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MADEMOISELLE MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Houssaye, for the Banner of Light, by Laura L. Hastings.

> CHAPTER XL. The Double Duel.

Two days after the scenes and adventures of that memorable night, toward noon, nine young men walked, three by three, through a somber avenue of the woods at Meuden. It was a duel-I might say a double duel-party.

"On which side?" said Horace, addressing the two seconds who accompanied him.

"To the right," said one of the seconds. "We will go near the chateau; we shall meet no one

And they proceeded silently, with the gravity of men, who are going to the performance of a solemn duty, or like soldiers who march to meet the

The group of three young men who followed Horace's group, was composed of the Captain of the Zounves and his two seconds. But who were the third group? If Horace had a revenge to gratify there was another young man who sought revenge, also. It was Luciani's brother. It had been settled between the six seconds, at the request of Horace himself, that the two duels might take place at the same hour. The weapons were swords and pistols. Horace had decided to fight first with the sword, and if not killed in the first duel, but wounded so as to hinder him from handling the sword, he would then use the pistol.

Arrived on the ground, and not being able to settle who should fight first, they drew lots. It was decided that Hector and Horace fight first. Horace was in despair, for that was not where he wished to be revenged. He had much rather embrace Hector than to kill him; so he merely defended himself. He did not wish to be put hors de combat, neither did he wish to wound Hector.

He received the first wound. 'It is nothing," said he, " let us continue."

The struggle thus re-commenced three times. One would have said they played the game of death. But the third time, Hector, having hurled himself blindly toward his adversary, felt all at once the point of Horace's sword. The poor fellow fell into the arms of his friend who dispersed the seconds by throwing them his sword.

'Adieu!" murmured Hector, regarding his adversary with a look that resembled the beautiful,

deep expression of his sister Luciani. "Oh, my God! what have I done? Luciani! Luciani!" cried Horace. It seemed to him he had wounded Luciani the second time. From the commencement of the duel he had seen her always before him, dragging her white dress stained with blood.

"Be not alarmed," said one of the seconds to Horace; "it is not a mortal wound, I assure you." "But," said another second, "it is enough for

to-day. I am opposed to the combat's re-commencing with the captain."

"Be quiet!" said Horace, "do you not know I have revenge in my heart, and am in haste to finish this affair?" And turning to the seconds of the Zouave, he said: "I am ready! I await you!" Some one remarked to Horace, that, being wounded, he could not fight with the sword. So

they brought the pistols. "No," said Horace, "my sword understands me. This pistol has not my fury!" Then recollecting himself he said: "This is not merely an

affair of honor, but one of death." The combatants took their positions. At the first attack the sword of the captain penetrated Horace's shoulder, who, husbanding all his strongth, replied by a violent blow. His sword

traversed the heart of his adversary. . . . "At length," said he "Luciani is avenged!"

And he ran to Hector, whom they were carrying to the house of the porter of the castle.

"Hector! Hector! pardon me for the death of

Luciani. I have killed the only man who dared doubt her virtue."

"I will pardon you," said Hector, "but my sister never can!"

CHAPTER XLI. Luciani's Apparition.

Horace returned to Paris, determined to die but he was courageous enough not to commit suicide. In the evening, half-crazy with a high fever, resulting from his wounds, he went to see the doctor who had superintended the embalmment of

"Doctor," said he, "I will give ten thousand francs to the poor, if you will permit me to see Mademoiselle M triani for the last time."

"It is too late," said the doctor. " Madame Mariani departs for Venice this evening with the body of her daughter. The coffin has been for an hour with a monk. M. Hector Mariani would have set out, also, but your sword-thrust has nailed him here for six weeks."

"Doctor, I beg of you to ask Madame Mariani if she will permit me to accompany her on this sad voyage.'

"You are mad, Monsieur! Leave the daughter to her mother."

"Ah, yes," said Horace in despair, "I have not

even the right to weep for Luciani." His fever still increasing, he proceeded to his carriage again. The coachman asked him where he should drive him.

"I do not know," said he. Then suldenly, as if in spite of himself, he said: "To the railway for Lyons-without losing a second!"

When he arrived at the station he leaned into

the baggage-car, saying to the baggage-master: "Monsieur, is the corpse of Mademoiselle Mariani on this train?"

the family."

'Yes," said Horace.

"Ah well! Monsieur, follow me." And the baggage-master conducted Horace in silence to the car that contained Luciani's body, watched by her waiting-maid and a monk.

"Oh, my God!" said Elanore, "how changed you are, Monsieur Horace! I did not recognize you. Ah, well, what a misfortune! What has happened?"

Thanks to Hector's energy, the men who, two nights previous, carried Luciani's body to Rue do Sege, did not answer the questions of the servants. Horace's only answer was to give five louis to the waiting maid. He then knelt beside the coffin.

The coffin was covered with white velvet, on which had already been engraved the name of

"LUCIANI MARIANI. Born in Venice in 1836. Died in Paris in 1858."

"Madame Mariani is coming," said Elanore suddenly.

Horace, who did not wish to meet Madame Mariani beside her daughter's coffin, rose and withdrew by the opposite door, and immediately returned to his house in a feeble condition. He went to bed, hoping to find repose in sleep, or else in death. But he could not sleep, and, toward midnight, he took a candle and went into his parlor to look for Luciani's letters. In passing before the mirror he trembled and did not dare to look into it. The hour of midnight sounded. On raising his eyes he saw the pale face of Mademoiselle Mariani form in the glass, as on the evening when M. H— had showed it to him. Horace, who knew no fear, was frightened at this vision. He let his light fall, and raising his arms in astonishment, eried:

"Luciani! Luciani!" He went back to bed and finally fell asleep; but his dreams were disturbed by phantoms.

CHAPTER XLIL Luciani's Letter.

In the morning Horace's servant entered his chamber and handed him a letter.

"A letter from Luciani!" cried he with a feeling of joy and surprise mingled with fright. He looked at the name on the envelope for a long time before breaking the seal, and his mind

vividly recalled the last words of the young girl: I go, but I shall return."

Finally he broke the seal and read with a troubled look:

"Hornce, you could not have known me, or felt for a moment how intensely and truly I loved you, or you would never have treated me with such cold neglect. I was a stranger to your heart, while my love for you was my religion. Oh, what dreams of happiness I had pictured for myself in becoming your wife. With our united loves our home would have been made an earthly paradise, filled with the harmony of heaven. Our lives would have been beautiful indeed. We should have scattered blessings wherever we went. Our nights would have been passed in pleasant dreams, and each morning we should have awoke to enjoy the blessings of the coming day, and to cheer all who came within the atmosphere of our happy home. Such is the life which, in my fondest dreams, I had created for you. What could be more beautiful, Horace? But you did not choose to accept it, and oh, how terrible is the reverse! Your heartless conduct toward me is more than I can endure-it has driven me to the madness of despair! I love you no longer! In revenge I kill myself to kill LUCIANI MARIANI."

Horace read the letter over and over again that come? The envelope bore the stamp of the Paris post. He was able to interrogate only the letter itself.

Suddenly the idea came to him to question the Roche-Tarpelenne; so he went to seek her, and learned from her; that Luciani's letter was found the day after she left there, on the mantel, in the boudoir, and was afterward placed in the mail. He was further informed that on Sunday, Luciani, in a moment of solitude, embraced the opportunity to write this second letter to him.

CHAPTER XLIII. The Stricken Heart.

I had not seen Horace for a long time, when I met him, in the early part of last autumn, in the avenue of the Champs-Elysées. I was touched, even surprised, at his paleness. As he was alone,

"My dear Horace, I never expected to see you the victim of such sorrow."

He looked at me sadly, as he replied: "This is not a sorrow," said he, pressing my

hand; "it is a tomb. I have not six months to "Six months! In six months you will commence another romance in your adventurous life,"

T added. "No; my days of romance are over," said he; and then regarding me with a fixed gaze, he add-

"Was it not you who related to us the story of the Princess Sibylle, who, at every midnight hour, saw the apparition of her lover? Where

did you learn the story?" "I do not know; I believe I dreamed it." I re-

plied. "It is no dream; all you told us that day is true. If I were not afraid of being called a visionary, I would tell you what has occurred to me-to me, skeptic as I have been."

"Tell me," said I, "what has happened to you." "No; I fear you will laugh at me; besides, when daylight comes, I do not believe myself what I see during the night."

"Then you can safely tell me," I said.

"Are you very sure I have not lost my reason?

"Yes, monsieur; you belong, without doubt, to | This tragedy has been such a heavy blow to me, | the folds of that white dress floats before me—that | that I always feel the ground tremble under my feet," he responded.

"I believed you still in Burgundy, with your family."

"I remained there only three or four days. They wished to console me, but I would not be consoled. I love my sorrow, and I bury myself in it with gloomy pleasure: Ah, my dear friend, what a woman Luciani was! You saw only her visible beauty; I saw her soul-a soul of fire and light; I am baffled and consumed by it, when I think of the happiness I let pass when it was within my grasp. Now I am enveloped in clouds!"

"Happiness is often like an imaginary castle, which vanishes when we are about to enter it," I suggested.

"Happiness," said he, "is a house open in the evening to all those who have not thrown away the day. Idleness has killed more men, in a year, in Paris, than fell at Sebastopol. I have a horror of myself. I know not how I have kept my friends or my liberty, or why God has not struck me with a thunderbolt, for in this fatal passion I have been all cowardice. It was not Luciani's hand, but mine, that struck the fatal blow to her heart. Ah! the customs of society make it more fashionable to sacrifice women. It is in vain that they have the heroism to die for us. We laugh at them in a careless manner, and we slur them in our speech."

As he ended he struck the lower branches of a beautiful horse-chestnut violently.

"My dear Horace, I am not one of those who onsole; I leave that to time, for in time we find hope which gives us courage to live. After passion comes curiosity. You have played your game of life like a child. Mademoiselle Mariani was a true woman that you should have married with the most holy love. There is nothing left for you now but to travel. You love pictures; go and pass the winter at Venice!"

"You do not know what you are saying; it is at Venice that Madame Mariani has buried her daughter-for Luciani always said she wished to hear the waves of the Adriatic beat against her tomb," replied Horace.

"I know very well what I said; it is because Mademoiselle Mariani is at Venice that I would have you go there. Weifind consolation as well as sorrow, when near the tomb of those we love."
We finally reached the circle, in our walk, when Horace, in spite of himself, mixed in with the crowd, and saluted some of his acquaintances on the way.

A regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were going into barracks at Courbeine, passed through the avenue.

"If war breaks out," said Horace, "I will be a soldier, this winter."

"I have ere this known you to be almost a monk. Why do you not forget yourself in study "Forget?" he ejaculated.

He pressed my arm a second time, as if with a

shudder, exclaiming: " Luciani's brother!"

In truth, I perceived M. Hector Mariani at the head of his company.

"Poor Hector! if I only dared ask him about his mother," said Horace. "Await me here and I will speak with bim."

I then approached and shook hands with the oung captain.

"Ah! is it you?" said he. "Do you ever see Horace?"

"Yes, How is Madame Mariani?"

"I have just come from Venice. My mother will not be consoled. She has had a monument sculptured for my sister, by Rinaldi. I am almost afraid she will sleep there herself. Poor woman! she was once so gay! As for me, I console myhe might fully understand it. From whence did it self with the thought that I shall soon die for Italy. The day that you hear that the blood of Venice is shed at Lombardy, you may write my epitaph, for I wish to give and receive the first blow.

I bid adien to Hector-and it proved to be my last, for he died at the hour he wished. And then I returned to Horace, feeling sad. "Well, what news have you?" said he to me.

" Madame Mariani sadly mourns for her daughter.'

"Oh! if I dared, I would run and throw myself into Hector's arms; how much good it would do me," said Horace, and large tears came in his eyes.

CHAPTER XLIV. Apparitions.

Horace became silent; his, mind reverted to the past. I essayed in vain to divert him from his anguish. Having arrived before my door, I invited him to dine with me.

"Yes," replied he, " for I have not the courage to return and dine at my own house. And then, night is coming on, and I am afraid of the night when I am alone.'

We walked in and I found another friend waiting for me. The dinner hour passed pleasantly; but on leaving the table, and passing through a saloon dimly lighted by two little candlebras with three branches, Horace suddenly fell into his nightly melancholy. "You have not told me your visions." said I.

with an air half curious, half sympathetic.

He had just seated himself; but arose and placed himself before my friend and myself.

"Listen, then, and judge for yourselves whether I am foolish. During the hours which have followed the death of Luciani, I have constantly seen her before my eyes, open or closed; I see her deathly pale, in her white dress, bathed in blood; and her beautiful eyes, so deep and sweet. I raise my eyes to heaven, I strike my forehead, I beat my breast, I even wish to die. Why I did not die at the time of the duel was because I had two duels to fight. God has condemned me to live. I shall only die in battle. In the street, on the route to Versailles, in the woods at Mendon, everywhere,

robe of despair which was the real winding-sheet of Luciani.

When I struck her brother, and when I struck the Captain of the Zouaves, I saw her all the time. It seemed to me that the blood I shed mixed with the blood she had shed. I wished but to die. If I did strike Hector, it was with a blind hand; but it is not of that I have to tell you this evening. Twice wounded myself, I returned to my house, more than ever decided to die; not wishing to consult a doctor, not even wishing assistance from my valet.

After having been to bid adieu to Luciani, at the Lyons depot, I finally went to bed. The first night I saw Mademoiselle Mariani's face in the glass." "A downright vision!"

"Listen," he continued. "The second night, though I had a volcano in my head, and hell in my heart, still I slept soundly. The clock striking twelve awoke me. All at once I heard a noise at the door, and I saw, coming toward me, the pale figure of Luciani, chastely enveloped in her white robe. She advanced even to my bed, bent over me, and then disappeared."

"Every one has seen such sights when suffering with a fever, my dear Horace," I said, rising to get

a cigar. "I expected that explanation," said Horace, with a bitter, yet sad air. "It was the fever, you say; I wish it had been. During fifteen nights in succession, I was visited by the same apparition. But I was sick, and perhaps my mind was sick. But for ten months-even to-day-when I know what I'm about, and know what I say. I always see Luciani coming when twelve o'clock strikes, whether I am at my house or elsewhere, at Tortoni's or at the Opera. Can you explain that away?"

"That is very simple; you have Luciani continually in your heart, thus you see her."

"It is not a play of my imagination, for I see her appear even when I am not thinking of her. Yesterday I was at the Medley, for I do not know how else to kill time. It was midnight when the curtain rose for the last time; when lo! amid all the other scenes, I saw Luciani washing away the stains of blood, in water!"

"I believe all you tell me; but I assure you, if you wish to remain here till midnight, you will not see Mademoiselle Mariani appear. I am afraid, my poor Horace, that the legend I so foolishly recounted at Castle Favorite was the first cause of all these visions. Do you wish that I should tell you a secret: there was not a word of truth in that legend."

"It was like all legends. There are some stories which are merely stories, if one believes firmly in the visible and palpable world, but which become histories, ofttimes terrible, when one ventures in-

to the spirit-world," replied Horace. "My dear friend, the legend of the Favorite is a legend like the others, for I

went along." "A beautiful lie. You wish to make me believe

in your imagination." "Seriously though, did you attach the least belief in those copper pans dancing the surabande when twelve o'clock sounded, or in the spectre of Captain Wilfred, who came, like the statue of the Commander, to seat himself at the table of the Margrave Sibylle?"

"Yes, I believe in all that." " You who laughed so heartly at the fear of the old soldier, who was not afraid of Napoleon's grenadiers, and who died of fright in seeing pass gravely before him, hand in hand, the apparitions

CHAPTER XLV. Midnight.

of the Princess and Captain!"

The evening journals having been brought in,

the conversation changed to other subjects. Toward eleven o'clock the friend who had dined with us took his hat, and asked Horace if he was going on to the Champs-Elvaces. Horace replied he would remain a little later, hoping to escape through me, his nocturnal visitant. I was the first friend to whom he had confided the secret of Mademoiselle Mariani's visitations. I had reassured him in spite of himself, and he now only half believed in phantoms.

About half-past eleven, as we were turning over some old engravings together, he bowed his head and dropped asleep. I contemplated then, without disturbing him, the ravages sorrow had made with him. That fine boy, so lately in robust health, who could defy all the follies of youth without being contaminated, was now a broken reed. His hair, which formerly was dressed so tastefully, was now thin, and fell loosely on his shoulders. His face, which I had always seen lightly tinted by generous blood, was now more like marble than flesh. Everything about him revealed the effects of a deep, if not mortal, wound. I promised myself I would not awaken him, at least not before half-past twelve, to prove to him that he was not master of his imagination. I stopped the clock, that it might not awaken him by striking, and to deceive myself in the bour. But, to my great surprise, a few seconds before twelve o'clock, midnight-for I had just looked at my watch-he opened his large, expressive eyes, and looked toward the door of the saloon.

"Well!" said I gaily to him, "you did not see Mademoiselle Mariani enter?

His face had become more severe than ever. One could see in his expression the workings of his heart. "It is strange," said he; "did you not hear a

noise at the door?" "You have been dreaming, my dear Horace; it

was the noise of the engravings as I put them in the portfolio."

" No, listen again!" said he.

He spoke with an air so convincing that I allowed myself, I confess, to be carried away by his emotion.

"I tell you it is not midnight yet," said I, in a careless but faltering tone.

The truth was, it lacked but a few minutes of midnight.

"Behold her!" cried he, raising his arms. "Do you not see her? all in white! Ah, my dear, I am so unhappy!" and he threw himself into my

arms, bathed in tears. "I have told you truly that I always see her everywhere. Do you not smell a sepulchral odor around us?'

"It is only the smell from the old engravings ve turned over an hour ago."

"Have you seen nothing?" he inquired.

"Nothing. For the good reason that I am more wake than you are!" I answered Horace rather heedlessly, for I was quite interested in the saloon door, which was half open; but I said nothing to Horace about it,

"And that door-who opened it then, if it was not lier?" "That door?" said I, "Edward probably did not close it when he went out, and a current of

yet he did not fail to remark aloud:

air has opened it." "You will own," said he, "at least, that it is very strange that such a miracle should take place at

midnight?" "I have already told you it was not midnight Look at the clock!"

"The clock does not go; look at my watch."

His watch indicated one minute past twelve.

CHAPTER XLVI. The Dead Move Quickly.

Horace now decided to go, and we descended together. I went with him as far as the obelisk that I might breathe the fresh air. I was not frightened, since I had seen nothing; but I was oppressed by a thousand and one Hoffmanestic

Some days after I met Horace at Tortoni's.

"Are you alone?" said I to him. 'Yes," he replied. "I await my hour here, for have not the courage to remain at home till midnight."

"You will not have to wait long, for I believe it is midnight now."

"No; the hour has not arrived yet. I do not need to look at my watch to know when it comes.

Will you take a sherbet?" We were seated on the steps. The day had been warm; the carriages which came from the woods and through the Boulevards, passed with much noise. Prince ---, whom we had known at Baden, was seated at the next table, and pretended to recognize those who passed in their carriages. He made a witty inventory of all the fashionable people who begin at the Opera and finish at the Triumphal Arch; naming over Prince Ghiko, Madame Manœl de Grandfat, the Spanish Ambassador, Mademoiselle Ogi, M. Camille de Polignac, the Duke de Guiche, Madame Mariani

and her daughter. "Silence!" said I seizing his hand; "did you not know that Mademoiselle Mariaini was dead?"

"No; I have just landed from America." Horace had seized my other hand. It seemed as cold as marble.

"Ah, well!" said he to me, "what do you think of the new apparition, for it has just struck twelve, and I saw, as well as your neighbor, Luciani Ma-

riani and her mother pass by." "You have only seen two women in a carriage," said I. "I saw Luciani I tell you. I will not assert

that the other woman was Madame Mariani, but I recognized Luciani as she turned toward me and showed me her blood-stained dress. Adieu. we will speak no more of this, for I do not like people who have eyes and will not see." "We will speak no more of this," said I, "but

come and dine with me to-morrow. 'You live too far from me," he replied. "But it will give you a good appetite to walk so far.' "I will invite you both to dinner with me," said

the Prince. "After dinner we will go to the circus to see the dogs perform." Horace left after having accepted the invitation. After he was gone, I asked the Prince seriously

he thought he saw Mademoiselle Mariani pass. "Most assuredly. There is not another face in Paris like Mademoiselle Mariani's." "Do you believe in apparitions?" said I.

"Perhaps. But since you and Horace are going to dine with me to-morrow, we shall see whether it is necessary to believe."

CHAPTER XLVII. Do Spirits Re-visit the Earth !

The next day, at seven o'clock, I met Horace on the stairs of the Prince's residence. His face had no longer its beautiful clearness, but was paler than the day before. "Do you suffer?" said I, pressing his hand.

"No," he replied. "At least, I do not know as I suffer: for I have no longer the sense of feeling. But I am wrong, for I feel my heart beat. The Prince dwells high up for a Prince."

"He is right. As for me, I should like to be able to live on a mountain." "Oh yes! I should not be surprised some day to see you living on the platform of the Triumphak

Arch," replied Horace. I had just rung, when a young lady who had followed near us, begged us to come to her assistance, as she was not able to come up any higher.

Horace looked at her without descending a step-"It is astonishing!" said he to me; "do you not, think she resembles poor Luciani?" "Not much," said I; "unless it is because she

is brown and white. It is Mademoiselle Armande: do you not recognize her? We dined with her at the little Moulin-Rouge." The lady had now reached us. She took Hor-

ace's hand and placed it on her heart; he withdrew it as if he had found Mademoiselle Mariani's there. The prince awaited us with a princely dinner, and wine that tasted of the vine and cellar.

During dinner we neither spoke of Baden, Castle Favorite, Mademoiselle Mariani, or even the opera where Mademoiselle Armande danced.

We spoke perhaps of the Hottentots, and their future generations, but I do not remember. After dinner, the lady asked for the Prince's carriage, to pass an hour at the Opera, to discourage her best friend, who was going to make her debut.

"Now that there are only strong minds here;" said the Prince, after having sent away the danseuse, "the moment has arrived to speak about Horace's apparitions. I have never believed in coming back, or spectres; for the German doctors do not confound these two words."

And the Prince, who was learned, spoke lengthily on all the mystagogical controversies, philosophical writings on demons and astrologers, spectres and coming back to earth.

We read that the Egyptian priests, on the days of sacrifice, made the earth tremble, and inanimate things walk about, like "table tippings" of to-day. But the Egyptian priests studied physics more than metaphysics. I do not wish to deny the existence of what one meets on each page of the poets of antiquity: Manes, umbrae, simulacra. Christianity, at the present day, has peopled the churches and cemeteries with wandering shades, who await the resurrection of the body. The devil, with his hoofs, has peopled the forests with sorcerers and hobgoblins. Plato and Aristotle, Luclen and Pliny, were not certain that they did not believe in spirits, for they relate to us the history of spectres; Romulus was more frightened at the shade of Remus than of all the people on the earth; Cresar did not love nocturnal reveries; Turenne laughed at apparitions at noon, but would not venture into a church or cemetery at midnight; Hobbes, who did not believe in a God, believed in ghosts; the King did not dare walk at night, even at the Palais-Royal, saying that, if the day did belong to the spirit, the night belonged to the spirits.

We took each in turn the laboratory of Faust and the cabinet of Swedenborg.

"As for me," said I, "I believe only in solar visions."

"And I," said Horace, trying to laugh, "I believe in the man in the moon." 'And I," said the Prince, " believe that the im-

agination-like dreams-when it is not bridled by the steel bit of reason, plays us many impossible comedies.'

'Do you think I'm a fool?" cried Horace, with impatience.

No indeed," I replied; "but your heart is wounded, you fall back on yourself, and love gloom. Some morning, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in six months, perhaps in a year, you will be astonished at all the visions which have peopled your solitude."

Horace shrugged his shoulders, and walked out on the balcony.

"He is not mad, but he will become so," said the Prince to me. "I have an idea. Mademoiselle Armande will return in an hour. She resembles Mademoiselle Mariani in a vague manner. She has a dress of white crape; I will tell her to dress her hair in the antique style, like Luciani's."

"He will not mistake her," I interrupted. "Perhaps. At midnight she will open the door and pass through the large saloon, which will be dimly lighted. Horace will hear her open the door; as soon as he sees her appear, he will not fail to cry out that it is Mademoiselle Mariani."

"I understand; then we will all laugh at him." "I know I risk considerable, for I may reap the vengeance of the spirits; but I truly think it is necessary to deliver Horace from them.'

CHAPTER XLVIII. The Spirit and the Mortal.

Toward eleven o'clock some one rang; it was Mademoiselle Armande. The Prince left me with Horace, and went to prepare his comedy. When he returned, Horace had taken his hat and cane

"Wait a moment," said the Prince, "and I will accompany you. I have promised Armande that I will take her to one of her friend's to supper."

It lacked half an hour of midnight. We had much difficulty in renewing the thread of conversation, which had been broken off twenty times. We returned, however, without desiring it, to apparitions, after having spoken of horses, the chase and castles. We spoke of the ancient castle in the wood, where the sleeping beauty was able to awake, after a century of sleep, without finding that manners, customs and ideas had changed much.

"Yes," said Horace, always engrossed by one idea, "that was the good time when the portraits of our ancestors detached themselves from their frames to converse with their grandchildren; and the nymphs came to warm themselves by the fading embers."

In the meantime the hand on the clock marked one minute of twelve. For some moments we had noticed that Horace was endeavoring to conceal his agitation. He arose as if to escape from himself, or rather to repulse the legion of spirits that surrounded him.

. As soon as the clock struck one of the melancholy number, Horace raised his head and listened. The Prince appeared to be reading a journal. I leaned my elbows on the table, as if lost in reverie. The clock continued to strike twelve times. At that instant, Horace, who had been walking in the saloon, stopped short as if he had heard an unaccustomed noise. It was the door of the second saloon which opened. Mademoiselle Armande passed with the lightness of a danseuse before the glass. It was not a woman, it was a vision, with its white robe and paleness, for she had painted her face.

As soon as we saw her appear, Horace threw his hands over his eyes with fright.

"Oh my God! this is horrible!" cried Horace. We wished to laugh, but he froze us with astonishment in saying to us: "It is horrible! There were two !"

CHAPTER XLIX.

A Talk on Immortality and Spirits.

I took his hand, and wished to conduct him to Mademoiselle Armande; but he repulsed my hand and recoiled, in his fright, to the further end of the saloon. Mademoiselle Armande came toward us, herself frightened by Horace's cry. She was also displeased with the role they had made her play-for she believed in apparitions.

"Monsieur Horace, do not be afraid of me; it was a simple comedy," said she.

Horace took a step toward the danseuse. I am not afraid of you," said he, trying to smile; "but I am afraid of the one who followed you."

"Is it possible that you saw two women?" "I swear it by my mother!" said Horace. "Tell me I am mad, if you like that better, but I repeat that when the door opened, I saw, little by little, two white forms appear-I saw the face of Mademoiselle Mariani twice. Now that I recognize Mademoiselle Armande, I can explain this double vision. You wished to cure me, but you have only made me worse."

And turning toward us he said: "What do you say to this, Messieurs skep-

And again our conversation turned upon the

regions of the unknown. "The invisible world is invisible only to those who do not know how to see," said Horaco; "but the great wall of China did not hinder the Chinese from seeing the Tartars. It is necessary to be initiated to have the disposition to see. The Jewish cabalist forced the material souls of the dead to return to earth at his command. But now they return alone when they wish for vengeance, justice, or to predict misfortune."

"It is true," said I; "remorse is not only in the soul of the criminal, but all around him. The avenging shades will pursue him until he falls on his face to the earth in absolute repentance."

"'Be ready to avenge me when you have heard me, said the ghost to Hamlet. All the poetsthose cabalists of another order-thus bring the ghosts of the victims, to demand vengeance, as though death had not delivered them from criminal deeds. But all this, my dear Horace, is poetry. Why discuss the hallucinations of these opium-eaters, as we call poets?"

"It is but a step from life to death," said the Prince; "and it is no further from death to life. In the dark ages, they believed so much in the relation between the living and the dead, that they went so far as to authorize marriages between the dead and living."

"You will not believe it," said Horace, "but still in my waking dreams I seem to see myself with Luciani-I living, she dead-sweetly reunited in divine marriage, how, I cannot explain. I shall not live long, for Luciani calls me, and I hasten to depart!"

CHAPTER L.

Hornce's Will and Confession.

The next day Horace returned to Burgundy, where, as has already been stated, he had passed some days endeavoring to find renose of mind. In vain did he try to adant himself to the family life. His father gave him his dogs and gun; his mother nursed him tenderly, and he often dropped asleep with her caresses; his sister, who was about to be married, endeavored to create around him a world peopled with youthful hopes; she made him promise to dance at her wedding. But all was of no avail, for he had only been eight days with his family, when he fell sick, never to recover. His illness lasted two months, during which time he wrote me two letters, which were, so to speak, his confession and his will.

The following is the closing of his second letter dated January 23d:

"Do not forget to come to my funeral. At the present time, my four doctors, who are like the doctors of Molicre, are discussing in my room the war with the Indies. They also dispute about the tail of the comet; the two oldest assert that the one in 1811 was much the longest. How true it is that things in the past have an advantage over those in the present. All my dear friend, it is sad to leave this world. But it is sad to remain in it when one has illy played the game of life. Now, I am about leaving it: if you wish to say adieu to me, come the day after to-morrow, before midnight, for that will be my last hour. I do not need to tell you that I die a Spiritualist; but rest assured, I shall never return. Luciani said to me, 'I go, but I shall return.' I go in my turn that she may return no more. Have you read the Revelation of Saint John? God promises the great visionist that he will show his love to the elect. He will reward them according to their works. 'I will give them,' said God, 'the morning Star.' I feel that I am going to the morning Star. Who gloom of the tomb. Aurora will awake me with her reseate fingers!' I also believe in the morrow -the white aurora with its reseate fingers-it is Luciani who calls me. Do not enter the church of Swedenborg, unless you wish, but do not laugh on the threshold. The doctrine of Swedenborg rests on science and philosophy, To die, with celestial spheres. Swedenborg is not the only ter than to help their father, in the mill! man who has progressed into the interior condition. There are many visionists or mediums who possess that gift. Each man has in him the spirit of the future. It is only necessary to evoke it it is only necessary to furnish it with a suitable medium to receive the oracle. Swedenborg saw much, because he loved much. Love is the window of the soul; when that window is opened, light enters; 'that light,' says Swedenborg, 'is God himself.' If you sometimes speak of Mademoi- for by some one else. selle Mariani, say that she had a beautiful soul, dear friend, how I have loved her since she died! vorite, that I should have killed that poor Lucitiny! if I had not broken the bank that day, I Mariani. If I had had a spade instead of the queen of hearts, I should not have met her. Then some nobler man would have married her—she would have given her own beautiful soul to her

Horace died, as he had predicted, on Saturday, at midnight. Was Mademoiselle Mariani avenged? Written for the Banner of Light.

dred francs to the first poor person you meet."

where my father awaited me, and feeling ashamed

life; then my mother would not have buried her

face in her hands to weep as she now does.

the age of twenty-six. If number twenty-six

comes up, you will give three thousand six hun-

AT EVENING. BY S. B. KEACH.

The sun shines bright o'er field and lake, Forest and meadow fair; My heart beats fast, for Nelly's sake, With her the scene I share. But not the dearest time for us Is it, when earth is lighted thus, To-night the moon will gently glide

Adown the silvery sky, Melting in soft light far and wide, O'er earth, and her, and I. Not then, although the scene I deem

Fairer than earthly poet's dream. But when the heaven seems bending near, And earth seems nearer heaven-

This is the hour to us most dear-The sacred hour of even. We love it, shining from afar, The bright and tender evening star.

No statue that the rich man places estentatiously in his window, is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for father, when his day's labor is done.

Written for the Banner of Light. SINCE MOTHER DIED!

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Oh, memories sweet of my childhood home, Swiftly ye glide o'er the waves of Time! Again I sit with the loved ones there, And mother is still in that dear old chair. Yet sad is the music of memory's chime Since mother died. Oh, mother!

My father loved in those golden days To lift the wee ones upon his knee; But his smile went out, leaving lines of care-The silvery threads have crept into his hair. Oh, bitterly sad is that home to me Since mother died. Oh, mother!

And where, oh where are the cherished ones now? Four of our number have joined her there, One leads his braves in the cause of right. One comforts the dear old man to-night: Her babe-he has grown a man of care, Since mother died. Oh, mother!

One, pale and delicate all his youth, Now prospers well in his happy home; And one—she erred, but we love her yet, And the days of her innocence never forget, For we know how often the sorrows come, Since mother died. Oh, mother!

And I-each hearth hath its wandering one. Ah, mel are the home-joys forever flown? Often I sigh for a kindred's love, And would fly to that ark like a fugitive dove.

Yet why do I murmur, "Alone! alone!" Since mother died?

Oh, mother! For oft when the shadows of twilight fling The breath of the evening upon my brow, Or the midnight-hour with its wild unrest. With throbbing head to the pillow pressed, I have felt the thrill of those voices low, Since mother died.

Oh, mother! Oh, blessed light from the spirit-loves. Hovering over to guide and cheer, How ye banish the terrors of life or death!

Ah, they come again with the night wind's breath! Welcome! thou forms that are ever near Since mother died! Oh, mother!

Children's Nepartment.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Of may be if they will, and we prepare, Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LEION HUNT.

SUNSHINE:

ONE OF CATIE ROBERTS'S DAYS.

A poor miserable life they lived down in Sawmill hollow, those Roberts. There were six of them. First the old grandfather, who seemed to know nothing but just the best way to make other people uncomfortable. He was always complaining, and talking about his aches and pains, and the was the poet who said, in the presence of the bad weather. He thought that all the trouble that he had was caused by the weather. The wind was always "getting round North," which he thought the unlucky point of compass.

Then there was Mr. Roberts himself, who thought of but little except the saw-mill and the best way to tend it, and who would be the next President. Robert and James, or Rob and Jim, as they were him, was to be born again-to continue to live. called, were his sons, and they were rough boys A clairvoyant and seer, he could look into who liked to fish in the brook better than to go to eternity and tell what was taking place in the school, and to run away and have a day's fun bet-

Besides these there was the woman to do the work. Sallie by name, who never spoke kindly to any one, but washed the dishes and swent the rooms as if they were disobedient children that she was obliged to knock about or thresh to make obey her. And lately there had come into this family, Catie, a cousin to the boys, a sweet, happy, loving child, whose mother had gone to the spirit home, and whose father had left her to be cared

What could Catie do in such a household as that? for she died with the heroism of Lucrèce. Ah! every one said who knew of her going; and sure enough what could she do, but learn to fret, like Who would have believed, last year, at Castle Fathe grandfather, and to scold like Sallie, and to be rude like the boys? We shall see. For every ani and that in turn she would kill me! Oh! des- one you know has an influence, and it must be for good or bad. It was a bright October day, after should not have fallen in love with Mademoiselle Catie had been a few weeks in the family and had become accustomed to the ways of its members, when she sat upon the doorstops thinking of something her mother had told her-it was this: "If would have been happy in marriage—and she you let the sunshine of your heart be felt you can make a glad summer any time." To be like that children. I should have returned from Paris, to beautiful October sunshine seemed to Catie very good and very beautiful, and so her heart sent up of my idleness, would have entered on a useful a little prayer, that was only a wish; but good wishes are our prayers. "I wish I could be like the sunshine," was Catie's prayer; and it came Adieu! adieu! If you return to Baden, put five from a sincere, good heart, and a beautiful angel louis for me on number twenty-six. I shall die at heard it, drawn close to the little girl's side by her love, and this good angel tried to put other beautiful wishes into the heart of the little girl as she sat there in the sunshine, and so she began to think what she could do to make other people happier.

It was a bad place to try in, for it seemed as if there was no chance at all of peoples' being happy in that house, but as sunshine does not wait for a good time to begin, so love does not, but sheds its blessing continually.

"Oh dear," said the grandfather, coming to the door, "what a frost there was! wind north. I'm half frozen, shut that door Catie. I believe you young folks'll be the death of me."

"Oh no, grandpa," said Catie, "I'm going to be the life of you. Just see here what a handful of chestnuts I've gathered, and I'm just going to boil them real soft for you. Don't you like chest-

"Guess I do, when they're boiled; but you can't boil them, Sallie's getting breakfast." "Indeed, guess you can't, miss, it's late now

get out of my way!" "Well, I can set the table for you, and that'll help some, and then I know you'll let me have that bright tin to boil them in."

"Guess I shan't, miss, its just scoured, and chestnuts'il make it black as iron."

"Well, then, that other one; that's a good Sallie, please do, and I'll scour every knife for you, and run for the wood, and pick up some apples to bake. Say, will you, just to please grandpa?" "Well, spose I must; but don't tease, I hate

teasing."

tleman, as Rob and Jim entered, leaving it open, to-day, for there are lots of nines in my lesson." "or I'll teach you somothing."

"Hurrah for old bones!" said Rob, not minding to shut the door.

the dishes on the table. "Jim," said Rob, " we'll go a fishing as soon as

breakfast is over; I saw some splendid pickerel that came from the pond."

"But father said he 'd lick us if we went again," replied Jim.

But then you know he won't he'll only scold, and who cares for that, besides, he won't know; who'll tell him? and he'll think we are at school. We'll go up the hill that way, and then take a turn round by the big rock. You need n't be listening-listeners never hear any good of themselves," said Robert, as Catio came near.

"I was only going to say," said Catie, "that you might take my new book to school, you know you wanted one, and if you'll go when I do I'll good lesson; but here's the school-house, and help you all the way, so Dick sha'n't get above you again. Will you? and then we'll stop on the hill and gather beechnuts, as we come back!"

"Will you, though, Catie? Well, that's a nice girl. I wanted a new book more than anything." "We won't go a fishing to-day, will we, Jim? Let's wait."

"Breakfast's ready," called Sallie; "go and call

your father." "Go yourself, old one."

"No; let me go, said Catie, "I do so like to run down the hill in the sunshine!" "Do you, though? Well, I'll go, too," said Rob.

When breakfast was over, Catio put on her chestnuts, and then scoured the knives, and ran for Sallie's wood, and was all ready for school long before the boys were.

"Oh dear," growled grandpa, "I do believe the wind's getting round north, I kind o' feel it in my bones."

"Oh no," said Catie, "I see the leaves blowing from the south. Only see them, don't they look like flashes of sunshine? See here, I've fixed your chair in the other room, instead of in the kitchen, and I've put your spectacles on the window seat, and the last papers; and if I'll bring you a nice piece of wood won't you cut me out a handle? I'm going to make Sallie something nice to wash dishes with, and don't mind if you strew the pieces on the floor, I'll brush them up when I get home; and then if you only would go out with us at noon and tell us about the apples, which are

the sweetest and best." "What a child that is," said the old man to himself, after she had left. "Really, it makes me feel young, just to hear her speak. It is n't more than half as cold when slie's near, and somehow it seems as if the rooms were brighter since she came. I keep going back to the days when I was a boy, as I see her; dear me, how old I am! Wonder what folks growold for; nobody likes old folks, and old folks like nobody. Now, I'm just going to scold Catie and see what she 'll say."

"What did she put my chair there for? Move it quick, the light will blind me. Shut the door quick; you children are all the time trying to trouble me!"

"Why, grandpa," said Catie, gently, "I put your chair there just so you could see the old meeting-house steeple on the hill, and be sure the wind didn't get round north before I got back; and I left the door open to let in the warm air from the kitchen. Only see here what a nice stick I found, and here's the chestouts all done, and now I'm away to school. Don't forget to eat the chestnuts every one, so I can get some more."

"Well, I declare, I won't try scolding that child again. She's just sure to get the better of me, love her, spite of myself, though I did n't mean to times six-one off of six leaves five, five and four making as nice a handle for that child as she ever saw, then I'll be grandpa no longer. Dear me, how pleasant it is in the sunshine. Who'd have thought it was so warm a day. Don't know but I will go out at noon. Wonder if I should get cold.''

Thus the old man talked to himself, and worked cheerily and faithfully, forgetting how old he was. if he'd try your way." Meantime Catie had run to the mill, to call the

boys to go to school. They can't go," said her uncle gruffly. "They ran away yesterday, and like enough they will to-day. Besides, I want them to help me.'

"But, uncle, we'll all help when we get home I'm ever so strong, and we'll roll the logs, or lift the boards. Only you let us all go to school to gether. Rob and Jim are almost at the head, and I'm going to help them, and then we'll hurry home at noon and help you."

"Go along, all of you. Women always would

ease the life out of one." "Now, Catie, I want to know," said Rob, as they went up the hill, " how you managed father. He said we should n't go, and we'd just planned a sad piece of mischief. We were going towell, I guess I won't tell you what, for fear you'll

"I should n't tell," said Catie; "that would be mean. But I don't want to know. I'm glad I got you away from trouble. Now say your lesson to me. Ten and six and five and four less nine are how many?". "Oh dear! who could tell that?" said Rob.

"I've got a real nice way," said Catie. "Suppose you gave me ten chestnuts, then six."

'That's sixteen," said Rob. "And then five, and then four?"

"That would make twenty-five." "And then you concluded to be mean, and take

back nine, just as many as the five and four, then I should have---"

"Why, sixteen, of course. What a goosey I was."

"You see you must n't be thinking about the hard figures all the time, but about Chestnuts and apples and roses. I had a real hard sum the other day, all about adding and dividing and subtracting, and I just said to myself, Suppose these were all lilies that I wanted to give to the girls, and so I added them and divided them, and it all came out just as easy as nothing. Now you try it again. Five and ten and nine, less six, are how

"Five fishes and ten and nine make twentyfour-just as many as I caught the other day, less six that I ought to have thrown away, that makes eighteen."

"Oh, how nice," said Catie. "Now I've got something to tell you about the nines that's so funny." "Oh, I hate the nines," said Robert, "I can't

ever tell how to add them or multiply them." "Well, I used to think the nines were just like great thistles that one can't touch without being

pricked, till I found how to take off the thorns, then they were as sweet as roses. You see, if I want to add a nine I just think how much ten would be, and that nine is just one less,"

ten are sixteen, one less is fifteen; that's right. still warm and pleasant, and the evergreens were

"Bhut that door, I say!" screamed the old gen- Oh, how clever! I know I shall get up to the head

" But that is n't multiplying," said Rob. "Oh, but that's just as easy," said Catie; "suppose I want to multiply six by nine: I take one Catle ran to shut it, and then finished putting off the six, which is five, then I know it's fifty something; then I add enough to the five to make nine, which is four; then I know it's fifty-four."

"Oh, that is n't plain at all," said James. "Now, just try," said Catie, "nine times eight are how many? One less than eight leaves seven, and seven and two make nine; so seventy-two is the answer."

But will it always come so," said Rob. "Yes," said Catie, " nine times five are fortyfive, and the five and four make nine; nine times nine are eighty-one, and eight and one make nine."

"Well, I declare, Catie, it's as pleasant studyng arithmetic with you as going a-fishing," said Rob. "I'll just see if I can't understand all you-'ve said, and then I'll surprise the teacher by my mum's the word now. But I mean to whisper to Dick the first chance I get."

"Oh no, Rob, do n't," said Catie; "if you won't I'll give you half the chesnuts I pick to night." "Well, I'll see; you're real good, anyhow, and won't make you feel bad."

When school was over the boys found Catie all ready for them.

" Now for the beech-nuts," said Rob.

"I remember I promised to stop with you, if you'd come to school, but I don't think it would be quite right for any of us, do you? There's grandpa-

"Who cares for him?" said Rob; "he's cross as fury, and does nothing but scold."

"But he's so old," said Catie. "Do you know I always think what I shall do when I get so old, and whether the young people will trouble me, and who will take care of me."

"But I do n't mean to grow old," said Jim. "We can't help ourselves if we live long enough," said Catie, "now just think of Rob with gray hair and a long cane, and a great, big coat, standing in the door, thinking about the weather." "Yes, and scolding everybody," added James.

"That is n't fair," said Catie. "I mean myself to be just as pleasant as I can be, so that people will say, 'There's Aunt Catie,' and so to be sure' that I am, I mean to begin now."

"But grandpa is so cross," said Jim, "and so unreasonable!"

"But," said Catie, "I've found a real nice way to make him pleasant; and if you'll promise to try it with me, I'll tell you." 'Can't be done," said Rob.

"We'll see," said Catie. "Don't contradict him, and, as soon as you can, tell him something pleasant and ask him to help you do something. You see, one day I was wondering what made grandpa fret so, and it popped into my head it was just the reason that I feel cross when I do n't have anything to do; everybody likes to be wanted, and likes to help.'

"But you can't make grandpa do anything, I'll bet," said Rob. "I shan't bet," said Catie, "for I never could

see the sense of it; but if you'll promise to help me I'll coax grandpa into the orchard this noon." "Well, we'll give up the beech nuts this time,

and have a good run down the hill." "But I want to tell you," said Rob, "how I got on with my arithmetic lesson: You know I've been behindhand because I staid out of school, but I determined to try your way, and as good luck would have it, we had lots of questions in the multiplication of nine. Dick stood above me, and when it came his turn the question was: 'A man carried nine geese to market for six days in succession, and sold them all except four; how bless her dear heart. I don't know but I shall many did he carry?' Then I said to myself, nine love anything more after my own Catie died. Oh | make nine; then it's fifty-four, and four off leaves, what a long time ago, and I'm so old. But I of course, fifty. So I got up on that sum above have no time to lose, for if I do n't keep busy Dick, and I'm going to school every day, if you'll coax father, Catie; it is so good that you are here!" "I did n't make out at all," said James, "in my

lesson."

"Did n't you understand?" said Catie. "Yes, I understood well enough, but-" I'm going to tell," said Rob, that girls did n't know much, and he 'd be darned

Ontie's lip grieved a little, but she said not a word at first. Soon a roguish smile came over her face. "Well, Jim, said she, "I think boys know a great deal, so I want you to explain something to me that I can't possibly understand though 've been trying for a good while."

"What is it?" said Jim, looking very important. "But you must promise to explain it to me as well as you can, or else I shall not tell."

"Well, I promise, 'pon honor," said James "What is it—you won't be angry, will you?"

" No. I won't. Catie." "Well, what is it to be darned?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Rob. "But I must ask you, too," said Catie, "for you say it so very often, and I suppose you mean something. Now I give ou till night to find out and tell me, for here's the hill, and we'll have a

good rup. Who'll beat?" And away ran Catie with a merry, happy laugh. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from "Blush Rose."

DEAR CHILDREN-The summer sun is casting his rays of light lovingly over earth, and giving: the trees their richest tinge of green, preparatory. to mixing them with the gorgeous hues of autumn; and now, as I sit in this summer sunset, shall I tell you a story of autumn? The summer term of school had closed, and our

vacation had been long; the bright leaves were falling, and with them the brown nuts, when one morning I had permission to spend the day with my dearest, best-loved friend, and her aunt. . How well I remember the gentle goodness of

Josephine. Never would she harm one of her, playmates, but was ever petting them, and sharing with them her choicest gifts. I think every one, both old and young, loved her, she was so good and kind, and you may well know how pleas. ed I was to spend the day where I could be with

I loved her Aunt Electa, too, because she told us pretty stories, and gave us clothes to dress our dollies, and planned for us many pleasant plays. Aunt Electa lived with her father and mother, and as lier mother was not always well, she had many things to do, and was always busy, so she would often let us help her, and learn us to do things as neatly as she could. We were with her this morning very early, and found her busily engaged finishing her morning's work—so we begged

leave to assist her. Giving us a towel, she gave us leave, and we neatly wiped and put away the breakfast dishes, and then swept the floor. How merrily we worked and played that morning, for Aunt Electa had promised to take us nutting in the afternoon. We waited as patiently as we could until after dinner, and then started for the woods. The leaves were "Let's see," said Jim, "six and nine: six and nearly all fallen from the trees, but the sun was still bright and beautiful, with now and then a affection, as well as a violation of the common frost flower peeping from beneath them, telling us that God's love for all is ever fresh, keeping yet alive some pure blossom, 'mid the dreariest autumn. I remember well the beautiful dell where we sought for nuts in the crisp brown leaves, and played among the pines and hemlocks that grew near the chestnuts.

There a little brook went singing on its way to a larger river. Its banks were soft and green with moss, and in its bed the smooth, white publics nestled and glistened in the autumn sunlight.

Just outside the trees, and 'neath their branchos, the grass was still green not yet withered by the frost, and above in the branches we could hear the autumn birds singing their soft, sweet songs, for they had not quite all gone yet to their sunnier Southern homes-and the little squirrels chirruping cheerily, as their bright eyes gleamed upon

It was a beautiful spot, just a fit place for an gels and children to visit, and I'd like to take you all there this bright coming autumn, that your tiny feet might press the green banks, and your hands pluck the frost flowers by the little river. We saw and played with Aunt Electa's black-oyed dog, Carlo, and Josephine's hunter, barking at the squirrels, and playing with us until we were tired. We had all filled our baskets with nuts, and now Aunt Electa said the sun would go down pretty soon, and it was time to go home, so off we started, talking all the way to the large chestnut grove near home, of the nice time we had had.

Here we saw Josey's mother come to meet us; and she told me I must hurry home if I wanted to see my little new sister.

Did you ever have a little brother or sister; and do you remember how anxious you felt to see it, and how you wished it would open its pretty eyes, and not cry when you kissed it so gently?

If you do remember all these things, then you will know how pleased I was to see the little tiny thing lying by mother's side, with its soft, golden hair, and sweet blue eyes. Oh, how I loved her then, as I touched her almost reverently. She was to me then, as ever since, a being pure and holy. In my next letter I will tell you more of her; and in the story you shall with me gather the lessons of her little life, as I gather them; for like Aunt Ratie's angel Lilly, she brings to me only thoughts of purity and gentleness.

Dear children, I hope it may be as pleasant for you to read these letters as it is for me to write them; that they may bring to you lessons of wis-

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS. SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS. SECOND SECTION CONTINUED.

THE PERPETRATIONS OF DEPRAVITY.

MARITAL INCONTINENCE, the third social manifestation of Concupiscence, is the principal agent of its perpetuation. Inordinate appetence is brought up from the animal sphere of Nature out of which mankind are born; then it is nurtured by intemperance, especially by flesh-eating, as well as by habitual truckling to its instigations; but loveless corpulation in marriage, or rather mismarriage—the bodily marriage of sinister motives is almost the only means by which lawless lust is pa rentively begotten and transmitted from one generation to another.

In legal matrimony a wife's person is presumed to be the property of her husband. Such are the social disabilities of a married woman, and such -the connubial prerogatives of a married man, as guaranteed by law, custom and religion itself, that the government of his sexual appetite within conjugal limits, is his own affair, and conjugal manners accord with his will and pleasure, whether ordinate or extravagant. When marriage happens to be born of mutual love, this disparagement of woman in the conjugal relation is harmless; the husband incurs no guilt, and the wife no wrong, from his lordly attitude. But when human love is wanting, and marital lust, constrained as it often is by pride of reputation, is the spring of, conjugality, then the wry advice of Paul, seconded by prim society and the god of jurisprudence, works a world of evil.

Yes, a world of evil. The seeming hyperbole is literal truth. I have named a source of all sorts of depravity; and though not the only source, it is almost as general as the propagation of the human species. This is the universal pretext of marriage; and yet, much as fathers love their children and mothers exult at their birth, it is more for the end of parturient pain than that one of a thousand has not "come by chance." "The unwelcome child" is the bastard of marital incontinence, It is also the harbinger of criminal character. Post-natal education may palliate the defects of pre-natal neglect; but it rarely tames the malignant progeny of a mother's chronic hate, and sometimes murderous attempts, in the sea-

son of her unwilling gestation. It is legislative magnanimity that marks woman's occasional ravisher as a capital felon. Is it legislative blindness, or the bribery of domestic interest, that has licensed rape in wedlock to the fill of marital lust? Here is Law vs. Law, as litigants hardly distinguishable, but anyhow amena ble to public opinion which is everybody's pupil especially the reformer's. Therefore I write with hope. There may never be a law of the land for the regulation of marital conduct, but I am sure there will be one in every husband's mind when the shall have learned, what for the present few are able to conceive, within what soulful restrictions of bodily appetence sexual intercourse is healthful and conjugally happifying. I will not now attempt to write this law, except my negative thought of it-that copulation in wedlock is

1. Whenever it occurs for the husband's sake alone. It often happens that the husband's power of physical love is greater than that of his nuptial partner: in which case she is ant to surrender her person out of a benevolent regard for his exacting pleasure, even to her own satiety. This is always unhealthful, and when prolonged or repeated to a habit, never fails to induce disease in the form of spinal weakness, catarrh, neuralgia, hysteria, leucorrhea, consumption, or other harbinger of premature mortality. It is sometimes the only rational exposition of that "mysterious Providence" which seems to overrule the matrimonial | Christian name as a policy of insurance against alliances of certain men who entomb their third or fourth wife before the climacteric of manhood.

2. Whenever it imposes, or endangers, an undesired maternity.

"There are two reasons for this decision. The

sense of justice, to compel a woman to endure the pangs of parturition, or assume the burden of child-hearing and the consequent cares and responsibilities of the nursery, when, for reasons best known to herself, she protests against it. It would seem that no husband who truly loves his

wife could be guilty of so foul an act. Yet thousands are, and there is no law of the land against this marital rape, which is every whit as wrongful as if perpetrated out of wedlock. The marriage-vow imposes no obligation on the wife to become a mother. Let the married understand this. The woman should not relinquish this most sacred of all her virginal rights, to say when, and whether if ever, she will endure the pains and perform the momentous functions of maternity; and this not exclusively for reasons which relate to her own welfare. The child of marital rape nust suffer a lack of maternal sympathy, if not the curse of a mother's hate, during the period of ntero-gestation, when her every feeling and emotion becomes an element in the evolving character of her offspring in embryo. It is this abuse of the conjugal relation which creates criminals and other unhappy personalities. I may add, therefore, that it is a prospective wrong to society, in proportion as this is rendered inharmonious by the constant generation of abnormal characters. These are hints toward the principles of social reformation, which I have no room to elucidate in this connection. But the reader is referred to a class of books in which their discussion is well commenced, especially those of Henry C. Wright, entitled "The Unwelcome Child." and "The Empire of the Mother over the Character and Destiny

3. Whenever the wife is already charged with the functions of a mother.

of the Race.'

Parents are the virtual makers of their children, The father imparts the vital germ of being, the molding of which is the work of the mother, This is done involuntarily on her part, and is due to the fact that her body and soul are the molds respectively of the body and soul of her offspring. But these molds are variable according to the mother's sensuous and emotional experience. It is for this reason, and no other, that the temporal states of the maternal mind and body are inwoven into the physical and mental character of her child; as Combe and other physiologists have lucidly maintained. From this abbreviated statement of science the inference is plain and logical that the conjugal embrace in the season of pregnancy is accompanied by the same workings of Amativeness in the fœtus as occur in the organism of the mother. The repetition of this error-crime it must be named, cannot fail to result in a preter-natural development of those organs of the back brain which collude with the sexual in the procreation of epithumetic love. This I conceive to be the principal cause of humanitary Concupiscence, whose social manifestations I have described at length, and from which I gladly turn at last to another, though still offensive topic.

IV. The Doings of Superstition.

I have come now to the last province of Depravity's infernal kingdom. Its word of designation is commonly uttered with great latitude of meaning, and in a way to imply a constant vagueness of conception. Lexicology reveals no philosophic use of this word, and philology no scientifle expression of that which is literally said to be super stans, or standing above-I know not what. The definition comporting with classic usage is given by Webster as follows:

"1. Excessive exactness or rigor in religious opinions or practice; excess or extravagance in religion; the doing of things not required by God or abstaining from things not forbidden; or the belief of what is absurd, or belief without evidence. 2. False religion; false worship. 3. Rite or practice proceeding from excess of scruples in religion. 4. Excessive nicety; scrupulous exactness. 5. Belief in the direct agency of superior powers in certain extraordinary or singular events, in omens and prognostics.

The intelligent reader cannot fail to see that the foregoing definition contains these three data: That the idea of its subject is almost wholly in volved in the matter of religion. 2. That the word itself stands for the conventional thought, which concerns the external manifestations of the thing, rather than its subjective reality. 3. That the essence of this is credulity. Therefore, in the vocabulary of a rational mind, Superstition is faith in fancy, or the exaggeration of belief to the effect of knowledge-an irrational assumption of assurance, whereby probability, and often a specious

credibility, is accepted for certainty. There are several subjective phases, and of course many objective varieties, of this intellectual depravity, as Superstition may be more expressvely termed. A love-suitor that hangs on a jilt for conjugal satisfaction, as the only alternative of hanging on a rope in desperation, is perhaps as superstitious, or intellectually deprayed, though not in the same predicament, as religionists who hang to a creed for salvation. A purchaser of plenary indulgence under Leo X., a modern Catholic feeing a priest or submitting to penance for absolution, and a Protestant candidate for baptism, are all victims of the same subjective fallacy, though their religious motives may be somewhat distinct. Whoever is afraid of a corpse, or thinks Friday is an unlucky day, has too much faith in fancy; and the religious clue to such freakish affections is obvious. But when a man steals a piece of meat to cure a wart, or, in eating cherries, swallows the stones to prevent the pulp from hurting him, or observes the weather of the twelve succeeding days of Christmas as prognosticating respectively that of each month in the ensuing year, there is the same exhorbitant belief against reason, perhaps with no religion in it These are examples of variety in superstition. But mankind have been most largely perplexed with its pseudo-theistic forms, and we in Christendom have suffered chiefly from its ecclesiastical fascinations in the name of Religion. For it will presently appear that Christianity is a great superstition, the most monstrous, indeed, that the

civilized world has ever embraced. This is very harshly said to such as cherish hereditary affections for the Christian faith and habitudinal proclivities to churchly ceremonies; who commonly imagine that Christianity includes morality, with all the goodly teachings of the worshipful Nazarene. But this vulgar apprehension is erroneous; since it is possible to lead a moral life without being a Christian; and since also Christianity is historically and essentially distinct from the Gospel of Jesus, which it has been the long "Mistake of Christendom" to confound with the later religion of Paul. Many naturally virtuous persons are induced by ecclesiastical insinuations to call themselves sinners, and to take the postmortal fire; and then all their good manners, which in fact are due to secular character, are irrationally ascribed to their faith.

But, in truth, Christianity is the very soul of priesterast—that apocalyptic "Mystery, Babylon first regards the right of the wife; the second, that | the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the possible child. It is an outrage of conjugat of the Earth," whom the world has seen "drunken

martyrs of Jesus," Of this body of Christianity I duced, or inducible, in three ways-by Christian do not speak, but of its animating principle—the parentage, by Christian nurture, and by Christian moving cause of all ecclesiastical nummeries, monstrosities and enormities.

This denuded soul of Christianity is an elaborate fiction, or a systematic combination of falsehoods, the principal of which are " the fall of Man," the plan of redemption," " the vicarious death of Jesus" and "salvation by faith" in these allegations of an irresponsible authority. To understand the theological import of these ecclesiastical phrases, or to know what dogmas of irrational assumption they represent, is to subject their whole system to derision, and insure its contemptuous expulsion from the human mind.

"The fall of Man" implies Jehovah's disaffection with all mankind through the disobedience of Adam and Eve. It is seriously affirmed that because "our first parents" were unable to withstand the wiles of a serpent in Eden, or had more faith in the plausible speech of an inferior creature of God than in the solemn admonition of their own Heavenly Father, in whose image they were created and of whose attributes they were endowed to human perfection—it is rather impiously said that, because of this weakness of His own work. the All-wise and All-worthy God repented of having made the first of mankind, and resolved to destroy them forthwith and forever. It is further declared of the Supreme Being that, though an arrangement has been made for the conditional restoration of mankind to His primitive favor, He is still "angry with the wicked every day," until they repent of Adam's sin and believe, in the superstructive matter of the Christian tenet. I say superstructive, because this allegation of God's cherished displeasure is the first principle or foundation of doctrinal Christianity; and therefore if that is untrue, the whole system is false by logical construction, though it were not essentially absurd. Now it comes to the light of rational investiga-

tion, that such a personage as the temporary lord of Eden never existed-that our first parents, instead of Adam and Eve, were the positive and negative forces of Nature, native to the contact of Spirit and Matter, by whose incessant transformations all things are born into consecutive being, of which Man is the earthly ultimate: that our first personal parents were a little less than human—the most humanish of ante-human brains; that Eden. too, is not a waif of history, but a prophecy of Hope and lesson of Progress, to be realized in the maturity of mundane and human nature. We learn that man has never fallen-has never incurred the displeasure of his Heavenly Fatherwas never in that predicament to which the plan of redemption applies. In fact, the world is not miraculously lost, and therefore there is no occasion for a miraculous Saviour. It turns out that the ecclesiastical Christ is a nullity-that Jesus did not die for Man or God's sake-that no Lamb of God was ever slain, because no sacrifice was ever divinely prized or humanly needed; vicarious punishment being unjust, remission of sins being impossible, and every soul being so morally and rationally constituted as to enjoy or suffer the fruit of its own doings, here and hereafter; so that Heaven is free for all in the measure that each has earned it. Therefore the doctrine of "Atonement" is either a priestly hoax or a penitential blunder, and Christianity is a complication of miracles—a manifold absurdity, if not the ugliest imposture that ever fooled mankind. This description must suffice. The reader who may desire a more thorough analysis of this sacred superstition, with an account of its Pauline origin, and the evidence of its perfect distinction from the Gospel of Jesus, is respectfully referred to my former work, entitled THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM." I go now to discover the moral effects of this long and widely

cherished misbelief. I do not pretend to say that nominal Christianity is entirely useless, or that the Church has affected nothing for the good of mankind in the name of her faith. I freely admit that clergymen have preached and laymen practiced morality, and that many Christians have sustained the character of good citizens. But I claim that this is in no wise impartable to religious error, or faith in fancy, but plainly to so much personal development as issues from other sources, and to so much moral principle as the clergy are thus moved to tolerate, whose preaching always savors more of faith in Christ than of the rational incentives to Virtue. From misbelief proceeds no righteous act. I insist on a rigid discrimination between what is falsely called Christianity, and its essential figments; and I mean only these when I say of this sheer implement of priestly arrogance and laic servility—

1. Christianity wars with Reason, by prohibiting investigation except within the narrow circle of its own assumption.

This fact is so externally manifest that nobody can ignore it who goes to meeting or has ever lived in a parish. The reason of it, too, is quite conceivable. Sacred assumptions admit of no question, because their very guise is mystery and their very essence implicit faith. To understand them would dissipate their sacredness and transforth them into profane truths or still profaner fallacies. But there can be no knowledge without inquiry, the germ of which is doubt-the very negation of religious belief. Believers are no doubters, therefore they cannot begin to know anything of the substance of their creed. Albeit, this rationale does not discover the substratum of implicitness whereby one believes without evidence; which none can do in a normal state of mind. For their is no such thing as a rational belief of what is absurd or im-

probable. Let us see. Belief is always something less than knowledge which, as Webster tells us, is "a clear and certain percention of that which exists, or of truth and fact:" whereas belief is merely "a persuation of the truth of something," whether it be real or imaginary-it may be with partial evidence or none at all. Perfect evidence is knowledge, which excels and supersedes belief. Partial evidence, or its preponderation when there are more reasons for thinking a proposition true than false, constitutes rational belief. But the belief of what is improbable or absurd is of course without any evidence, and implies not only disuse of reason, but its repulsion. The belief of Christians is thus irrational, and a perfect example of superstition. They believe through the principle of fear, because "he that believeth not shall bedamned." They do their best, indeed, to affect a worthier motive, but fail to realize or make it appear. The Christian system is accepted by its most zealous advocates only as a profound mystery which it is not lawful to pry into. And why not lawful? Because of an insuperable consciousness on the part of the most confident believer, that Revelation is at variance with Reason, and weaker than its adversary-that his faith is certain to be exploded by inquiry. And yet he clings to it as the only anchor of Hope. To a free-thinker who has never studied it, this religious folly is incomprehensible. Perlinus none but its freed victims know how to account for their former delusion. I happen to be of this unenvied class, and am writing what I have come to know

by experience. The substratum of Christian faith, or belief with-

with the blood of saints, and with the blood of the out evidence, is an insano mentality which is insympathy; the last resulting from Christianizing agencies, or those ecclesiastical methods of proselytism which are commonly styled "the means of grace." Every child of zealously Christian parents is born a Christian, and with just that sectarian bias which characterizes the mother's devotion. This is the proper key to all ecclesiastical affinities-the prime reason why one youth is attracted to this denomination and another to that, irrespective of both example and precept, and prior to the age of intellectual development enough to distinguish one creed from another.

For myself, I do not remember the time when I was not a Methodist, until that solemn epoch in my religious experience when I was rationally and conscientiously advised that I could worship no longer after the manner I had done for thirty years, without becoming a hypocrite! Here was he greatest cross of my life: to dissolve a membership which I prized in behalf of friendship, yet could not retain without a lie in my right handto cease from devotional exercises which I inveterately loved, but could not practice for Heaven's sake. I have never regretted having borne that last of my Christian crosses; but I have no pride in saying that I withdrew from the pale of the Church on tip-toe, as it were, as noiselessly as possible, not to hurt the feelings of my blind associates, of whom and most compassionated was my dear old mother, who lived and died in the same spell of devotion to which I was pre-natally affectioned. I honored Conscience, for the time, by burning the four certificates of good-standing which I had received from as many branches of the Wesleyan Order, with which I had been successively connected. Was it right thus privately to renounce my hereditary belief at the instance of later conviction? I supposed it was; but I have never been quite satisfied with my neglect to exhort my brethren in error. Wherever I read of others who have been kicked out of the Church on asking a gentle leave to withdraw. I am apt to wish I also had tested the quality of that sectarian followship which I probably sacrificed for more

than its worth. But I was a Christian by education as well as birth. My religious experience, as I now clearly see, was a long and variable effect of ecclesiastical associations. When I joined the Church I was too young to understand the terms of the creed which I embraced without a question or a shadow of doubt. My faith was never fathomed, but only felt. I ignored the fact that my professed conversion was the unwitting sussion of my religious associates, and that nothing but their prayerful solicitude in my behalf made me first a counterfeit sinner and then a conceited saint. The Holy Ghost, as with all such simple believers, became my familiar spirit; though I was no supersensuous seer, and knew as little of psychology as the

minister that christened me. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLAIRVOYANCE. .

BY J. M. JACKSON.

The clairvorant vision is frequently developed by human manipulation; but after the subject has sufficiently advanced under the influence of mundane magnetism, he has the power to enter upon the seeing plane by his own efforts, without the aid of a magnetiser. This, also, will depend upon the nature of the object to be investigated. Communications through a seeing medium often partake of his own peculiarities, and it is difficult o determine whether they arrive at their perceptions by their own exertions or by superior influence. It is believed that the power of seeing spirits resides in all mankind, but is very seldom active. In many it is suppressed by reason, as the brain can contend and resist, and in its natural state of vigilance it feels little or nothing of the spirit. Those who investigate the psychical phenomena developed by magnetism, may be of great use in furthering the interest of science and morality; they may demonstrate that there is an internal avenue to the mind, while it presents man to us, both in his relation to the spirit-world as well as to the natural. Placed by clairvoyance in direct communication with the spiritual world, rendered capable by the laws of his being of re-ceiving inspirations and intelligences from there, he thus becomes, as it were, a magnetic link in the chain of the vast spiritual creation, as by his organization he is still in direct relation with the mundane sphere. A great number of clairvoy-ants, when under influence, evince intelligence totally foreign to their own minds, capacity, or possible means of information, and do often proph-esy events which are to happen, and which do take place, in regard to matters with which they have no connection, and of which they have no knowledge. The reliability of spiritual impressions and visions depend upon the size and activity of the phenological development and health ity of the phenological development and health of the clairvoyant. A spirit in the body can awaken the dormant spiritual faculties by magnetism, so as to completely govern the soul and bestow on it an impetus that accelerates its progress in knowledge. Thus the operator produces a purely spiritual phenomena; and disembodied spirits aid him in the process. Phenology teaches that there is an organ in the brain they call vision, and by facts prove that those who have that orand by facts prove that those who have that or-gan sufficiently large, can see apparitions, lights, landscapes, and other objects not seen by other phosphorescent power lodged in the brain, so far will they be clairvoyant—according to this power will their visions be infallible or mireliable, clear or clouded. Other clairvoyants have the power to see visions in a globe of rock crystal; a mist slowly appears on its surface, in the midst of which scenes are depicted of the present, past, and the future

Clairvoyants are susceptible to atmospheric changes. One can see the best in a warm climate: changes. One can see the best in a warm climate; another would prefer a cold, clear atmosphere, where the air was bracing and the district hilly. All, however, are affected by their surroundings. If it is possible, clairvoyants who desire to increase their gifts should reside among people who are congenial to them. All corroding cares, whether of a domestic nature or not, disturb the brain; crowded and hearth grown and all exitebrain; crowded and heated rooms, and all excitements that jar upon the sensitive nerves of a clairvoyant, should be avoided. They must be treated like a delicate instrument, that even the gentle breeze of summer would disarrange, and convert its harmonious sounds into discord. There is nothing in Nature that will induce clairvoyance as quickly as frequent exercise in the open air. as quickly as frequent exercise in the open air. The sun's life-preserving heat has a great influence in the development. The rays of the moon will powerfully affect the seer. A sail on the water, with the moon shining down upon it, with its thousand reflections, is of the greatest advantage to the clairvoyant. It has been induced in certain conditions by standing on a bridge over a flowing stream. Thus can be called into aid, air, the rays of the sun and moon, water, and luman the rays of the sun and moon, water, and human magnetism. When a sensitive person has been under the influence, a magnetic sleep or trance, can be produced by steadily gazing upon a small, bright object, or by closing the eyes, and exclud-ing every distracting thought from the mind. The nce once so procured, they become independent clairvoyants,

Swedenborg became a seer in the fifty-third Swedenborg became a seer in the fifty-third year of his age, and well attested facts of his powers are recorded. A natural capacity and healthy organization are requisite to form a good clairvoyant. Purity of mind and purpose will accomplish more than the iron tripod of the Delphic Pythoness, Mesmer's rod, laurel leaves, or witch hazel. The purer the mind, the more intellectual and healthful the magnetism, the more exalted the visions, the aspirations, the health, safety and moral condition of the clairvoyant will become.

For the Banner of Light. THE ROBBER DISARMED.

RANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTZ, BY J. M. ALLEN.

At a solitary crossing, Behind a lofty crucifix, Bat a robber, silent, watching; In his hand a naked salvo And a pistol heavy-loaded. For he wished to seize a merchant, Who with money in rich plenty, Who with cloths and generous wine, Was returning from the market,

Now below the sun was sinking, Through the clouds the moon was rising, And the robber sat awaiting, Behind the lofty crucifix.

Hark! to sounds like angel-voices! Gentle sighs, entreaties earnest, Come like evening-bells so clearly, Through the balmy air they come, Sweet with tones all unaccustomed, On his ear a prayer is stealing! And he stands, and listens eager: "O Thou Patron of the lonely! O Thou Guardian of the lost! Turn, oh! turn thy heavenly face, Bright and smiling like the sun, Down on us poor little ones! Extend, we pray, thy loving arms Kindly 'round our dear, good father, That no storm the road may ruin, That his good steed may not stumble, Nor the robbers, silent, waiting, In the forest wild waylay him. O Thou Patron of the lonely! O Thou Guardian of the lost! Bring us home with our good father!" And the robber heard it all From bohind the crucifix.

Thereupon the youngest, kneeling, Folding sweet his little hands: Jesus, dear!" childlike he prattled-Ah! I know Thou art almighty, Sitting on the Throne of Heaven. 'Mong the glittering stars so bright, 'Mong the loving angels merry, (For mamma has told me of it). Oh! be merciful, dear Jesus! Give the robbers, daring robbers, Give them bread-bread in abundance! That they may not need to plunder, Nor to murder our dear father! Knew I where a robber was, I would give to him this chain. And this cross and girdle, too; Saying to him, 'Friend, dear robber, Take this cross, this chain and girdle! That you may not need to plunder, Nor to murder our dear father !" And the robber heard it all, From behind the crucifix.

And from far, he hears it nearer-Rumbling wheels and horses neighing. Slowly grasps he now the sabre, Slowly now the pistol seizes-Thus he stands, intently musing, Thus behind the crucifix.

Still the children down are kneeling: O Thou Patron of the lonely! O.Thou Guardian of the lost ! Bring us home with our dear father !"

Lo! now comes the father, riding Unendangered, all unharmed! Clasps the children to his bosom-Blesséd prattle! kisses sweet! And no robber did they see; Only found a naked sabre, Found a pistol heavy-loaded, Just behind the crucifix!

Mrs. Stowe's Arrival in California, &c. winter I wrote you a le

ter from this place, which you kindly published. In the same number you published a letter from Mrs. C. M. Stowe, announcing her intention of removing to California for the benefit of her health. Her letter to the Banner from Fort Kearney, informed us that she was on the plains, and of her

improving health.

Last Wednesday evening, on returning to my
office after a day's absence, I was informed that
a man by the name of Stowe, an emigrant, had called and wished to see me. He was in camp under the Bluff above town. With a progressive under the Built above town. With a progressive friend, who happened to be with me, I started im-mediately for the camp.
We had been anxiously expecting this "train"

We had been anxiously expecting this "train" for some weeks, and begun to entertain fears that the Indians might have cut off the party, or that the fatigue of overland travel had proved too much for Mrs. Stowe's frail form. As we hurried to the camp, we feared our joy would lead to boisterous demonstrations of welcome, that would ill accord with the dignity of the noted lecturer. ill accord with the dignity of the noted lecturer. In answer to our inquiries for Mr. Stowe, we were pointed to a tent about ten feet square. It was of the common kind used by emigrants. Inside there was spread a carpet of thick canvas, on which lay their bed of quilts and blankets. Here sat and reclined Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and Mr. and Mrs. Beech. The children and other members of their families were around the camp-fire near the wagons. I have the ladies' permission to give you a description of their appearance as they arrived in California. rived in California.

Mrs. Stowe has entirely recovered her health, and frequently rides on horseback twelve or fifteen miles a day. She was dressed in a Bloomer costume, which long service on the plains and costume, which long service on the plains and contact with the ever-present sage-bush had rendered somewhat ragged. Her hair was confined by a net, which was held in place by a shoestring. The metalic ends of this string and of two similar ones which formed a watch-guard, were the only articles of jewelry discernable.

Around her neck was a faded scarf, the ends of which were thrown over her shoulder. In traveling she had worn a hat with a very parrow brim.

ing she had worn a hat with a very narrow brim, which protected only the upper part of her forc-head; the rest of the face was sun-burned to nearhead; the rest of the face was sun-burned to nearly the color of the Indian, excepting a streak on each side of the face and under the chin, which had been covered with the hat-strings, and looked as if recently shaved. Mrs. Beech looked like Mrs. Stowe, only "a little more so," and we cannot wonder that the Sioux Indians mistook her for one of their own tribe. The whole party were in good health and fine spirits. They remained with us three days, and, for the Spiritualists of the Valley it was a continued feast. Mrs. Stowe delivered one public lecture to a large and interested audience. The evenings were spent in social converse with friends in and out of the form, until the "wee, sma' hours ayont the twal." This morning they started over the mountains. Mrs. Stowe ing they started over the mountains. Mrs. Stowe promises to remember us in establishing her field of labor. We have hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Beech will settle permanently in this Valley, but they must first visit other parts of the State.

The party passed through the usual dangers, and experienced the usual difficulties and hardships of overland travel. Mrs. Stowe is now, with renewed physical strength and with all her wont-ed energy and devotion, in a field where rich harvests await her labor. In California there is less bigotry, superstition and priesteraft than was found by the pioneers in Eastern fields of labor. But in most places the progressive element lies dormant; thought must be awakened and organi-zations established.

We ask all Spiritualists coming overland to California, to take this route and make themselves known in Honey Lake Valley Yours truly, WM. J. YOUNG.

Susanville, Honey Lake City, Cal., Sept. 10, 1864.

THE CAUSE SPREADING-NEW MEDIUMS-LEC-TURES-BRO. FORSTER.

If not occupying room in the columns of the Banner which would be devoted to more valuable matter, allow me to state the gratifying fact that Spiritualism has recently taken a fresh start in this city, the Capital of the Nation. I see persons now interested who for long years have been devoting with tircless energy their physical and mental powers to business, to greed and gain; men who in the pecuniary battle of life were volunteers from the start, and who, over since, have been fighting with a desperation which increases as they advance upon the enemy; and though oft repulsed, still continue the fight with a courage which defeat seems only to augment. A class of men who are serving their lord and master, Mammon, with martyrlike devotion; living with an eye single to the glory of their pockets; acknowledging no fealty to any world but this-the prize of their high calling, the gloss and glitter which perishes in the getting. This class of men, usually the last to be interested, are of their own accord seeking with commendable zeal, manifestly with carnest desire, to know the truth of this spiritual philosophy-are calling for spiritual facts and demanding their satisfactory solution.

When the light of Spiritualism penetrates the deep-seated avarice of men, making the hitherto obdurate heart yield to its benign influence, it is indeed working wonders, if not miracles. Yet such are some of the significant results of the progress of our cause here at the seat of Government. But Heaven knows there is need of making a palpable impression here, for probably in no other place on this continent are the incrustations of materialism so thick-ribbed and admantine as in

Just here let me mention an interesting fact which occurred one evening last week, while attending a private seauce at the residence of a skeptical friend, in company with Mr. Forster, and a gifted lady medium of this city, and others. Among the invited guests were several members of the Press, accompanied by one of the most distinguished literary men of Washington, a graduate of one of the English Universities, a rare traveler and linguist, an author of several important works, a translator for the Government, and withal an Editor. The company, after indulging in a lengthened conversation upon Spiritualism and its relations, gathered round the piano, and the lady medium, while playing and singing, became entranced, and improvised a sweetly beautiful spirit song, accompanying herself on the instrument, greatly to the delectation of all present. After this, she was controlled by the spirit of a little Indian girl, who, with all the artlessness, vivacity and peculiarities which characterize that class, had a sprightly word to say to each of the party, but particularly to the distinguished visitor; affirming with emphasis that he was bright and beautiful in spirit, that a great spirit stood beside him with a shaped head just like his, that he wore a wide turn-down collar, and his name was Shakspeare.

This evidently surprised the gentleman more than it did some others there. But the Indian girl soon left, and the ever welcome Prof. Dayton took possession of friend Forster, who addressed us briefly on the superiority of the spiritual faith to that of the popular theology, concluding with an exceedingly pertinent poem. I noticed the gentleman, before alluded to, listened with rapt attention till the conclusion, when he stepped forward a space or two, and spoke with an altered tone for several minutes in commendatory terms of the views just uttered; also concluding his remarks with an impromptu poem, but a poem which for beauty and power is rarely excelled if equaled, and recited with mysterious and power-

Recovering himself in a minute, we found the gentleman was totally unconscious of what had happened, of any clapse of time, &c., asserting that the friends were trying to hoax him. Not until we had solemnly reiterated our statement, would be give it credence, and then manifestly with great reluctance.

Our lectures for the season auspiciously began on Sunday evening the 2d inst, with an able discourse, a large audience, and the best of attention. Dr. Horace Dresser was chosen President, Mr. Horton, Treasurer and Secretary, with an Executive Committee, composed of both sexes.

The widely and well known pioneer, Thomas Gales Forster, opened the course. Perhaps no one of our speakers have traveled so extensively and spoken in so many places in the United States, under such varied and peculiar circumstances yet ever with marked success, as has Mr. Forster. Beginning at St. Louis a dozen years ago, he has been the entire circuit. From the extremities of Maine to those of Texas, in every State and in all the larger places throughout the land, has he stood upon the spiritual rostrum and uttered the truths of the spiritual philosophy. The usually controlling spirit. Prof. Dayton, is always happy, eloquent, intellectual, and deeply philosophical. Even men of thought and culture, who repudiate Spiritualism and all its concomitants, acknowledge this, as indeed they are obliged to, though they are not inclined to do it always with the best of grace.

Bro. Forster, often traduced and condemned without cause, by the unsparing, himself and the cause insulted by enemies, ridiculed and abused by the unfriendly, even false stories put in circulation by those claiming to be friends, no wonder he at times has felt almost disheartened, felt more than half resolved to forever withdraw from the public platform. Doubtless this has been the painful experience of every public speaker in our ranks-and who can really blame them? With natures attuned and sensitive beyond the realization of ordinary humanity, they are not only subjected to the processes of spiritualization constantly going on within, but to a far more than average share of the conflicts without. But I am glad that to-day he remains firm and true to the faith strong and earnest in the cause with which he has been so long identified, and in which he has done such sturdy, yeomanlike, and blessed good. God bless our brave pioneers! Ever may their arms be sustained, their hearts encouraged, and their precious lives prolonged. May the united pravers of that vast army of Spiritualists in America. each one of whom is under eternal obligations to these worthy subjects of angel bands, gratefully ascend in their behalf, to the Father and Mother All Merciful. God bless our noble pioneers, and bless too none the less, our mediums of every period of service and of every state of development.

Bro. Forster is to be with us five Sundays in all. Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, I believe, is engaged for November. Thus you see good things are in store G. A. B.

Washington, Oct. 12, 1864.

Do not make mouths at the public because it does not accept you at your own fancied valuation. Do the best you can, bide your time with patience, and if there is anything in you it will work its way to the aurface.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. 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 alms, 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 dod and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Truth Making its Way.

If we do not fret greatly about the slow progress of truth, we may rest assured that it will make its own way in the world. The agencies are too various and powerful to give us any uneasiness about results. We have but to perform our parts as they come up, to abide in faith and trust, to cooperate actively with our wills and prayers, and what we would heartily see accomplished will certainly be accomplished.

Just at the time when it would seem that the pulpits and press have become thoroughly tired of deriding the phenomena-but never the philosophy-of Spiritualism, we discover that public attention is newly excited to the same by one cause and another, as if the invisible powers were resolved that these things should not rest where they are. Persons are suddenly made to feel an interest in the phenomena who were anything but believers before. A new class of individuals appear to be drawn to the work of investigation. The very papers-styling themselves solid and respectable, weighty and reasonable, commercial and matter-of-fact-which have hitherto felt far above paying the least attention to these things, all at once have a class of phenomena thrust upon their attention which they cannot put aside, and are therefore compelled to notice and comment upon with as much candor and sincerity as they can command.

Just now, the Eddy Brothers, two young men from New Hampshire, are exciting the attention of some of the more staid and "respectable" journals of the metropolis. The New York Commercial Advertiser, for example, in its issue of October 14th, has a leader on their startling performances. After speaking of their scances in Brooklyn, which had been attended by a great number of skeptics, and remarking that the majority of those who attended the same were fixed in their belief (prejudice?) that the Brothers were somehow in league with the Evil One-the Commercial preceeds to describe a scance, held the evening before, at which the two Brothers and their sister presided. About twenty-five persons were present, skeptics and believers being equally divided. We append the description, so far as our space allows:

A circle of eight persons was formed around a circular pine table at which the Brothers sat with a skeptic placed between them. All hands were then joined, and another circle was formed of all then joined, and another circle was formed of all the persons in the room, the hands being joined to prevent, any person from rising and to "preserve the continuity of the electric current." As soon as the light was extinguished, the operating pow-ers (whoever they may be), began playing upon violins, tambourines, ringing bells, beating drums, and doing sundry other things of a funny descrip-tion. Persons in the circle were manipulated by mysterious fluggers, begt upon the head and broast mysterious fingers, beat upon the head and breast with the musical instruments, and one gentleman was so mercilessly pounded by the "spirits" that he was obliged to change his base and beat a hasty

The most curious feature of the performance however, was the operation of lifting the table (the gaslight being turned on in full force) which was done in this manner: The circle around the table was broken, no persons remaining except the Brothers and their sister. These mediums merely placed the ends of their fingers upon the table which was overturned. Four gentlemen then stepped forward and undertook to place the table upon its legs. Their efforts proving unsuccessful, three more persons came to the assistance of the baffled four. They hung their full weight upon the table which was lifted at least five fee from the floor, but the article of furniture could not be placed in its proper position on the floor. After considerable struggling with the 'spirits,' the table parted and put an end to the fun."

The Commercial adds another performance, and concludes by remarking that the exhibition afforded much "fun" and "mystery." But it makes no comments. Not a syllable escapes it in relation to the character of the proceedings, or to their significancy. But it is something to find the proceed ings thus prominently stated in a leading edito rial. It shows that attention has been awakened and that a profound impression has been made and this is good enough evidence that the phenomena of Spiritualism are still making their way in the public mind, and that, when it was insisted by interested disbelievers that the subject had long ago died out of popular attention, it had but taken a new start and was likely to keep it active y going until it made converts everywhere.

In the Commercial of the 17th, we find the edi tors returning to the subject again: this time only to quote, with a very few comments, what the London Post (Government organ) has to say about the Davenport Brothers in England. This very quotation in the editorial columns shows that the New York journal is alive to the interest of the matter. We would here state that, for the gratification of our readers, we have transferred to our columns the entire article on the manifestations of the Davenports in London, which may be found on our eighth page.

Thus the commercial journals of New York and the Government organ in England are taking up a subject which the little priests and penny-trumpet papers around us are continually asserting to be dead and passed out of existence long ago. We instance such facts merely to assure our readers that the great, fundamental laws of our beautiful philosophy are being all the while illustrated and set forth by the aid of phenomena which first arrest the attention, and then make converts and firm believers. Let us but do our own duty, and the invisibles will bless our pathway with most joyous visions of the workings of our elevating and saving faith. The cause of Spiritualism was never more flourishing and vigorous than it is to-day.

The Two Worlds.

Our spirit friends inform us that there are as many disembodied souls knocking at the doors of human hearts as there are human hearts on earth. Not a single person lives here that is not applied question of a New Constitution, the main provisto, whether we know it or not. The two worlds are so intimately blended, that we are continually surrounded by these anxious visitors. They fill our atmosphere, are in our offices, workshops and dwellings, everywhere, influencing us mortals continually. This being the case, our spirit friends desire us to pray carnestly for those to approach us who can come giving the most wisdom.

Monopolies.

Perhaps it is not of any use to cry out against them, for it is urged that no perceptible result is reached by the process; and then, on the other hand, it is stated, and with real truth, that unless abuses were talked about before the public, were discussed, harangued upon, ventilated by every verbal method, and pressed even forcibly upon the attention of the people, they would soon come to wield a power little short of a tyranny, by reason of that habit of obedience and conformity into which the mass is too apt to relapse unless perpetually quickened and stimulated by outside applications. In this particular service the press is an agent of the very highest popular use, and especially that portion of the press which is untrameled by obligation to the powerful combinations whose tyranny is so keenly felt.

In the city of New York, just now, the great body of the people—including rich as well as poor—are very much exercised about an attempt of the horse-railroad companies to add another cent to the rates of fare which is fixed by law; that is, while the law distinctly permits the companies to charge the sum of five cents, and directs that but five cents shall be taken, the companies now attempt to collect six, and have in numerous instances resorted to violence in order to extort the illegal fee. This they have no right to do, and they well know they exceed the authority of their charters when they attempt it. The people of New York are supposed to own the streets of the city in common. They saw fit to grant to certain railroad corporations the privilege of laying their tracks and running their cars in the same, on condition that they were themselves to receive the benefit of riding at a cost of five cents. The companies never could have got their charters in the first place, but for pledging themselves to keep their cars running for the use of the citizens, at that specific rate. But now having got fairly seated in the enjoyment of their privilege, and feeling so comfortable with it as to want to expand it into the form of a distinct and more or less irresponsible power, they naturally excite the opposition and even the indignation of the public, between whom and themselves a contest has begun which promises to be both long and lively.

The case is certainly a plain one, and should be decided upon by the Common Council of New York in a very few minutes. The company has exceeded its powers, and its charter deserves to be revoked. Instead of that, however, the complaints of the citizens are not likely to be heeded by the Common Council at all; and one of the leading journals of the city is forced to acknowledge that these corporations have "a way" of managing with the city authorities, which makes the chances of redress for the public exceedingly few. It therefore appeals to the rich to come forward manfully and rescue the privileges and rights of the poor from destruction. It has to concede that unless this spirit of oppression on the part of corporations is broken down, the results to the public will be even worse than many persons fear to-day. The admission is publicly made, that there is no virtue in law or justice in and of itself; but that it must be backed by the power of wealth in order to have any effect on the side of the community at large.

The same abuses are charged against the gas company of the metropolis. And similar ones could readily be charged upon almost all forms of combinations, where wealth is the chief pursuit and poor human nature is all that happens to be in the way of those who pursue it. It is, in truth, the spirit of the task-master, who stands over his slaves and extorts work out of them-which is wealth to him—at the end of the lash. There is nothing but that in it of about it. We make loud complaints at the North against the hardness of Southern servitude, and compel the body of the pepole here to empty their pockets to us whenever we take a fancy to having them furnish us with

The whole business of monopolies is a species of tyranny, and of the most grinding sort; for where it is allowed almost uninterrupted sway, as in the case of corporations and companies, it lays heavier burdens on the backs of the people than black slaves ever bore; for it takes those who have once enjoyed the highest and sweetest pleasures of social life, and debases-them so far as it can to the level of sefvitude. How many a poor girl has been supporting herself and her mother at home, during these weary years of the war, by earning but a few cents a day in sewing on army clothing, the contractor meantime increasing his bank deposits by the thousands! His wealth has thus been made out of the tears, and weariness, and heart-sickness of helpless females. old and young. He has been allowed to work them as the slaveholder works his slaves, and a good deal worse: for he uses up fine sensibilities with which slaves have as yet but an imperfect knowledge, to say the least. The monopoly system is the tyrant of the age, and will either have to deal more justly or else come to its final end by violence.

Conjurors Puzzled.

The last London Spiritual Times contains a statement that Prof. Anderson, the renowned necromancer-who has of late years made pretensions of exposing the spiritual-physical manifestations—was invited to attend a scance of Mr. Home's, at the instance of Prince Napoleon, and t appears the prince of conjurors saw something quite beyond his comprehension, for he admitted hat "what he witnessed could not be accounted for on the principles of his profession.

Another conjurer by the name of Taylor, who nas for several years professed to expose the spirtual manifestations at the Polytechnic and the Colosseum, has now recanted, says the Times, and testifies to the truth of Spiritualism.

Our readers will remember that Simmons, another distinguished necromancer, attempted in this country a few months ago to expose the physical part of the spiritual phenomena. At one of the Davenport scances he was placed in the cabinet with the boys after they were securely tied; and after he came out he confessed that "it was wonderful!" adding, "If it is a trick, it is a puzzler to me: I cannot account for it: I felt six distinet hands all at one time on various parts of my body."

Many of the most hardened and bitter skentics and pretending "exposers" are becoming converted to the truth of Spiritualism. This verifies the fact that truth is powerful, and must ultimately prevail.

The Maryland New Constitution.

We may extend congratulations to Maryland as a new and redeemed sister in the family of States. In the recent election, her citizens voted on the ion of which was the abolishment of slavery within her borders. For a time, it appeared as if the Constitution was lost; but a little patient waiting, and a more careful counting of votes, has disclosed the fact that the new instrument has secured a majority of votes, and that henceforth Maryland is a free State, carrying free institutions down to the Potomac.

N. Frank White's Lectures.

On Sunday Oct. 16th, Mr. White occupied the desk at Lyceum Hall, in this city, afternoon and evening. He had not spoken here before for about five years. He was then considered a great acquisition in the lecturing field, but we must confess that he has very much improved since then, and now ranks with the best male inspirational speakers. He is a fine orator, and would thus hold an audience, even if his subject did not; but his discourses are of a high order, and command the closest attention. The Educators of the Soul was his afternoon

theme. Going back to the first dawn of the soul's development, he traced along the footprints of the Educator, Experience, as he strove with individuals as well as nations, till he arrived at that glorious epoch when Liberty, Equality and Fraternity would be proudly borne aloft on the banners of the age. In reaching this point, he however touched upon many important issues, reminding us of our duty to our God, our country, humanity, and our eternal selves; urging a performance of that duty with a hopeful and earnest will, as we were not alone in this work, for there were hosts in the world above looking down upon us and uniting their efforts with ours. He then closed his discourse, while the fire of inspiration was still upon him, with a fine original poem, the burden of which was, I list to the voice of the angel that teaches the soul.

In the evening, he spoke upon " The Great Political and Religious Convulsions of the Age." He gave the cause, the effect, and what he inspirationally felt would be the result of the struggle in this country at the present day. It was one of those strong appeals to the hearts of the people, which are welcomed by many just at this important crisis of our country.

Another Medium gone to the Spirit-Land.

We are informed by a letter from Rev. T. P. Nisbett, of Pontiac, Michigan, of the departure to the spirit-world, on the 7th of August last, of Mrs. Lydia Brotherton, wife of Samuel Brotherton, of Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. B. was well known in the West and portions of New England, as a trance speaking medium. At the time of her decease she was in Norwalk, Conn., in which State she was laboring to spread the gospel of truth. Not being physically strong, the extreme hot weather brought on a malady which she could not combai successfully, and her noble and pure soul passed on to receive and enjoy the richly deserved bless ings in store for her in the land of immortality Mrs. Brotherton was developed first as a rapping, tipping and moving medium, in 1852, at which time she was a worthy and influential member of the Baptist Church; but for the last six years she has been lecturing as a trance speaker, besides being a successful healing medium. The sublime truths of Spiritualism were the spiritual food upon which her soul fed and was sustained and made happy, and she felt it to be her duty to impart these great truths to hungering and needy souls, and accordingly freely gave her services to the work, accepting for compensation the satisfaction of knowing that she had been the means of bringing many out of darkness into the light. She was loved and esteemed by a multitude of friends, who will miss her form from their midst, but will often realize the presence of her spirit, cheering and encouraging them to persevere in the great and good work in redeeming the world from the darkness of superstition and moral bondage.

Physical Manifestations in the Light.

The manifestations by spirit-power, through the mediumship of Henry B. Allen, a young lad from Vermont, as we learn from reliable sources, are of a remarkable character, and are creating more sensation than usual, inasmuch as they are all done in the light. While the boy is in plain sight of all in the room, musical instruments are played upon, and spirit-hands to the number of five and six, are seen at the same time-giving great satisfaction to all who witness the phenomena. Mr. J. H. Randall, an able lecturer in the spiritual field, a short time since met this boymedium in Vermont, and was so struck with the, truthfulness and convincing character of the manifestations through him, that he engaged his services to travel with him in his lecturing tours; and, we doubt not, their united efforts will be the means of opening the windows and letting in the light on the souls of many who are now suffering for the want of it. We hope they will make a visit to this city before long. There are hosts of people here who are continually crying, "Let us see these things done in the light, and then we will believe." To all such we say, Be patient, for that time is surely coming.

The Friend of Progress.

A monthly periodical bearing the above title has. Phænix-like, arisen from the ashes of the late Herald of Progress. It is published by C. M. Plumb & Co., at 274 Canal street, New York. The editor hopes, as its title implies, that it will more and more nearly approximate to the true standard of a faithful, earnest, and intelligent Friend of Human Progress. Its contents are varied. The leading paper—"The New Religion of Nature: A Discourse by Rev. O. B. Frothingham-is an able production. Professor Brittan furnishes a melange of good things "from an Editor's Portfolio." A. J. Davis and Mary F. Davis contribute to its pages. "Atomic Progress," by P. P. Lounsbery, is a very interesting essay. Various other topics are treated upon, with what ability the render must judge for himself.

The Friend of Progress is a very neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and is afforded at the extremely low price of \$2,00 per annum; single copies twenty cents. We hope its publishers will meet with success in this their new enterprise.

Editorial Perplexities.

A poet once said:

"There is a picasure in the pathless wood; There is a rapture on the lonely shore; There is society where none intrude."

With such feelings, it would n't have been a very comfortable position, we opine, had he been in the flesh to-day, occupying an editor's sanctum. Besides numerous callers to consume his precious time, an editor is obliged to peruse a vast amount of matter sent for publication of no sort of utility to the reader, and much that is, that it would puzzle the brain of a Shakspeare to decipher. And the editor is obliged (or offend somebody,) to publish all he receives, with the request, in numerous cases, to correct the grammar, nunctuation. spelling, etc. Truly an editor's position is an unenviable one.

Our Free Circles.

These circles are fully attended at the present time, and visitors seem to be well pleased with the knowledge they derive from attending them. Be it remembered, our doors are open free to ALL-alike to rich and poor, high and low, saint and sinner, Infidel and Christian. As we freely receive, so we freely dispense the bread of life to the famishing ones of earth.

New Publications.

MORNING LECTURES .- We have just received from the publishers, O. M. Plumb & Co., New York, a very neat volume of four hundred and thirty-four pages, bearing the above title. This book comprises twenty discourses delivered before the Friends of Progress in the city of New York in the Winter and Spring of 1863, by Andrew Jackson Davis. We shall notice it more in detail in a future issue of the Bann er.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY for November has been placed on our table by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. It contains the second paper of J. Ross Browne's tour through Arizona, with illustrations; A cruise on the "Sassacus," is also finely illustrated. Altogether this is a rich number, being the last one of volume twenty-

THE LADY'S FRIEND for Novembor abounds with beautiful illustrations, fashion-plates, and choice literary matter. From its pages we learn that it has attained a large circulation, and its publishers are aiming to rival the three dollar magazines. Price \$2,00 per year. Now is a good time to subscribe. A sewing machine premium is also given on certain terms. Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.-We have received a entalogue of the officers and students of Harvard University for the academical year 1864-5. First Term. Published by Sever & Francis, Cambridge. The above sufficiently indicates its contents.

Mr. Stephens's Letter.

The rebel "vice-president" has written a letter to some of his fellow-citizens of Georgia, on the matter of the war and of peace. He is averse to further hostilities, and would be grateful for no blessing more than for that of peace. He goes for a suspension of the war, to begin with-and for a convention of the States as a final resort for the restoration of the integrity of the nation. But he does not pledge himself or his followers to abide by the result of that convention. He explicitly states, on the contrary, that peace cannot be secured permanently to the country except by the general admission of the complete sovereignty of the several States. In other words, by conceding just all we have been forced to war for, and to that extent justifying the rebellion, we may have peace. That would be to admit that any State could at any time break up the Union, and that, even if we came out with no more than a united North, the real bond of Union would be gone i The letter of Mr. Stephens will have no practical

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

A writer in the London Spiritual Magazine, who ment a couple of months in this country last winter, and while in this city, had an opportunity of attending several of the scances given by Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, gives a very interesting detail of the physical manifestations in her presence by spirit-power. In speaking of the lady he

Mrs. Chamberlain is well known to New England Spiritualists, and throughout the States, as a most estimable lady of the highest character, and one who, from her childhood, has struggled against the accession of the influences which exercise such extraordinary control over her, and to which she is entirely passive. A hentle, intelligent, unassuming lady, probably but little more than twenty years of age, with fair complexion, regular features, and cheerful expression of face, there is no indication of any peculiar organization, special capacity, or idiosyncracy. I observed her for some time previous to each sitting in fa-miliar intercourse with her visitors, and I feel convinced that the most ordinary as well as the most experienced judge of character, would unhesitatingly declare that intentional deception was quite foreign to her nature—was, indeed, with her an impossibility. The slightest hint of it sadding decentaries of the state of the ly disconcerted her—as it never does a trained impostor—and she gives to the skeptical every fa-cility for detection and scrutiny."

Mrs. Chamberlain has re-commenced her seances at No. 40 Russell street, Charlestown.

"Whatever Is, is Right."

The Portland Evening Courier of the 12th inst., in noticing the work bearing the above title, (by Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston,) says:

"The author of this remarkable book has penetrated further than most men into the hidden mysteries of human nature. His is a restless soul, ever looking forward to a higher and better life. He expresses what seems to him to be the truth in the fewest possible words. His style is terse and vigorous, approaching very nearly the axionatic. Indeed, we sometimes think he fails in conveying the full force of his belief, because it seems so plain, so true, so beautiful to him, that he does not understand why others cannot see as clearly as he, and hence he enunciates it without clearly as he, and hence he enunciates it without feeling the need of explanations. The book be-fore us is deeply interesting. The author is thor-oughly imbued with the truth of the doctrine "Whatever is, is right," and he discusses it with an earnestness and vigor that must command the admiration of the reader, even if he cannot believe.

Rome and Italy.

The people of Italy profess to rejoice over the ate treaty that has been ratified between France and their own Government, but they do not know how well to be satisfied with the removal of their capital to Florence. Neither do they comprehend what is to be done with the Pope. Victor Emanuel binds himself to France not to violate the Roman frontier, nor to let any one else violate it from beyond the same; but, inasmuch as it lies within the power of the Roman people to make Rome the capital of Italy if they desire it, it is not at all plain that he is bound to prevent, even if he can do so, the Roman people from handing their city over to him for a capital if they see fit. And this was not what Napoleon meant.

A Discussion.

Elder Miles Grant and W. F. Jamieson are to debate the following resolutions, at a time and place to be designated hereafter:

1. Resolved, "That departed human spirits have communicated, and do communicate, with the in-

habitants of earth."
2. Resolved, "That the phenomena of modern 2. Resolved, "That the phenomena of mosphilosophically explained and accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human spirits."

Mr. Jamieson affirms the first, and Mr. Grant the second resolution.

Queen Victoria a Spiritualist.

A writer in the London. Spiritual Magazine for October reiterates the statement, on the authority of a person attached to the Court, "that her Majesty holds constant communion with the spirit of Prince Albert."

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

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

" The Robber Disarmed," by J. M. Allen, is worth reading. See third page.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our readers will find in this issue of the Banner, a very plain, out-spoken paper from the pen of our able contributor, George Stearns, Esq., on the " Perpetrations of Depravity." It is a subject of vast importance to the human race, and we have no doubt all progressive minds will feel grateful to Mr. S. for his boldness in presenting it in the luckd manner he has.

In our next paper we shall commence the "Narrative of a Child who entered the spiritworld at the age of three years," furnished by H. T, Child, M. D., of Philadelphia.

Ben. White's spirit-message is a capital test. He met in our circle-room one of his comrades, recognized him, and a brief dialogue ensued, the report of which will be found on our sixth page. This was palpable evidence of direct spirit-intercourse, as it proved to be true in every particular.

We have received several communications of late, of a personal, antagouistic nature-some anonymous others not. We can fill our columns with much more entertaining and instructive matter, hence we have no use for this description of

A spirit informs us that there is much joy and beauty in the future for the children of earth.

Mighty transitions are now going on in the magnetic forces of the earth, which changes are affecting, and will for sometime to come affect all animal life. Events are transpiring to-day, that, when History shall write them, will stand out in glory transcending everything in the past. The mammoth revolution, from which we are now suffering, will spread all over Europe. It is a fire which shall burn up ignorance, and plant wisdom instead. Hence we should take courage, and praise the Father, for after the cloud of war hath passed over us, we shall fully understand and adequately appreciate the blessings of peace.

The speech of Hon. Edward Everett at Fancuil Hall, on the 19th, is considered by those who listened to it, a masterly effort. His theme was the present civil war. He took ground throughout in favor of sustaining the administration.

A scientific Russian has discovered a process by which timber, though newly felled, may become so hard as to resist the influences of the most trying climate for an almost indefinite period. The most curious part of the invention is that it does not involve the use of chemicals of any sort, such as steeping in cressors, etc., and the process is applied to the tree while growing.

There are some people in this world so filled with conceit of themselves that they imagine everything they do is perfectly right; and, on the contrary, everything others do is perfectly wrong. Such self-righteous people, in the long, run, generally come to grief. The wool of the lamb cannot for any great length of time hide the skin of the fox.

The Herald of Health says nine-tenths of the human diseases arise from cold or intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable—so is fresh air, deliberation at the dinner table, and rest after a

The Governor and Council of this State have appointed Friday, the 13th day of January next, as the day for the execution of Edward W. Green, the murderer of young Frank Converse in the Malden Bank, the efforts of the friends of the unfortunate to mitigate the sentence, proving of no avail. The time will come when capital punishment will cease in Massachusetts. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," belongs only to the dead past.

A young gentleman from the "rooral districts." who advertised for a wife, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could

M. Renan, author of "Life of Jesus," on settling the semi-annual account with his publishers on the 1st of July last, found that the sales of his book slightly exceeded 120,000 copies.

We carry within us all the wonders that we seek without us.

On the 11th inst., Col. L. C. Baker, Chief of the National Detectives, arrested Asa Martin, Fanny Martin, Norris, Mallory, and Robinson, engaged in counterfeiting, and a man named Alexander, who had purchased \$100,000 of counterfeit fractional currency, over \$30,000 of which was completed. Two presses, a number of dies, a quantity of acids, and several plates for printing the face of the notes, were also taken.

If you had a daughter called Julia, and wanted her to catch a female servant, how would you word that order so as to pronounce the name in full of one of the most celebrated Roman Emperors? Julia soize her.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of al ways closing their eyes in church during the sermon!

Snow's Diamond Pen is just the nicest article out. We advise the ladies especially to purchase this pen. Many other varieties may be had at Snow's, No. 83 Cedar street, New York City.

The efforts of ignorance to appear wise, are sometimes supremely ridiculous.

What two letters of the alphabet are most obnoxious to a handsome woman? D K (Dec ay.)

Judge Paine, of Hartford, was fond of quizzing, and one day tried his hand upon Prince, a smart negro who was about the court-room. "Prince," said the Judge, "did you know the devil was dead?" "No, sah," replied Prince; "but I know'd he avas in pain!"

The petroleum trade in Pennsylvania last year was larger by \$5000 than the iron and coal trade. The sales of the former brought \$56,000,000.

Rev. Horatio Stebbins was installed paster of the Church of the Pilgrims, in San Francisco, Cal., on the 17th ult., the position occupied by the late Rev. T. Starr King. The Governor of California, and many State and National officials, were present.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, lately, a Catholic church tumbled to the ground when it was crowded with worshipers, and as many as seven thousand persons was buried beneath the ruins.

The Freemasons of this city and State had a very large procession on the 14th, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple at the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, (the late site of the Winthrop House.) They turned out in great numbers, and with their regalias, banners and music, made a fine appearance and excited much attention.

Spiritualism comes to us not to disqualify rea son, but to sanctify and exercise feeling.

On the 10th another great battle was fought at Ocdar Creek, threatening, at first, a great disaster, but finally resulting in a victory for the Unlon forces under General Sheridan, more splendid than any heretofore achieved. Longstreet commanded the robels. It is reported that our forces took from him forty-three pieces of cannon, and many prisoners, including Gen. Ramseur. On our side Gen. Bidwell was killed, and Generals Wright and Ricketts were wounded.

Distress in the English manufacturing districts is on the increase. Appeals are made to the rich for aid, and they will be responded to, no doubt. The English are never backward in such cases.

The Roanoke, so long missing, is reported captured by the rebels, who burned her off Bermuda, after landing her passengers. She was not allowed to obtain supplies at Bermuda, to which she was taken, which led to her destruction. Her captor returned to Bermuda, where he was ar-

The Dominican war has already cost 30,000 men to Spain—not killed alone, but sick and wounded as well as dead.

Wendell Phillips is to speak upon the issues of the election, in New York City, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th.

Vermont has been "raided," the rebels making Caunda the base of their operations. A score of armed men rode into St. Albans, robbed three banks of more than an eighth of a million of money, stole horses, and murdered one citizen and wounded several others. Nine of the villains have been captured, and \$150,000 recovered.

Advices from the army state that Gens. Meade and Hancock, in company with Secretary Stanton and the Quartermaster and Commissary Generals, have made a complete tour of observation of the army. They found it in good condition, the general health of the men being remarkable.

A blockade runner recently arrived at an English port, reports that the Wilmington blockading squadron now numbers one hundred and seventy

In Germany there are rumors that one of the daughters of Queen Victoria is about to marry a Prince of the Oldenburg family.

The man that laughs is a doctor without a dioloma: his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts.

A servants' " school" is the "latest idea" in London. In it girls are trained to household work, ooking, washing and needle-work.

When once a concealment or a deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed

Lovers, like armies, generally get along quietly enough ti.l they are engaged.

Walter Savage Landor died in Florence, on the 17th of September, at the advanced age of eightynine years. He was one of the most distinguished men of letters in this century, eminent both as a poet and a writer of prose. It is said that his intellectual vigor was undimmed by age. This is another illustration of the tendency of literary pursuits to longevity and vigor in old age.

As much evil results to the world from misapplied philanthropy-the result of ignorance-as from direct malice or inhumanity.

TO A PATRIOT.

Friend! in this fearful struggle for the Right Oh, brother wrestler in our common cause! Upholder of our rudely trampled laws! Good soldier in the fight!

I stretch to thee a not unworthy hand, In that my soul is large enough to know And feel the mighty truths which nerve thee so to battle for our land!

I give the greeting through my rising tears; I say, God speed thee on thy venturous way! I say, if we should win this desperate day,

Through the thick-coming years A voice shall utter how thy strength went forth To nerve thine upright heart, thine honest hand-Thou noblest of the brothers of our band. The heroes of the North!

LIEBIG, in his last great work, opens his first chapter with the following striking paragraph: "To obtain a clear view of the theory and practice of agriculture, we must keep in mind the most general chemical conditions of the life of

Henry Howland, of Boston, who recently died in Switzerland, left by will \$10,000 to Tufts College, and \$2,000 to Dr. Miner's (Universalist) Sunday School.

An elderly gentleman was traveling lately while afflicted with a very bad cough, which greatly annoyed his fellow-travelers; at last, one of them remarked in a tone of displeasure, "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, sir," meekly replied the gentleman, "but you will excuse me: it's the best I 've got."

On the 15th inst., a train of cars containing two hundred and seventy-five sick and wounded soldiers from New York for Boston, was thrown from the track between New Haven and New London, Conn., and about forty of the passengers were injured, thirteen being killed outright.

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

Dr. J. P. Bryant Healing the Sick at Rochester, N. Y.

We copy the following from the Bochester Express, of Oct. 15th, 1864;

MASTERY OVER DISEASE.—We were yesterday called upon by two ladies from Webster, in this county, who had just come from Dr. Bryant's rooms, at the Waverly house, where he had treated ed them for the complaints with which they had been afflicted.

Mrs. Nathaniel Knight had lost her voice, or

had been for some time unable to speak above a whisper; but in less than a minute, under Dr.

whisper; but in less than a minute, under Dr. Bryant's treatment, her vocal organs were entirely relieved, and testored to their normal and healthy condition, and she came to tell us from her own lips of her wonderful cure. Her voice is now as clear and strong as ever, she says.

Mrs. James Johnson, an elderly lady, had been troubled for a long time with a palmful stiffness in her left shoulder, interfering greatly with the discharge of her domestic duties, and crippling her to the extent of preventing her from raising her hand to her head. She was cured almost instantaneously by Dr. Bryant, and exhibited to us how easy it was now to carry her hand to her head, and even to touch her shoulder blades with it, her countenance, in the meantime, radiant with

it, her countenance, in the meantime, radiant with joy at her release from her afflictive ailment. Dr. Bryant's rooms are daily thronged with patients, as was the case at his former visit, last Spring. They bring with them many of the worst ills that flesh is heir to, and almost invariably leave the Doctor's rooms either entirely cured, or greatly relieved of their various maladies, bearing testimony to the radical efficacy of his treating testimony to the radical efficacy of his treat-

Appointments.

thee seventh page for flat of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.]

J. S. Loveland speaks again in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. L. Judd Pardee speaks in Quincy next Sunday; N. Frank White in Maiden; Mrs. S. E. War-

Mrs. S. A. Horton has removed her residence to Rutland, Vermont. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend funerals. Will speak first two Sundays of November in Haverhill, Mass.; Nov. 30th, in Bridgewater, Vt. Address Rutland, Vt.

Uriah Clark is lecturing for a season in Wiscon sin, and until the 1st of Nov. may be addressed in care of J. H. Spencer, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Mrs. Sarah A. Coonley, who has been traveling with her husband in the West, this summer, is about returning to their home in Newburyport. The Dr. still continues his labors in Illinois.

Two Days' Spiritual Meeting, Fond Du Lac, Wis.

A two days' Spiritual Convention will be held A two days' Spiritual Convention will be held in Spencer Hall, Fond Du Lac, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, November 5th and 6th. Among the speakers engaged are Uriah Clark, author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," Moses Hull, the late convert from the Second Advent ministry, and Miss Julia J. Hubbard, the young trance speaker. A cordial invitation is extended to the public, the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, and visitors from a distance. The friends in Fond Du Lac will from a distance. The friends in Fond Du Lac will do all in their power to render the meeting happy and harmonic, and a season of unusual interest is anticipated. Per Order of Committee.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. S., Bloomington, Ill.-Your casay we do not possibly see how we can find room for, our columns are so crowded. It is good, and perhaps it would be better that you use it in the way suggested, in case we did not print it.

D. J. M., ATHOL DEPOT .- Your communication was laid before the controlling spirit at our public circle, was answered, and both questions and answers will appear in due course.

W. S. W., GREENVILLE, ILL.-We would inform our correanondent that we do not deem it wise to open our columns to a discussion of the subject upon which he treats.

O. S. Posron, Esq., of Harrodsburg, Ky., is desirous of ascer-taining the whereabouts of Dr. J. W. Wood, Magnetic Physician, formerly of Watertown, N. Y.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremontst., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 2.) at 2% and 7% P. M. Admission, Ien cents. Lecturers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, Oct. 23 and 30; Cora L. V. Hatch during November.

during November.

GOSPEL OF CHARITY Will meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Bronnield and Province afrects. Admission free.

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Girard Temple, 534 Washington street. There will he a Subbath School every Sunday, at 13 r. M. All interested are invited to attend. C. L. Yeazie, Superintendent.

Dr. C. H. Rines.

Dr. C. H. Rines. DR. C. H. RINES.
CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speaker engaged:—
Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October; Mrs. Pannie B. Felton, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. Jeinle S. Rudd, Nov. 20 and 27.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have bired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sauday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Grundon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bliss during October; Miss Lizzle Doten, Nov. 20 and 21; N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.

Quinor,—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 19%, and in the afternoon at 2% o'clock, Rpeakers engaged:—L. Judd Pardee, (et. 30; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; Henry C. Wright, Nov. 20; Ezra II. Heywood, Nov. 21; N. Frank W hite, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Susic A. Hutchinson, Dec. 18 and 25. A. Hutchinson, Dec. 18 and 23.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall
regularly at 2 and 78 r. m. Speakers engaged:—Charles A.
Hayden during October: N. Frank White, Nov. 6 and 13;
Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 20 and 27; N. S. Greenleafduring
December: Miss Mattle L. Beckwith during January; Mrs.
Ann. M. Aliddlebrook during February; Miss Emma Houston,

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sanday afternoon and ovening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Ripley, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church.
"The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10% A. M.
The following lectures are engaged to speak afternoon and
evening:—Sellie J. Temple during October, November and
December; Chas. A. Hayden during January; Mrs. Frances
Lord Bond during June.

WORGESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday aftermoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Houston, October and November; Mrs. Currier during January; J. G. Fish during February; Miss Beckwith during March.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and ovenlags at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lycoum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10% o'clock.

at 10% o'clock.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Mifford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

P'ORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Itall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Free Conference in the foremon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Il. P. Fairfield, Oct. 23 and 30; Mrs. Saráh A. Byrnes, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. Susia A. Hutchinson, Nov. 26 and 27; Mrs. S. E. Warner during December; J. M. Pecbles during January; W. K. Ripley, Feb. 19 and 28.

New York.—Ebblit Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third NEW NORK.—Ebblit Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, per manent speaker.

and evening, at 10% and 1% o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, per manent speaker.

The Friends of Progress and Spiritualists of New York hold their meetings at Bodworth's Hall, No. 866 Broadway, overy. Sunday, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 F. M.

The Friends of Progress will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 22d street. New York, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

Brooklin, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cincinnati, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 1% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, O., during October; Mrs. E. A. Bilss, of Springdied, Mass., during December.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Sinced's Hall, 481 8th street, commencing Oct. 2. Speakers engaged:—Thumas Gales Forster during October; Miss Nettio Colburu, Dec. 4 and 11; Charles A. Hayden, Dec. 18 and 25; Warren Chase during January; Rev. J. M. Peebles during February.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE NEW MAGAZINE. NUMBER ONE NOW READY.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.

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Thoughts by the Wayside.—By F. T. Lane.
The First National Convention.—By C. M. P.
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Atomic Progress.—By P. P. Lounsbery.
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To All persons unable to pay, are cordially inclied to come, and are necessity.

It—Oct. 29.

"A GLORIOUS INSTRUMENT."

(New York Observer.)

WE have from time to time presented the testimony of a large portion of the most eminent organists and Artists in the country to the great merits of our CABINET ORGANS, and to the fact that they excel other instruments of their class. Annexed are extracts from a few Notices of the Press:

The Highest Accomplishment of Industry in this Department."

in this Department."

Foremost among all American makers stand Messrs. Mason & Hamilin, whose CABINET ORGANS now represent the highest accomplishments of Industry in this department. Taking for their starting-point, more than ten years ago, the remembered Melodeon, with its thin, sharp tone, they have gone on, step by step, until they have reached a position beyond which the enlargement of Reed Organs cannot for the present, be advantageously continued. Leaving to others the manufacture of instruments of smaller compass, they have given all their energies to producing the best possible specimens of the class they advertise, and it is nothing more than truth to say they have succeeded. This is not only our opinion, but the manimous verillet of the Organists and Musicians who have examined these Organs, and have often subjected them to long and severe tests, and whose manes have been signed by scores to the testimonials of favor which have been freely given.—

Boston Daily Advertiser.

The Universal Opinion of the Musical Profession."

That Messrs. Mason & Hamila have succeeded in making a better small instrament—from little bandbox-like things to those which, though portable, and not larger than a plane, can make themselves felt in a clure—is the universal opinion of the musical profession. They agree that no such mechanical works of the kind can be found in equal perfection in Europe. The tone is pure and full, and with an immense body for so small a provocative force. They stand rough traveling, bad usage, and will live in climates that kill American missiona ries.—New York Tribune.

'Nearly every Organist or Pianist of Note." "Nearly every Organist or Pianist of Note."

The instrument known as the CABINET ORGAN is quite as great an improvement upon the Melodeon, introduced some twenty years ago, or its successor, the Hannonlum, as a Concert Grand Piago-Forte of to-day is over the imperfect planos in vogue a quafter of a century since. The Melodeon lost favor from a lack of capacity for expression. Its music was monotonous to a degree amoying to cultivated ears. The Harmonlum was an improvement upon the Melodeon, but still falled to satisfy to the extent demanded by its use in chapels, school-rooms, or halls, as a support to choral singing. Within a bouple of years Messrs. Mason & Hamilin, who have always taken the lead in this country as manufacturers of reed instruments of this class. An important modification introduced is the Automatic Bellows-Swell, by which the performer is enabled to produce the softest tones, or to awaken a volume of tone second only to, and in point of musical quality fully as the as that derived from superior church organs. The favorable testimony of nearly every organist or planist of nearly interesting the productive firm superior church organs. The favorable testimony of nearly every organist or planist of note in this country, together with that of certain distinguished foreign authorities, has forestailed our appreciative comments upon the excellence and value of these carefully made instruments.—New Yorld.

So Effective and Beautiful as to Meet the Desires of the Most Refined and Fastidious."

A glorious instrument for the temple service, so readily accured as to be available for any congregation, and so effective and beautiful as to meet the desires of the most refined and fastidious admirers of appropriate music. ** ** With your eyes shut you cannot distinguish its sound from that of the ploe organ; and the advantages that commend it are its price—for it can be had for one, two, three or four hundred dollars, according to the size you wish; it is not affected by heat or cold, or any change of temperature; it remains for a long portiol in good time; and lastly, it can be sent by express, or otherwise, any distance with safety.—New York Observer.

"Singular Unanimity."

Induced by these considerations, we have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument, of the many now soliciting the public favor, combines the greatest amount of real excellences. We have prosecuted this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best inusteal critics, composers and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in charches, schools and families have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamilin-a decision that c rresponds with our own previously formed convictions, received from personal observations.—
Rev Tork Christian Advocate and Journal.

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MUSICAL CIRCLES.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a series of Cingles at the house of Col. C. H. Wing, No. 40 Russell street, Charlestown, on Thursbay, Oct. 20th, at 8 o'clock, P. M., and continue every evening (Sundays excepted). Russell street, Charlestown, on Thursbax, Oct. 2011, a. o'clock, P. M., and continuo every evening (Standays excepted) Tickets admitting a cent and hady \$1.60. Single (lekers for ladies, 50 cents, to be obtained at this office. tf—Oct. 8.

UNION SOCIABLES A RE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in LYCKUM HALL, Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Ticket admit-ting a Gentleman and two Ladles, 75 conts. 5m—Oct. 15.

SPARKLING GEMS OF SONG! A Beloved, "Land of the So-called Dead," "Mald of Glenore," composed by A. B. Whiting, author of "Lena De L'Orine," &c. Frice 30 cents each. Address all orders to A. B. WHITING, Albien, Michigan.

CIRCLE. HEALING AND DEVELOPING CIRCLE, No. 91 Harrison Avenue, every Tuesday and Friday evening, commencing at 1% of clock. Admittance 25 cents. Conducted by Oct. 22—4w*

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MRS. M. J. WOODS, 8 Avon Place, successfully treats all Diseases of the Blood, and all other diseases known to the human system. She also restores the hair. WM. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAV HALL, Wash-ington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, Mass. Aug. 20.

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IN all Ages and Nations and in all Churches Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith. By William HOWITI.

"There are two courses of Nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary."—Butter's Analogy. "Thou canst not call that madness of which thou art proved to know nothing."—Tertulian.

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Mrs. J. II. Conunt,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbulim.

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We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put

forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive-no more.

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Theo. Gregory, to friends; Charille Hayes, of South Carolina, to his father; Robert Somers, (Scotchman) to Thomas Pendleton, (Quaker) of Pennsylvania; John Howarth, of Great Britain, to friends, near Boston, Mass.

Taesday, Oct. 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Albert Griffin, to his grandmother, in Fair Haven; Samuel Ross, of Fairlee, Vt., to his friends; Jock Bowditch, to a gentleman in this city; Dora Lee, of Castleton, Penn., to her mother.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

mother.

Thursday, Oct. 6.— Invocation: Questions and Answers:
Andrew T. Frazer, of Charleston, S. C., to his brother Wil-liam; Tom Stanwood, to his sister, in Kennehunkport, Me.; Georgiana Curtis, to her parents, George and Ann Elizabeth

Curtis.

Monday, Oct. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
Mary Stewart Wardwell, to her father, Major Alexander
Wardwell, of Richmond, Va.; Patrick Donahue, to friends,
Annie Higdras, to her friends, in St. Louis, Mo.; Lieut. William Quimby, to friends, at the South.

Tuestay, Oct. II.—Invocation: Questions and Answers;
Sannel Scudder, of Boston, to his children; Alonzo Dresser,
to friends; Wm. Sampson, (colored) to his wife Susan, in Cambridgeport, Mass.; Fannie Bullard, of Roxbury, Mass., to her
parents.

bridgeport, Mass.; Fannie Bullard, of Roxbury, Mass., to her parents.

Thursday, Oct. 13. — Invocation: Questions and Answers; Bill Glddlings, to his mother, in Plattsburg, N. Y.; Dr. Geo. T. Garvin, of Macon, Ga., to his friend, Thomas Greenwich; Evelyn Sholes, to Catharine Sholes, of Dacatoh City, Iowa.

Monday, Oct. 17. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Capt. Purker C. Symonds, to his wife, at the South; Geo. W. Gage, to his father, and his mother in Canton, Mos.; Charlos H. Johnson, to friends; J. B. Priest, to his friend, H. W. Dyer, of Boston, Mass.; Annie T. Louges, to her father, Jerome Louges, in New York.

Tuesday, Oct. 18. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Col. Henry, G. dilbert, to his wife, in Coldwater, Mich.; Hiram Tubbs, to his father, in San Francisco, Cal.; Abbie Jennings Holfe, to friends, in Wilton, Tenn.; Philip Manden, to Mr. John Gage, of Nashus, N. H.; Grace Sickies, of Georgetown, D. C., to her mother, and father, Josiah Sickies, an officer in the Army.

Invocation.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose glory and brightness is mirrored in the face of this handsome day, whose power and nearness is manifested even in the falling leaf, we praise thee as the sun praises thee, as it floods Mother Nature's glorious body with light and makes translucent every atom. We praise thee as the earth teening with fruits and grains praises thee. We praise thee for those gigantic powers of mind which, though prisoned by the things of Time, ever and anon soar away to the eternal world, asking for the sunlight of wisdom, which, though fettered by creeds and dogmas here, will stretch itself out into immensity and shake hands with those of the other world. We praise thee for the existence of those persons who stand shaking hands with the things of Time and Eternity. hands with the things of Time and Eternity. While they dispense the waters of Life to thirsty thousands, may they feel that there is an ample supply remaining for themselves. Knowing that they scatter the bread of Life that mortals may hunger no more, may they, too, be fed from the same table. Father, Spirit, we know thou ar ever near us. We have no need to invoke the presence, for thou art with us forever, blessing u beyond all blessings, leading us straightway through darkness into the light. And as all Na ture lifts its voice to thee in one glad anthem o praise, so the soul joins that voice and praise thee forever.

Sept. 27.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are ready now to give our opinion concerning whatever subject the friends may se

concerning whatever subject the friends may se fit to propose.

Ques.—Please unfold the meaning of the pass age from the Veda, viz., "Rich is that universal sel which thou callest the soul."

Ans.—The mind which conceived that idea conceived a great truth. All souls have sprung from one essence. A universal power, it is ever rich never poor. That which is a soul is also a Districe Intelligence and Districtional ungred is vine Intelligence, and Deity could no more dis one separate Intelligence than these Intelligences could dispense with Deity They are wedded together and are inseparable therefore are rich in all things pertaining to life. Q.—Is each soul in rapport with the Universe, though perhaps unconscious of it?

-At all times and under all circumstances the human soul is in rapport with every atom composing the Universe, or system of Universes: but that connection cannot be transmitted through

Therefore you, as an individual, are unconscious concerning your near relationship to all things.

Q.—Please explain how it is that some disembodied spirits, as is stated in Jung Stillings's work, on approaching books leave the mark of the properties. fire upon them. It is sometimes found necessary to make

A.—It is sometimes found necessary to make use of that substance known to you as phosphorus, in presenting the disembodied spirit to human vision. The result, therefore, would be such as Jung Stillings sets forth in his work.

Q.—Would the spirit of a child who died when it had arrived at the age of one year, present the same appearance as it would had it lived twenty-

five years on the earth and then died?

A.—We believe the appearance would be sim-

ilar to its appearance had it remained that length of time in earth-life. But it should be remembered that all spirits grow to maturity in the spiritland. For instance, the child grows in statue as an individualized spirit, until it reaches mature age—until it arrives at perfection in the spirit-world. It never takes a downward grade. There-fore, strictly speaking, there are no old persons in the spirit-land, though all who have died in old age here, are obliged to take on that pesuliar form when presenting themselves to human senses, that by so doing they may be recognized.

Q.—Many old persons here enter into what is called second childhood. Is there anything sim-

A.—No, certainly not.

Q.—What is life as contained in a bubble?

A.—Life is life overywhere, under all circumstances; whether presented in the form of a

bubble or the human structure, it is life. There is no difference in essence, only in the manifestation. Q.—Are not children sooner conscious in the spirit-world than adults?

A .- Yes, because their soul-mirrors, if we may o express ourselves, are more plastic than those of more mature age. Hence they receive the impression of consciousness much sooner than those who have become hardened and darkened by the unfortunate things of Time. The Church with its unfortunate things of Time. The Church with its darkness—mark us, not its light—has done more to shroud the spirit in gloom and to prevent its awakening to early consciousness in the spiritworld, than anything else we know of. Do not lay the charge of blasphemy at our door, for we hold that Being in sacred reverence whom you call God. We know that we worship him in spirit and in truth. Notwithstanding the world may care out blasphemy and darkness, may be thrown cry out blasphemy, and darkness may be thrown over the external world, yet we know that we shall sit in the calm sunlight of our Father's light

-If infants in a disembodied state awake to consciousness earlier than adults, is not that an argument in favor of infanticide, if we desire the highest improvement of infants?

A.—Surely it would be no argument in favor of early death, for we wish you to distinctly understand that the spirit, whether in the form or in the spirit-world, never takes a downward grade. It grows to perfect proportions, and never becomes the old, the deformed, such as you see manifested in the external world. That belongs to the body, not the spirit.

Q.—Old age is considered by some an advan-age. Then why is it not a disadvantage to the tage. Then why is it spirit to die in infancy?

Why does not the rule continue good for one to Why does not the rule continue good for one to live to be as old as possible?

A—It is better that you retain your earthly bodies as long as possible, for you have need of all the experiences you can obtain through them.

Q.—How is it when very aged people fall into what is termed second childhood?

A.—In reality it is no disadvantage, only so far the body leave read.

as the body is concerned. So far as spirit is concerned it is not a disadvantage, for the experiences of second childhood are always made use of by the

Q.—Does an insane person in leaving the body become perfectly same?

A.—No, notal ways. Sometimes the spirit will remain in a semi-same state for an indefinite length of time. No two remain in this semi-same state the same length of time, therefore there is a difference in point of time as regards spirits regaining their

Q.—Do insane spirits ever entirely throw off

d.—Do heane spirits ever entirely throw on their insanity in spirit-life?

A.—Certainly they do. Insanity is a thing that belongs to the things of time. It affects the spirit, but will sconer or later be thrown off by the spirit.

Q.—How is it with the born idlot?

Q.—How is it with the born idiot?

A.—There is much that might be said concerning life in idiocy. We find there are certain persons who are idiots from conception, who never have been temples of intelligence; who have only held animal life, and have never been temples of that Spirit known as part and portion of the great mind, Deity. Such belong to the animal creation alone, and we do not find them existing as independent spirits after their passage out of the form. Again, there are others who have become idiots by accident. Then the spirit resumes its former independent position upon entering the spirit independent position upon entering the spirit-world, and grows and unfolds and perfects itself just the same as any other spirit.

Q.—Are all the experiences of life under divine

control?

A.—Certainly they are.
Q.—Are they all designed for our highest good?
A.—Certainly they are.
Q.—They seem to improve our character. Do they really do so, or do they not?
A.—You are all living dual lives. In one you partake of the conditions of time; in the other of the conditions of eternity. We believe that many of the trivial experiences through which the spirit passes, make very little impress upon the spirit. They belong to time, therefore are soon cast off. It is our belief that every manifestation of life, It is our belief that every manifestation of life, from the higher and grander to the lower, are all ordained in wisdom.

Q.—And will eventually prove our highest spir itual good, will they? A.—That is our belief. Sept. 27.

Patrick Hevron.

Patrick Hevron.

I'm a sort of a chap, sir, what do n't know much about these things. [You'll have a chance to find out about them.] Oh, I suppose so.

Well, sir, I suppose the first thing to do is to give me name, &c. [Yes.] That, if I remember right, was Patrick Hevron. I was in the 57th Massachusetts Regiment, Co. F, and I got me discharge last June. '[Where were you mustered out?] I was mustered out, sir, in the hospital at Washington. [Or in other words, you died there.] Yos, I died there, and somehow or other I'm alivo and here. [What do you want to say?] Ah, I do n't know; I got so much to say I not know where to begin. [Did you leave a family?] Yès, sir; yes, sir, I leave a family; and it's all very well to go and fight, but it is n't so well when you are killed and leave your family without any support. [Where

fight, but it is n't so well when you'are killed and leave your family without any support. [Where are they?] They was in Boston when I went; I suppose they 're here now, living in Washington square. [Is there any one that you used to work for that we could refer to?] Here? [Yes.] Let me see, sir; the last place I was at doing anything of the kind, was driving a coal team for Mr.—wait, I get him in a moment or two—well, he kept on Harrison Avenue. [Above the bridge?] Yes, oh yes. Ah, faith, I know very well; I can't think, just now, of the name. Well, it was on the opposite side as you go round on Dover street. [Was it Mr. Childs?] Ah no: I can see it inst as plain

just now, of the name. Well, it was on the opposite side as you go round on Dover street. [Was it Mr. Childs?] Ah, no; I can see it just as plain as if I was there. [It is this side of Clark's grain store.] That's where I was, anyway. I did n't have him down on me list when I come—did n't think anything about him, anyway.

Well, I should like, in the first place, to hail me well, I should like, in the first place, to hail me list to go somewhere—be somewhere, where I can talk to me brother Jim in this way. (Motioning, as if to another spirit.) [Who is that?] That is our Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler. [Is he here to speak?] Maybe. If he gets a chance he will; but sometimes persons want a chance, you know, and can't get it.

Well, here I am, and I want just what all the rest

who came here a short time since, and said she left two children, when she left but one.] Faith, I could n't swear to it meself. Well, if it's a mistake, it's no fault of mine at all. Faith, I can't say that they are mine. Faith, I took care of 'em, and I own 'em. What's the woman's name? [Kennelly, we think.] Ah, it's no relation to me. She says she have two, and had but one! [We ascertained the facts of the case. We found her sister, who says she left only one with her. We wish you'd hunt her up, and tell her to come back and correct her mistake. She said, also, she lived in one place, her mistake. She said, also, she lived in one place when she lived somewhere else, a long way off from the place she stated.] Faith, I don't know anything about the matter. But it's hunting her up, that's what you want me to do. [It places us in an awkward position to have such mistakes made.] Ah, begad! you try it on yourself, and see if you do any better. Ah, begad! her sister may not know. [Her sister says she did n't leave but one.] Are you sure the spirit was not drunk? [We do n't know about that.] Sometimes the drunk stays on a long time. I see some of em there what's been in the spirit-world a long time, and have not got

the drunk out of 'em yet. You come there and you'll see that I tell you the truth.

I like to see some of you coming back and taking on a body what's not your own, and have to be ing on a body what a not your own, and have to be yourself all over, remember a good many things, and if you happen to make the smallest mistake, that's not Patrick Hevron at all, the folks will say. [It's necessary that you make no mistakes, so that the necessary that you make no instances, so that your friends may recognize you.] Al, faith, I see the necessity of it, but d—n it, I see it's hard. Now I used to swear sometimes, but you'll say I must not when I'm here. [Can't you help it?] No. It comes out sometimes unawares.

Well, now I'm not drunk at all. I mean to tell interprets I think is truth and it? I fall about it.

just what I think is truth, and if I fall short it's meself that's the loser by it, because I'm here for me own good, and if I make a mistake I'm the first one to fall into it. Well, sir, good-bye to you. [There were two that made mistakes here. We [There were two that made mistakes here. We wish you'd hunt them both up.] Faith, there is a great difference between talking this way and with your own body. Ah, I like to see you, old fellow, on the other side, and see how you'd get along talking this way. [One of the women we speak of, lived in Batterymarch street—Bridget Kennelly in Napler street. If you could find 'em both, we'd like to have you; won't feel bad if you don't find but one, however.]

don't find but one, however.]

Faith, I'd swear to it they were both drunk when they made the mistakes. [Rather a hard comment on the sex.] They're no better than men are. Ladies, ah, bless me! I've seen 'em as drunk as I ever saw meself. You ask me to tell the truth here, and if it comes hard and cuts in on the other side, I can't help it. You ask them, when they come, if they were sober? [They'll tell us yes. Maybe they would, and maybe they'd pitch into you the first thing. Well, good-bye to you, sir.

Elizabeth Dumas.

Elizabeth Dumas, Princeton, N. J. I been dead sixteen months. My parents died, one when I was nine years of age, the other at eleven.

I have one brother, Stephen. When the war broke out he was in Georgia. He came to see me and went back again. I had always received my support from him, until a short time before my death. I thought then he must have entered the rebel army, as he contemplated, and was killed. But I've since learned he was not killed. He's living, and has been unable to get any news to living, and has been unable to get any news to

I suppose he's not aware of my death. I come here to let him know, if I can, that I've passed on, and I find it very hard to speak here, for I feel very much as I did in my last days on earth. I

A.—As far as the body is concerned it is a disadvantage; but so far as the spirit is concerned, it is not a disadvantage.

Q.—It is often said to be a great advantage for one to die when an adult, rather than an infant.

Sept. 27.

Tom Harris,

I'm Tom Harris, from Booneville, Kentucky. I'm Tom Harris, from Booneville, Rentucky. [We are glad to have you come. You know where you are, do n't you?] Well, yes, I recken I do.
I've got folks that I want to talk to out there; what's the prospect? [Pretty good.] What lines do you furnish your friends or enemies? [A newspaper.] That's good; what else? [We print whatever spirits say, and send it, when we can, to their friends I

Well, I suppose I got killed in action, but I went so quick that I didn't know much about it. I heard about these things before I went away; so

so quick that I did n't know mich about it. I heard about these things before I went away; so you see I'm not so ignorant as some, after all.

Now I want you to telegraph over the wires something like this: that Tom Harris has come here and talked, and wants his friends to come and talk with him this way, not at this place, either. I don't want to know if they will dot, but I want them to do it. They need n't think I'm coming back here to ask any favors of any one; that aint my way. Besides, I've done enough for others in my day, and I want my pay with interest now, and I'm determined to have it; and just so sure as they refuse to come and talk with me, just so sure I'll raise a storm about their heads that they won't like. I never asked favors of no man or woman but I could pay for when here, and I'm just as able to pay for them now as I was then; so they need n't be afraid to come and talk with me, for I'll pay'em back. That's my way. My way aint your way, or anybody

and talk with me, for I'll pay 'em back. That's my way. My way aint your way, or anybody else's, you know.

I had no wife. I had no children. I was forty-eight years old—forty-eight and four months, and I feel just as strong and powerful now as I did when here. I measured six feet four inches, and as stocky as I was tall; and I could whip a-half a dozen of your Massachusetts pigmies. Give me a body like unto the one I've lost, and I'll do it now. I do n't see that I've lost a whit of my former strength. Good-by to you, sir, till I come round again, which I'll be sure to do if I do n't get the door open to me this time.

(The moment this spirit left, several visitors to

(The moment this spirit left, several visitors to the circle asked permission to retire. Some con-fusion on the other side ensued in consequence, which resulted in the return of the spirit, who

spoke in explanation as follows:) Holloa! holloa there! Well, well, so it seems I've got dragged back again to start anew. What are you up to? [Who are you?] Tom Harris, come back, yes. [Did n't you get a fair chance to go out?] Get out, fair! why, no. Oh, I got somehow or other entangled up in your women's petticoats—those that went out—and so had to come back here. [Did you come on their magnetism?] I suppose I did; I did n't know it, though, if I had I'd a-cut loose from them. [Explain to these friends something about the matter, for we can't do it.] The first I knew, I was caught up in some woman's petticoats. I might have been in some high priest's choker as well as a woman's petticoats. Hollon! hollon there! Well, well, so it seems I've woman's petitiones. I might have been in some high priest's choker as well as a woman's petiticont. They say in the spirit-world they can't tell when you will or when you won't be, so the safest way is to shut down on all. So all you folks have got to stay here when I come again until I'm gone, unless you go through the window, and I'm not one of your small fry that's to be frightened by any one from these parts. Well, now, captaingeneral, I'll post out, and if I get dragged back here again, I'll stay with you a while and board with your and you are seen that the second series again, I'll stay with you a while and board of the second series again, I'll stay with you a while and board of the second series again.

Invocation.

Father, Spirit, thy loving smile beams in upon us through the darkness of the external world, through the booming of cannon, through the clash of arms, through the groans of the departing, and the lamontations of those who are left to mourn them. Oh, there are no clouds so dense as to obsource the countenance—no condition that can separate thee from thy children—for the Creator must ever dwell with the thing created. It has been born of its life, and exists only by that life. So, oh Divine Spirit, whether we dwell in dark-So, oh Divine Spirit, whether we dwell in darkness or sunshine, we know that thou art with us. Thy presence is our strength. In thy life we live. Though changes come each hour, and the great ball of Progression rolls on ever so rapidly, still thou art with us, still thou art our protector. It has been said there are times when thou dost withdraw thy presence from thy children; but we know this cannot be true. We know that there never was a time when thou wast not with us. There never can come a time when we shall ing, as if to another spirit.) [Who is that?] That is our Lieutenaut-Colonel Chandler. [Is he here to speak?] Maybe. If he gets a chance he will; but sometimes persons want a chance, you know, and can't get it.

Well, here I am, and I want just what all the rest want. [How old was you?] Thirty-seven. [How many children have you?] I have two boys and a girl. [Do n't make a mistake, as a woman did who came here a short time since, and said she left two children, when she left but one.] Faith, I could n't swear to it mould be supported by the came here a short time since, and said she left two children, when she left but one.] Faith, I could n't swear to it mould not be supported by the came here a short time since, and said she left two children, when she left but one.] Faith, I could n't swear to it mould not be supported by the could n't swear to it mould not swear to it mould n't swear to it mould not not not not with thee, and then when we shall not be with thee, and then when we shall not be with thee, and then when we shall not be with thee, and then when we shall not be with thee, and then we had not be with thee, and then with thee with us. Oh our Father, there is darkness thick and heavy hanging over this beloved people. They feel it, drink it in each hour, and it begets sighs and tears, takes away their joys, and gives them serrow. Oh our Father, did we not know that out of this darkness cometh light, out of all this human sortakes away their joys, and gives them serrow. Oh our Father, did we not know that out of this darkness cometh light, out of all this human sortakes away their joys, and gives them serrow.

Oh our Father, did we begotting of greater light. We know that the seeds sown in other days, under conditions of ignorance, must germinate and bring forth fruit, and their fruits must be dealt harshly with. So War is their guest, so Sorrow walks with them, and all their habitations are houses of mourning. Yet since thou art with us and with these fig children, one and all should fear no evil. They should know that thou art strong in all things and especially in thy great love; that thou cansi not and will not forsake them; that though the great waves of Human Sorrow roll over their souls, still they are not lost to thee, still thou art gazing lovingly upon them, and their souls recog-nize thy presence. Oh our Father, we commend all thy sorrowing children to the care of thy loving, ministering angels. Oh ye Guardian Spirits, with your soft hands of affection, with your eyes of love, deal gently with them. Wipe away their tears, bind up their broken hearts, lead them over the hard, rough ways of life, and at last swing back the gates of the Eternal City for them and bid them look at the glories of their spirit home. Unto thee, oh Father, who hast been our Father in all the past, who is our Father in the present, and will be such in the future, we render all things, and the deepest adoration of our souls Sept. 29. forever.

Questions and Answers. SPIRIT.—In compliance with your custom, we

are ready to answer all questions offered.
CHARMAN.—A correspondent residing in East 10th screet, New York City, sends the following letter of inquiry to the spirits of our Circle.

QUES.—"The Rev. Mr. Scott preached a discourse, or sermon, yesterday, at the Church of the Redemption in 14th street, from the text taken from the 27th chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, 50th, 51st, 52d and 53d verses, and asserted the street of the Gospel according to Matthew, 50th, 51st, 52d and 53d verses, and asserted the street of the s serted that the occurrences therein described did positively take place at the crucifixion of Jesus. He also stated that a well known Deist, travel-

ing in the Eastern countries, repeatedly scoffed at the falacies referred to in the Bible as the records of Jesue's trials, until he had carefully examined the rocks of Calvary, when he declared that the evidences of the earthquake were so singular and strongly marked, differing from all other evidences of this natural occurrence in that the rocks were rent across the veins, he claimed that, as, upon a careful examination of Nature, earthquakes always opened rocks by the course of the veins, and did not rend them, or fracture them, as indicated

by Mount Calvary,
Will the controlling intelligence guiding this
Circle, kindly inform the inquirer upon this subject, at the same time, state whether, or not,
severe shocks of earthquakes have occurred in that region since the crucifixion of Jesus, especially one in the third century? Mr. Scott did not favor his audience with the name of the Deist, so that they might examine his writings for them-selves, but stated that he immediately proclaimed his belief in Christianity. Just like Church policy

and rule—' believe what I say.'" and rule—'believe what I say."

ANS.—It is exceedingly difficult to determine by what you have received from your correspondent what he desires us to speak of particularly; but supposing it to be with regard to what we may believe, or not believe, concerning the record of the crucifixion, we will speak briefly on that point. It is our opinion that the phenomenon spoken of in Biblical history, consequent upon the crucifixion of Jesus, did indeed take place; that the record, in the main, is true; that it was one of those phenomenal conditions that have a resting-place in Nature, are born of Nature, and are by place in Nature, are born of Nature, and are by no means miracles in the just sense of the term;

for a miracle implies something done outside of all law, natural or divine. We do not believe that a miracle ever was performed, for all things are done by virtue of law, else there is no Law-Giver. If the Great Infinite Mind or Power controlling the universe had no established law by which all things are governed and controlled, by which all things exist, then life would become extinet. Natural law must be observed under all conditions and circumstances, and whatever transcends, or violates law, must, in time, cease to exist. And as we believe that all things, from the smallest atom up to the graudest of God's creation—the soul—are blest with the gift of immortality, certainly in essence—mark us, we do not refer to the form—having all sprung from one Great Eternal Source, nothing can become ex-Great Eternal Source, nothing can become ex-tinet; nothing can die in the absolute sense of the

tinet; nothing can die in the absolute sense of the term; all things must live forever.

We have no special knowledge concerning the individual, the Deist, your correspondent makes mention of. Yet, as we are in the habit of receiving human testimony as truth, until proved to the contrary, we shall believe that such a person did exist, did make the examinations spoken of, and, perhaps, did announce his belief in Christianity in consequence thereof. Should your correspondent desire more light on this subject, let him write you again, and we will speak further upon it.

Q.—Is it true that earthquakes cleave rocks only in the lines of their veins, and never across the lines of their veins?

the lines of their voins?

A.—It is our belief—yea, more, we do certainly know—that the general rule is not always followed in this phenomenon; but that rocks are sometimes cleft across the voins. It is easier for carthquakes to cleave rocks in their veins, but it is not always done, as the geologist will tell you in his researches into the interior of Mother Nature, the has a wind a widenes if he will take print to He has ample evidence, if he will take pains to search for it, that earthquakes do not always cleave rocks in the lines of their veins.

Q.—Was the crucifixion of Jesus the cause of the earthquake spoken of in the Bible?

A.—No, certainly not. It was merely a phenomenal occurrence due to Nature and her law, not by any means to the crucifixion of Jesus. y any means to the crucifixion of Jesus.

Q.—Was Jesus, after his crucifixion, actually seen by people on earth?

A.—We believe he was.

Q.—How was he seem

A.—We hence he was.
Q.—How was he seen?
A.—Not in the body, certainly—the material, physical, Mother Nature's body—but in that spirit-body clothed upon with material clothing, that clothing which it extracts from its mother, the at-

mosphere.

Q.—How does that accord with his words to Thomas: "Reach higher thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing"?

A.—Pardon us if we ignore some portions of the account, having no faith whatsoever in its

Q.—Do you mean to apply it to the account of tesus's re-appearance in the form after death?

A.—We mean to say that his body was stoler.

A.—It is our belief that the guard was overpowered by that same subtle presence that overpowers many of your day. While under that
condition it were very easy for his friends to steal
away the body. Now this same Jesus was dearly beloved not only here, but by millions in the
spirit-world. The power that was exerted through
the human was great, very great, not only before
death, but after that event. Therefore all these
things were easy to be done, and the removal of
the body of Jesus was no miracle.
Q.—Did those who saw the body of Jesus when
it re-appeared on the earth, see because they were

ly beloved not only here, but by millions in the spirit-world. The power that was excreted through the human was great, very great, not only before death, but after that event. Therefore all these things were easy to be done, and the removal of the body of Jesus was no miracle.

Q.—Did those who saw the body of Jesus when the reappeared on the earth, see because they were psychologized, or could every one see it who came within coular range of the could every one see it who came within coular range of the could see as they expected by the saw. Now with regard to his disciple Thomas, thrusting the finger into the side, otc., how many of your mediums of the present time will tell you that when the spirit-hand has been thrust in theirs, they have felt the palpable touch of that spirit-hand. Have they not in all earnestness and truth declared to others that the touch of that hand was as real and tangible as the physical touch that they know no difference? Now the record gives you to understand that his disciples saw the material body. Jesus was raised from the dead, and appeared to his disciples of the physical touch that was that spiritual body to the dead, and appeared to his disciples of the presenting themselves when desirous of presenting themselves when desirous of presenting themselves to your material vision. All those who have witnessed that phenomenon will at once understand our explanation.

Q.—What became of the old body?

A.—The same chief hat poil in this disciples, and blessed and brake bread for them?

A.—The same thing has been done in these alter days. Your need may be a difference from those dwolling in the body.

Q.—Speaking about angels eating with earth-friends, we have an account in the Bible of two angels eating with Lot; but the account does not state that they oppeared to eat with him.

A.—So vor mediums will be that the partition of the policy and that they absolutely did eat with him.

A.—So vor mediums state that these spirits of the should be a proper to the present of the present of t

state that they appeared to eat with him, but that they absolutely did eat with him. A.—So your mediums state that these spirits of modern times do.

Q.—Is n't it more convenient to deny the resur-

rection of Jesus, and so ignore the account, than to satisfactorily explain his appearance on the earth again? A.—No; for we believe in the main the account is true, therefore we could not ignore it.

QR.—But the account represents that the physical body did rise. A.—Because you have been educated to believe this.

QR.-The record reads so. A.—Yes; and doubtless the writer was fully baptized with the same belief. Therefore he colored the account in writing it.

Q.—Why is it not in accordance with law for the physical body to rise from the grave? A.—Because it is not natural for the material body to be resurrected. Therefore we know it never was done, for to violate the smallest point of law would be to send your Universe whirling into nonentity. In order to preserve order and harmony in the Universe, all things must be done in accordance with law. There may be many things done according to your finite judgment out-side of natural law, but according to the wisdom

of divinity, it is never infringed upon.
Q.—Why could not this be in accordance with law, if the Divine had established it? A.—It is our belief that the Divine never did establish such a thing, and investigation upon in-

vestigation proves to the contrary.

Q.—Did those persons who saw Jesus Christ upon the earth again, after his death, perceive him with their material eyes, or their spiritual eyes?

A.-We believe they discerned him with their material eyes.

Q.—Why was not mention made of such a remarkable event, by Josephus, who was contemporary with Jesus?

A.—Josephus ignored much of that which was colden by Josephus and his follows:

A.—Josephus ignored much of that which was said to have been done by Jesus and his followers, while on the earth. His friends say so and so of him, but he himself does not seem to believe it.

Those very passages you now refer to are not recognized by the best scholars.
Q.—Some persons say that they believe the time will come when persons living in the form will become so refined and spiritualized as to walk the earth at an altitude of five or ten feet.

What is your onto an open this subject?

walk the earth at an altitude of five or ten feet. What is your opinion upon this subject?

A.—In our judgment it is not so.

Q.—In the same direction some persons say that disembodied spirits will walk your streets and become visible to persons in earth-life. Is that probable within five or ten years?

A.—We cannot believe that this will take place within so short a time. We believe that these residents of the spirit spheres will become visible. They are coming day by day nearer to you as physical beings; that is to say, you are growing into their atmosphere, and the two worlds are becoming nearer to each other. We believe that the time is not very far distant when you will be able to discern them, not with spirit eyes, but with mato discern them, not with spirit eyes, but with ma-terial eyes. We cannot believe, however, that

mortals will ever walk the earth at an elevation of one foot or two from the surface of the earth.

Q.—Are we any more in the presence of God after we have left the earth than while here?

A.—No, certainly not. God is Omnipresent; ever

here and ever there.

Q.—Does the controlling intelligence at these circles change? or is it always the same individual spirit?

circles change? or is it always the same individ-ual spirit?

A.—A large band of individual intelligences control the opening of these scances, and the an-swering of these inquiries. Some one from that band is day by day selected, as the case may demand. They are taken from all conditions of mentality. They represent all conditions of mind, from the lowest to the highest. Though we are unable to give perfect expression to their thoughts through the feeble subject you so kindly furnish us with, yet we trust to receive the blessing of us with, yet we trust to receive the blessing of the Infinite for its truth, for its honesty, simple as

it may be.

Q.—Is it one or many intelligences that control
the vocal organs of the medium during her utterances?

A.—One only.
Q.—Does this apply only to the opening ques-

tions?

A.—Yes; after that, each spirit whose name is attached to the message claims to control personally. They are sometimes assisted in their control by others, but not often.

Sept. 29.

Mary Donaldson.

Oh I have tried many times to speak, but my want of courage has prevented me. [Don't be

I lived in Tennessee—Weldon, Tennessee. I have been dead little more than a year. I have left two little boys and a husband. He has taken one, the oldest, and gone further South, but is wounded. Little William is left to the care of old

Aunt Alice.

Oh dear, I have been so strongly attracted home since my death, that I enjoy nothing in the spirit-world. I am so anxious to get a word to my friends there, if I can. They don't know that

I can come back.

I was Mary Donaldson. If I could only get a few words to Robert Donaldson, just a few words, to let him know that I can come back. Oh, I want him to take those boys and go into Indiana, want him to take those boys and go into Indiana, and there try to get away from this miserable war. I have a sister married there. She married a William Claymore. I believe he's from Indiana, although I never saw him. But I've heard that she was happy and well off.

I want my friends in Tennessee to get little William to her, that's what I want. Oh, I cant stay here any longer. [You feel bad, do n't you?] Yes; so bad! [We'll send your letter.] Sept. 20.

William Rodney Ashley.

"It's a long road that has no turn," they say.

"It's a long road that has no turn," they say.

[That's the old saying.] That's what I've been
thinking of ever since I went out. [The road is
turned now.] The road is turned.

I promised the folks, if Spiritualism was true,
I'd come back as soon as I died. Here I've been
ever since the battle of Pittsburg Landing waiting to get back. Knew how long ago that was?
If you do, it's more than I know. [It is some
time.] Yes, 'tis some time, and I've just got
round. [You've done pretty well to get round as
soon as this.] Well, now, won't you say that
William Rodney Ashley, hailing from Dubuque,
has just turned up at this place to-day, turned up
to say that Spiritualism is true. If I did n't
get back as soon as I promised to, it's not my
fault. We promise in good faith, but we can't always keep our promises though, for there are so

Well, I went pretty quick. Oh, I might have suffered an hour or so, but that's about all. I have not forgotten my friends; have the same love for them as ever, and feel just the same—just the same. I do n't know but what I could cobble a shoe as well as I did when here. [You were a shoemaker?] Yes, I was; rather think I could work at my trade now as well as before I found myself on t other side of Jordan. [What did the spirit-world seem like to you upon entering it?] spirit-world seem like to you upon entering 12? Well, it seemed to me like sort of a depopulated country. [Was it light, or dark?] Neither light nor dark; sort of half-and-half. [Who were you first met by?] The one that first met me, the first one I was met by, was my father, who was all bound up in Orthodoxy here—in his time the generally received religion. Oh, then they came along one by one, outsiders and insiders, and pretty soon I found out that the country I was in was along one by one, outsiders and insiders, and pretty soon I found out that the country I was in was anything but a depopulated one. The reason it seemed so to you at first was because you could not see what was around you.] That's it: I had n't come into—what you call it? [Rapport with the conditions.] That's it: there you have it. The fact is, we 've got to grow into conditions before we can enjoy any place.

[Tell any of the soldiers that you meet that we should be pleased to welcome them here.] I reckon if you should welcome all, you'd have your hands full. [They won't lose anything by coming, even if they do n't speak.] No, that's a fact.

Well, that's (letter) going to—who? Supposing you send it to Samuel Ashley; that'll do. Now look here: if I want to come again, can I? [Yes,

look here: if I want to come again, can I? [Yes, without charge.] Without money or without price, because you know Uncle Sam's scrip is getting pretty well worn out. I could n't carry it more than a thousand miles without its dropping to pieces. And as for gold, you couldn't expect me to scare that up. Well, seeing as you don't ask anything, I may come often. Well, good-by.

Ben White. Halloa! You look like one of the Battery boys.

Are you? [I was formerly one of the 11th Massachusetts Battery.] Do you know me? [No.]

Well, I'm Ben White. [You are? I'm glad to see you here, Ben.] God! I got round after a while. [I'm glad to meet you. So you've found the way?] Aint it rich! You know I didn't believe it. [Yes, I know you didn't believe spirits could come back.]

I'm from the 9th Army Corps, City Point, Virginia. By gracious! [Were you in the Battery

I'm from the 9th Army Corps, City Point, Virginia. By gracious! [Were you in the Battery when you died?] Yes. [You were left at City Point?] Yes. We've had some pretty good times—first-rate. [Some pretty hard ones, too.] Yes, when cold weather set in. [It's not so pleasant to be on guard.] Particularly if you get called out just as you've settled for a map. [Do you remember the night we encampled at Hall's Hill? You was detailed for guard that night, and they could n't find any guard.] Where do you suppose I was. By gracious, it rained too hard for me. Well. was. By gracious, it rained too hard for me. Well, I did n't say anything to the rest of the guard.

What was always strange to me was, why the boys did n't report me. [Oh, they were too kind-hearted for that.]

I tell you what it is, Charlie: I thought if your

Spiritualism was true, I'd come and see you.
Yes, you remember the time you told us that we should be ordered back, and soon after starting of Mess L. T. Whittier, Dansville, N. Y. octi5-† Yes, you remember the time you told us that we should be ordered back, and soon after starting off we met a detachment coming with an order for we met a detachment coming with an order for our men to fall back to the old place again? [Yes, and the boys thought I was a fool.] Well, I thought you was a fool. But who told you? Some of these folks like me? [Yes, some one on your side. Well, Ben, I'm glad to meet you.] I'm kind of glad to come, although I don't mean to stay long. [I was going to ask you if you knew Lieutenant Morrill was discharged?] No. Is he? What for? [He was sunstruck. Sergeant Lord is at home wounded.] Is he? Where's Jones now? [I don't know.]

Well, Charlie, tell the folks I'm ready to talk, whenever they 're ready to hear mo. Good-by. [Come again when you can.]

Sept. 29.

And the state of t

Patrick McGinnis.

Patrick McGinnis.

I'd like to have you say, sir, that Patrick McGinnis comes here, and would like some kind of a conveyance home. [What kind of one do you want?] Well, sir, one of these sort of ambulances, to go home with. My home is in New York. [City?] Yes, sir. [It's very easy for your friends to furnish you one there, if they choose to.] Did you serve in the army?] Yes, sir. I did. I was in the 162d New York, Company D. I don't know, sir, how long I've been in the spirit-world, but since the fight at Gettysburg. [Some time.] I don't know, sir, I m not able to reckon your time. But I was looking for a conveyance to take me home, and was told to come here; that that would be the only way I'd find one.

I'd like my brother, James McGinnis, or maybe I'd like my cousin, Philip Murray—either one of them, maybe, would do something for me. I've got something—well, I've got much to say. It's all among strangers, and won't interest anybody but my own folks. [They'll furnish you with a medium, we guess.] That's all I want. [Come again.] Thank you, sir. Fair day to you.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do so it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as printed. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratui-tously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

N. Frank White will speak in Malden, Mass., Oct. 30; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Lynn, Nov. 20 and 27; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Dec. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springfield during March. Address, Quin-cy, Mass. MBS. S. F. WARKER WIII speak in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 30; in Chelsea, Kov. 6 and 13; in Providence, Nov. 20 and 27; in Portland, Me., during December. Will speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. 11. F. Gardner, Pavilion, 57 Tre-

MRS. N. J. WILLIS will speak in Lynn, Nov. 6 and 13. MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Philadelphia during November; in Taunton during January; in Springfield during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

J. II. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Upper Lisic, Y., Oct. 27 and 28; in Binghamton, Oct. 30; in Utlea, Nov. and 13; in Winchester, N. II., Nov. 20; in Montague, Mass., lov. 27. Address accordingly.

Nov. 27. Address accordingly.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., Oct. 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. E. M. WQLOOTT will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year; and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

18AAO P. GIRENBLEAP will speak in Bucksport, Mc., Oct. 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25; in Glenburn, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4; in Exeter, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October; in Chelsea, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Pavillon, 57 Tre-mont street, Boston, Mass. Mas. Saran A. Byrnes will speak in Portland. Nov. 6 and 13; in Maiden, Nov. 20 and 27; in Lynn, Dec. 4 and 11; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25. Mns. Frances Lord Bond will lecture in Baltimore during October; in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kollogg, Amberst, Mass.

A. Kellogg, Almoret, Mask will speak in Taunton during October; in Foxboro' during November; in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18 and 25; in Lowell during January and May; in Chelsea during February; in Haverhill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Charlestown during October: in Stafford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

J. M. PEEDLES Will speak in Portland, Mc., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February. Address as above.

LEO MILLER Will spend the fall and winter in the West, and may be addressed at Chicago, Ill.

may be addressed at Chicago, Ill.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will lecture in Rockland, Mc., Oct.
30; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6 and 13; in Taunton, Nov. 20
and 27. Address, Bradley, Mo., care of A. B. Emery.

Warren Chase will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 23 and
30; in Sturgis, Mich., Nov. 6; the remainder of November
and the month of December will be spent on the route to
Washington, for which engagements can be made soon; will
locture in Washington, D. C., during January, and from there
make a tour East, via Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York,
from which route applications can be made by those who
want lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner
of Light.

Mas. August A. Caraca.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER WIll speak in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Militord, N. H., Nov. 13; in Randolph, Mass., Nov. 20; in Chleopèe, Nov. 21; in Philadelphia during December; in Worcester during January; in Lowell during February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

WALTER HYDE lectures every week in the "Electro Thera-poule and Medical Institute," No. 24 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend therais. See advertisement. Address as above. Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Chelsea during October; in Troy, N. Y., during November. MRS. ALGINDA WILHELM, M. D., will speak in Ohio and Pennsylvania the latter part of October and November. Will give political lectures on the route week evenings, until Nov. 8. Address in care of H. H. Marsh, Chicago, Ill.

J. L. Porren, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, lowa, every Sunday until further notice. Mas. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

Advise M. Allen will speak in Walde, Knex and Hancock Countles, Me, until further notice. Address, Searsport, Me, care of M. Balley. He will receive subscriptions for the Ban-ner of Light; also attend functals.

J. G. Fish will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November; in Providence, R. I., during January and March; it Worcester, Mass., during February; in Van Buren and Allegan Counties, Mich., during April, May and June. Address Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments. W. K. Ripter will speak in Stockport, N. Y., during Octobe i Somers, Conn., during December; in Stafford, Jan. 1 and i Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow

Mrs. Suste A. Hurchinson will speak in Montpeller, Nov 6; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27. b; in Formand, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.
Miss Exist Houston will lecture in Worcester, Mass., during October and November; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.
AUSTEN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the ourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

aress, woodstock, vt.

Miss Lizzle Carley, Ypsilanti, Mich., will be in Brecks
ville, Richfield, Ilinckley, Chagrin Falls, O., the last two weeks
feptember and during October, visiting other places during
the week, if desired; in Cincinnati during November.

DR. L. K. COOKERY will lecture and heal in Dixon, Ill., Oct. 89; in Fulton, Nov. 7; in Quincy during December. Address, 8t. Charles, Ill. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform Books at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

W. F. JAMIESON, trance speaker, Albion, Mich., will speak in St. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month. F. L. WADSWORTH'S address is 274 Canal street, New York.

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sollo—5m* Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, 24% Winter street, Bos ton, Mass.

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Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

oct8—3m

Miss A. P. Mypgert will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Montpeller, Vt., care of L. L. Tanner. oct22-6w*

Mrs. A. P. Brown, inspirational speaker. Address, St oct24-6w* oct24-6w*

'Miss Lizzis M. A. Carley, Ypsilanti, Mich., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the spiritual papers. Miss Jennie Lord, musical medium, care Erastus Stebbins Chicopee, Mass. sep24—3m

DUDLEY WILLITS, New Boston, Ill. Mis. C. Fannie Allen's address is Scarsport, Me., care of M. Bailey. She will now receive calls to lecture for the autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. Jyl6-† MRS. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Cleveland, O. † MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, musical medium. Address 40 Russell street, Charlestown, care Col. C. H. Wing. jun4 HENRY GEORGE, trance and inspirational speaker, will an swer calls to lecture, or attend functals. Address at No. 1
Kneeland street, Boston. aug6-3m* MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogk, Am-herst, Mass.

BAMUEL H. Paist, the blind medium, will answer calls to lec-ture and sit for tests. Address, Henry T. Child, M. D., \$31 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. may 28—† street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give courses of lectures, as usual. Mus. F. O. Hyzen, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y. L. JUDD PARDER, Boston, Mass., at the "Boston Hotel."
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This is the only instrument of high power which requires no focal adjustment, and therefore can be readily used by every one—even by the children. Its low price places it within the reach of all, and should be on the table of every family. It is valuable for physicians, scientific men, students and schools, and for every one who is a lover of the heautiful things of Nature. It magnifies 100 diameters, or 10,000 times, and is capable of being made a never-ending source of instruction to old and young. It renders the pus, blood and milk globules, and cancer cells, as well as the thousands of animals in a single drop of stagmant water, distinctly visible; shows the tubular structure of the hair, the claws on a fly's foot which enable him to walk on the celling, and the spongy bodies between the claws, which enable him to adhere to glass and other smooth surfaces, and opens up the minutiae of creation to the view of the astonished beholder, "where the unassisted sight no beauty sees." As a cirr, or a praisex to a friend or child, it is unsarpassed. On recelpt of the regular price, \$2,00, this Microscope will be carefully packed in a neat box, and sent to any address prepaid. A liberal discount offered to agents and others. Address, GEO. G. MEAD, Post Office box 119, Milwaukee. Wisconsin, corner of East Water and Huron streets. May 28.

THE WHEELER & WILSON Highest Premlum

(TOCK STITE!!)

SEWING MACHINE The Most SIMPLE and PRACTICAL SEWING MACHINE OFFICE 228 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. 8w-Sept. 17.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, will commence its Winter Session on Tursday, Oct. 25th, continuing five months. A Teacher of Gymnastics will give instruction in the new system of Parlor Exercises. The location is leading and beautiful. Terms moderate. For Circulars giving details, address BELLE BUSH, Norristown Mont gomery Co., Pa. / ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE

AT THE OLD STAND, NO. 654 WASHINGTON STREET, may be procured every variety of pure and fresh Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Olis, Extracts, Patent and Popular Medicines, together with all articles usually found in any Drug Store.

A liberal discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clairvoyants, and those who buy to sell again.

Aug. 20. OCTAVIUS RING.

VERMONT BOOK STORE. S. & O. B. SCOTT. EDEN MILLS, VERMONT. Books of all S. kinds constantly on hand and for sale on most reasonable terms. A supply of new and popular works as soon as issued. Also, for sale, any of the works advertised in the "Hanner of Light."

BOOKS IN BRANDON, VERMONT.

I KEEP CONSTANTLY FOR SALE all Spiritual and Reformatory Works which are advertised in the BANNER O. MOTT.

MILO O. MOTT. tř.

March 19. MISS L. HASTINGS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, Vocal Music
(Italian Method,) and French and Latin Languages, will
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own, 3t
Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable.

If—June 18.

Walter Hyde's Specialty

CONSISTS in Teaching the Art of Healing by the Laying on of Hands, and the principles attending Mediumistic De velopment, Send for Circular. Address, 244 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Aug. 27. DIARRHEA CORDIAL THOSE desirous of procuring a superior article for the cure of Diarrhea-for children as well as adults-can to so by forwarding \$2.00 by letter to DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, (Room No. 2,) Hancock House, Boston.

BOOKS!

DELA MARSII, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Re offmatory Works, at publishers' prices.

37 ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Aug. 20.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. MAIN'S

HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of every class, under Dr. Main's personal supervision Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those desiring board at the Institute will please send notice two or three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address

olainly written, and state sex and age.

The Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.

A liberal discount made to the trade.

tf Aug. 20.

MRS. R. COLLINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,

CONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as
Spirit Physicians control her. The sick can be cured; miracles are being wrought through her daily. She is continually
benefiting suftering humanity. Examinations free. Call and
see for yourselves. All medicines furnished by her wholly
composed of roots and herbs from the garden of Nature.
P. S.—Mrs. C. having so much business to attend to she will
not be able to examine locks of hair by letter. 1f—Aug. 20.

MRS. CHARTER, CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM, will give instruc-tions about Business, and describe Absent Friends. Hours from 9 a. m. to 6 r. m. Terms—Ladies, 60 cents; Gents, 61.69. CIRCLE Sunday and Thursday Evenings. 7% o'clock. No. 11 Lagrange Place, Roston. 3w Oct. 22.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clair-voyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, 81.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Sept. 10. MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC and CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, 91 Harrison Avenue, 1st door from Bennett street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Twe-Oct. 22.

M ISS C. E. BECKWITH, Trance and Writing Medium, No. 28 Camden street. Hours from 9 to 12 and 8w*-Oct. 15. SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27. MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN
STREET, Boston, Mass.

MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 18 Lowell street.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully
announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit
them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they
will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past
and fature life; physical disease, with prescription therefor;
what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married,
whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.
They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling
what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.
Seven years experience warrants them in saying that they
can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.
Everything of a private character REFT STRIOLY AS BUCH.
For Written Delineation of Character, \$1.00.
Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by
either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Aug. 20. If Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin. SOUL READING,

DR. H. A. TUCKER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

WEDNESDAYS. BOSTON—Marlboro Hotel, 227 Washington atreet, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
THURSDAYS. TAUNTON—13 Porter street, from 1 to 5 p. m.
FRIDAYS. PROVIDENCE—Corner Brond and Eddy streets, from 1 to 6 p. m.
SATURDAYS. N. BRIDDEWATER and E. STORGHTON—The 1st and 3d of each month. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The last in each month, from 12 to 5 p. m.
MONDAYS. E. ATTLEBORO—Commencing Sept. 12th, 1864, once in two weeks, from 12 to 4 p. m. WALPOLE and SOUTH DEDHAM—Every alternate week.
TUESDAYS. N. ATTLEBORO—Commencing Sept. 13th, once in two weeks, from 3 to 8 p. m. ATTLEBORO—FALLS—Each alternate week, from 5 to 7 p. m.
SUNDAYS, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS—At his residence, FORNORO, from 8 to 11 a. m.
ED—All advice gratis after the first examination.
AEDICINE INVARIABLY CASH. Office Hours:

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Curing the Sick, WASHINGTON BUILDING,

CORNER OF CLINTON AND MAIN STREETS, Oct. 1.-6w* ROCHESTER, N. Y. CLAIRVOYANCE.

DR. S. D. PACE, the celebrated CLAINVOYANT, resides in Port Huron, Michigan. Send him a lock of your hair, your name, age, and one dollar, and he will send you a written description of your disease, and tell you how it may be cured. PSYCHOMETRY.

BY sending me an Autograph or a Lock of Hair, I will describe Discusses and Delineate Character, give Instruction for Business and Marriage Life. Terms 81.00. Address, J. B. Milles, Forksville, Lake Co., Illinois. Sw4-Oct. 1. M. R.S. M. TOWN, Magnetic Physician and Medi-cal Clairvoyant, 106 Bleecker street, New York. Charges moderate. The poor considered. 7w*-Sept. 24.

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM. ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. ALL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progressive Philosophy, whether published in England or America, can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, any of the Works advertised in the columns of the Banker of Light;

Bubscriptions taken for the Banker of Light at 17s.
per annum. Sample copies always on hand. tf—Oct I.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND! NO. 1.-THE PORTIOO OF THE SAGE.

" BY HUDSON TUTTLE. THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himselfor that niysterious land beyond the gall of darkness, he has published it in the popular Carte De Visite form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size photograph, 31; large size colored, 33. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS. WESTERN DEPOT, No. 356 STATE STREET, corner Harri-son street, Chicago, Ill.

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LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS. A fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, PHO-TOGRAPHS, &c., will be kept constantly on hand. Address, TALLMADGE & CO., April 30. Box 2222 Chicago, Ill.

THE EYE, THE EYE. DR. E. KNIGHT

HAS discovered a new treatment for the Eye, by which he is curing some of the worst cases of Blindness and Deafness ever known, without instruments or pain. CANCERS 1-DR. KNIGHTS'S new treatment for Cancers surpasses all others now in use; it cures without knife, plaster or path, and heals without a scar.

Every kind of disease treated with great success. Humors devery kind eradicated from the system. No charge for consultation. Office 259 Tremont street, Boston. 3m—Sept. 10.

The Great Indian Catarrh Medicine Is the cheapest and most reliable remedy for the Catarrh or Cold in the Head. One box will last a person two or three weeks when taken three times a day. It only needs to be tried to be corner provider. ome popular. by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-centstamp. ress, DR. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago, Ill.

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AN AGENCY FOR THE THOUSAND!

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York. Box 3391.

Aug. 20.

PR. LISTER, only Astrologer and Botanic Physical and the State, 25 Lowell street, Boston, Mass. Terms-Oral, a few questions answered, 50 cents; a reading through life, \$1,00; a written mativity two years to come, \$1,00; a full nativity, ladies, \$3,00; gents, \$5,00; a minute written mativity all through life, ladies, \$5,00; gents, \$1,00. Time of birth necessary.

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

Pearls.

And quoted dise, and jewels five words long, That on the atectaled fore-inger of all time Sparkle forever." and the service of th

THE INTUITIONS OF THE SOUL. In every soul is born some thought of God, In every soul is born some thought of God,
Of beauty, or of wisdom, power or love;
No one so groveling on the earth has trod,
But sought on sun-bright wings to soar above.
For man in God's own image first was made,
And dimly in himself these thoughts beholds;
The same in Nature too he sees displayed,
As she to him her glorious book unfolds.
Thus ever upward doth our being tend,
As we more clearly these great thoughts discern
And ask of God his heavenly grace to lend,
That we as children all the truth may learn;
That in our souls, unclouded and divine,
The life, the light of men, may ever shine! The life, the light of men, may ever shine!

How many people would remain dumb were if forbidden them to speak good of themselves and ill of others.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

The sweet west wind is flying The sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill, and tree;
The cattle-bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns,
Oh summer dayl so soon away!" "Oh, summer day! so soon away!"

The happy-hearted sigh and say— Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight, And sad the words, Good-night! good-night!". Nature is full of justice, and in due time it shall

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. We may not always glide along
With songs of joy and notes of gladness;
The happiest traveler on life's path
Must feel sometimes the touch of sadness; Stern duty offers us her aid,
Puts out her staff—ah! let us take it!
Her path is always well defined,
And life is what we choose to make it!

The revelations of the coming age are making themselves apparent to man.

THE WHITTEMORE MESSAGES.

Another message from the spirit of henry WHITTEMORE, THROUGH THE MEDIUM-SHIP OF HIS SISTER.

October 31st, 1861. MY DEAR SISTER-I have come to make good my agreement with you, and you may rest assured it will give me no small degree of pleasure to be able to make myself still understood on earth. To you I may come as to none other; and how glad I am that we can understand each other, even you may not know, until, like me, you may lay off the body, and see for yourself the difficulties to free communication. It is no light thing to come to earth and breathe forth thoughts to which we have never before given expression, to lay before you subjects for consideration, new in themselves to us as well as you.

D- A-, I have come at this time to lay before your attention that which most nearly concerns us both, as well as all our dear friends; and I may speak of these things now from the shores of the (to you) future, and give a faint outline of what I find this home to be. In all of your imaginations and childhood's teachings, the story has always been: the far-off home in the future-the land of spirits or angelic beings it used to be; carrying the idea that the spirit-man was transformed into another being altogether, his home so foreign as scarce to bear any resemblance to this: faint, shadowy, filmy, something to be dreamed of, but never understood, seen or felt. The two spheres have been so widely different, so unlike. as far as the perceptions of man could judge, that when a friend departed the one, and took up residence in the other, he was parted with for all time, and, if not forgotten, remembered only as of the past, with feeble aspirations in the futurethe present life of that friend becoming null and void, or perfect non-entity-an existence someit to vou nowl

This is a pleasurable view to take of the subject truly, but the only just one. Has it not always been so? But time has modified this feeling somewhat, and the world now have an undefined feeling that man does really exist somewhere immediately upon his exit from the mortal remains; but where? is the question. This is what I have come to tell you, and explain in connection with it some other interesting facts, which will listen patiently, will give you some idea of the spirit-world. I have come at this time knowing that the thoughts of many would naturally revert to the scaling of my fate, so to speak, as this is the anniversary of our loss, or earth de-parture. Sad though it may seem to you, yet now that it has passed, I would not have it otherwise; for the varied scenes through which I now have to pass can bear no comparison to my former life and duties. Pleasurable though some of those may have been and remembered even now with pleasnave osen, and remembered even now with pleasure, yet compared with what I now enjoy, have become insignificant—a pleasing remembrance only. Once I was fond of traveling, of seeing and hearing new things. Most persons are. Ah! here we have the advantage; for are we not constantly journeying, traversing all desirable scenes? With a fondness never experienced before, because at a glance we perceive all that we desire to know, without weariness, exhaustion and anathy. All becomes more levelle by frequent to know, without weariness, exhaustion and apathy. All becomes more lovable by frequent intercourse with it; for endless beauties are everywhere seen. The commonplace possess attractions; nothing becomes low and ignoble here; but all have a place—a necessary existence. All form one common whole—links in man's progression. As in the life of man, every act, thought, deed, desire, all go to form character; so in the great world, universe of worlds, every atom helps to form its existence. This is one grand study which

interests every thinking spirit, and furnishes a field of thought-food for the ever-active mind.

Spirit-life is full of love and beauty; the cease-less cares of life have failed to call us away from more desirable duties; other incentives fill their places, and give a higher tone to moral character. We are filled with purer, holier thoughts, and have no time for simple gratification of body as formerly; the nature has changed, or rather passed away, just as the child has outgrown its fondness for its toy—a glittering bauble which ceases to attract. ceases to attract.

We have a litness for higher, more ennobling duties, and cannot be satisfied with the mere things of earth. Spirit-life is of a more comprehensive character, commands more, has a broader field of action, yet the same. How can I explain it? I cannot. The comparison of the child answers our purpose again better than any other. You take that child of but few years, and try to explain to its opening understanding the cares and duties of more mature life, of higher and nobler pursuits which will be its nature desire; you cre-ate aspiration, perhaps, a looking forward to that happy time; but have you given the child any appreciative sense of what you now so well un-

The child must grow to be the man or woman The child must grow to be the man or woman in order that it may realize the nature of its loves and duties, and in no other state whatever can the thing be done. This is why we cannot impart our joys and peculiar satisfaction resulting from the natural expansion or spirit growth. By the expulsion of body, the inner man or spiritual from a residue only year and its natura dees change. frame rapidly enlarges and its nature does change, but in the same ratio precisely as the child more slowly emerges from youth to more mature life. The change has come to us, and we now look back upon former life, even as you do of years past and gone, and would more earnestly press forward to the future. This is according to the law of progression, and the natural tone of a healthy

spirit. Unless education defeated our plans, you would all look forward to the result of life ripe unto maturity, natural death, and the new birth, without a shrinking sensation. That is as a natural result, not premature change, but the gradual falling of one's powers as consequent upon old

Premature death unfolds expanding powers but feebly at ilrst, and grants not to the object that full expansion of intellect that belongs to the human family. Hence you see it is better that we remain long upon earth, that our spiritual body gain in its first elementary condition all of its powers, ready to burst forth into its true secondary state. But we scarce attain unto perfection, gain in its first elementary condition all of its powers, ready to burst forth into its true secondary state. But we scarce attain unto perfection, the ripening of maturity, but pass away by a large majority ere the time has expired for the natural birth, to early development, and that retards perfect purity even in the second sphere. We, too, are dependent upon circumstances, having laws to bind us here, as well as you there. It would be better not to come to spirit life until fully molded into that perfect development of all our powers, which constitute the truly spiritual man; and until that can be universally done we shall sayor much of earth. We put off the body—you see us no more. The spiritual essence, the true life has passed away from your immediate presence, so far as you know. Is it not so throughout nature? To take a very homely illustration: That stick of wood is a heavy, tangible substance, as it lies before you now—throw it into the fire, and as it rapidly consumes away before you, watch the process. Have you destroyed it? It is fast fading away; but what becomes of the material? The bright glowing flame throws out warmth for the body, and as it dies away, reduces itself to ashes, goes off in the form of smoke, gases, etc., which, mingling as it does with both animal and vegetable matter, is constantly helping to form manifold uses which you now little dream of. Has that stick of wood become useless? Nay; but you have widely extended its usefulness. Mingling and commingling with the different elements of animal and vegetable life, it still lives on in a highly rarified condition. So throughout nature, forms change, and keep on changing, diffuse themselves everywhere and pass beyond your mental observation. You have found by this simple analysis what offices the cast-off body may perform; but as we have disposed of that, let us follow the inanimate part of man to you apparently, yet the very soul of his existence, the spirit-power. That has flown away, you know now there. posed of that, let us follow the inanimate part of man to you apparently, yet the very soul of his existence, the spirit-power. That has flown away, you know not where. It may be here, it may be there, but, for aught you know, in yonder burial ground with the decaying body. But let us first ask, what gave to that countenance animation?—the expression of love, hatred, dislike or aversion to a thing? What occasioned terror one moment, love deep sorrow repeatures contrition serious to a thing? What occasioned terror one moment, joy, deep sorrow, repentance, contrition, serious emotion or other attributes of character? Can idiots be thus acted upon? and have not they bodies as fully developed, with all their wants to be gratified? The soul-life, waked up to normal action, is wanting here, and you feel that it has not intelligence to direct its wants, gratify its passions, control its desires, or feed its spiritual nature upon. Whence the difference? The one has a soul, the other so imperfect as to render useless almost the body? Man is endowed with an intellectual, spiritual existence, which seems to lie apart, almost, from his bodily wants, and yet so thoroughly interlinked with his physical structure as to seem to be a complete part of itself. It requires reason, analogy, to draw the, line of difference between the two, and yet you feel and know this to be so, after mature reflection.

If, then, man possesses two natures, animal and spiritual, as we presume you to fully grant, the

spiritual. spiritual, as we presume you to fully grant, the wants of the two have different natures to satisfy, wants of the two have different natures to satisfy, different aims to promote, different purposes to fulfill, and when we commence the mortal life on earth, the process to fulfillment has but just begun. The body and soul are united in the beginning for the more perfect development of all its parts (the soul.) As the soul progresses, matures, or prematurely unfolds itself, as it may do by a variety of causes, the body drops away to decay. You call this change Death; we call it Progress, a passing on to maturity. The soul-life unfolds itself more vigorously now, like the full grown bud passing on maturity. The sout-life unfolds itself more vigorously now, like the full grown bud of your beautiful rose-tree. See the little green calyx slowly unfold itself as the delicate petals within, so closely confined before, begin to expand themselves; and now that it has loosened its hold, themselves; and now that it has loosened its hold, fallen, perhaps, how fast the swelling bud bursts forth from its prison-house into the full blossomed rose. Is it not beautiful? Thus it is we cast away the covering body, (the human calyx.) encased about the soul within. Simple analogies like these help to explain the true nature of soul better than deeper, high-sounding words, which but few rightly understand.

The soul has now begun its true existence—has found its own proper element. We find it an embodied essence still—a real, tangible, living being. unlike its former predecessor, because our means have enlarged; our resources increased; our aims, purposes, desires, higher, loftier; and apportioned to our better elevation, does it become necessary that the house we live in should be remodeled to answer present demand? This we find to be our situation now; a more convenient, better furnish-

ed, more happily arranged organism is given us, because created after a more healthy, creative process, not dependent upon man's weaknesses and mistaken conceptions of right and wrong. It is a more naturally developed body, and therefore more happily formed. It is hard to explain to you the nature of the spirit-element in which we dwell, because I know of no comparison by which I can render my meaning quite plain; but I will try.

Are there not times when you have been in an ecstatic, blissful frame of mind, when you have

felt for the time being as though all was loving, beautiful, pure, about you; when the green fields seemed greener than usual; the heavens more transcendently ethereal, the water more grand, and all nature buoyant with happiness? Have you not felt at such times as these that it is a beautiful world to live in, and that a higher destiny awaited you where all these calm beauties were to be eternally yours? Ah! these delicious foretastes are transient, fleeting, but momentarily yours; while with us it is not so. They are ever present; and this much valued prize, life, a growing happiness each moment. Thus it is with the thinking soul, for we find so much to admire, so seemed greener than usual; the heavens more ing nappiness each moment. Thus it is with the thinking soul, for we find so much to admire, so many items of interest on every side. And these valuable lessons from which we are gleaming wisdom, are not confined to any one sphere, but commences with our first departure from the body, and upon your very earth; ay, even in your own households. And here let me assure you that we are often permitted to be, for this very purpose. We love to listen to your every you that we are often permitted to so, for this very purpose. We love to listen to your every thought; and look, not into your faces as in a mirror, but into your hearts as a map, indicative of every purpose of soul. We see you as you are—the very man or woman—and cannot disguise the fact from ourselves, that as you are, we were. This is our grand study; and the interest can never abate, nor we tire out, for such am-ple means are furnished us with which to estab-lish ourselves where we would, or move about at

like, spend three days in the watery element; but not so with us. We have facilities in and about not so with us. We have facilities in and about us, by which we can penetrate even those subtle elements, and learn their history, even as the ge-ologist adds to the treasury of his science. The laws binding upon you, necessary to your exist-ence, are not a part of our being. We naturally seek a higher latitude than earth for our home, because more easily tenable to our newly formed bodies, and this is nature's law; the higher our bodies, and this is nature's law; the higher our development, naturally we seek a corresponding elevation. This is owing to the more highly rarified atmospherical temperature, while that of your earth is exceedingly dense, as it were, loaded with heavy vapors, and not so pleasing. There are times, however, and more especially persons, who love the dense atmosphere of earth, and abide there much of the time. I cannot explain fully why this is, but may at another time. It would require too much time to enter into all particulars that we feel would interest you; but we hope to hold many conversations with you, should the opportunity be granted us. Spirit-life is much the same with all. That is, certain laws govern us here, as antecedent to our coming here; but reform at my own expense. Please address me a why this is, but may at another time. It would require too much time to enter into all particulars that we feel would interest you; but we hope to hold many conversations with you, should the opportunity be granted us. Spirit-life is much the same with all. That is, certain laws govern us here, as antecedent to our coming here; but remember that you find all varieties of inhabitants peopling earth, and the same invariably find their way here; consequently spirit-life is composed of all the elements of earth-life.

Do not allow this recollection to pass from the mind for a moment, for here lies your chief difficulty in accepting the various truths taught you.

Spirit-life is much the same, the offspiring of a chronic dyspepsia. Any healing medium who will restore, or instruct me how to restore my health, shall receive his or her fee; and I will appropriate one month's labor to the cause of reform at my own expense. Please address me a letter immediately, directed to K. Graves, Harveysburg, Warren Co., O.

Yours, with an ardent desire to become a colaborer with you,

N. B.—I have tried various prescriptions, including dicting, hydropathy, etc., without the deculty in accepting the various truths taught you.

This difference is none the less here, because all This difference is none the less here, because all may have improved their condition; because all are not alike, and each fills its own appropriate sphere, according to his or her ability. The advanced intellect, pure, high-minded soul, you cannot conceive of being on a level with low, seeman cunning, after the change more than now. There are different degrees of goodness, different degrees of happiness everywhere. There is no dividing line drawn here, separating the sheep from the goats, but all travel on, reaping what satisfaction from the contemplation of past deeds and present usefulness, that their superior condition allows them.

This is not exactly the Orthodox faith, but a

allows them.
This is not exactly the Orthodox faith, but a spiritual truth. The home of the spirit is rendered beautiful or otherwise by the consciousness of good deeds, as the heart now suffers from the performance or omission of known duty—another spiritual truth. We vary in degrees of happliness, even as you cultivate the different graces—some being benevolent, high-minded, noble, intelligent among you indicating the negaliar tone of characamong you, indicating the peculiar tone of character, and carry about them the consequent mark of ter, and carry about teen to consequent mark as superiority which makes the true man. These points of resemblance are seen and felt here, and do much toward opening the eyes of those coming here, who have not hitherto been led by the love of

here, who have not hitherto been led by the love of justice, morality and purity. They see for themselves, now, the stain which sin leaves upon character, and feel the strongest impulses to wheel about and form anew for themselves a spotless name. This may not always be so, but I should say in the majority of instances it would.

Ignorance is more productive of sin than all other known causes. Clear-sighted intelligence manifestly would do away with more sinful indulgence than any other course which could be pursued. Man is a thinking, sentient being, full of proclivities, but interiorly desires to do right; and were not his native desires thwarted in a thousand ways, education all wrong, you would far less seldom find him the angularly developed microcosm he now is—with two apparant opposite nar less sentin that his diagramy developed microcosm he now is—with two apparant opposite natures. We call him angularly developed, because of these two natures—desiring to do right, and traveling on in the opposite direction; impulse No.1 leading him here, while the gratification pulse No. 1 leading him here, while the gratification principle No. 2 says, present pleasure—and the second becomes master of the two. Thus are the two thrown out of balance, do not work uniformly together, and constant clashing of carnal weapons are heard all over the land; human nature versus the spiritual; veni, vidi, vici; I came, I saw, I conquered; the carnal or animal predominating over the spiritual or finer forces of soul. The warfare has ended here: the cast-off body is The warfare has ended here; the cast-oft body is no longer our tempter. We do not feel that man is to blame here as you might at first imagine. Being dependant upon circumstances which he cannot always over-rule nor thwart if he would, cannot always over-rule nor thwart if he would, he is formed as you find him—an unbalanced, imperfect creature at best; and by these difficulties he is led on and must travel up the hill of experience, committing many blunders, his whole life a continued mass of them. Thus it is with all wrong, intentional or otherwise; you judge from external appearances and behold not the inner workings of soul, and according to your relative position or sense of right, do you view the object or the workings of that object. You become antagonistic; and once in open rebellion, morally, spiritually or socially, and your judgment warped in favor of your own opinions, you are incapable of that just, honest, clear-sighted discernment man so much needs.

We see how this is, and wonder not so much as you that man is in continual warfare in all his re-

We see how this is, and wonder not so much as you that man is in continual warfare in all his relations, one toward another. It is but the result of his elementary condition. Man must slowly work himself out of the primary sphere, by having learned his lesson well there, (life's experience,) that when promoted here, (the secondary class,) he may more rapidly, truthfully, harmoniously mount the ladder of Progression heavenward. Sultit-life is the one great thing needed to niously mount the ladder of Progression heaven-ward. Spirit-life is the one great thing needed to assist man in setting about the journey of life anew. As we travel on toward eternity, we need to make a new starting point. We have sought to do better, to be better, have resolved and reresolved to overcome all difficulties, and live, despite the world, a godly, spiritual life. These are natural feelings in the heart of every man, implanted there by the Maker of the universe. Have you ever thought of it? Is it not so? Believe what we may, Inidel, Christian, Jew, of every name and persuasion, there is an inherent love of justice in the heart. We all want to do right; but "What is right?" is the question. Opinions differ here, and as I cannot settle the fact, I can only tell that which I do know to be true. The three years' experience which I have had, by careful inspection, has led me to observe that it

The three years' experience which I have had, by careful inspection, has led me to observe that it depends not so much upon what a man believes, as what he actually does and is. The interior life, properly developed into spirit life, with the stimulus thrown about us here, very much aids us in our progress toward eternal happiness. We do not grope our way along in darkness, like the apostle of old, who so beautifully typifies the present life as connected with the future. Read: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." More truthful words than these were never spoken. We see for ourselves, and can no longer disgulse the fact from selves, and can no longer disguise the fact from others; the veil has been removed and the cause others; the veil has been removed and the cause must first be seen to be removed, and then its effects follow of course. To sin here is to be seen just as we are, without deception; and that heart must be callous indeed who could long persevere in a determined course of evil. We have intermediate grades of all classes of character, but with decided marks of improvement—all progressing, because not retrograding. No, that cannot be; we do not slide down the hill of sinful indulgence, but rise toward the hill of mental, moral improvement every day, every hour.

al improvement every day, every hour.

This does not sound much like the old Orthodox faith, some may say. It does not, but the truth should be spoken, and there is no truth, justice, mercy, love, nor forbearance in a doctrine taught like that. When you come to witness how much more winning is truthful justice meted out to every one according to his deserts, you, too, will drop so erroneous a faith. The world of spirits testify to the wrong done them by the injustice of such a the wrong done them by the injustice of such a belief, and lend their aid now in establishing a better, a more justifiable sense of God's goodness and loving mercy. We came here not a believer in the mandates of Calvin, but the lingering relin the mandates of Calvin, but the lingering relies of a crushed faith—almost in the avowed religions of the day—because we could not accept such teachings as these. We remember them only with pain, for they never brought happiness to me, only sorrow; but the bright gleams of a spiritual existence, through other sources, bid me hope. And these longings were not idle delusions, mere phantoms with which to gratify, but prescient with happiness, self-sustaining, moral agents, toward the establishment of a thinking, effective object in life: man's improvement. We trust now that we are better for the little attention we gave the subject of Spiritualism while yet amongst you—at least can recall no misgivyet amongst you—at least can recall no misgiv-ings upon that portion of our life, and thank God that we had it to sustain us through the perils of You are confined to a limited space—cannot leave your carth-home—have not means furnished whereby you can penetrate the bowels of that home; neither can you leave your native element and soar away like the feathered tribe; or, Jonahlike, spend three days in the watery element; but clous belief—belief in our existence, and the hope of immortal life. But one thing more and I have done: There is that in life for you, to which the most of you are comparative strangers: that is happiness, true, solid happiness. You need not wait for it here. Live up to your highest standard of duty, and you will be happy. Believethis, know this, and you will be content with the present life; live on and perform your duties there as God designed that you should, and be better prepared for the joys of an eternal existence here.

From your loving and affectionate brother,

From your loving and affectionate brother,

THE DAVENPORT MEDIUMS IN ENGLAND.

From the London Morning Post.

country as Spiritualists of the most gifted order. The party consists of two brothers, named Davenport, twenty-four and twenty-five years of age, and a Mr. Fay, a gentleman born in the Sates, but we believe of German origin. They are accompanied by Mr. H. D. Palmer, a gentleman long and favorably known in New York in connection with operatic matters, and by a Dr. Ferguson, who explains the nature of the manifestations about to be presented but, who does not venture who explains the nature of the manifestations about to be presented, but who does not venture to give any explanations of them. At the Cooper Institute, in New York, the Brothers Davenport accompanied by Mr. Fay, have recently performed some astounding feats, which have hitherto puzzled the ingenuity of the curious and baffled the acumen of the most scientific persons of that city. It should be stated at the outset that the trio, who appear to be gifted in so extraordinary a manner, do not lay claim to any particular physical, psychological, or moral power. All they assort is that in their presence certain physical manifestations take place. The spectator is, of course, at liberty to draw any inference he pleases. They nestations take place. The spectator is, of course, at liberty to draw any inference he pleases. They invite the most critical examination (compatible with certain conditions to be observed,) and those who witness the manifestations are at liberty to take all needful precautions against fraud or decention.

ception.

The party invited to witness the manifestations on Wednesday night, consisted of some twelve or fourteen individuals, all of whom are admitted to be of considerable distinction in the various professions with which they are connected. The ma-jority had never previously witnessed anything of the kind. Some were avowed skeptics, while others were what Spiritualists call more impressionable with regard to occult influence than stonable with regard to occur induced than others. All, however, were determined to detect, and, if possible, expose any attempt at deception. The Brothers Davenport are slightly built, gentleman-like in appearance, and about the last persons in the world from whom any great musclar performance might be expected. Mr. Fay is apparently a few years older, and of more robust constitution. stitution:

At the upper end of the apartment was placed what might be called a skeleton wardrobe, composed of walnut-wood less than one inch in thickness. The portion in which the drawers of a similar piece of furniture are usually to be found ness. The portion in which the drawers of a similar piece of furniture are usually to be found was empty, but a seat or bench, perforated here and there with holes, was fitted to the back and ends. The doors consist of three pannels, which shut inside with a brass bolt; thus, when the middle door is open, any person can put his hand in and bolt the side doors. The bolt of the middle door was shut by some invisible agency from the inside. The brothers Davenport having seated themselves vis-a-vis on the end bench, their hands and feet were securely tied by those present so as to prevent the possibility of their using those members. A guitar, a tambourine, a violin and a bow, a brass horn, and a couple of bells were placed on the seat inside, and the doors were shut. At the top of the pannel of the centre door was a diamond-shaped opening about a foot square, with a curtain secured on the inside. Instantly on the centre door being closed the bolt was secured inside, and hands were clearly observed through the opening. A gentleman present was invited to pass his hand through the opening, and it was touched by the hands several times. The musical instruments then commenced making all sorts of noises and knockings, snatches of airs were distinctly heard, and suddenly the centre door distinctly heard, and suddenly the centre door distinctly heard, and suddenly the centre door on instruments then commenced making all sorts of noises and knockings, snatches of airs were distinctly heard, and suddenly the centre door was burst open, and the trumpet was thrown out into the room, and fell heavily upon the carpet. The doors were subsequently closed by persons, who, when doing so were touched by invisible hands, and the noise of undoing the cords was distinctly heard. A nonemator two afterwards the workers heard. A moment or two afterwards the brothers were found sitting unbound, with the ropes at their feet. The next illustration was more curious were found sitting unbound, with the ropes at their feet. The next illustration was more curious still, for after an interval of perhaps two minutes, still, for after an interval of perhaps two minutes, and all the world must look on. But it may happen that the same cords, the ends of the ropes being some distance from their hands. One of the company present was then invited to take a seat in the cabinet, so as to assure himself that whatever might be done could not be accomplished by the brothers. A gentleman having volunteered to he imprisoned in such mysterious company, his hands were securely tied to the knees of the Davenports, whose hands were fastened behind their backs by cords passed through the holes in the bench. Their feet were also tied together with a sallor's knot. A tambourine was then hald in the gentleman's lap, upon which a guitar and violin were placed, as also the trumpet and a couple of handbells. Any interference with these articles by the gentleman in whose lap they were deposited was rendered impossible, by reason of his hands being tied. He states that the instant the door was closed, hands were passed over his face and head, his hair was gently pulled, and the whole of the musical instruments were played upon; the bells were also violently rung close to his face.

Savers-like attitude for the cause of tailism. The Standard has stood up to the Times, and all the world must look on. But, it may happen that the Times will stand its ground, nevertheless, though the Standard should show oven more flight, if that the Dossible.

Opponents always harp upon the string of darkness. They wish to know why the same fesults cannot be produced in the light, and will not accept the facts as genuine without they can destroy the necessary conditions to success, and test them in that manuer. This is unreasonable. The spir-tis cannot manifest their powers only under certain conditions. Darkness is one of these conditions. Take that away, and you disturb the seful. In the matter, they must remain unsatisf was closed, hands were passed over his face and head, his hair was gently pulled, and the whole of the musical instruments were played upon; the bells were also violently rung close to his face, and the tambourine beat time on his head. Event ually, the musical instruments were flung behind him, and rested between his shoulders and the back of the cabinet.

Several other manifestations having taken place in conjection with the cabinet, Dr. Ferguson ex-plained that it would be desirable that the compaplained that it would be desirable that the company should clasp hands and that the lights should be altogether extinguished. A small writing table had been previously placed in the centre of the room, with a chair at either side. The musical instruments, bells, &c., were placed on the table. The Brothers Davenport were then manneled by the hands and feet, and securely bound to the chairs by rose. cled by the hands and feet, and securely bound to the chairs by ropes. A chain of communication—though not a circular one—was formed, and the instant the lights were extinguished, the musical instruments appeared to be carried about the room. The current of air which they occasioned in their rapid transit was felt upon the faces of all present. The bells were loudly rung, the trumpets made knocks on the floor, and the tambourine appeared running round the room, jingling with all its might. At the same time tiny sparks were observed as if passing from south to west. Several persons exclaimed that they were touched by the instruments, which on one occasion became so demonstrative that one gentleman received is demonstrative that one gentleman received a knock on the nasal organ, which broke the skin and caused a few drops of blood to flow.

These manifestations having been repeated two or three times with nearly similar results, the Brothers Davenport joined the chain of communication, and Mr. Fay was bound in the chair. His hands were bound tightly behind his back, and his feet were firmly secured, as in the cabinet. A gentleman present was then asked to desire him to take off his coat the instant the light was extinto take off his coat the instant the light was extinguished. This was done—a whizzing noise was heard: "It's off," exclaimed Mr. Fay. The candle was lighted, and the coat was found lying in the middle of the room. Astonishing although this appeared to be, what followed was more extraordinary still. Dr. Ferguson requested a gentleman present to take off his coat and place it on the table. This was done, the light was extinguished—a repetition of the whizzing noise was heard and a repetition of the whizzing noise was heard and the strange coat was found upon Mr. Fay, whose hands and feet were still securely bound, and his body field almost immovably to the chair. A gen-tleman present then inquired whether, if he were to place two finger-rings on the table, they could be transferred to the hand of Mr. Fay. Dr. Fer-guson said he could not undertake that this feat guson said he could not undertake that this leat would be accomplished, but that an essay would be made. The rings were deposited on the table, the candle extinguished, and Mr. Fay immediately exclaimed: "They are on my finger;" and surely enough there they were. The owner of the rings then expressed a wish that they might be restored to his fingers. As soon as the room was darkened the musical instruments commenced their mysterious concert, and after an interval of heir mysterious concert, and after an interval of about thirty seconds, a gentleman—not the own-er—exclaimed that the rings had been placed on his fingers. This was found to be the case. A lady next expressed a desire that a gold watch which she held in her hand might be conveyed to some distant part of the room. Immediately afterwards the concert was resumed; the bells, tambourine, and horn became excited, and the lady exclaimed that the watch was gone. On the can-dle being lighted, it was found on the carpet at the feet of Dr. Ferguson. One of the bells was also found in the lap of a gentleman sitting near him.

Some doubt having been expressed asto whether it was possible for the Brothers Davenport to have moved chair and all in the darkness, so as to clovate the musical instruments in the air, and EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS, On Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th, in the front drawing-room of a house in the immediate neighborhood of Portland-place, a select number of persons were invited to witness some strange manifestations which took place in the presence, if not by the agency, of three gentleman lately arrived from America, and who have passed in their own country as Spiritualists of the most gifted order. The party consists of two brothers, named Davenport, twenty-four and twenty-five years of age, and a Mr. Fay, a gentleman born in the Sates, but we believe of German origin. They are accompanied by Mr. H. D. Palmer, a gentleman long and favorably known in New York in connection with operatic matters, and by a Dr. Ferguson, who evaluing the nature of the manifestations and in the instringent and matter the intusted instriments in the air, and nake them play, another illustration was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson, allow is fine to elevate the intusted instriments in the air, and make them play, another illustration was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson. Mr. Fay another illustration was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson. Mr. Fay took his place among the visitors, holding a land of each as before. A gentleman present then sat down hetween the Messrs. Davenports, and placed his desired by Dr. Ferguson, but of visitors, holding a land of each as before. A gentleman present then sat down hetween the Messrs. Davenports, and placed his desired by Dr. Ferguson, but of visitors, holding a land of each as before. A gentleman present then play, another illustration was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson, but of every love it is every play, and the visitors, holding a land of each as before. A gentleman present then play, another life visitors, holding a land of each as before. A gentleman present then play, another shin the religious volunteered by Dr. Ferguson, here we have a land of each as before. A gentleman present them play, and he satisfaction was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson. The play, another the mistacle by Dr. Ferguson. A gen Mr. Fay, as before stated, was seated in a row, clasping hands with the persons right and left of him, while Dr. Ferguson was similarly placed in another portion of the room.

With this last named illustration the scance ter-

with this last-halled little the scance terminated. It had lasted rather more than two hours, during which time the cabinet was minutely inspected, the coats examined to ascertainwhether they were fashioned so as to favor a trick, and every possible precaution taken to bind the hands and feet of the persons whose presence appeared to be essential to the development of the manifestations. the manifestations.

the manifestations.

It may be asserted that all the illustrations above enumerated can be traced to clever conjuring. Possibly they may, or it is possible that some new physical force can be engendered at will to account for what appears on the face of it absolutely unaccountable. All that can be asserted is, that the displays to which we have referred, took place on the present occasion under conditions and circumstances that preclude the presumption of fraud. It is true that darkness is in some cases an essential condition, but darkness does not necessarily imply deception. But, putting aside the cabinet manifestations, there ness does not necessarily imply deception. But, putting aside the cabinet manifestations, there is abundance left to excite curiosity and challenge the attention of the scientific. Learning, we know, is not a limited quantity; it is inexhaustible for all mankind, and here is a field for the investigation of the scientific world. In the present state of knowledge upon the subject of occult forces, dependent more or less upon the will, all that an he said is that the naulicatations. will, all that can be said is that the manifestations of Messrs, Davenport and Mr. Ray appear to be altogether inexplicable. In a little time, we believe, it is their intention to give scances at the Egyptian Hall, or some other suitable place, when the public will be afforded an opportunity of witnessing some of the astonishing feats of which we nessing some of the astonishing feats of which we have given an outline. For the present it is sufficient to say that they invite the strictest scrutiny on the part of men of science, and that, whatever be the theory involved, they repudiate any active agency in the production of the extraordinary manifestations which take place in their presence.

of the most dangerous type. The London Spiritual Times of the 8th inst.,

It is perhaps well for them that they were not in the flesh a century and a half ago, as, in the then state of human knowledge and social enlighten-ment, they would unquestionably have been con-ducted to Smithfield and burnt as necromancers

says:

"Scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since the Davenport Brothers landed in this country; yet in this short space of time they have created a sensation of a very satisfactory kind.

"They have given a few private scances, all of which have come off with celat. Members of the press have been invited, and not a little puzzled; and, as most of our readers will know, several of the daily papers have reported and discussed the manifestations, which in no instance, have either failed or explained themselves on any of the recognized laws or hypotheses of physical science. With a candor very praiseworthy, considering the popular feeling against Spiritualism, the Times, Morning Post and Daily Telegraph have reported the facts as they represented themselves; and, as might be expected, the Standard, in a leading article, founded, not on personal observation, but on the report in the Times, has stood up in a truly Sayers-like attitude for the cause of Ultra-Materialism. The Standard has stood up to the Times, and all the world must leak on. But it mere leaved must leak on. Sayers-like attitude for the cause of Ultra-Materialism. The Standard has stood up to the Times, and all the world must look on. But it may happen that the Times will stand its ground, nevertheless, though the Standard should show even more fight, if that be possible.

Opponents always harp upon the string of darkness. They wish to know why the same results cannot be produced in the light, and will not accept the facts as genuine without they can destroy the necessary conditions to success, and test them in that manuer. This is unreasonable. The spir-

ed! They invite their audiences to inspect, not only the structure, musical instruments and ropes, but themselves. There is nothing secret which they fear to expose.

they four to expose. ing on account of the Davenports. The phenomena have all the charm of novelty as well as the nterest of marvelousness to recommend them. The press having taken up the subject, will now find it difficult to ignore further reports. We opine that 'the darkness' necessary to the Davenports will perform the miracle of throwing a little spiritual light into the denser darkness of English skepticism. We hall their appearance in England as an era in Spiritualism, and prophecy great good for our good cause. Already we hear of converts in high places, and shall not be surprised even at a revolution of the English mind, resulting from their mysterious agency."

Obituaries. Passed from earth-life, Sept. 2d, Mrs. Rosannah Barrett, aged

48 years.

She was born in Lebanon, Madison Co., N. Y. Her maiden name was Fitch. At the age of twelve, while living with an aunt by the name of Pattengill, she united with the Baptist Church in New Lisbon, Otsego Co., N. Y. She always seemed as though she realized that "Life is carnest, life is real," and that if hell was real, why should there be anything but sadness on earth? I used to say, "Slater, you have got religion; you are safe." She would rept, "What good is that, if somebody goes to hell 'tie just as bad for me?' "Oh, slater, you ought to be liappy, with such a sweet babe and pleasant home!" She would say, "No, slater, I think too much of the fature. It is a sin to bring children into the world to go (perhaps) to hell." This was in Oswego, Co., N.-1, in the town of Hannibal, where her husband's remains and her own are interred. is years.

naminal, where her instants is remains and her own are interred.

After his death, four years since, she said, "I will go West, and will take time to investigate Spiritualism." At her sister's house (the writer of this) she had access to worke on Spiritualism, including Davis's, and soon found that satisfaction and peace of mind which enabled her to say, "I am satisfaction and eternal progression, and not eternal damnation, is the destiny of mankind." She had three sons, whom she had kept strictly at church, but who had never made any professions of religion, but she was willing to leave them unframmeled, feeling sure it would be all for the best.

Elgin, Ill., 1864.

Passed to the bright Summer-Land, from Woburn, Oct. 13th, the spirit of Mr. George Binden, aged 63 years 6 months and 15

days.

Mr. Binden was one of the earliest exponents of the Spiritu al doutrine in that town. He was used as a medium for eleven years, and for nearly all that time held weekly scances at his house. He passed away from this earth-life suddenly, by a paralytic shock. He had often had premonitions of his departure, and spoke of them to his wife. She is now advanced in life, and realizes that she will soom meet him again. May the communion with apirits sustain and buoy up her spirit; and may they also sustain and comfort her children, and as they know that the father was once with them in the earthly form, may they also realize that he is with them in spirit.

Somerville, Mass., 1864.

Passed to Spirit-Life, from Knoxville Hospital, on the 6th of April, 1864, Bartlett B., son of Stephen and Olive Hill, aged 21

years.

He was a member of Co. C, 23d Michigan Infantry. He was a sick two weeks with dropsy.

The funeral discourse was delivered by the writer in Watertown, Mich. The deceased was a young man, highly estoemed by all who know him. His parents feel that their loss is his gain. Their soldier boy can still be with and confort them.

W. F. Jaminson.

Died, of typhold fever, at Duval's Bluff, Ark., July 13th, 1864, Ell Irish, of Co. K., 3d Michigan Cavaly, aged 18 years and I months, son of Monteville and Susan Irish, residents of Dunde, Monroe Co., Mich.

de, alongo Co., alca.
Thus while his parents and friends are called to mourn his untimely death, his regiment and the nation have lost one of their youthful though brave defenders, who fills a patriot's grave far away from home and friends.
His funeral discourse was preached by Sister Fowler, a trance medium, to a large concourse of people. At the conclusion of the discourse, sister Fowler saw his spirit, the same as in the form, face to face, only a little poorer and palor than usual.