grasp, a loving law, Would melt each stubborn soul, and draw In bonds of peace all humankind Not stultified by slavish awe.

A larger love for those who fall— A faith that reaches from the sod Of Adam-nature up to God— And finds the germ of good in all, From Angels to an outcast clod.

The law of love the Saviour taught; The law that Creeds have pushed aside In godless greed of place and pride— That love divine, with blessings fraught, Of Him the Creeds have crucified.

Where Truth and Error, hand in hand, Have sped along the shores of Time, And scattered seeds of peace and crime, I, too, have overwalked the land, And planted thorns and buds sublime.

The footprints of a world gone by, The records of a golden age, The deeds of savage, saint and sage, The pyramids that pierce the sky, Are landmarks of my pilgrimage.

For, when I search man's history through, I find myself in all the past; In good and bad—in grand and vast— Yet keep a wider reach in view, From Time's high summit where I'm cast.

I will not bow with patient knees To mouldering laws or bigot Creeds— My nature knows its wants and needs, And scorns all cant hypocrites Of hollow words and empty deeds.

The holy law of Love is right, Or else man's pilgrimage were vain; If, through the dreary wastes of pain, He reach no moral Pisgah bright, Where new light breaks on heart and brain. Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3, 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAID TO THE GARDEN VIOLET.

A STORY FOR KITTY CUTLER.

"Dear, dear me! there's no use in doing anything. I do believe that autumn has come, and the cruel winter will soon be here, and what will become of me? I shiver to think of it," said a little Sunflower that had been blooming for many weeks, and turning its bright, golden flowers to the sunlight; that they might be blessed by its warmth.

"To die so will be dreadful," continued she; "and then what's the use of all I have been doing? Oh, miserable world and most miserable me! Poor little Violet, why don't you echo my sighs? I'm quite out of patience with you for being so tame and quiet. You just bend your blossoms to the cold wind, and then look up again, as if you thought it only pleasant fun!"

"Oh, I'm so happy!" said the Violet, "that I can't think of sighing. Why look at those beautiful maples over in the field there; I should think that the spirits of all the dead flowers of the summer had taken refuge there, and made it their Elysian field. I feel so glad at everything beautiful that I can't think of sighing or complaining."

"That all sounds very well, and I dare say is quite amiable," replied the Sunflower; "but all the red and yellow leaves on the hillside will not help you when the biting frost comes, and the dreadful snow. You'd much better be thinking what you'll do to-morrow, if it should chance to be a nippling night after the sun goes down, as I believe it will. Only look at that clear sky, and feel that keen wind! I tell you there'll be a frost; I feel it."

"I've been doing all summer just the best I could," replied the Violet. "I've sent my roots down deep, and made the little fibres strike out into the rich soil; and I've sent up blossom after blossom that should bear fair seed, so that I could feel sure that some beauty that belonged to me should bless the coming time."

"But I tell you it's no use!" screamed the Sunflower. "Have n't I sent out blossoms, too, and turned them, and turned them from early morning till sundown, and here's the end. I tell you if I had to live my life over again I'd just please myself, and not try to do any good or beautiful thing."

"But your beautiful shining seeds," said the Violet, "are you not glad that you have sent them down to the good earth, that the coming summer may not miss the golden clock that so faithfully tells the hours?"

"Why I didn't you know that the chickens ate half of those I scattered yesterday? Oh! how vexed I was as I saw them gobble them down! I tell you there's no use in doing anything; that's so. I'm just determined not to make another effort, and what I want is to give my advice to you, and to every other plant to stop trying. Let come what comes, I'm going to stop trying to make other people better or wiser. I say again there's no use. Oh dear! how cold it is; I'm half frozen!"

"But that beautiful shining seed," pleaded the Violet, "that fell under one of my leaves, lies there all snug and warm, and bids fair to make a fine plant another year. Not a chick shall see it, if I can help it. I determined to keep as many safe as I could, after what I heard those gentlemen say that walked through the garden the other day."

"And what was that?" asked the Sunflower.

"Why, they were talking about the uses of things; and one said that for himself he liked those things that benighted the world. 'There,' said he, 'is that homely Sunflower!'" "Did he say that?" asked the potent plant. "I wish I'd heard him—I'd have brushed his clothes with a fine coat of polter, for his impudence!"

"But do let me finish!" said the Violet. "There's that homely Sunflower," said he; "if I had a garden I'd plant many of them. It is said to ward off disease. Those dreadful fevers that prevail so, are kept off by its healthy life, and then its seeds make the best sort of feed for fowls. You don't know how proud of you I felt as he said this. It seemed so grand and excellent to be able to keep off sickness. Why, I'd have given all my blossoms if I could have helped poor Johnny when he moaned so with the fever last year. I thought, oh! if he would only tell me of something as good as that I can do, I will work. I'll send up blossom after blossom, and never mind the heat or the cold."

"Well, I'm sure he's very much of a gentleman to speak so well of me?" said the Sunflower, turning herself a little more proudly toward the west. "So I thought," said the Violet; "and, as I said, I felt very proud of you as a neighbor, and was wishing I could do something as good as it was your privilege to do, when he said, 'But those pests, the garden Violets, I never could treat except as a weed. Of what earthly use are they only to root deep and spread wide, and scatter innumerable seeds that spring up and have to be weeded out?' I don't think you can tell how I felt when I heard this."

"Well, I think he was an impudent fellow!" said the Sunflower; "at least, he might have waited till he was beyond your hearing. I must say, however, that I have wondered what you were good for, as well as myself."

"Well, I was trembling all over, and was just ready to wither every blossom, from sorrow, when the gentleman who was with the one who spoke first, said, 'My dear sir, I am sorry indeed to hear you speak thus of that beloved flower that has blessed so many hearts in so many thousands of homes. Its sweet beauty comes every Spring, like a fresh proof of God's love. Why, I never see one, that my heart does not grow better and purer; and he stooped and plucked one of my fairest blossoms.' Once I was away in a distant land, and felt very lonely and discouraged, for I was doubtful if I could do my duty faithfully, and this doubt made me distrustful of God's love. When I came upon one of these sweet flowers, blooming as fair as in my father's garden, as I looked upon its beauty the trust came back to my heart; I felt sure that the good God that cared for violets, and brought forth their loveliness in all lands and climes, would care for me, and I went resolutely about my duty without further repining, and owe some of the best work I ever did to that tender flower. When I see children hunting for 'Johnny-jump-ups' in the spring-time, I feel so glad, in their beauty, that I never destroy a single root. Why, they are to the hearts of children like the hand-writing of angels; they tell of a pure, unselfish life. I knew once of a boy who had learned to love them well, for he was taught by loving hearts to cherish beauty and purity. He went out into the world, and walked in the paths of wrong. He became so bad a man that all who knew him dreaded his influence, and wondered what would ever make him good or wise. He was walking the streets of the city, when a little girl came along selling little bunches of pink and garden-violets. 'Only three-pence—who'll buy?' said she. He paused. The sight of that pure flower was like standing again in his mother's garden. He bought all she had, and carried them to his room. He wept over them and kissed them, and there came up beautiful memories like pictures before him. He saw the dear old home and those he had loved so well in it. He remembered his mother's love, who had become an angel, and he prayed for her dear presence to shed its blessings on him. He thought of his sister, who used to gather whole bunches of them and carry to him, and who had sought and striven in every way to bring him back to goodness. It seemed as if the dear little violet were an angel indeed, speaking to him, saying, 'Become good and pure!' and he did not hear in vain, but became a truer and better man from that time. He told me that he had them planted all about his dwelling, that he might ever see their pure eyes looking at him. Oh, do not say that the Violet is only a weed. It is God's written word of love. I would not part with it for many a gaye flower. This was the last I heard; but you can hardly think how happy I have felt ever since!"

"Well, I declare," said the Sunflower, "I never dreamed you were of so much use in the world. I always liked you, but now I am quite proud of you. Did I ever tell you what the lady that lived in the cottage said about you when Johnny was so sick? She was walking in the garden and talking about him. 'Well, I felt,' she said, 'as if it would help him. I just thought if he'd notice anything, it would be a flower. It was late autumn, and the flowers had withered; but I ran out here hardly hoping to find a single blossom, but there was one, a sweet Violet, that seemed to have hidden its head under some withered leaves on purpose. I carried it to him, and the first time he opened his eyes I put it before him. Then came over his face such a sweet, heavenly smile that I knew from that moment that he would get well. Not that the Violet cured him, but it helped us, and made us more hopeful, and that helped him. Dear little blossom,' she added, 'what a comforter you are. It rests me all over, when I am tired, to see you. That's as near as I remember what the good woman said; but I didn't tell you of it because she gave me such a brush as she passed that I was quite vexed with her, and never forgave her until she brought the water for my roots last summer.'"

"It makes me very happy," said the Violet, "to hear these things. The world seems beautiful and good to me, as I feel I am able to bless it. I am convinced that it makes us the most miserable of anything to feel that we're of no use!"

"That's so," said the Sunflower; "I am quite warmed up since you have been talking, and do not dread the frost half as badly as I did; but what are we to do if we must die when the winter comes. Suppose that these are my last days of pleasure, alas, alas! shall I not then think that my life is of no use?"

"You forget, dear friend," said the Violet, "that we can never destroy the good we have done, and that we will live even when we are no more. Sometimes I've thought these warm summer days, when I was so heated and exhausted that I would not make another effort to be beautiful; but when I remembered that possibly one of my blossoms might be needed by somebody, then I felt new energy; and when I saw the pretty petals fade, and no one seemed to care for them, then I remembered that the good seed-time was to come, and that I was all the time doing something good and beautiful for the coming time. What if I do

die, this cold winter, I can yet hope that the warm earth will keep my scattered seeds so that they shall live!"

"But, then," murmured the Sunflower, "you know that so many seeds perish. I told you how angry I got at the hungry chickens because they came hunting about—snooping every nook and corner for every shining seed that falls from my ripened crest. I am sure I should take some satisfaction in caring for my own children, but to care for the children of those cackling hens does not please me."

"I know," said the Violet, "that the hen does not seem to be friendly to us; but after all, it must be a pleasure to us to show our love even to those who do not love us, and they will bless us, spite of themselves, if we only do the best we can. Only yesterday I saw a little chick cover up, nicely, one of your finest seeds, as it was scratching away about your roots, and very likely that will become a fine flower next spring. Oh, how beautiful it is to think we can bless the coming time. I often spend hours thinking of the beautiful summer that is to be, and then I wish continually to leave a little beauty for it. Will not this be a happier world because a little Violet has tried to do its very best. Do you not think that people will know more about love and goodness if we try to do loving deeds?"

"Well, I do declare!" said the Sunflower, "your sweet words make me almost willing to die. The thought that perhaps my deeds may live after me and bless others, quite reconciles me to the thought of giving my life hour by hour to the cold, biting wind. You make me think of what that dear old lady said the other day, as she walked through the garden alone; 'I'm growing old; I even think this is my last autumn. Never again shall I see with these eyes the beautiful forests in their gorgeous dress, or the dear, little violets, or the thrifty sunflower; but I do not lament. My life has gone by and I cannot recall it; but how thankful I am for every deed of kindness that I have done. I wish the world was full of the blessing I have shed upon it. I am so glad I gave that poor, hungry beggar my last loaf of bread, years ago, for only last week he came back to thank me, for since then he has become a thrifty farmer. I am so glad that I did not strike little Anna when we were girls, but forgave her when she struck me. I am so glad that I never repeated naughty words that others could learn them. I am so glad that I went to take care of poor, sick Mr. Jones, though he had treated me so unkindly. Oh, I am so glad of every good thing I ever did! I call those deeds the blossoms of my life that bore seed. I wish I had put forth a million more of those fragrant blossoms, that the seeds might have been scattered far and wide. Oh, why do people get tired of doing good, when every act of kindness and love lives forever to bless them and others?"

"Oh, how beautiful!" said the Violet, "that's just what I think. I am determined to blossom and blossom till the last minute, and perhaps I may ripen a few more seeds."

"Well, I believe I will do likewise," said the Sunflower. "But do you look out for the chickens. I should like to know if the old lady ever thought that her poor flowers had to have our good deeds destroyed. She had no hateful chicks to pick up the seeds of her good deeds."

"Oh, I suppose she thought 'unkindness and evil words were as much trouble to her as chickens to us; but, you know they did n't stop her doing good just the same. She returned good for evil."

"Well, if that's the case," said the Sunflower, "I suppose I must scatter this crest of ripened seeds the next blast that comes; so here they go." "Hurrah for that!" said the Violet. "Now I am ready to burst one of my ripened pods, and then I'll get ready to unclothe the calyx of my largest bud as soon as the morning's sun warms the earth about me. Good night, you noble friend; let us never forget to do the best we can."

"Farwell, dear little neighbor," replied the Sunflower. "I am sorry that you are no taller, for I see already that the sun has ceased to shine up on you while yet it touches my leaves. And now you must be silent; but I do n't care if I sing you a song:

Hush, my darling! now the daylight  
Fades its going, going;  
In the east the coming twilight  
Spreads its mantle o'er the sky.  
And the autumn winds are blowing,  
Never sparing tree or flower;  
In each breath I feel the winter  
Coming with its cruel power.

But we will be strong in duty;  
If the worst doth come to us—  
Yet we've had one year of beauty;  
Then let hope still comfort us.

We are going, going gently—  
All the gardens bud and bloom;  
Yet we will not let a murmur  
Fill the earth with grief or gloom,  
For our tender life was spared us  
Not for sorrow or for sighs,  
But that we might find the beauty  
That about us ever lies.

Hush, then, darling! we will slumber  
Till we see the morning sun,  
Then arise with joyful pleasure  
To do each duty, one by one.

Many thanks to "A Lover of Truth" for the pleasant recognition of a desire to do good. The question of publication must be answered not by one's wish but by expediency. Profit and loss are yet masters in the world. Thanks, also, for the card. L. M. W.

SUMMER TIME.

BY MRS. HENRY A. JONES.

Slough the stream toward willow-clumps sweeping,  
Something so like to my own thoughts are creeping  
Into my soul, from the murmur below;  
Baby and I have wandered together  
Down to the bridge in this hot, dusty weather,  
Feeling oppressed by the sultry heat's glow;  
Her eyes follow mine where the waters are tending,  
Rest with mine own on the soft outline blending.

To haze in the distance, shimm'ring bright in the sun;  
Something of life not like babyhood seeming,  
Looks from her eyes, like the halo of dreaming—  
Our little, our darling, our sweet baby one.

Everything sleeps in the lap of the sunshine;  
Down in the swamp like the fat, lazy kine;  
Drowsy bees hum, and faint sounds are heard.  
"Lower Town" passes away from my seeing,  
Back to cool woodlands my spirit is fleeing,  
To flowers, and green mosses, and faint pipe of bird;  
Then to a hillside, all serene with the sunshine,  
Where, in lazy vacation, on its grass I recline,  
And dream of the future, as of the past;  
My years are so few yet, and Fate still broods o'er me,  
But from where I now stand I see two vistas before me,  
White under my feet: Life's river flows fast.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July, 1864.

A lady writes that the annoyance of mosquitoes may be effectually prevented by a very simple process. Close the room and burn a teaspoonful of brown sugar on some live coals or even shavings, and the insects become paralyzed at once.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWENTY.

BY C. H. F.

The remarkable manner of ancients in personifying every department of Nature, may be seen in their way of providing for the five days which lay outside of the elect three hundred and sixty days or degrees of the circle. How to intercalate the year and make three hundred and sixty-five days, puzzled the astronomers. Herodotus also says that they were indebted to the stars for their mode of adjusting the year and its seasons. The five days were known as the five sons of Seb, Seb, Chronos, or Saturni, says Wilkinson, "was called father of the Gods." Being the same as Abraham, "we have Abraham to our father"—and though "good as dead, there sprang from him as stars of the sky in multitude," with Isaac, Jacob and the Zodiac inclusive.

Our theologies take the Biblical names as of real persons, and in the general begetting, take every change, unfolding, upheaval, or modification, as a genuine Topsy, or the veritable old Dr. Jacob, as when "Canaan begat Seldon his first born," &c.—the same as of Canaan or Phoenicia, on the same wise of the five sons of Seb, and other begettings of the sons and daughters of God. Of Seb, Wilkinson informs us that the "Goose was his emblem"—thus proving that Mother Goose was a venerable mother in Israel from earliest antiquity, and when old Ziph Oon, as worthily a patriarch as Seb, or Abraham, inclined his ear to a parable, and opened his dark saying upon the Banjo, he sang praises to the "wild goose sailing on the ocean"—and should not the children of Israel have the Goose to their Mother, as well as Abraham to their Father?

In the Egyptian wisdom of Mosalcal learning, Amen, or the Amen, was king of the Gods, as Maui, was the Mother of all, or the maternal principle, probably the Mot, or Word from which sprang light, the Blazing Star of Freemasonry, Jupiter, bearing the "backsliding heifer," who was not in condition to lead out of Egypt, also adopted the symbolical Ram to go before, with the name of the angel in him to be the Bell-whether of the heavenly flock; hence Jupiter was known as the Ram-headed God. It was with the symbols of this Lord, the Amen, or Ammon, with twisted horns, "conterite cornibus Amon," that the Jewish clergy blew down the walls of Jericho. Jupiter himself was the "Breath," "Wind," or "Spirit," the Sontia Nef, the Coptic Neuf, and the Greek Pneuma, "Spirit," which Diodorus says was the name of the Egyptian Jupiter. "He was the soul of the world." The Ram, his emblem, stands for Zai, (Bah?) "soul," hence the Asp also received the name of Zai. The very general introduction of the Ram's head on the prow of the sacred boats or arks of other Gods, seems to point to the early and universal worship of this God, and to connect him, as his mysterious boat does, with the Spirit that moves upon the waters. He is said to be Apathodemon (good demon), and the Asp being his emblem, confirms this statement of Eusebius—the same Wind, or Spirit, that spoke through the mulberry trees to David, that spoke out of the whirlwind to Job, and who took Elijah and his horsemen into heaven—the same emblematical Lamb of God who was called out of Egypt from the universal Ram that taketh away the sins of the world, while the Asp was as wise as the Serpent, and as harmless as the Dove, the significant damsel of the mysteries—the Ene, or E-ve in the various degrees of the laughing Isaac and sporting Rebecca.

The Sun Re, or Lord, had "a different name at his rising, at his meridian, and at night." The Egyptians, as they advanced in religious speculation, adopted a Pantheism, according to which, while the belief of one Supreme Being was taught to the initiated, the attributes of the Deity were separated under various heads, as the "Creator," the Divine Wisdom, the Generature, and other principles. The name Re is remarkable for its resemblance to Urim, or "Light." "Pharah," or Pharaoh, was also a name of the Sun, and under many names the Lord or Sun "shone unto the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Sometimes different members of the heavenly hosts were transformed into angels of light by change of position in the heavens, with change of name according to the position, and also with change of sex, and what was masculine with one person, was often feminine with another in the RE-STATE of the Lord. The Biblical Morning Star, Lucifer, who fell from heaven, was transformed into the Signet Star and Saviour from the Root of David, by the Horoscopeist John in his vision of the Lord's day; and this, too, after he had rebelled—"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven—I will exalt my throne above the stars of God—I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the North;" and thus in the whirligig of the Word, does really become "a Root of Jesse, which shall stand for an sign of the people." So, too, "Venus was often substituted for Isis, called Daughter of the Sun," answering to the West, or the place where the setting sun was received into her arms. When she rose gloriously from the foam of the Eastern Sea in baptismal linen, clean and white, it was rather ungallant in John to label her "the whore of Babylon." It would thence appear that John's mystical glasses, through which he viewed her, had been somewhat smoked.

Horus, "Season," "Hour," and Virgin of Egypt appear pictured with a child in her arms, the ground-pict for the story of Jesus, making the "Season" and the "Hour" when the "wise men from the East" saw his star, and Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt, and to remain there till the "Season" and the "Hour" when he should "arise and go into the land of Israel." "The Lord of Egypt," "the East" and "the West," says Wilkinson, "were local Divinities." So, too, the river Nile. The city, Thebes, was a personated Divinity, as well as other cities. But under all these varieties, like the Cherubim and other mountain patterns in Jewry, the Egyptians "had the Unity worshipped under a particular character." They also had their Trinity, the begetter of the Christian Triad; for "out of Egypt have I called my son;" and the "Sign" and its "Father" were one, dwelling in the holy Spiritus, Venus, or breath. The young child, or Horus, was "the defender of his father." In his infancy, a star stood over where the young child was. Akin also to the Egyptian was the Indian Creator, Preserver and Destroyer in its transformations. So, too, "the same original belief in one God," embracing all personated influences, "may be observed in Greek mythology. For in Greece, Zeus was also universal and omnipotent, the one God, containing all within himself; and he was the Monas, the beginning and end of all"—whose equivalent in the Hebrew mysteries was the "Iam," and in the Egyptian, "I am all that has been, or will be." But the corrupt practices introduced at Alexandria, and more especially at

Cnopous, and thence carried to Europe, were no part of the Egyptian religion; they proceeded from the gross views, taken through ignorance, of certain allegorical representations, and were quite opposed, in their essential and material character, to the simple expression of the hieroglyphical mind of Egypt.

"It is easy to perceive in all the religions of antiquity why so many Divinities resemble each other, why they differ in some points, and how they may be traced to one original, while others, being merely local, have a totally different character. Though they began by sub-division the one Deity, they subsequently labored to show that all the Gods were one; and this last, which was one of the great mysteries of Egypt, was much insisted upon by the philosophers of Greece. \* \* \* Again, the Olympian, or heavenly, and the infernal Gods were essentially the same; Pluto was only a character of Jupiter, as Lucifer or the Devil became the Saviour Star of the Rev. elator John. "The same notion led to the belief in a Sol inferus," as when the San Christ descended into the hell of the winter solstice.

"Free-worship, and the respect for holy mountains, were African as well as Egyptian superstitions; and they extended also to Asia," as in the holy land of Jewry, when the "Lord heard all the blasphemies which thou hast spoken against the mountains of Israel. \* \* \* Whereas the Lord was there, \* \* \* therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will make myself known among them." So, too, in the Mystical Astronomy of the psalmist, the God-city of Mount Zion is wrought as a mountain of vision with the heavenly Jerusalem, whose twelve gates, or signs, open to receive the Lord of day in his chariot of the sun. "His foundation in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Selah! I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me; behold Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this was born there."

Be careful, O, Singer of Judean mysteries, or, like your brother psalmist, the Greek Eschylus, you may run some risk in being supposed to sing too close to things "hidden from the foundation of the world." When you "make mention of Rahab and Babylon," you make the Rahab of Joshua with her "scarlet thread" rather close of kin to the scarlet lady of Babylon, and of the physiological mystery that "was born there," including the "wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonian garment" which Achan hid among the stuff. The Lord took Achan by casting lots, and had him stoned for coveting the scarlet cloak of Babylon. Joshua speaks to the sun as Lord when he invokes it to stand "still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the Valley Ajalon." And you, O psalmist of Israel, are rather sun-ward when you say, "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;" and so, too, was Moses, when his "Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir and shined forth from Mount Paran with ten thousands of saints," and in the Key of David these saints or stars are "thousands of angels," and "the chariots of God twenty thousand; the Lord among them, Sinai in the holy. Sing unto God, sing praises to his name; extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH." Very many of the psalms are a beautiful setting forth of the Chaldean, Philitian, and Egyptian mysteries, as we shall show more at large hereafter. Says Wilkinson, "Besides the evidence of a common origin, from the analogies in the Egyptian, Judean, Greek, and other systems, we perceive that mythology had advanced to a certain point before the early migrations took place from Central Asia. And if, in after times, each introduced local changes, they often borrowed so largely from their neighbors that a strong resemblance was maintained, and hence the religions resembled each other, partly from having a common origin, partly from a direct imitation, and partly from adaptation, which last continued to a late period.

The clergy and Church of Christendom set forth the Hebrew mythology, whose common origin is proved to be with all others, as the "Word of God." We shall see before we get through, that God's word in a mystery should be ballasted by God's word in common sense, to see with equal eye. As it is, we cannot even say in an Orthodox manner, unless we confine ourselves to the time of the children of Israel, the expression "desolate," being *loh'oo-ohoh'oo*, as rung out by the Hebrew children when they remembered Egypt, and would to God that they had died by the hand of the Lord in that land, rather than be deprived of its leeks, garlics, and onions of old time, with the sign from heaven in the calf, the "back-sliding heifer" which had lost its first estate in the olden Israel or Zodiac, though Aaron, to please the children, solzed the bull by the tail and sought to stay him in the heavens as Joshua did the sun, while "the cow jumped over the moon."

The Egyptian mysteries known to Moses who was learned in their wisdom, or "initiated," were "symbolic, which were either directly expressed by imitation or written by tropes, or altogether allegorically by certain enigmas directly expressed by the first initial of the name of the hieroglyphic object—a circle to represent the sun, and a crescent for the moon; in the tropical method they substitute one thing for another which has a certain resemblance to it. It therefore suited to express the praises of their kings in theological myths. Of the third or enigmatic one, 'example may be given in their representing the planets from their motion by serpents, and the sun by a beetle. Thus it was that the serpent 'scaled the Garden of Eden or the Hesperides, and the beetle, or tumble-bug of our fields, was an emblem of the Lord creating the world by his Word."

"Here, as already shown, is the germ of alphabetic writing, and that a similar picture writing was the origin of the Phoenician and the Hebrew. Is proved by the latter having retained the names of the objects after their form could no longer be traced; *aleph, beth, and gimel*, signifying the "ball," ("chief or head,") the "horse" and the "camel." The names of these are also traced in the *alpha, beta, gamma* of the Greeks, who borrowed their letters from the Phoenicians."

Thus, too, we can trace "God's Word" as written in the heavens of the earliest astronomical fancies when *Taurus*, the Bull, was the Sign of the Lord and one with God, as leader up of the heavenly hosts—the "chief" or "head" in the Zodiacal Jerusalem, before he was transmuted into the "back-sliding heifer," to give place to *Artes* or the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, for "now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place," no less than the circuit of the heavens.

Cadmus, who was said to have carried letters into Greece, was a personification of "the East." The division of time into seven was planetary or astronomical, and to remember the seventh day and keep it holy, was "for the precious fruits by the Sun, and for the precious things pit furth by the Moon," the queen of heaven. In the Hebrew Zodiac, Joseph was *Taurus*; hence "his glory, the firstling of his bullock, and his horns to push the people together to the ends of the Earth." Now turn to your celestial map and see old Jo *Taurus*

pitching in to push the stary people together to the ends of the earth, as per Zodiac in 33d of Deuteronomy.

God's Word by Biblical time is somewhat uncertain. Says Wilkinson, "Any endeavor to make the chronology of Egypt conform to the date of the Exodus, or any other very early event mentioned in the Bible, would also lead to unsatisfactory results, since the Bible chronology is itself uncertain—the different versions of it assigning different dates to the same events. If, therefore, we wish to examine any portion of Egyptian chronology with a desire to ascertain the truth, we must look for facts, rather than depend on what are merely accepted as established opinions; and be satisfied to wait for further information from such monumental records as may furnish us with astronomical data."

The Bible is the more uncertain in its chronology, because we fail to read it in reference to its "astronomical data." From it was drawn, in its various patterns on the Mount, the astronomical for the scientific—the moral and spiritual for the people. Thus the Bible is the record of the spiritual and astronomical mysteries interwoven in mutual correspondence through tropes, parables and allegories, whose words were to be fitted only by the "key of David," or a like key under another name. The high priest spoke in the name of the Lord, and was Lord by position, answering to Jupiter, Jehovah, or the Sun—the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whether in the sign of the Bull, the Lamb, or the Lion—whom no man hath seen nor can see until the appearing which in his time he will shew to whom honor and power everlasting. Amen." Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour, \* \* \* that fleeth into Egypt, \* \* \* and dwelleth in the thick darkness." Thus the God of night, as well as the Lord of day, "dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." So, too, the Amen, a title of the Egyptian Jupiter, signifying "the firm," "the stable," "the everlasting," and is the same as Amun, Ammon, or Hammon; hence Jupiter, Anup or Amen, the beginning and everlasting. "This word, with slight differences of orthography, is in all the dialects of the Semitic stock." Hence when the Revelator John takes the horseshoe of the young Horus, in the "Season" of the Lamb, he says, "These things, saith the Amen, the faithful and true, witness the beginning of the creation of God."

How incessant has been the claim that only the Bible and the Christian Church have wrought the higher civilizations. How few are the years since the bugbear Trinity of the pulpit was Tom Paine, Voltaire, and the French Revolution—yet so potent and onward has been the Truth in the order of progression, that the Bible and its engineers of a half century since are utterly scouted as to their claims of infallibility. Physical and spiritual philosophers alike behold deep seams upon their cloudy brows, and much that was once indelibly "God's Word" is now cast out upon the dunghill, to be trodden under foot of men, as salt that has lost its savor. Of all the works in this direction, we have seen none to equal "Drapers Intellectual Development of Europe." We have seen nothing to equal it as a digest of all history, from a physical point of view. More almighty than Buckle in the sweep of the heavens, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, Dr. Draper shows what the civilization of the Church has been, as he grinds it to powder between the upper and the nether millstones—the Church as the repressor of light and stereotyper of darkness. Very little is left of the Right Reverend Fathers in God when all their dirt is washed away. Never, since the fabulous flood of Noah, has there been so great a rush of many waters, showing the Church to have been built upon sand, as all its foundations are washed away. Though he would appear at times, in removing the plit from the firmament, to "draw it nild," yet there comes such a wash through the windows of heaven, that church, priest and creed are alike swept down in the sewerage—and though he here and there throws a "challenge washtub," labeled "our Saviour," and "immortality of the soul," to the submerged and drowning theologians, yet slight is the grappling, as if he would have them in great array, to laugh at their calamities and mock when their fear cometh; for sure it is, never was the pulpit in worse plight since Aaron and his sons were required to tote all the offer six miles from the centre of Israel, as per Colenso, than this laying bare the centre of Christendom to the sight of all Israel and the Sun, leaving the Church out in the cold for its shameful betrayal of progressive civilization.

But Draper, the writer, and the physical school generally, are at fault in closing the door against all "supernatural solicitings." We grant that the spirit-world has been much abused to the enslaving of the enfolded mind, because of ignorance and superstition, and the priestcraft connected therewith; but modern Spiritualism, in its higher grades, has "no fellowship with these unfruitful works of darkness; but are for the largest liberty and utmost freedom of the human mind, in taking the measure of spirits, as of sensible phenomena, and have no miracles any more than the physical school; but find in transmudane causation no breach of continuity—but that laws and conditions are in all, through all, and over all, with only variations in the mode of being; that the physical is embraced in the spiritual, and that this is the "I am," as individualized from the Great Spirit, or evolved by law as conditions of the male and female, and the human, coming up from the life in the cell of the materialist, with whom the cell is the beginning; and the body's death so near the ending, that scarcely aught remains, or only a vague glimmer caught from the Spiritualism of old time, which the physical school, to be true to its promises, must necessarily repudiate; but with us, as Spiritualists who have traced the continuity, there is knowledge that science and spiritual phenomena have embraced each other, and that humanity is continued in identity beyond the body's death, and that through apt media, fleshed and unfleshed humanity may hold intercourse without miraculous organ.

How sweet to the desolate heart must come this knowledge compared to the cold, dark dungeon of the soul and body, whose gloom went down in hell, or almost at utter night, hoping against hope, or vainly looking for a train to sound in the distant car for dead bodies to arise. Even this sad comfort is clean gone forever by the terrible upheavals of the physical philosophers. While the Church is "swealing away like a farthing candle leeted at bath ends," Spiritualists ask no favors of science, but to look fairly and squarely, and to walk face to face with God in the spiritual as in the foregone conclusion of a physical boundary, till with more open vision it beholds the connecting links which bind fleshed and unfleshed humanities in continuity of being.

But what have our ecclesiasticisms, effete, chilling, dead—or "dying with the dry rot," as per Dr. Holmes in the "Atlantic"—to withstand this scientific sweep of Dr. Draper? who surpasses Job's Behemoth and Daniel's Nebuchadnezzar, in the wide swath of grasses that he cuts, and trusteth that he can drink up the Jordan. Alas! the Church, alike imbued in spirits of intellect, goes tottering in the trains of Mammon, with the Bible as a sacred Fetich, to be interpreted by a priest-class interested to maintain a circumscribed vision of the people. What wonder that such blind leaders of the blind for some eighteen hundred years, have us stranded with a theology same common sense, same spirit, same everything, but a pharisaical stupidity in a heartless plan of salvation. Dr. Draper finding the Church theologies almost apophanous as to any genuine spirit-life, gives the finishing stroke and truncates the universe of its spiritual humanity; but the top-head may be found restored in Mrs. Farrah's "Woman and Her Era." There behold the lost Picta, coming in pure linen, clean and white, like the Mother of God. There behold the Goddess spiritually above all the earth, yet enfolding it—the true Divinity from bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days. Selah.

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Instance of a False and Lying Communication of a Spirit.

As my address on the "False and Lying Communications of Spirits," delivered before the recent National Convention of Spiritualists in Chicago, was published in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, I think it will not be uninteresting to the many readers of the BANNER to give an instance, by way of addendum, illustrating the truth and philosophy of that address. This instance is a chief one in my own experience out of many hundreds, if not thousands; and it is one of those facts with many others which mudo me, for a long time, so callous and indifferent to spiritual manifestations, that I almost entirely ceased from making further investigation by manifestations, although at the same time it convinced me of this great fact in Spiritualism, which I essayed to elucidate in my address, that men, at so-called death, enter the spirit-world—as to their spiritual existence—precisely the same beings as when they left the earth.

But to the instance: Some eight or ten years ago, in my own house, and with my own family, on one night, we were engaged in holding a circle, the medium being a young girl of fourteen years of age only, but a very strong and powerful combination medium, excelling in her powers of communicating by writing. We had many written communications from her, some with *fac simile* signatures of friends who had gone to the other world, attached—autographs—which we readily recognized. During the course of the evening, the young medium assuming a very serious though placid aspect, took up the pencil, and carefully laid a sheet of foolscap paper before her, and began to write in a bold hand-writing. She continued writing until three pages of the paper before her were filled, and then signing a name, she pushed the written paper over to me. I looked at the signature, and saw the name of "EMANUEL SWEDENBORG," and now, thought I, we will have something interesting to read. So I began to read aloud, for the edification of the circle. The writing purported by its heading to be a descriptive essay of "OUR SPIRIT HOMES, AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS," and began to read very well and beautifully, and continued so, until the last page, when sentiments were given entirely inconsistent with and repugnant to what had been written on the first two pages; indeed completely contradictory thereto. At this, we of course were all astonished. I was indignant, and boldly remarked:

"Who is this spirit that is trying to impose upon us?"

The written answer through the medium was again: "Emanuel Swedenborg; but he is not trying to impose upon you."

"Are not these sentiments and declarations in this last page entirely contradictory to those expressed on the first two pages?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, with some embarrassment on the part of the medium; "you do not understand it."

"I do," I replied, "and you are not Emanuel Swedenborg."

"I am," was the written rejoinder.

"Well," said I, somewhat out of patience, "will you subject yourself to a test, that we may see for ourselves whether you are Emanuel Swedenborg?"

"Yes," was written down.

"Then I will try you. Mr. Swedenborg, you teach us in your theological works everywhere, that man enters the 'world of spirits,' as you call it, as distinguished from what you call the 'spiritual world,' retaining all the knowledges and scientific which he obtained upon earth."

"Yes, I teach that, and it is true," said the written answer.

"Then you of course now retain a knowledge of the Latin language, for all of your works, theological and otherwise, you wrote in the Latin language."

"I do."

"Well, then, if I give you a short Latin sentence from Cicero de officiis to translate, will you do it?"

"I will."

I accordingly gave the spirit this little sentence from Cicero, considering at the time that it was a very good motto for Spiritualists to adopt: "*Si in hoc erro, libenter erro*," which, literally translated, is, "If I am wrong in this, I am willingly wrong"—as many of your readers may be aware—and asked the spirit through the medium to translate it in writing. The medium at once began to manifest, in face and expression, and in gestulation, the greatest embarrassment, and continued so for some time. I grew impatient—all the circle did—and I finally said:

"You cannot translate the sentence."

"Yes, I can."

"Well, do so."

The pencil, in manifest perturbation, was taken up by the medium, and this was written out:

"*You may err in this.*"

"Do you mean this for a translation?" said I, taking up the paper and reading the writing aloud.

"Yes."

"Indeed! You make a very lame attempt. You use the word 'err,' because of the similar word 'erro' in the Latin sentence, and the rest is a mere venture, without knowledge, but an attempt to deceive."

"It is not so," was written.

"I will try you again. What is the name of your chief natural work?"

No answer, but embarrassment.

"I will tell you. If you are Swedenborg, it is 'Regnum Animale.' Can you translate that for me?"

"Yes, do so."

The medium again seized the pencil, and, in "perturbed spirit," wrote out as a translation of "Regnum Animale," which your readers know to mean "The Animal Kingdom," the word, in bold hand, "Revelation."

"Pooh!" says I, now quite indignant; "you are not Swedenborg. You are some impostor; you wish to deceive us—to lie to us! Clear out from here, and let some good and true spirit come to us."

So soon as I said this sharply, the pencil dropped from the medium's hand, and she assumed a beautifully mild and placid expression of countenance, and, again taking up the pencil, gently and carefully, she wrote these words:

"That spirit who was just here, and is now gone, is not Emanuel Swedenborg; but he is an impostor and deceiver. His name on earth was Jack B. Calk. He was a comic singer, and used to sing comic songs at Shiro's People's Theatre, on the corner of Third and Vine streets in your city."

This communication was signed by the name of my grandfather, who had been a Swedenborgian minister in this city for nearly forty years, and had passed from earth sometime ago.

We shall allude to this subject again. Cincinnati, O., Oct. 8, 1864. A. G. W. C.

Physical Manifestations by the "Boy Medium."

DEAR BANNER—As there is a great demand for mediums through whom physical manifestations can be produced, I wish to introduce to the notice of your readers three mediums of this character that I have had the pleasure of testing to a certain extent; and as we are all continually making an effort to increase the number of facts in our possession, I hope that friends and investigators of spiritual phenomena will notice the following statements in regard to these youthful mediums.

In Hardwick I found a boy of fifteen, and a girl of thirteen years; they are cousins, and sit together in a cabinet, and are tied by any person wishing to tie them. The manifestations are very similar to those given through the Davenport Boys.

At the house of the father of the boy, I attended two sittings. Four instruments were played upon at one time, and several different tunes heard. The boy was thoroughly tied, and the girl also, yet the boy's vest was taken off in as quick time as we could open and shut the cabinet, and was put on again just as quick. Three different sized hands were presented at the aperture, so that every person could see them. They have not been mediums quite a year, and have had no circles beyond their immediate neighborhood; and, from what I saw of them, I should judge they are as good mediums as any of the kind that can be found. As the gift of this kind of mediumship measurably unfits them for manual duties, and both of them being children of poor parents, I hope those who wish to witness these things will give them a call by addressing Mr. George Faine, South Hardwick, Vt., as I have no doubt their services can be secured for a fair compensation.

Henry B. Allen is the next on the list of these gifted children. He is thirteen years of age, very small for his age, and yet I have been more and more surprised with the wonderful variety of phenomena produced by the spirits through his instrumentality. He has dark and daylight circles, both of which are very interesting. In the dark circles a committee of two, elected for the evening, sit beside him and take charge of his hands and feet. The manifestations are similar to those produced through the mediumship of Annie Lord Chamberlain. I have known of three instruments being played upon at one time, and a voice singing that was audible to every person in the room, and there were eight individuals in the circle. I have had two daylight circles with him; the instruments (and I would here state that the dulcimer and guitar are the favorite instruments used through him) were out of sight. I at one time sat in a large rocking-chair in front of the instruments, and they were played upon finely; after which my head was very gently patted, and by a spirit-friend's hand. I saw the hand, and it gave me the cordial grasp of friendship as real as mortal life could give it. During the entire sitting the "little boy" medium—may God ever bless him—had tight hold with both his hands of my left arm.

At the house of A. D. Root, in Hinesburg, Vt., we had a daylight manifestation of writing; three persons in the room besides the medium and myself. Mrs. A. D. Root sat in a rocking-chair; and in a common chair, behind her, was placed slate and pencil, and while the little fellow sat looking at us, with his hands hold of Mrs. Root's arm, the pencil was tapped on the slate, then wrote so all could hear it, the substance of which was that the spirits would give us good manifestations that evening—which they did agreeably to their promise.

Henry's mediumship commenced about two years ago, during which time he has lived with his uncle on a farm in Hydepark, Vt., where he has held circles for the people, from all the surrounding towns, and hundreds have been to see him from different States.

He is now in my charge, his uncle having freely consented to let me bring him to the notice of the people interested in these phenomena.

For the present I shall hold circles as often as may be advisable, wherever the friends engage me to lecture Sundays; and where they desire circles only, I will, to a limited extent, try to accommodate them. It is also my intention to give him an education that will fit him for usefulness. For my address see Lecturers' Appointments in the BANNER.

Yours for Truth, J. H. RANDALL. Leicester, Vt., Oct. 6th, 1864.

Polley and Principle.

The following quotation out of Herbert Spencer's book on "Social Statics," goes so to the root of the matter, and is so well and understandingly "put," that we give it the room which it deserves many times over in the columns of the BANNER:

"What does a man really mean by saying of a thing that it is 'theoretically just,' or 'true in principle' or 'abstractly right?' Simply that it accords with what he, in some way or other, perceives to be the established arrangement of Divine rule. When he admits that an act is 'theoretically just,' he admits it to be that which, in strict duty should be done. By 'true in principle,' he means in harmony with the conduct decreed for us. The course which he calls 'abstractly right,' he believes to be the appointed way to human happiness. There is no escape. The expressions mean this or they mean nothing.

Practically, therefore, when he proposes to disobey, he does so in the hope of improving on this guidance. Though told that such and such are the true roads to happiness, he opines that he knows shorter ones! To the Creator's silent command—'Do this,' he replies that, all things considered, he thinks he can do better! This is the real infidelity, the true Atheism; to doubt the foresight and efficiency of the Divine arrangements, and with infinite presumption to suppose a human judgment less fallible. When will man cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's world in his small fraction of a brain, and know that it *is*, verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law; that the soul of it is good; that his part in it is to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that, not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

To think we can better ourselves by deserting the road marked out for us, is an impious assumption of more than divine omniscience.

Why is not man adapted to the social state? Simply because he yet partially retains the characteristics that adapted him for an antecedent state. The respects in which he is not fitted to society are the respects in which he is fitted for his original predatory life. His primitive circumstances required that he should sacrifice the welfare of other beings to his own; his present circumstances require that he should not do so; and, in as far as his old attribute clings to him, in so far as he is unfit for the social state.

All sins of men against each other, from the cannibalism of the Carib, to the crimes and venalities that we see around us, the felonies that fill our prisons, the trickeries of trade, the quarrellings of nation with nation, and of class with class, the corruptness of institutions, the jealousies of caste, and the scandal of drawing-rooms, have their causes comprehended under this generalization.

It is just twenty-six years since the telegraph was first put to practical test. Then it was considered a mere toy. By 1851, however, 7,000 miles were in operation. Since then fully 2,000,000 miles of telegraph have been called into existence throughout the world. The wire has penetrated to almost every region of the world, braving all climates.

Private Seance with Chas. H. Foster.

The writer, in company with the Editor of this paper, and one of its publishers, Mr. Crowell, visited the rooms of Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, at 6 Suffolk Place, and was gratified with an exhibition of his peculiar and remarkable mediumship.

Upon being seated at the table, Mr. Foster requested the writer to write upon a slip of paper the names of any spirits with whom he might desire an interview. The names of five persons were, accordingly, written, part in full and part designated by their relationship; the list, concealed from the view of Mr. Foster, was folded into a compact form—the names inside—and handed to him. Immediately upon closing his hand upon the paper, Mr. F. remarked, "I have a vision—of an open field—what does it mean?" "Ah! Littlefield," said he, answering his own question, and perceiving this to be the name of some one who would communicate. Replying, to his look of inquiry, that the name was all right—it was the first one on the list—he proceeded to speak for the person named. When asked the given name, he said, "The middle name is Ann—this is the name she has in the Spirit-Land, and she is known among her companions as Sister Ann." Upon inquiry for her first name, the medium pointed to the alphabet lying upon the table, and from this it was correctly obtained by means of very distinct raps. Being asked if this spirit still continued to be the guardian of the writer, the medium was made to answer, "Ever in the earth-life while you remain, she will be your guardian; she will be the first one to meet you in the Spirit-Land, and will welcome you there."

"Another spirit," resumed Mr. F., "desires to communicate with you—your grandmother S."—just as written in the list before named. And immediately Mr. F., in proper voice and manner, personated a feeble old lady, and addressed some cheerful words to her grandson.

At this point the medium seemed confused; he had heard his own name called, and appeared not to know what to make of it. But presently, extending his hand, he said, "Your friend Foster desires to greet you"—or words to this effect. Some remarks were made as coming from this spirit, to show his recognition of his former friend, when, upon being asked for his full name, the middle one belonging to him was given, and the medium at once said, "I will show you the initials on my arm." He drew up his sleeve, and upon the fore-arm appeared the initials B. F. in blood-red lines. Perceiving that one of the initials was wanting, we moved up the wristband higher on the medium's arm, and underneath where it had rested appeared the other and first initial of the spirit's name. The medium then repeated the whole name, but giving only the initial for the first part.

Upon her explaining that the spirit, when living upon the earth, and in Boston, adopted this address for his correspondents, because there was another person here of the same name—same initials and first given name—and in consequence his letters were sometimes received and opened by the wrong G. B. F.—the medium at once responded, "Yes, the carrel lamp manufacturer"—which was quite correct. After some very encouraging words from the spirit, and a promise to give us much truth from the spirit-world, and to be otherwise of special service to us hereafter, the medium proceeded, as follows:

"You have two sisters in the spirit-land"—to which we replied, "No, only one." "Yes," he said, emphatically, "two—little sister"—giving, at the same time, the familiar name of our little child (as written on our list), who had a short time since passed to the Summer-Land. "Little sister" was the most frequent designation of the child in speaking of her at home. Thus Mr. F. went through the list that had been written, and assured us that the spirits named were present, and gratified to meet their earthly friend.

Mr. Foster observed that he felt a very strong influence upon him during the whole seance—which was most effectually confirmed by the automatic movements of the table at which we sat, which manifested the liveliest activity, tilting about and rising up with irresistible force under the united pressure of all our hands, in efforts to restrain it.

After the writer's part of the seance was finished, Mr. Crowell put some interrogatories of a private nature, but in obscure terms, to the medium, and the answers he received appeared to him so significant and satisfactory, he felt entirely assured that the answering intelligence had divined his secret intention, and was quite familiar with the matter of his inquiry.

The Editor then asked if a particular spirit had anything to communicate to him, when the medium at once responded, "You do not need any further communication on the subject than has already been given you to-day through another source." This was very true, as he acknowledged, and there really was no need of simply repeating—except possibly for confirmation through a different channel—what he had reason to believe was all the information or advice he, in a certain particular, had previously received.

We hereupon concluded our visit, to give place to numerous others, waiting in turn for Mr. Foster's services. Our visit was necessarily brief, but from the rapidity of Mr. Foster's mode of despatching the remarkable business to which he devotes himself, we felt fully persuaded that he cannot be excelled as a test medium, and that the most indurated skeptic would be sure to meet at his hands the most overwhelming demonstrations of spirit-intercourse with men.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1864.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Across the stubble glooms the wind,  
High sails the lated crew,  
The West with pallid green is lined,  
Fog tracks the river's flow.  
My heart is cold and sad. I moan,  
Yet care not for my woe,  
The summer fervors all are gone;  
The roses! Let them go.  
Old age is coming, frosty, hoar,  
The snows of time will fall;  
My jubilation, dream-like, no more  
Returns for any call.  
O lapsing heart! thy feeble strain  
Sends up the blood so spare,  
That my poor withered autumn brain  
Sees autumn everywhere.  
—Victoria Magazine.

Appointments.

[See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.]

In Charlestown, Chelsea, Taunton, and Lynn, they have the same speakers as on last Sunday. N. Frank White speaks in Malden the next two Sundays; Mrs. N. J. Willis in Lynn, Nov. 6th and 13th.

There is a church in Bridgeport, Ct., whose four deacons are bank presidents. Wealthy church or pious banks.

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

Banner of Light.

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

Outgrowing One's Clothes.

Much of what is called sickness, in matters of religious opinion and subscription, is really nothing more than the very natural outgrowing of the garments of thought in which the soul has so long been content to clothe itself. We may concede that there is a great deal of mere sickness, proceeding from a restless temper and a dissatisfied heart; but after due allowance is made for that, enough is left of the habit mentioned to establish the fact as a spiritual and undeniable one, that there is indeed a growth to the human soul which forever refuses to be hampered by temporary rules, or restricted within the set limits of merely intellectual formulas. We all need change for our souls. It is as natural a desire as that of cattle for greener and sweeter pastures. The very thought of being forbidden to step over the fence which men of more will than genuine spirituality have set up around us, in a great many cases creates the desire which it is specially designed to repress. And the theologians cite this tendency of the soul to rebel against intellectual and willful formularies as proof of its utter and thorough depravity—whereas it is the main proof of the welcome truth that the soul is greater, far greater, than all things else.

Why is it that we find, in the course of our observation among men, that there are, in the Churches, many persons who go to try and get some sort of spiritual profit there for themselves, yet secretly acknowledge, after all, that it is impossible? Why can we put our hands on so many who may be said to have actually become "worn out" in the path they are now walking in? It is plain enough that they require a change; they have fed on the same sort of food so long that it has ceased to furnish any further nourishing power for them. If they continue to go to their old Church after the old way, they seem to get no individual advantage from it. The fountain for them is become dry. The sustenance is scanty and coarse. The discourses—the same which used to thrill and quicken them—no longer yield even a pleasure of the negative sort. They are not satisfied with the same old views which the minister takes of the same old texts. They would not have so much of what is doctrinal in the discourses, but it should be all practical and personal; and when the turn comes round for the latter, they confess to themselves their profound surprise that, after all, it does not seem to "touch their case." The trouble is, of course, they do not realize, as they will come to do some day, that they have fairly outgrown the spiritual clothes that were made for them in other days, when there had been but little growth and expansion, but the soul was merely impressionable and receptive.

Dr. George Putnam once declared in a very impressive discourse, that he should carry about with him a tyrannical spirit if he expected other men to subscribe to the creed he subscribed to, or if he demanded that a man should always subscribe to the same creed, at any rate. "If your creed is too small for your spiritual being," said he, "then stretch it, and make it larger; if it is too long, so that your spiritual nature does not fill it, then cut it off, and adapt it to your own size and needs." It was well said. To cramp or stretch the human soul, merely that a creed, supporting a Church, may become established, is to pay a fearful price for but a temporary and questionable good. Just here is where people make the fatal mistake of their lives; and they make it, too, without being made aware of it at the time, in consequence of the habits in which it has been their lot to be trained. After long years of dwarfing and half-feeding, they look back at the history of their loss with hearts full of lamentations and wallings.

Robert Collyer, a Chicago preacher, who stands high in the esteem of the late Theodore Parker's congregation, and indeed of liberal-minded men and women everywhere, has remarked in one of his sermons, that those persons who are become tired of going to the Church where they find no spiritual sustenance or refreshment, are considered by the Church itself to be infidel; and yet, infidel as they are called, they seek for nothing in the wide world with so much eagerness as for the fellowship of true souls. They do not themselves exactly know what is the matter; they cannot even confess to their own hearts that their trouble is with the doctrines which are habitually presented to them; and still they sensibly feel the impulse of that wise instinct which warns them of sure spiritual starvation and death if they keep on in that old and worn-out way. Well says he of such souls, that they require varied food to make them stout and strong; that the human soul can no more bear a monotonous uniformity than the body can; and that "as nature varies, presenting us now with this food and now with that, through the variant seasons, so the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruit every month."

Rebel Loan Abroad.

As soon as Sheridan's first victory over Early was heard of in England, the rebel loan fell six and a half per cent. in the market. When his second and third victories, and his complete clearing out of the Valley are heard of abroad, we should not like to risk a guess how much lower the loan will go. And when the doleful and wholly discouraging speech of Jefferson Davis is received there, what particular figure will the foreign holders of this loan make for its real value? It looks rather squally for all such enterprises as this, certainly.

Gold.

The gold market is by no manner of means a settled institution, although it will not probably go up much above two hundred again. Yet even that probably depends on the military situation. Dealers have been busy marking down their goods, and will do well not to be in too big a hurry about marking them up again. Stocks of all kinds are handled very gingerly, now-a-days, people being afraid of getting their fingers burnt.

Mrs. S. E. Warner's Lectures.

Mrs. Warner closed her engagement in this city on Sunday, Oct. 24th, to good audiences, which were highly pleased with her fine and truly spiritual discourses. Her afternoon lecture was on the fruitful theme of *Life and its Changes*, in the course of which she elaborated on the following topics: Life as we find it in its various manifestations; education and the rights of individuals; of the desires welling up in the human soul to know more of the principles of Nature, or of God and his works; maintaining most eloquently that life was an eternal principle—*not cut off at the grave*; that the spirit of the Almighty was visible everywhere, in the storm as well as in the sunshine, in the flower as well as in the majestic trees of the forest—in every living thing and human soul. She consoled the hearts of the mourning ones by drawing aside the veil which obscures the dear departed ones from view, and gave a cheering description of their condition in the spirit-world, and of their anxious endeavors to communicate to their friends in mortal, assuring us that they often succeeded in doing so successfully. She spoke of the necessity of spiritual unfoldment in order to enjoy all the blessings God has designed for our use, and how to accomplish this great end. All the manifestations of Nature result from the workings of natural laws; of the aspirations and workings of our interior natures; of the beneficial influence our spirit-friends have the power to exert over us through daily intercourse and communication, she said; and then with touching fervor she pictured our final passage across the river with "the boatman pale," and our welcome reception by waiting friends on the other shore.

Light was her evening theme. Light, that will shine into the soul of every human being, and enable man to solve every problem in the universe; that will give him such freedom of thought that he will dare espouse any religious belief he may choose. It was light that Eve sought when she gave the apple to Adam; it was the same light which was afterwards given forth by the Nazarene; the Bible taught it, as she interpreted it, although there was much darkness there; she then reviewed the dark sayings which are attributed to God in its pages, showing their absurdity, and claimed that God was the spirit of truth and immutable justice, and that everything coming from him must correspond with that principle. Light makes the soul pure and good. To-day she loved the Bible better than any clergyman in the land, for she read it by the light of reason, and therefore could find light and truth in it. We should keep pace with the advance of the age and the demands of the soul. She briefly alluded to the times when all reformers were treated with scoffs and derision, and how heroically they passed through the ordeal, and then urged upon those who possessed the light of the present era the duty of spreading it among the children of this world, of all grades and conditions, North and South, East and West, in the palace and in the gutter. Its onward march must not—indeed it could not—be stayed, any more than the progress of the soul. The light of the new dispensation, claims the right to talk with angels and with God; it has killed and buried the devil, but he has turned up again as a healer of the sick and a friend of suffering humanity, and he whispers words of cheer from the angel-world to sorrowing hearts. She then made an earnest appeal to the believers in the light of our glorious gospel to sustain the lecturers and papers, which are doing all they can to promulgate the great truths from the spirit-world. And may the Father of us all aid you in obtaining this light.

Mrs. Warner is a conscious trance speaker, but is entirely subject to the control of spirit influence while delivering her discourses. She speaks in Willimantic next Sunday.

The Peace Rumors.

Very little came of the story of an interview between Gov. Brown, of Georgia, and Gen. Sherman. It all turns out to be this: that permission was given a certain individual to go and see Gov. B., and talk with him of peace. He went, but nothing came of it. Gov. Brown has evidently been more or less harassed, by the circulation of the story through the South, and has finally come out in a letter, giving all there is to the matter. It appears that Gen. Sherman did signify his willingness to meet with him and talk upon the return of Georgia to the Union and peace, but the latter answered that he had no authority to treat on the matter. He took occasion, however, to repeat what he has said before, that he would prefer that each Southern State should decide the question of peace by its own separate vote.

Grant's Movements.

Although Gen. Grant has really advanced his lines somewhat below Petersburg at Richmond, it cannot yet be claimed that he has achieved what he purposed to do, or that he has not yet before him some of the hardest sort of work. He has nearly reached the Southside railroad, but does not command it. And he has pushed up his line to very nearly the inner defenses of Richmond, but has not yet felt strong enough in his new position to make any general attack in his front. On the contrary, his cavalry under Kautz has been overwhelmed by the rebel force which suddenly sallied out against them, and only recovered their ground, though not their lost guns, by a determined attack of Gen. Birney with powerful reinforcements.

In Missouri.

Gen. Price is again invading the hitherto quiet State of Missouri. He has had hard luck enough at it before, and we would suppose he had fully "satisfied the sentiment" in that particular line. But it seems that he craves just one more good drubbing, which we trust Gen. Rosecrans will give him without a great deal of waiting. The accounts of the guerrilla proceedings in Missouri are enough to make one's flesh creep. They are nothing but lawless bandits and murderers. The rebel commander aims to capture Jefferson City, knowing that if he succeeds in that he will have under his hand at least one-half of the State. There is clearly a fierce struggle to come off there before long, and may God send victory to the side of the right.

Cotton in France.

The Paris *Moniteur* says that the cotton crisis in France, which has been so severely felt by the operative class, has well nigh passed away. The consumption of cotton in France during the first three months of the present year is one-third more than during the same period of 1863; and one-third less than in the same period of 1860; so that the mischief caused by our war is in a fair way of being remedied. Before 1861 no less than sixty per cent. of the whole supply of cotton came from America; the exports from this country are now scarcely two per cent. of the whole; and there seems every probability that ere long the French colonies of Algeria, Guiana, and the West Indies, will probably produce as much cotton as France requires.

Southwestern Matters.

It does not appear to be the purpose of the Government to capture Mobile at present. So that we do not count on receiving any very early news of the fall of the city. We blockade the harbor with our vessels of war, which prevents the going out and coming in of rebel vessels with supplies and cotton for trade. In Louisiana, the rebels have been driven from the Atchafalaya and Morganza. The cotton crop of Louisiana is coming out much better than was at one time expected, yet will not amount to half a crop.—It does not please the rebels at all to think that the Mississippi is so strictly guarded by our patrolling gunboats, for they are prevented from crossing at almost every point.—Yellow fever is reported prevalent at Charleston and Savannah, as well as other rebel cities along the coast.

The Fall Elections.

Elections took place last week in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, for State officers and members of Congress. The returns which have come in thus far indicate that the Republicans have carried Ohio by forty or fifty thousand majority, gaining eight or ten Congressmen; and Indiana by about twenty thousand, gaining several members of Congress. In Pennsylvania the vote is pretty close; it is conceded that the Republicans have carried it by a few thousand majority, and gained several members of Congress.

These elections were looked upon by all parties as very important, owing to the influence they would have on the Presidential election which takes place next month.

The Weather.

We have been, for several weeks past enjoying the very finest kind of weather. Nature has fairly got her face washed, and comes out neat and clean again. Now the woods and fields are attraction struck enough for any man. Such delights as lurk everywhere in the atmosphere for the spirit, are not to be found again in many a month. These halcyon weeks just before the coming on of stern winter are all the more attractive from compelling a contrast between their indescribable joys and the bleakness of icy winter. Whoever fails to improve at least one of these sweetest of days out of doors, commits an error for which he will sometime be sorry.

Corroboration of a Spirit Message.

Mrs. Betsey Cade, a highly respectable lady residing in Somerville, writes us that the spirit of Mrs. York, the medium through whom spirits formerly answered sealed letters sent to this office, came to her through Mrs. Rockwood, of this city, and corroborated the statement which she had just before made to us privately through Mrs. Conant, to the effect that she was endeavoring to find a medium to fill her place in answering sealed letters. The spirit came to Mrs. Cade before Mrs. C. knew it had been to us, or could have had an opportunity of knowing, except from the spirit.

Joshua Bates.

This gentleman, a distinguished son of Massachusetts, died at London on the 24th of last month, at the age of seventy-six. He was a member of the eminent banking house of Baring Brothers, of London. It was chiefly by his unsolicited munificence that the City Library of Boston was established, he having presented its projectors with the sum of fifty thousand dollars to start with. He subsequently increased this princely donation by a gift of nearly thirty thousand books. He had resided abroad almost since his boyhood; but his name will be remembered so long as there are minds to call for reading at the Boston Library.

A Beautiful Compliment.

A very novel and beautiful compliment to the venerable American poet, Bryant, has been determined on by the Century Club of New York. On the 3d of November Mr. Bryant will complete his seventieth year, and it is proposed to celebrate the event by a reunion of his brother poets at the rooms of the Century. The Club held its own regular meeting on the 5th, when the poets were invited to meet Mr. Bryant. Invitations to attend this gathering have been sent to Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, Whittier, Holmes, and others, and acceptances have been received from the three first named. Dr. Holmes writes that he will be present if his health permits.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton informs us that his late passages across the Atlantic and back have had a most singular effect upon his healing powers. He says his power seems to have increased tenfold since he was directed by spirit agency to take up his abode at Rochester, N. Y., where the "glad tidings" first came, for the establishment of the great principle of love and harmony on earth. He feels that that place is the spot from whence he shall be enabled to impart to others the power he himself possesses to heal the sick; and he will gladly do so to all those who are willing to receive it.

"Peculiar."

Epes Sargent's great novel—concerning which there has been more talk and speculation than about any other book issued for years, perhaps—may be had at this office, wholesale and retail. A contemporary says: "The thrilling and extraordinary facts with which the author has become acquainted have been thrown into a plot and story so startlingly bold, and yet so truthful, so tender, and so gentle, that every reader who begins it must be fascinated with its unflagging interest." Retail price \$1.75.

Electro-Hydric Medical College.

The Annual Winter Session of Medical Lectures in this institution will commence at the College, in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Monday in November, and continue with daily lectures, and practical demonstrations, throughout the winter, until all the students are thoroughly instructed, made competent physicians, graduate, and obtain diplomas. J. B. Campbell, M. D., is President of the College, and will give any desired information in regard to it.

The Arcana of Nature.

The volumes bearing the above title are having an extensive sale. The first relates to the history and laws of creation; the second to the philosophy of spiritual existence, and of the spirit-world. For sale at this office.

J. S. Loveland.

This gentleman is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city on Sunday next. Mr. Loveland is well-known in these parts as one of the ablest thinkers and writers of the day. He is a very pleasant speaker, and his discourses will be full of instruction.

The "Questions and Answers" which we print in this number of the Banner, are upon subjects of much importance, and will be read with interest.

New Publications.

BROKEN LIGHT: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith; by Frances Power Cobbe, Boston; J. E. Tilton & Co.

We have had Mrs. Cobbe before, with her calm way of looking at matters of morals and religion, her broad yet searching review of the spiritual world, and her many proofs of a clear intuition, in her anonymous work on *Intuitive Morals*, published anonymously several years since. It was this book that drew to her the notice, and then the warm and steady regard, of Theodore Parker, whose friend and correspondent she afterwards became, and whose works she is now engaged in editing in an uniform English edition. The main purpose of *Broken Lights*, after its statements are all reached and comprehended, is to show in a clear light the exact relation of the two schools of English theology to one another. And so dispassionately and truthfully has she performed her task, few will be likely to refuse her a careful, if not sympathetic hearing. She seeks, furthermore, to bring upon a common ground the disciples of the school of Tradition and of the school of Conscience, and aims to show wherein each may, and perhaps must, aid the other, and neither can be complete without having the other for its complement. In her opinion, the characteristic of the present day is a double notion which is going on in men's minds, "with a disintegration of all which seemed most solid in the beliefs of antiquity, (scientific and historic no less than theological), and at the same time a crystallization of certain other ideas, which have hitherto floated undefined in the atmosphere of human thought. It is these very same "other ideas" to which the world is today giving a candid hearing; and it will thank Miss Cobbe for having done what it has lain in her power thus far to do, in clearing away the field of all that has hindered spiritual sight and hearing so long.

Her volume is very handsomely published by Messrs. Tilton & Co., and should be read by every one whose studies lead him into the investigation of spiritual subjects as connected directly with human affairs. We can commend it in the heartiest terms. It may be had at this office, whither orders may be addressed.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

Wash. A. Danekin, Baltimore, 1864.

This popular work has already reached its third edition, and the demand has not diminished. Mr. Danekin is a gentleman of prominent position, and a member of the legal profession in Baltimore. Some three or four years since he was induced to commence the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, and it was not long before his comprehensive and intelligent mind discovered, after careful scrutiny, that the phenomena were produced by invisible, intelligent agents—that the spirits of men and women who once dwelt on the earth, could and did commune with mortals. He says this fact appeared to him to be the most important one which had ever been given to man, and he very wisely concluded that if immortality is man's destiny, surely the *knowledge* of that life which is eternal far transcends in value any mere earthly and, consequently, transitory acquirement; therefore, with his mind fully imbued with these ideas, unpopular as they are with the theological world, he has fearlessly expressed his convictions, and given some of the facts which induced them, in a neat volume of over one hundred and fifty pages. It is unnecessary for us to say that this is a work which can safely be placed in the hands of skeptics, as well as believers, as both parties will no doubt gain some light by a perusal of its contents.

THE SUPPRESSED BOOK ABOUT SLAVERY.

Carlton, New York. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This is a collection made seven years ago but never published until now, of the many alleged barbaric practices that have been tolerated among slaveholders, slave-breeders, and slave-traders, and seem inseparable from the institution itself. We would not allow that it is fair to judge of even the worst system by thus drawing all its sores to a single head, carbuncle-like; but surely that system, if all that is related be true, must be a fearful one which can hide within itself such enormities against human nature as are recorded by the diligent author in this book.

NEARER AND CLEARER: A Novelle; By Cath-

bert Bede, B. A. New York: Carlton. For sale in Boston by Crosby and Nichols.

This humorous novel, which is at best but a group of farcical sketches, with very decided illustrations, will be enjoyed by all who like a good laugh and rather interesting situations. The author of "Verdant Green" could hardly write a dull book if he tried. That rollicking volume sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies. This one will no doubt be a great success, for it will make people jovial, and therefore happy and healthy.

THE WINTHROPS—A Novel. New York: Car-

lton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A well-written and neatly-planned story is this, with a good deal of variety to the story, and considerable traveling about. The book opens with the birth of the seventh child to the family name—a son—the other six all being girls. We should say this was a pretty good beginning. Our space precludes us from giving an idea of the plot, but we can say that it is neatly arranged, and the characters are developed into something as near reality as possible.

THE TIGER PRINCE; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE

WILDS OF ABYSSINIA. By William Dalton. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers.

Thrilling adventures, hazardous enterprises, narrow escapes, dangerous voyages, terrors of the wilderness, wonders of Nature, extraordinary incidents, all the way along, from decorous civilization to the barbarous wilds of the forest, make up the story of "The Tiger Prince." It is a new book, beautifully written and handsomely got up, with illustrations, by its enterprising publishers.

TIT-BITS; OR, HOW TO PREPARE A NICE DISH

AT A MODERATE EXPENSE. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. New York: O. S. Felt. 1864.

This is a valuable cook-book, containing many useful recipes not found in cook-books of older date. It combines economy with excellence, which, in the long run, is a great saving to the housekeeper. One lady remarked that a single recipe found in this book had already saved her five dollars. Both for its usefulness and economy every family should have it.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is particularly interesting to the members of the Order, as it contains the very able Report of Grand Sir James B. Nicholson, before the U. S. Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at their late session in this city, together with the Grand Secretary's Report. Its other literary contents are of a high order. Published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, New York.



Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who gave it, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Friday, Sept. 21.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Patrick Herron, to his brother-in-law, Elizabeth Dumas, of Princeton, N. J., to her brother, Stephen, at the South; Tom Harris, of Boonville, Ky., to friends, in that place.

Invocation.

God of the seasons, the days, and the hours; Mighty Spirit, who movest upon the dry land and the great waters, whose voice we hear on the mountains, whose presence we feel in the solemn stillness of the valleys, who liveth even in Death and moveth even where no motion is visible—to thee we pray with deepest reverence, with that adoration that the soul is capable only of expressing.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion concerning any subject you may offer. QUES.—W. M. Richmond, of Port Hope, C. W., writes: "I have to-day (Sept. 18th), read a communication from the spirit of Lucy E. Rayner, found in your paper, dated December 16th, 1863.

George L. Allen.

George L. Allen, sir, of the Andrew Sharpshooters, 15th Massachusetts. [Well, George, how long have you been on the other side?] Since about the 19th of June. [Is this your first appearance since this world?] This is my first appearance, sir, and it's a new one to me.

Bessie Anderson.

Say that Bessie Anderson, in company with her father, William L. Anderson, sends words of good cheer to her mother, who is residing temporarily in New York City. Four years ago—between four and five—we left Great Britain; that was my home. My father being here and sick, we were summoned to attend him. He died and we were left alone in this country. There were reasons why we should not return to Great Britain, so my mother and myself lived in New York. Sickens came, and I was taken. My mother is left alone on the earth. But soon she, too, crosses the waters of Death, and then we shall be united and happy.

George Pearce.

Well, strange things have turned up with me since a week ago. I was you being, on week ago? Ha! I expect I was, less than a week ago, too. I don't know what to say to the folks. I'm kind of puzzled. They don't know I'm dead. Well, I don't seem to be myself, but still, according to the record, I am.

Invocation.

Oh thou in whose presence we live, whose life and being are expressed in every foaming crest that surges on Time's ocean, whose footprints gleam along the ages like bright scintillations luring the soul

It can't be helped, can it? I can't go back again. [Not very well.] No, I can't go back. I'm from Springfield, Massachusetts. I last hailed from the Shenandoah Valley, Gen. Grover's Corps, 41st Massachusetts.

Well, how goes the fight? whose 'g'ot Winchester? [We do not know.] I know; our boys have got it, if anybody has. [We guess they have.] Ah, I feel sure of it. Wish I could look again for about ten days, then I'd be ready to die. [What would you do in ten days?] Oh, I'd see little more of it. [Then you liked it?] First rate, first rate! Oh, yes. [Going to war was not much of a hardship, then?] No, not after you got used to it. Oh, I know there's a good deal of grumbling, but I didn't mind it. I was well enough.

Prince. (A Slave.)

I would like to send a few thoughts to Mrs. General Bragg, and to the General himself. I was a slave of General Bragg; been owned by him about seven years; was on his plantation at Iberville, Louisiana. After the General went West he gave me charge of his plantation, with rigid instructions to care for his negroes and look out for his interests. After he was gone I went to Mrs. Bragg; I told her the General had left me in charge, but I had a higher General's commands, and his name was General Liberty; and I thought I should obey him.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—In conformity with your usual custom we now await the reception of any question or questions the friends may see fit to offer. QUES.—A correspondent at Chicago, Ill., submits the following to the controlling spirit of our circles. The paragraph offered is from the New Continent.

Joe Frazer.

Tell my folks I died four days ago in Macon. I've been there ever since March. I was wounded, sick, and got better; got sick again, and died. I'm from the 72d New York, Company 2; Joe Frazer; and I'd like to have my folks go to George W. Frazer. [Would you like to have us send it?] I should like to have you. He's a teamster, sir, in New York. Send to the General Post Office and he'll get it. Tell George I should like to have him take good care of mother, and give me a chance to talk this way. I'd like it. No pay, sir; ain't got it. [We don't ask anything.] Sept. 22.

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ward, whose voice, like the seven wonders of Hades, we hear through all our senses. We have heard the voice of the dead, and we have seen the multitude of smaller asteroids, and also the eighth satellite of Saturn, which have been discovered since? A.—We believe in the man they are true; that is to say, the foundation upon which they rest is a natural foundation, therefore must be true. It is impossible to say why they overlooked these things, but we presume that the defect was in the physical machine, or in the working of that machine at the time.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—In conformity with your usual custom we now await the reception of any question or questions the friends may see fit to offer. QUES.—A correspondent at Chicago, Ill., submits the following to the controlling spirit of our circles. The paragraph offered is from the New Continent.

"BLASPHEMOUS.—The inspirational medium of the Boston Banner of Light, being asked, 'Which stands higher in moral excellence—Jesus Christ, Confucius, or Zoroaster?' gave the almost blasphemous reply, that Confucius stands in morality higher than the other two; that Jesus himself claims to have been inspired, to a large extent, by Confucius; and, if we are to place reliance upon the records concerning each individual, we shall find that Jesus spoke for Confucius, but he was inspired by Confucius, for he gave birth to the same ideas, and walked the earth clothed in the same mantle."

ANS.—All that which does not accord with the received ideas or notions of the Christian Church, that Christian Church styles blasphemy. When this same Jesus walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, his opponents cried, "Blasphemy!" Crucify him! Crucify him! And now that he is again in the nineteenth century, we shall find the same cry from the opposing world is, "Blasphemy!" And did he not predict this himself? Did he not distinctly declare that when he should again walk the earth, he would come to his own, and his own would receive him not?

Thomas Calhoun.

I find there is but one way to determine between right and wrong, and that way is to judge of it by one's own sense of right or wrong, ignoring the standard of the world. When I was here, in the possession of my physical body, I said that Spiritualism was a great delusion, not because I felt it to be so, but because public opinion said so. I judged between right and wrong by public opinion, not by my own. I should have judged Spiritualism from my own standpoint, instead, and then I should have intuitively felt what was right and what the world had, and consequently just what the world had.

CHAIRMAN.—Our correspondent, E. A. Smith,

sends a series of questions to be answered at our Circles. If agreeable, we will take them up one by one. 1ST QUES.—Is the disembodied spirit able to travel the inter-stellar spaces wandering from star to star, or sun to sun? A.—No, not always. The soul lives, moves at all times, under all conditions, by law. Attraction and repulsion are quite as active with the disembodied spirit, as with the embodied. Therefore it follows that there are certain conditions which, when met, enable the disembodied spirit to travel. It is not to be understood, that that spirit can go anywhere at will. Spirit loosed from the form can only travel by law, as it lives and acts by law.

CHAIRMAN.—The second question I will omit,

because it is in substance like the first one. 3D QUES.—If the spirit is not able to pass and re-pass through space from one celestial body to another, how are we to account for the facts of clairvoyance? A.—Clairvoyance does not pre-suppose the passage of spirit from one locality to another, by any means. Clairvoyance is simply an extenuation of spiritual vision. It may be extended through the far-distant future in the far-distant past, and yet the clairvoyant's spirit retains one position.

4TH QUES.—Is the spirit able to take cognizance

of terrestrial objects without the intervention of a medium? In other words, is the spirit, after having left the form, capable of perceiving our terrestrial sphere in a manner at all similar to our mode of perception while in the body? A.—Under certain circumstances, certain conditions, disembodied spirits are able to discern terrestrial objects. Under certain others they are not able to discern the things of your earth. They are better able to discern them through some high developed mediumistic body, than through the use of that body itself. 5TH QUES.—Do spirits affect or influence the affairs of individuals here, directly or indirectly—that is to say, as John Wesley taught, do they have an influence to benefit or to annoy us in our ordinary or daily concerns? A.—The two worlds are living and moving on, and the consequence is, they are fighting against you, doing their best to kill you, as you're doing your best to kill them.

7th QUES.—Are the revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis true in the main? and if so, why did he overlook the multitude of smaller asteroids, and also the eighth satellite of Saturn, which have been discovered since? A.—We believe in the man they are true; that is to say, the foundation upon which they rest is a natural foundation, therefore must be true. It is impossible to say why they overlooked these things, but we presume that the defect was in the physical machine, or in the working of that machine at the time.

8th QUES.—If individuals in the form can in

certain cases read psychometrically from surrounding objects, as set forth in Mr. and Mrs. Denton's work—"The Soul of Things"—why cannot the disembodied spirits in certain cases read much more effectively the history of past ages psychometrically from our planet, and also the other bodies of space to a considerable extent? A.—This can be done and has been done.

9th QUES.—Geologists are not agreed in their

estimates of the thickness of the earth's crust; some of the English mathematicians making it over eight hundred miles, while in my opinion it is only three. Is this a satisfactory mode in certifying that the earth's crust is exceedingly thick, while in others it is very thin. This we believe to be attributable to the condition of the atmosphere and the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth in different latitudes. This is why all geologists differ; each taking their starting-point from a different locality.

10th QUES.—As matter and motion, or force, in

cluding all the imponderable agents, are equally coeternal, are not the celestial bodies accumulations of gross matter through which is diffused different quantities of caloric, which, when in excess, renders them self-luminous, or suns, and when deficient, opaque and invisible, except by the influence of light from some adjacent self-luminous body? In other words, are not suns immense masses of igneous matter, and planets similar masses from which, by reason of their self-luminous, the caloric has escaped, at least from their surfaces, till they have become opaque; and hence may there not be an infinite number of opaque or invisible bodies of various magnitudes scattered through the regions of the universe? A.—Your philosophy is in part correct, and in part very incorrect. That the sun is a self-luminous body is very satisfactory motion, and is no less so. Now you who dwell upon the surface of the earth do not perceive this, but nevertheless it is true. If it were not so, it could receive no light, no heat, no magnetic power from the sun, nor could it revolve around that central luminary.

11th QUES.—As caloric is continually radiated

from all celestial bodies into surrounding space, what is the principle of compensation? A.—Every rotating body feeds upon a power that is generated by its own rotative power. For instance, the heat, light and power of the sun is generated by its own rotation. Now if the sun ever stood still, as it was said to have done at the command of Joshua, we think it would have ceased to provide its own food. But as we know that the sun never did stand still at Joshua's command, we are satisfied there is no lack of food. It is constantly supplied, and is also active in throwing out its force upon surrounding objects. As all are in a certain sense united in power and dependent upon each other, yet all are independent bodies, for they have the power within themselves with which to feel themselves, and become substantial bodies in the heavens.

12th QUES.—What are we to understand by the term

Christian Church, as used by you? Or are all sects at the present time considered the Christian Church? A.—They so style themselves. By the Christian Church we mean all those different sects that believe that Jesus Christ is their Saviour, but who, by the way, do not follow his teachings. It matters not what the name of that Church is, whether the Romish Church or the Protestant Church; it matters not what name it bears, if it claims to have Christ for its leader, we style it the Christian Church. Sept. 22.

Thomas Calhoun.

I find there is but one way to determine between right and wrong, and that way is to judge of it by one's own sense of right or wrong, ignoring the standard of the world. When I was here, in the possession of my physical body, I said that Spiritualism was a great delusion, not because I felt it to be so, but because public opinion said so. I judged between right and wrong by public opinion, not by my own. I should have judged Spiritualism from my own standpoint, instead, and then I should have intuitively felt what was right and what the world had, and consequently just what the world had.

13th QUES.—Is it now little less than a year since I laid

down the flesh and became an inhabitant of the spirit-world. My experience, therefore, is very limited; but what little I have had has been worth a great deal to me, if to no one else. The experience of the past year is valuable to me because it belongs to me, and I feel that I have the wisdom that I gained while in a mortal state amounted to nothing—nothing at all. I thought I could tell where I was going after death—what was to become of me. In fact, I thought to measure the conditions of eternity by the things of time, and I made a great mistake in doing so. Instead of measuring them by the eternity of the soul—by the intuitions of the soul, I measured them by an outward standard, and I failed as a doer.

Well, again I judged between right and wrong,

politically speaking with regard to this country—the Northern and Southern portion of this country. I was a resident of the South, and public opinion at the South said, "The North is at fault; less kill 'em if we can. We have been subjugated by them all these years. We have been the servants of the North, and they have been our masters." I felt that I was in the wrong, and I was within telling me we were as much to blame as you were. I refused to listen to the still small voice within, but listened to the voice of public opinion, that said, You were all thieves—devils in human forms. Well, so much for that judgment. I was very soon met, upon entering the spirit-world, by those that told me there was fault on both sides—that you were as much to blame as we were as yet unprepared to live as peaceful individuals and nations. Oh, I see after death what I could not see before. I might have seen this had I looked within my own soul, and looked to my intuitive powers for wisdom, instead of looking out to see what the world said. If you'd all turn and ask your conscience what is right, instead of turning to ask your neighbor, you'd be able to tell me what is right, and you'd make no mistakes. But you don't do it. You don't do anything of the kind. You listen to the voice of public opinion in all matters, and in so doing are apt to get misled over with the scum of public opinion also. Well, my sons, and my nephews, and my friends are now listening to the voice of public opinion, and the consequence is, they are fighting against you, doing their best to kill you, as you're doing your best to kill them. I ought not to blame my sons and nephews in this matter, for I stood on the same platform; I listened to the same voice of public opinion when here that they are listening to, and I ought not to blame them, and God helping me, I won't either. Now the Spiritualism is said to be a delusion by many living on the earth; a humbug, anything but true; but at the same time there is not a single person living, that has come to years of discretion and judgment, but what knows, in their innermost soul, it is true. God never created a man or woman endowed with powers of intellect, and then shut them out entirely from the future, the future of the spirit-world, from the surroundings of that spirit-world. He never did it. It's a libel on his nature to say so. He created all to know not merely of the present, but the future. If he united all souls together by a common bond, surely there is no division, and if all are immortal, then all must go to the spirit-world with the same proclivities that were theirs in earth-life, the same dislikes and likes, the same loves and hates. If you love your friends while in earth-life, you will retain the same love for them after death, and will return

them often. And who says you shall not be with them? Not the God who made you to love them; oh no. What public opinion may tell you in this respect is not truth, and therefore unworthy your credence. Well, I am here simply to-day for the purpose of drawing the attention of my sons and nephews in particular, and friends in general, to the subject of Spiritualism. I want you to come from my spirit home and speak at this place. I ask them to come and demonstrate the fact; come and bring their common sense and reason to bear upon the fact of my existence, and see if I can't prove to them that this same Spiritualism that I was ignorant about in life, is nevertheless true.

I lived seventy years on the earth, seventy

years, and I learned, as I said before, very little concerning spiritual things. They called my body Thomas Calhoun. I was near relative of John C. Calhoun, and probably thinned with some of his ideas. My last home was in Montgomery, Alabama. Now I, as I said before, am here to-day to draw the attention of my relatives and friends to the subject of Spiritualism. I ask that they lay aside all their prejudices, step right up on the platform of my great question, and contest it. That's the way to know what it is.

With many thanks for your kindness, Mr.

Chairman, I'll now give way to others. Sept. 22.

David S. Morse.

Halloo! halloo! halloo! [How do you do?] I'm well, sir. Do you bear questioning? [Yes.] What's the month? [September 20th.] And the year? [1864.] Well, I've been away four months then, just about. [Did you think you'd been gone longer?] No, I didn't think I'd been gone so long. Well, sir, I hailed from Fort Harbor, Virginia. A soldier in the 1st Massachusetts Battery. I do not know anything about these things. I didn't know here. I'm rather verdant, as you'll see; but the boys are all so anxious to come back and talk, that they'll tumble in anyway, whether they've got an education or not.

Well, I suppose I'm here to call the attention

of my friends to this new comet—it's new to me. What do you do? What do you do for when you want to go home and talk to your folks? [Ask them to procure a medium.] One of these gun-carriages, hey? [Yes.] Well, that's what I want to go home with. [You furnishes them? Uncle Sam, or the individual that wants them? [There are plenty of them waiting to be used.] That so? Belong to anybody? [Yes; wherever you catch one, just take possession of it.] Good; that's what I like; like an old unwarmed log. [If they happen to be in a narrow state, they can't get your controlling them; but if not, they may offer some objection to it?] Supposing you order them to surrender? [What then? [They may not wish to.] Well, supposing you're the biggest? [But if you rouse their positiveness, you'll surely meet with opposition.] What's their positiveness?—self-will, opposition? [Self-will, opposition, the same force that you would employ in fighting the rebel.] Well, I should expect to see something like that [making the motion of firing a gun]. [The same thing in a spiritual sense.] Only it's a little more refined.

Well, I've got here, anyway. [A good many

of the boys have been back.] Good heavens! there's some who can't tell what they want to come for. You ask them what they want to come to this place for? Well, they didn't know, but they asked the old chap, and he said, "I should expect them to come." "Oh well," said he, "you'd better go away, and wait until you can find out what you want to go back for. When he asked me, said I, "I want to talk, but I don't know how." "Do you think you can learn?" "Yes, if anybody can." "Come right forward," says he. [That's the way you have to do when asking for a "furlough." Yes, that's so; but then there's no tape to contend with in the army. It's about the same in coming here.] Red tape extended on the other side. [Yes.]

Oh well, I shall go home and talk, anyhow, no

matter what's in the way. If I can't get over it, I'll get under it. If I can't get under it, I'll get around it, then. [If you have been in service, you know how to overcome difficulties.] Yes, indeed; if you've got to be back, you can go back. If you can't get over it, you can get under it, or you can charge again. [They'll surrender after a while, if you keep pretty close.] I suppose so, if you persist in following them up. What's the news? [We've taken Mobile, they say.] Whew! Is that so? What else? [The enemy is about evacuating Petersburg, and Winchester has been taken already.] Hoory! I'd like to be there. [Can't you go there in spirit?] I'd like to take just one dinner in Richmond, and have Jeff Davis for my waiter. Ah, I tell you I'd like nothing better than that. I'd think I was amply repaid, then, for all I'd suffered. [I wish you might.] If he fell into the hands of some of the boys, it's pretty rough usage I'm thinking Jeff Davis would get. I shouldn't want to kill him, you know. I'd want to keep him for future use. [Send him to Barnum?] Barnum would make another fortune out of him, sure. Oh, I tell you I'd like to be the Barnum.

Well, I ain't here, except in a borrowed body,

[You get along swimmingly.] Oh, I know I should do well enough, if I only got the chance to come here. Well, my time is up, into one or two seconds, so you see I've got to be off pretty soon. The name?—oh, David Morse. Know me? [No.] Well, you've got to know you. Search me, and see if you don't know me. [David Morse?] Yes; David S. Well, as there ain't but one in that battery, I think I shall be pretty likely to be known. Sept. 22.

Jonathan Place, sir, of the Third New Hamp-

shire, Company D. [Are you from Portsmouth?] Yes, I was. New Hampshire, you mean? [Yes.] I suppose the folks know I died in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, in June, about the 18th of June. [What's the matter? How happens it I can't do better here? [What did you die of?] I was wounded in the lungs. [That accounts for your not being able to talk lower and easier here to-day.] Oh, my God! but it's tough ain't it? I wish I'd only been killed outright. [Did you die in the hospital?] Oh, yes, yes, I was in there over two weeks. Well, the folks know I'm dead, but do n't know that I can come back. Just be kind enough to say I should be glad to talk with the boys, and the folks at home. Really, I don't know anything that would please my folks. [Was it your Trade in your regiment?] Who? [Trade in?] John Henry? [Yes.] Yes, he was, and I guess he was wounded in the same action. [He was lieutenant, was n't he?] Yes; good fellow; right good fellow. I know him well. [Why don't he give you a call?] Can he? [Yes, if he wants to.] I'm sure I don't know why he don't. [If you see him, tell him to.] Well, I will. Good-day. Sept. 22.

Laura Spencer Richards.

I told my friends, should I find Spiritualism true, I would return and acknowledge it. I find it true, more than true, and as old as Deity himself. I questioned one of the ancient teachers whom I met in relation to the future of Spiritualism, asking him how old it was; and he asked me could I tell him how old Deity was? So then I inferred that this same Spiritualism was as old as our Father God. I was seventeen years of age, and lived in Chicago, Illinois. I died of pneumonia, and inflammation of the lungs; was sick between fourteen and twenty days;—I cannot give the exact time. Laura Spencer Richards, my name. I would like that my stepmother, who once told me she thought there was some truth in this Spiritualism, would furnish me the means of return at home. In proof that I am the person I represent myself to be, I will give this as a test, or proof: My father has been severely wounded in the battle of last week. The news has not yet reached his home. He is wounded in the left arm, which will be amputated; has not been as yet. He is wounded also in the shoulder and side, which may prove fatal, not if he is well cared for, however. I would talk longer had I power, but I have not. Sept. 22.

Nannie Fuller.

(Written.) Oh, my dear Samuel, why do you not see, or in some way recognize me when I am so often near you, with Charley? Oh, I have so much to say to you all, but I have not learned how to do well yet, as it is not quite a year since I was awakened in this beautiful spirit-world. Oh, let me talk at home. Yours in spirit, NANNIE FULLER, Chelsea, Mass. Sept. 22.



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five work long.
The sun the stretched-for-digger of all time
Sparkle forever.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.
Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;

And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
Nor let the good man's trust depart;

When there is love in the heart, there are rain-
bows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud
with gorgeous hues.

SPRIT FRIENDS.
They say the spirits of departed friends
Come back to us again on angel wings;

AN AUTUMN SCENE.
Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year in dreary air,
Like some sad reaper in his hour of ease,

INTERESTING FUNERAL SERVICES.
ADDRESS BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.
(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The following is an account of the funeral obse-
quies of William E. Crane, leader of Evangelical
Group of Philadelphia Children's Progressive
Lyceum, who passed to the Summer-Land in the
43d year of his age.

The Lyceum assembled at the usual hour, the
body being placed in front of the rostrum. The
following remarks were made by the Conductor:

Friends, Fellow Officers, Leaders and Members of
the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadel-
phia: For the third time during the brief history
of this Lyceum, we are assembled upon an occa-
sion, to us who remain clothed in the habiliments
of mortality, of solemn moment. To him whose
mortal remains lay before us it is one of un-
speakable joy. On the two previous occasions

There is no such thing as death.
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer casting off;
What most impedes his flight;

There is no such thing as death.
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;

There is no such thing as death;
In Nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some form of life arises.

There is no such thing as death;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,

Our funeral rites may seem to the casual ob-
server not in consonance with our views of death,
or the laying away of the mortal vesture in the
common wardrobe of humanity. But, as doing
good is the business of the true man's life, so also
is it our duty to make the closing scenes of his
earth-life useful and instructive to his associates
and friends. We deem it best to familiarize the
young, and to become ourselves familiar with the
inevitable change through which all must pass,
and to free the mind of all fear with which the
education and errors of the past has encumbered
it. And as it is ever the delight of our beloved
brother, whether in life or death, to mingle and partici-
pate in our exercises, so we now believe it is a
gratification to his freed spirit to meet and mingle
with us at this present hour. Although we ignore
the cause of grief for the departed, we must weep
with the bereaved ones left behind; for, as the
raindrop ever comes richly laden with blessings
from a beneficent Creator, so does the tear-drop
come ever freighted with a father's love. But we
weep not as those without hope or consolation.
Our loved ones are ever with us; we feel and re-
alize their presence, and recognize their guardian
care. At the fireside, and in the family circle

there will be no "vacant chair." The Evangelical
Group will be instructed and led by an earthly and
an angelic Leader; and old without parting con-
solation to his spirit to know that the dear ones
he has left behind are supported, sustained and
blessed by the same consolation that has been
his rod and staff through the valley and over the
silent river.

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Then O my soul, wait thou thy time,
In hope, and faith, and trusting love,
Till angels call thee to that clime,
To dwell in brighter realms above,
Life's labor done, then sinks the clay;

REMARKS OF LIZZIE DOTEN.
After reading a brief selection from Pilgrim's
Progress, descriptive of that beautiful land
toward which all Earth's pilgrims are hastening,
Miss Doten spoke as follows:

"We do not meet to-day to mourn over our loss,
so much as to celebrate the birth of our friend to
a higher state of existence. It is true that all
hearts are moved by natural affections, and while
we are yet dwelling in the flesh, notwithstanding
the consolations of our faith, we must still cling
to the objects of our love, therefore we would not
restrain the tears that spring up from the heart's
deep fountains. We feel upon such occasions that

"Tis good to be subdued at times;
Cherish within the soul whatever brings
Communion with high thought, wooing the
heart.

By its pure impulses to purer things.
Joy hath its ministries, but griefs are fraught
With gentler blessings. Tender and beautiful,
O, let them come and bear the soul aloft
On the white spirit wings of prayer."

We feel with these dear friends, that they have
indeed sustained a great loss in a near and tender
relation. The hand that once warmly clasped
her's who was the chosen partner of his life—the
hand that was laid with blessing upon the head
of his little ones, now lies cold and motionless in
the death of nature and its glad pressure will no
longer be felt. Those who loved him will listen
in vain for the familiar footsteps, and the voice
which in other times he made heard no longer.

But while we feel conscious of all this, we have
also the blessed assurance that we are surrounded
by invisible beings, who are sheathing their ben-
ign influences upon us, and pouring the balm of
healing upon our troubled spirits. Had we but
more carefully brought into subjection our materi-
ality, and cultivated the finer perceptions of the
spirit, then, by listening to them, we should hear
the angels chanting their joyful welcome
to this soul that is newly born into the king-
dom.

In comparison to those celestial intelligences
who dwell more intimately in the presence of
Eternal Truth, our brother has "become as a lit-
tle child." You will behold him no longer in your
Lyceum upon earth, for he is now a scholar in the
great Lyceum above, and you, the better of his
care, have now a teacher in that better world,
who will translate to you words of celestial wis-
dom, and will endeavor to bring down to your hu-
man conceptions the love of the angels. It is in-
deed blessed to hold communion with a faithful
and earnest soul while yet a dweller in the flesh;
but O, when that soul has laid aside its burden,
and entered upon sublimer fields of investigation,
his mission to us is ended, and his presence is
far more glorious. You may not, by the dull per-
ception of the senses, hear the soft whispers fall-
ing from his "lips of air," but the truth will enter
like a divine messenger, with its noiseless foot-
steps, into the silent places of your souls. He
was indeed a servant of the truth, and "Valiant
for the Truth." In his own unpretending and un-
assuming way, he will treasure up the wisdom
of heaven in order that he may be able to point
to those whom he loved upon earth. You may
look confidently up to the heavens, and feel that
you have a teacher there—a teacher who will not
forget his interest in your welfare, and who will
still watch over you as you go forth to the duties
and employments of life.

But there are those who sustained a nearer and
dearer relationship unto him than that of teacher
and scholar. There are those who were part and
portion of his own life, and whose interests were
inwoven with every fibre of his being. Oh, weep-
ing wife and mother! with your little flock around
you, let us say unto you by the voice of the spirit,
speaking through a human organ, "Love is stron-
ger than Death." "God is love. He that dwelleth
in love dwelleth in God, and consequently like
the Father, he is true, and immortal. Therefore,
in this hour, the hour when one has passed from
your mortal sight, comes to you as a spiritual
presence. He takes you by the hand, and as he
points upward, he says:

"I could serve you but in part, while a dweller
upon the earth, but now, as a living, disembodied
spirit, I can serve you far better. Fear not for
the God of the fatherless and widow is with you,
and will aid you. As the very hairs of your head
are numbered 'in love, as a sparrow cannot fall
to the ground without his notice, as the lilies are
clothed in garments more glorious than the robes
of royalty, and even the ravens are fed by his
bounty, so shall provision be made for all your
necessities. Oh, partner of my life," he says,
"there is now a link between my soul and thine—
a link in the golden chain of Eternity—over
which messages of love shall be transmitted that
will fill your soul with consolation and peace; and
as our children grow up around you, you shall be
strengthened and instructed to speak unto them
words of heavenly wisdom and truth.

And you, my daughters, let me entreat you to
walk worthy of your high gift of womanhood.
Never before could I so clearly comprehend the
beauty and significance of woman's sacred mis-
sion. I will stand near you in the hour of trial,
and will walk with you in the way of life, bidding
you be of good cheer. I will speak words of fa-
therly counsel, that you may take heed to your
steps, and that in all the vicissitudes of life you
may act wisely and well.

And, oh, my little ones! you who look with won-
dering eyes upon this mysterious change and un-
derstand it not; as you grow older and wiser,
your young hearts shall come to a clearer compre-
hension of the truth. By the influences of my love
I will be with you to fill you with high aspirations,
and will endeavor to lead you tenderly through the
thorny paths of life.

My little son, your spirit-father desires that you
may be a support and comfort to your mother in
her declining years; and when she shall feel the
need of a strong arm to lean upon, may you stand
firmly by her side, with manly strength and un-
wavering affection."

To you, his friends, he speaks thus:
O my brothers and sisters, you who have been
my co-laborers in a blessed work, and have shared
with me the glorious revelations from the spirit-
world, rejoice that you are the favored recipients
of the radiant light that has dawned upon the
darkness of the grave. May you ever be found as
faithful soldiers in the great army of the Lord,
and even as you bear your banners here in the
Children's Lyceum, may each firmly hold his
spiritual banner, with its glorious device, and
press bravely forward in the great march of life,

My family, including our only daughter and
family, are all now at our new home at South
Pass, Ill., which we all reached, with our goods
in safety, and we have returned to our home in
three years' service in the army. We are con-
fortably but rudely settled in our new home, and
feeding on sweet potatoes, etc., raised by one of
our family who has spent the summer here. Our
place is on the latitude of Richmond, Va., on a
hilly tract of broken timbered land, between the
Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and peculiarly ad-
apted for raising cotton. Our home is a cabin on
a station and village on the Illinois Central road
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places near, and in a few days I start north and
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Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1864.

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cemetery.
Yours fraternally,
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Correspondence in Brief.

A Curious Manifestation.
One of our Washington correspondents sends
us the following:

I was considerably amused as well as interest-
ed in what a friend told me as having occurred to
him not long since, and the truthfulness of which
the officer in question will verify. It seems that
this friend is what, for the want of a better term,
is popularly called an undeveloped medium; that
spirits of a "free and easy" character—those who
while residents here, were inclined to practically
and personally violate the Moral Law—occasion-
ally possess him to an unhappy extent.

Without any desire or intent on his part, he was
lately constrained to indulge, against his will, un-
til he was overcome by drink, and, for a while,
was an inmate of the station house. On being
thrust into his cell, he sat down upon the stool, or
chair. Immediately loud raps of a most mysteri-
ous nature were heard all round him.

"What's that?" asked the officer; "what does
that pounding mean?"
"I do not know," replied the double man.
The raps grew louder and more mysterious.
"Are you one of those fortune-tellers?" asked
the man of authority, evidently very uneasy.

"No!" said the other.
The raps increased in frequency and in intensi-
ty.
"Get up out of that chair!" cried the officer.
The man obeyed; but, to the astonishment of
the officer, the chair deliberately followed him.
It was too much. The officer's knees were bow-
ing weak. Opening the door and pointing as best
he could, he exclaimed, in a voice husky with
fear:

"Clear out from this place, you Devil!" The
man, partially sobered at this time, very gladly
embraced the opportunity to depart.

New Notes at a Death-Bed.
Died, of quick consumption, Sept. 26th, in Ply-
mouth, Mass., Mrs. Hattie E. Macdonald, aged 25
years, daughter of Bradford Barnes.

She was surrounded by spiritual friends, visible
and invisible, and her soul was imbued with the
pure teachings of Spiritualism from her good fa-
ther, and she departed this life in a happy and
happy, joyous—yes, glorious! She seemed to
have a presentiment of the hour of her death, and
requested her father and sisters, at an hour she
specified, to sit round her dying bed, and sing her
soul to sleep in death—sing till her earthly body
breathed no more—sing till her spirit should be
borne away by angels. Her father and sisters
faithfully complied with her request, and sang, for
about two hours, hymns adapted to the occasion,
as, "Come sing to me of heaven," "There is a light
in the window for thee," "No more fatigue—no
more distress," "I'm going home to die no more,"

"Hark! they whisper angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

These, with other kindred tunes, were sung till
she ceased to breathe—the ill the spirit had flown,
leaving a sweet smile on the earthly visage.

In the Field Again.
My family, including our only daughter and
family, are all now at our new home at South
Pass, Ill., which we all reached, with our goods
in safety, and we have returned to our home in
three years' service in the army. We are con-
fortably but rudely settled in our new home, and
feeding on sweet potatoes, etc., raised by one of
our family who has spent the summer here. Our
place is on the latitude of Richmond, Va., on a
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but tend to make him wiser and better in the
earthly sphere, and by its influence purify him
for another and a better world.
New York, Sept. 1864.
BETH DRIGGS.

Words of Encouragement.
We have assurances from many quarters that
the Banner shall be sustained. S. D. Curtis, of
Toledo, in a letter containing remittances, says:—
"I will see that you have a handsome sum raised
here to help you along in case of need. We must
have an organ to promulgate our principles and
our religion; and as the Herald has ceased to ex-
ist, your Banner must be sustained. Spiritualism
will live and gain strength year by year, until it
spreads all over the earth."

DONATIONS.
IN AID OF OUR FIVE FREE CIRCLES.
RECEIVED FROM
John Patten, Liverpool, Ill., 50c; Della Avery, Clinton, N.
Y., 25c; A. Friend, Chicago, Mich., 50c; P. Thompson, Saratoga
Spring, N. Y., 50c; A. Friend, Boston, Mass., 50c; F. W. Coffin,
Andover, Mass., 50c; J. W. Brown, New York, 50c; D. H.
Harrington, do., 50c; J. S. Crellen, do., 50c; J. H. Haslet, do., 50c;
J. Spaulding, do., 50c; S. B. Brown, do., 50c; John Newell, do.,
50c; H. H. Miller, do., 50c; J. H. Denby, Potomac, N. Y., 50c;
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