BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XVII. {$3,00 PER YEAR. In Advance.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865. {SINGLE COPIES, Eight Cents.} NO. 17.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

JEAN HILLAIRE, THE MEDIUM OF SONNAC.

'Tis not through priests, 'tis not through schools,
God's voice has reached the ears of men;
But oft through children and through fools
His words have roused the world: what then?

Is God a fool through fools to speak?
Not so; who seek their own are fools;
Their stubborn purpose He will break,
And thwart the ends of cunning rules.

If, by the prattle of a child,
God proves that He can speak and hear,
And sinners are from sin beguiled,
Shall priests, whose arts have failed them, sneer?

Poems by Dr. Berkeley, 1865.

A great fact, which has recently manifested itself clearly to the eyes of the British public in the séances of the Brothers Davenport, namely, that, under the influence of spirit, new laws become apparent in matter, has been for ages equally manifested in a great variety of physico-spiritual incidents. In the numerous cases in almost all ages as recorded by the best historians, of the throwing of stones and other substances by disorderly spirits, numerous examples of which will shortly be given in this Magazine; it was seen that matter not only was made invisible whilst it was in the hands of spirits, and thus enveloped in their atmosphere, but that they could, without any difficulty, cause at their will, matter to pass through matter of the solidest kind, as easily as light can pass through glass, and with as little trace of its passage; yet, in spite of a host of facts of this nature being before the public, and standing on the pages of authentic history, our physical philosophers continue as blind to them as if there had never been a whisper of such a remarkable thing. It is extraordinary that the very men who pride themselves on their exclusive study of nature, on their intense and life-long study of it, on their discoveries in matter, and who are come to believe in little besides matter, should have their profound ignorance of these laws of matter, which are more remarkable than any which they have yet found out, forced upon their attention by that philosophy which they affect to despise, namely, by Spiritualism. Matter passing through matter without any rent or breach to any part of such matter, as evidenced in the séances of the Davenports, is not, as I have said, exhibited in those séances alone. It is a fact, attested by thousands of instances, occurring in various ages and many countries. Is it not, then, a rather satisfactory Nemesis, that the great material *savans*, sneering at Spiritualism, should thus find Spiritualism exposing their blindness and superficiality, even in their own vaunted and exclusive province? The spirit of a single American Indian can come and show them material laws that the acutest of them have never for a moment dreamed of.

It is not to be expected that the old stereotyped specimens of material science, the old race of Faradays and Brewsters, will ever venture to look at such laws made obvious from such a source; but some day, and probably not a very distant one, some great mind will appear who will break through the paralyzing prejudices of his caste, and boldly facing and explaining these great laws, will make a grand reputation out of simply following his common sense, and open up a new epoch in science pregnant with the most extensive and beneficial changes in the arts and sciences, and whole economy of human life.

Amongst the many very remarkable mediums in France, and chiefly in the South, Thérondel, Ermance, Dufour, Madame Comet, Madame Costel, the healing mediums of Castres and Marmande, Hillaire, &c., such facts are frequently presenting themselves. Hillaire is perhaps the most remarkable medium that France now possesses, and as these properties of matter have been more prominently exhibited through his mediumship, we will select him for notice. The whole will be drawn from a memoir of him published during the present year: *Les Miracles de Nos Jours; ou, les Manifestations Extraordinares obtenu par l' intermediare de Jean Hillaire, Cultivateur a Sonnac, Charente-Inferieuse, par Auguste Bez. Prix 2 francs. Paris, Chez Ledoyon et Chez Dentu, Libraires, Galleric d' Orleans, Palais Royal.*

Jean Hillaire was born in February, 1835, at Sonnac, in the Canton de Matha, Lower Charente. His ancestors, like his immediate father, had been always cultivators of their little vineyard, and the father was also a *sabot* maker. To both these pursuits Jean was brought up, working in the vineyard in summer, and making *sabots* in winter. His ancestors had always borne a high character for probity and good disposition. Jean received only sufficient education to enable him to read and write, and with arithmetic sufficient to keep his little accounts and make his bargains. M. Vincent, the mayor of Sonnac, gives a testimony dated October, 1863, to the excellent character of Hillaire, as well as of his parents, and says that the effect of Jean's spiritual mediumship, combined with his moral standing, has been to convert his neighbors and associates from their different vices to orderly and religious people. Jean seems to have no brothers, but four sisters, three of whom are married.

At a very early age Hillaire had several extraordinary visions, in fact, he became cognizant of spirits. This occasioned him so much annoyance from his father because he could not see the apparitions when Jean said they were there, and from the ridicule of his neighbors, that he went round to the other extreme, and became one of the most thorough scoffers at such things. He was obliged to put great compulsion on his conscience in pursuing this course, but he persisted in it ten years. In 1863 a whole world of new ideas invaded the village of Sonnac. M. Berthelot, a proprietor, had received the *Livre des Esprits* of Allan Kardec, from his brother-in-law, M. Bonnet, the architect of Saint Jean d'Angely, a member of the Spiritualist Society of that town. M. Berthelot and five or six friends promised themselves much amusement in reading this odd book in the winter evenings, but the further they went in it, the more they were struck by its facts and doctrines. In a word, they became zealous Spiritualists, and sat every evening at their séances. They speedily possessed themselves of the *Livre des Mediums*, too, and the news of their proceedings caused much fun and quizzing amongst the neighbors, foremost amongst whom, by his caustic epithets on these simpletons, was Jean Hillaire.

But on the 10th of February, in the midst of the most tempestuous weather, and in the darkness of the night, Hillaire felt himself strongly urged to go to the farm, at some distance, of M. Renaud, where the Spiritualists were holding their séance. The rain fell in torrents, and the north wind drove it along in a hurricane through the pitch darkness; but a voice, seemingly at the ear of Hillaire, kept crying, "March, march! Brave the cold and the tempest; brave their fury; haste to the farm!" In spite of the entreaties of his wife, Hillaire went out, and reaching the house of Renaud, found him and his friends sitting in séance. Hillaire's arrival caused no little astonishment, but invited to join them, he speedily seized a pencil, and his hand was carried rapidly over sheets of paper laid before him. Sheet after sheet he filled, but at first only with confused scrawls, then letters, words, phrases—in a word, he had become a medium, and returned home sobered yet amazed.

From this moment he became an eager reader of the works of Kardec at all leisure hours; his evenings were spent with his spiritualistic friends. These were neither poets, savans, nor members of the Institute; they were simple countrymen, relations, friends and neighbors. Their communications, coming from their departed relations, were very much on their own plane, were neither correct in orthography nor punctuation, and would have excited the ridicule of the learned scribes of the cities. Nevertheless, they were such as went to the hearts of these simple men, and produced a thousand times more effect than the most magnificent sermons of Bossuet, Massillon, or Lacordaire.

Amongst the spirits who most frequently communicated through them were the fathers of Jean Bonnet, Hillaire, and Madame Berthelot. Very soon they promised them direct writing, but for some time this promise was not fulfilled, and on their inquiring the cause of it, these spirit relatives informed them that, to their great disappointment, they had found that they were not able to do it, and that they were daily praying that this power might be conferred on them, and had faith that it would be, as it was for a good purpose. In a little time this was realized. Having written a number of questions on a sheet of paper, and laid a pencil with it, they had the satisfaction to see the simple answer "Yes" written to one of these questions, and afterwards extended replies signed by the fathers Hillaire and Bonnet, some of which have been given in the volume by M. Bez in their genuine orthography and phraseology.

Hillaire soon began to see spirits again visibly, and was desirous of seeing some of his departed relatives. On the 20th May, as he was hoeing his vines, the sun being very hot, he sat down under their shade to rest himself a little, when a stone was thrown and struck the iron of his hoe. He started up, and gazed around on all sides, but no one was to be seen; and he sat down again. Another stone, more violent than the former, struck his ear; he sprung up, and sought all around, but in vain, no one was to be found; and the sky giving signs of thunder which began to growl, he returned to his cottage, and related what had happened. The next day, scarcely had he reached the same spot, when turning round, he saw his father advance smiling toward him, and he saw him stoop, take up a stone, and strike his hoe repeatedly with it, to make him comprehend that it was he who had thrown the stones the day before. A long conversation took place between the spirit-father and the son in the flesh, and the father explained to Hillaire the method by which spirits, by a combination of the fluids which belong to all bodies which surround us, and the especial fluids emanating from the bodies of the mediums, are able to seize on and move material substances, and communicate with spirits incarnate. Hillaire from this time received continual visits from his father; he became conscious of the thoughts of the people around him, and often astounded them by telling these thoughts to them. His father took him in a vision into the spirit-world, and showed him things too extensive to be detailed here.

In July, Hillaire went to Saint Jean d'Angely to attend a séance, where he saw several spirits clearly, and described them so accurately that they were recognized by their friends there. The account of this séance was given in *La Ruche Spirite Bordelaise*, in the fourth number of that journal, in the latter half of July, 1863. The description of him given in that journal is: "Hillaire is a simple peasant. He is about eight-and-twenty, of a fresh complexion, a good figure, a gentle manner, a look frank and open, and an expression rather serious than gay; though his education is limited, he appears intelligent." The description of the persons whose spirits he saw, evoked universal astonishment, and especially of one having a wooden leg, this appearance being assumed by the particular spirit to identify himself to his friends.

At a séance at Sonnac some days after, a spirit, calling himself Dhionnet, declared that he had been murdered by four men on his own property at Brissonneau. He gave the names of the two principal murderers, but refused to give the others, because, though the murder had taken place in 1708, some of their descendants were yet living in the place. The spirit described the exact place where he had been buried by the assassins; and the Mayor of Sonnac, who was present, and who came from Brissonneau, became greatly moved, and said that, on that very spot some time before, his men, in making an entrenchment, had found two skeletons, who had evidently been murdered and buried there. When the register of the parish was examined, two men of the names given by Hillaire were found to have been living at Brissonneau at that date, but their names had long disappeared from the parish.

In the month of August, the autobiography of Home reached Sonnac, and occasioned a somewhat vehement discussion amongst the Spiritualists, many of them treating the accounts of Home's floating as most improbable, and invented to amuse the credulous. Amongst these disbelievers was Hillaire, who objected, as many persons have always done, to the performance of these manifestations in darkness. Toward the end of the month Hillaire was at Brissonneau, and had a warm dispute with some zealous advocates of Home's truthfulness, and on his way home to Sonnac, he found himself actually walking in the air, and carried against a poplar tree, at which he made a clutch. Borne, however, past it, and soon after set on the earth again, without any shock, he asked himself if he were awake; but, seeing a piece of poplar bark in his hand, he hastened back to the tree, and saw, twenty feet from the ground, the place whence the bark had been torn.

From this time the fame of Hillaire's wonderful mediumship spread far and wide, and his life is one scene of manifestations of the most extraordinary kind, the most wonderful feature of them being their perfect verification on the spot. I can only give a mere glance at these. In 1863, he was invited by the Spiritual Society of Bourdeaux to pay a visit to that city, where he arrived on the 7th of that month. The account of the séances there are published at length in *La Ruche Spirite Bordelaise*, warranted as correct by the president, M. Sabo, and the members of the society. In the séances held there he went into trance, and saw and conversed with spirits, giving both what he and they said aloud, and in a manner which astonished those present, as they fully recognized these spirits, though they and their histories were wholly unknown to himself. At Saint Jean d'Angely, some time before the spirits had said they would bring actual physical substances to him, and now one of them openly put a curious piece of petrifaction into his hand before all the company. The whole of the gentlemen present gave their names publicly as witnessing all that is related.

The fame of Hillaire's manifestations spread far and wide through the country, and excited a vivid sensation, some laughing, some crying "magic!" "sorcery;" and declaring that the medium of Sonnac had sold his soul to the devil. Hillaire received more invitations than it was possible to accept, and at the same time his spiritual friends made him understand that it was by no means necessary to throw to the swine of incredulity, of blind and hardened skepticism, the treasures which God had reserved for those who had a reasonable faith, were free from the shackles of preconception, and really seeking for truth. He accepted, however, the invitation of M. Vitet, a gentleman of Briou, who thence became a warm and cordial friend of his. With M. Vitet he visited Barbezière, in the Canton d'Aigre, where, at a séance, amongst people of whom Hillaire knew nothing, he saw and gave such accounts of their departed friends, and remarkable passages in their lives, as threw the whole company into agitation, including the mayor and head of the institute. Similar, and equally surprising séances took place at Briou, Chaillot, Saint Jean d'Angely, Bourdeaux, and other places, equalling in the marvelous manifestations and revelations anything yet heard of.

On the 18th of November, 1863, as Hillaire was passing the evening at Briou, in the family of M. Vitet, he fell into a trance, and in that state put on his overcoat and hat, took a basket which he had from a table, put it on his arm, and went out. M. Vitet, his wife, and Mulon, the servant man, followed him, and saw him taking the way home toward Sonnac. He was walking at a quick pace, and they followed as fast as they could. Hillaire was quite unconscious of them, being in his trance. Suddenly they began to perceive that the pebbles and gravel on the road made no sound under his feet, though they ground loudly under theirs, and looking closely they saw that he was walking in the air. Astonished at this phenomenon, they made additional efforts to come up with him, when, at once he fell upon his knees in the middle of the road, and conversed audibly with spirits, whom he called by their names. M. and Madame Vitet, and Mulon, also, threw themselves on their knees around him. Anon, Hillaire rose and pursued his way toward Sonnac. Mulon, in order to observe him more closely, ran on before, and seated himself in the middle of the road, to examine carefully Hillaire's feet as he came up. To his astonishment, he saw him marching considerably above the surface of the earth, and as he arrived at Mulon, he passed over his head without touching him, or being aware of him, though he appeared to M. and Madame Vitet to have actually trodden on Mulon's head. Just before reaching his home, Hillaire suddenly awoke, and was greatly astonished to find himself there, and his friends from Briou with him. He related that during his trance, a spirit called Felicia, had taken him into Italy, and showed him her tomb in a cemetery, at the foot of a mountain, past which ran a railroad. The spirit, Felicia, turned out to have been the first wife of M. Sabo, of Bourdeaux, who died in Italy, and was buried in a cemetery at the foot of a mountain, but past which no railroad ran at that moment, but which has since been made exactly as he saw it.

After this, we have accounts of a number of séances, at different towns and villages, where the most remarkable demonstrations of the visits of spirits well known to the company, but wholly unknown to Hillaire, are attested by the signatures of the mayors and principal inhabitants of the places. Of these, I can only select two. One is that of a shower of stones, which took place at M. Vitet's, at Briou. There were present, besides the family, Messrs. Vincent, Berthelot, and Godin. It was Christmas eve, and the spirits informed them that they wished to celebrate the birth of Christ by a remarkable phenomenon, a shower of stones. They recommended them to engage in earnest prayer, and in the midst of it there came a sound as of a great tempest, and the house shook as if agitated by an earthquake. In the midst of this, Hillaire rose up and walked about, visibly agitated. A stone fell in the midst of them. Thinking the promise now completed, the guests took their leave, and returned to their homes at some miles distance. Arrived there, however, they were impelled by an intense inward feeling to return to M. Vitet's, and whilst they were in bed at midnight, when all the doors and windows were fastened, a shower of stones took place in the kitchen, with such force as to leave dints in the boards of the floor. The house, it should be remarked, was not only well locked up, but stood solitarily in the country, surrounded by great courts, in which ranged stout watch-dogs, so that no one could possibly approach it. Amongst the stones which they collected, real pebbles such as the roads were paved with, was found an antique salt-cellar, in terra-cotta, painted and varnished like porcelain, which M. Vitet's father recognized as having been lost thirty years before, and sought for all over the house repeatedly, but in vain. This is now preserved as a precious relic, as well as some of the stones themselves.

During these séances, M. Vitet, who suffered dreadfully from an asthma, which had resisted all the science of the physicians, sat in an easy chair, which was also his place of rest during the night, for he could not lie down, but he was cured by a simple decoction of herbs prescribed by the spirits, and at the time of the publication of this memoir during the present year, no symptom of the complaint has returned. The recipe is given in the book.

The last marvel which I shall quote is the most astonishing of all, and the writer, M. Bez, says he was a witness of it, as well as Messrs. Vincent, Mayor of Sonnac, and head of the Institute, Berthelot, Héraut, Roby, Batard, the Vitet family, and M. Vitet, senior, Godin, Ballanger, &c., &c., all most honorable people, and who are ready to assert the facts occurring before their eyes. I quote the account in the author's own words:

"After a general prayer addressed to God, and a welcome to good spirits, Hillaire fell into the magnetic sleep, always the precursor with him of some important manifestations. Five minutes had not passed, when the medium saw three spirits, Catherine Begeon, mother of one present; Felicia, from whom *La Ruche* has often inserted beautiful communications; and St. Bernard, the great spiritual guide of the Spiritual Society of Saint Jean d'Angely. Catherine Begeon held in her right hand a ring, which she presented to Hillaire, St. Bernard and Felicia aiding her by all the power of their magnetic fluid. After some minutes, Hillaire sprang at one bound upon the table; he extended his hands to receive the ring. All present could see it; it seemed to adhere to his right hand, held perpendicularly. Hillaire threw down the ring; it fell on the table near me, and to my surprise did not roll or run along the table, which most rings are used to do, but remained fixed on the place as a bag or small lead would have done. I seized the ring, and examined it minutely. It was of massive gold, and very heavy. It was handed from one to another through the whole company, who were eager to examine it, too. Hillaire, during this time, was in conversation with the spirits already named. He asked first whether the ring was petrified; then whether it was of real matter, and would not disappear in the same way as it had come. Having received satisfactory answers, he desired to know to whom it should be given. He then descended from the table, seated himself, still sleeping, took a pencil and wrote mechanically:

'It is for thee, dear Hillaire, that thou mayest keep it for the rest of thy life.

Catherine Begeon.'"

Having thanked the spirit for the beautiful ring, he asked for which finger it was intended. The ring at this moment had come into my hands. Hillaire, by a mechanical movement, extended his left arm toward me, and protruded the usual finger for a ring. I placed it upon it, and Hillaire clasped it, and thanked afresh the spirits and God, the Master of all things, who had permitted them to see such amazing facts, to convince men of the existence of the soul, and of its individuality. The ring was much too large, the thumb itself could not have filled it, and I heard several of those present say what I myself had thought:

"This time the spirits have deceived themselves; they have made a grand error in the size."

Hillaire took off the ring twice, and handed it to the company that they might examine it at their leisure; and each time that he received it back, he put it on his finger, clasped it affectionately, and returned it. The third time, on putting it on, it could not be again removed; it became instantly contracted. In his sleep, Hillaire made repeated efforts to pull it off, and we began to fear that he would do his finger some violence by his abortive attempts to remove it, when, all at once, he advanced toward a person in the middle of the company, and extending his hand, said:

"There, incredulous one, since thou still doubtest, pull off the ring thyself."

This person seized the finger, and pulled the ring with such force, that he tore the skin from the knuckle. He then became pale with emotion, the perspiration streamed from his brow, and he confessed that at the moment that Hillaire came up to him he was thinking that there was some trick about the ring. He confessed himself conquered by the evidence.

That same evening Hillaire, when completely awake, saw the spirit of the venerable St. Bernard, from whose right hand streamed a line of fluid, which fell on the ring, which, under its influence, still further contracted and pinched the finger; then the fluidic stream running from the ring toward St. Bernard, the ring gradually enlarged to its proper size, so that it was easy without any chance of its falling off. This ring, we are assured, Hillaire still wears.

The skeptics who strain at some marvelous gnat, do not need such camels as these to astonish and disgust them. In fact, it requires some faith in persons daily conversant with what are called miracles to digest facts of this astounding description. But what is to be done when, not only through the Davenports in London, and Hillaire at Sonnac, but physico-spiritual phenomena, equally strange, and all indicating the same subtle laws of matter under the influence of spirit, are occurring in various countries of Europe, in such cities as Paris itself, and have been occurring in Greece, Rome, Syria, China and India, for many ages before our Saviour himself gave demonstrations of these laws after his resurrection, by passing through walls and closed doors in his body; appearing and vanishing at pleasure in and from the midst of his disciples? I satisfy myself on this occasion with quoting these few but startling incidents from a book of one hundred and fifty-six pages, published at Paris in the present year of our Lord, 1864, with references to some scores and hundreds of sober and intelligent people, mayors and magistrates included, all still living in the country around Bordeaux, and extensively through the south-west of France.

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

BY C. B. SAFFORD.

To love one another, to love our enemies, was commanded by the humble Nazarene. We must suppose, then, the command not only possible for obedience, but in its nature right and rational. But I would that clearer views upon this momentous subject were more easily accessible. It is enveloped, at best, in a very *earthly mist*. A chain of reasoning, sordid and narrow, without doubt, and yet not at once very easily refuted, seems to attach itself to the subject something after this wise:

There are laws of attraction and repulsion. How are these to be so neutralized and set aside as to allow antagonistic natures to become objects of love and affection? We may become so spiritually progressed that our fellow man, be he what he may, may stand blameless before us. We may learn to regard him as having been but as clay in the hands of the potter, formed and fashioned physically and mentally, almost without his choice or dictation, and therefore comparatively innocent as a babe in all that repels and pains us; and, with this view of him, we may learn to throw around him the copious mantle of brotherly charity.

But is not *love* too strong a word in this connection? Is there no real significance in the terms affinity and non-affinity? and is not each supposed to embody in itself the idea of an opposite? To love two entirely opposite in character, seems irreconcilable.

Take the humble, unpretending and self-sacrificing man, who is never thinking of his own interest or pleasure, except as secondary to those of his fellows; how is he to learn to feel a hearty affinity and fellowship with a lordly nature presenting the exact reverse? By what transfiguring process is this humble individual to walk up to his princely brother, with his heart in his hand, feeling in no wise repelled?

Does it not seem, at least, plausible that there are natures that were never meant to be harmonized? and that the idea of Universal Love is more metaphysical than practical, in this primal existence, at least? Is it not a sufficiently ample provision of providence that no individuality need stand alone, for there are affinities for all? Has not the term Universal Love a slightly Utopian ring?

We may contemplate a mountain in the distance, and fancy it easy of ascent. There it stands, enwrapt in a mantle of soft blue haze; the eye detects not the rough and unseemly portions; all presents the mellow softness of a painting. We approach it nearly; dark and fearful chasms, enormous cliffs and rugged rocks become visible, and show us that ascent is a thing of hardship and peril, if not wholly impossible. So we may contemplate Universal Love as a theory in the distance, and it perhaps seems easy; but bring a thoroughly antagonistic nature into close contact with our own, and the seeming impossibilities of a practical obedience to the command to "love all," will assume *tangibility*.

Uncongeniality of association often tends to blunt the finer and better feelings of our natures; our own clearest convictions and intuitions are contradicted and suppressed. Is this, then, a favorable soil and condition in which Love may spring up, and thrive, and blossom? In fact, does not all human philosophy run counter to this theory? Can it be rendered practical, in this existence, at least? Speculate as we may upon the beauty and feasibility of pouring forth our Love upon all around us, shut our eyes as we may to antagonisms in all their forms, yet they exist just the same.

In the Arcana of Nature, Vol. II, page 239, we find this self-evident statement:

"Though there is no artificial barrier between the two classes, there is a natural separation, wide, deep and impassable as the fabled gulf between hell and heaven. This is the affinity and repulsion that exists between differently constituted minds."

But over this gulf it is insisted a bridge *must* be thrown, that Universal Love, on its beatific missions, may pass hither and thither, with its sweet interchanges of harmonious fellowship! "Oh consistency, thou art," &c.

Lancaster, N. Y., 1865.

Be avaricious of time; do not give a moment without receiving it in value.

Children's Department.

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

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

(Original.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER I.

Many years ago, when people traveled in stage-coaches, and thought it a great treat to read a weekly paper, and lived contentedly without carpets on their floors, and found brown bread excellent food, in those days a good-natured boy found his share of fun in hunting for hen's eggs in the barn; in making willow whistles in the spring; in gathering thimble-berries in the summer, and hickory nuts in the autumn. A very pleasant little village he lived in, among people of quite old-fashioned ways; but a very comfortable life he had, for the people about him were mostly good and kindly, and wished for nothing better than they possessed.

This good-natured, contented boy was named by the good old-fashioned name Abraham, which was not cut short and made to signify Abe, or Abie, but pronounced in full, and with long accent on the last syllable. Abraham lived with his mother, who was a widow, and who worked hard to keep up a comfortable appearance among her comfortable neighbors. But this she contrived to do, and Abraham never felt that they were very poor, or ashamed of his appearance among the other boys.

Twice a week the stage-coach rumbled through the village, bringing great excitement with its leathern bag of letters, which were valued in those days in proportion to their scarcity and the expense of their carriage, it costing twenty-five cents to send a letter to New York. Once in a while such a letter came to Abraham's mother, from her brother in New York. It was written on foolscap paper, nicely folded, without envelope, and with a large seal of wax with the initials "I. P.," for Isaac Parker, Abraham's beloved uncle, who came once a year to their country home, bringing a plenty of fun with him, and a package of candy, some fish-hooks, a few books, and the last papers. These visits were looked forward to from the beginning of spring, for they always occurred in August.

It was to watch for Uncle Isaac's coming that had brought Abraham out on the turnpike to catch the first glimpse of the coach, or the sound of its rumble over the line bridge, which divided the town from the little village across the river. Abraham strained his eyes with watching, and finally sat down under the cool shade of a maple. He was thinking of the city that Uncle Isaac came from, and wondered if he should ever tread its streets. He was quite contented in his home, and thought very likely that he would become a farmer, and live just as the other people about him lived; but there was a mysterious glory about that city home of his uncle's, and he imagined it was a good deal like the city of Jerusalem, that he heard sung about in the village choir.

After a full hour Abraham started to his feet. There was no mistaking the sound of those wheels. They came nearer and nearer, and at last over the hill appeared the heads of those on the outside, and among them was the benevolent face of Uncle Isaac. He had on the very same hat he wore last year, for it was quite respectable for even a city gentleman to wear the selfsame hat several seasons in those days. The good-natured driver stopped his steaming horses, and let Abraham climb up to a seat beside his uncle. There was a great hand-shaking, and many questions asked by Uncle Isaac about the trout in the streams, the blackberries in the pastures, and the early apples in the orchards; about the prospect of crops, and the new selectmen, and the last June training.

Abraham could talk to his uncle better than any one else, for he did not feel afraid of being laughed at, and his uncle seemed to really think that he knew something that would be interesting to hear.

The old red coach went rumbling up to the post office, and the great bag, with its small contents, went tumbling on to the steps. Abraham and his uncle preferred to walk home, and soon were met by most of the boys in the village, for Uncle Isaac's coming was looked forward to as a great event by the whole neighborhood, and Abraham was considered quite an important personage from the moment the letter arrived announcing the time of his coming. The girls, also, ran to the doors to give the old gentleman a friendly nod, remembering well the merry times they had the year before. Abraham's mother knew what would please her brother best after his tiresome journey, so she had the bowl of cool milk all ready, and the loaf of freshly baked brown bread, and a plate of yellow butter, and her floor was freshly sanded with white sand, and newly cut branches of oak filled the fireplace.

"Now this is most excellent indeed, sister Sarah; and I think of the good old times when we used to eat bean porridge out of the same bowl, and talk about what we would do when we became men and women. Times of great improvement these are, sister. Why, I took this journey at the rate of eight miles an hour, and came through with only two stops. I should n't wonder if Abraham lived to see the day when a journey to New York would be quite an agreeable jaunt."

Abraham listened, and wondered if he should ever take that journey, and whether he should then be a farmer or a store-keeper. Mrs. Foster went out, and Abraham began to question his uncle about the city, and the obliging old man called for his cane, and he traced on the sanded floor the streets and localities. He piled up sand to represent the churches, the post-office and the Battery. When Mrs. Foster entered, she protested against the disorder.

"Oh, but it will please Abraham, sister, and I wish him to be familiar with the city; who knows but he will live there some day?" said Uncle Isaac, and he went on with his drawings.

Those words of Uncle Isaac, "Who knows but he will live their some day," Abraham thought of long after he went to bed. He tried to trace out the different localities with his eye on the ceiling, as the moonlight lighted up the room, and he wondered what he could do in so great a place as a city.

The next day, Uncle Isaac and Abraham went a fishing, but there was a plenty of time for talking while they sat on the cool rocks, when weary of holding the line.

"I don't think we have had very good success, Uncle; I feel quite ashamed," said Abraham.

"Never be ashamed of failure when you do your best to succeed," replied Uncle Isaac; "always remember this, *the greatest success is trying*. I've kept trying all my life, and have never become rich, but I call myself a most successful man; I feel rich in myself. There's a man live opposite me in the city, and they say he is one of our richest men; but he did not gain his wealth by honest effort, but it was left to him by his father, and so all the good it does is to give him a little outside show, and the real riches in himself he has not and cannot have, because he has never gained them by effort."

The next day all the boys and girls in the neighborhood, with Abraham and Uncle Isaac, went on an excursion to Mt. Roundhead. Uncle Isaac hired several wagons, and they all piled in most merrily with their baskets of provisions. They had a pleasant ride to the side of the mountain, when they fastened their horses, and began to climb the steep ascent. Abraham found it very agreeable to be near Sophia Taft, a bright, sunny-faced girl, with the bluest of eyes, and the neatest of dresses. For some reason, although Sophia was a strong, nimble-footed girl, she could hardly ascend a steep place without a little help from Abraham, which he always seemed to be on hand to give, notwithstanding John Smith tried often to step in before him. They at last reached the top, and greatly enjoyed the fine view. John, however, as usual, supposed that some one was better liked than himself, and grew sullen and discontented. When the time arrived for their descent, he lingered behind.

"Come," said Susan Sloan, "I would n't be so offish."

This was what people call giving a coat, and John put it on, for it fitted him exactly, and this made him only the more sullen. He however joined the party, but began whispering to one and another about Abraham.

"I suppose he feels pretty nice with an uncle from New York," said he to Jane Dean.

"I should think he did," she replied; "but that is nothing to be proud of. I guess I'd have a new coat before I held my head quite so high."

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, and brushed his own blue cloth coat with a satisfied air.

It was soon quite evident that Jane and John were making a most uncomfortable party; for they nudged, and whispered, and smiled if Abraham spoke. Uncle Isaac saw all, and felt quite anxious to see how Abraham bore it, so he made no effort to amuse the party. But Abraham and Sophia were so disturbed that they lingered behind. John, seeing this, let them pass by him, while he stood on a high rock and watched them. It was a very rough part of the hill that they were passing, and there were many rolling stones. John looked down and saw Abraham, and a spirit of mean envy overcame all else. He thought to start a stone, and that it would pass near Abraham and frighten him, and then there would be another occasion to laugh at him. He gave it a smart kick, and it went tumbling down just as Sophia had stooped to pick up a curious stone. Abraham heard it coming, and gave her a sudden jerk, which sent her suddenly over, but saved her from being hit. The stone glanced off, and, quite unexpectedly to John, went tumbling down among the party in advance. It hit Jane, and, with a sharp edge, wounded her so that the blood flowed freely. The whole party were in alarm; the girls screamed, and the boys ran hither and thither on the rocks; but no one was so rapid in their movements as Abraham. He ran down in an instant, took his handkerchief from his pocket, tore it in strips, and quickly bound up the wound. He ran to a spring a little way down the hill and brought water, and gently wiped her forehead; he folded up his coat for a pillow, and placed it under her head, and he did this all so quickly that no one thought of interfering. He then proposed to the strongest boy to form a chair with their hands, and carry her down the hill. The pleasure of the party was all destroyed, and all were glad to be once more in the wagons on the way home.

Uncle Isaac made no remarks but seemed waiting for the others. But no one cared to talk; only Susan Sloan said to Abraham:

"It was John that did that on purpose, for I saw him; and it was a mean trick! and I hope Jane has got enough of him."

When they had reached their home Uncle Isaac and Abraham seated themselves on the grass under the old elm. The sun was going down in the west, golden and glorious. The village street was still. Once in a while a little bird twittered in the branches of the tree over their heads. The night hawks boomed and sailed majestically over the fields. Abraham was very silent, for the day had brought him much to think about. At last Uncle Isaac said:

"I have been thinking, Abraham, how glorious it will be when the sun-set of our lives comes, if the day of our life has been well spent. I am glad that I see the beautiful light of the future; and sometimes I think it is my sun-set that is brightening my sky. I have been watching you to-day, for I have a plan in my mind for you. I determined, when I left the city, to think over what would best please you for the future, and I have seen to-day that you are a boy of good nerve and good temper, and I made up my mind that you would make an excellent physician. What say you? A boy that could do up a wound as you did ought to have a chance to try his hand at it often. I am determined to give you a chance. You may depend on Uncle Isaac's help."

Many times Abraham thought of those kindly words of his uncle, but he did not think that the promise would never be fulfilled. A better fortune awaited him: the necessity of helping himself.

[To be continued.]

(Original.)

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.

NUMBER SIX.

It is astonishing how much pleasure or how much discomfort one child even can give. A bright, sunny face, like that of little Robbie, could make a summer in the winter. There is a little boy within sight and sound of my windows, that can make almost a winter in the summer. The beautiful Ailantus spreads its loving branches and sends down its quieting shade; the poor half-dying peach tree yet catches the southern breeze in its many leaves, and rustles most kindly, and the little canary chirps in the midst of the heat and dust; but this little neighbor who has a voice that could make sweeter music than the bird, and a heart that could show more love than the trees, snarls and frets and quarrels, and throws stones at his playmates, and makes the whole neighborhood discordant. If any one speaks gently to him he snarls back; if one scolds him he screams and kicks. Not a sweet breath from the South comes whispering by but some harsh sound from that little voice that ought to respond in love, makes it almost inaudible. Thus does one little child place itself against all the beauty and destroy the peace that Nature tries to give. Suppose, instead of cries and screams, I could hear sweet singing mingling with the pleasant voice of my neighbor, the Ailantus, and a merry, ringing laugh answering the chirp of the canary? would not our neighborhood be quite a cheery place?

Every child has within its power a great deal of love and beauty and goodness, and it can give them out just as the flower gives its fragrance and the sun its light; but there must be a sunny, flowery spot in the heart. I hope that few people have a snarly, fretty, quarrelsome child for a neighbor, and I hope no child that reads this will ever make any neighborhood disagreeable and discordant.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE;*

OR,

WHY DO OUR LOVED ONES DIE?

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART ONE.

Oh, trembling lyre! oh, human heart!
That lately thrilled with magic art,
Why art thou stilled so soon?
Why are the answering chords grown mute
And voiceless, as some broken lute,
Ere yet with thee 't was noon?
Thus friendship, touched with grief sincere,
Mourns o'er the death of young De Vere.

Oh, son! oh, brother! kind and true,
Whose heart all tender feelings knew,
Why art thou gone so soon?
Why are the dear hands folded up?
Why shivered now is life's bright cup
Ere yet, with thee 't was noon?
Thus human love, in grief and fear,
Mourns o'er the death of young De Vere.

Oh, worker in the whitening fields,
Where truth a golden harvest yields,
Why art thou called away?
Why is thy sickle resting now,
While others here with moistened brow,
Toil till the close of day?
Thus laborers in God's vineyard here,
Mourn o'er the death of young De Vere.

Oh, friend! oh poet! brave and strong,
Whose thoughts throbbed high with love and song,
Why hast thou fled away?
What power unseen, with beck'ning hand,
Has called thee to the shadowy land,
Ere yet 't was noon of day?
Thus many a heart, in doubt and fear,
Mourns o'er the death of young De Vere.

Touched with their grief, sweet sympathy
Wakes in my soul her minstrelsy;
And, ere the tuneful numbers die,
I hope to gain some fit reply
For those who sadly question, "why
The good, the true so early die?"
Alas! my heart, with shivering sigh,
Wakes but to echo back their cry.
It, too, with questioning doubt and fear,
Mourns o'er the death of young De Vere.
I turn to earth, whose mantle holds
His form within her ample folds,
And question her if she can tell
The secrets of the charnel cell.
I wait; no voice that speaks his doom
Comes echoing through our halls of gloom;
No words of hope, of love or cheer
Wake song-waves in our atmosphere;
But all is dreary discord here.
In vain I strive, with listening ear,
One sound or answering tone to hear;
In vain I turn my eager eyes
To where the feeble casket lies,
And say to it, "Awake! arise!"
No voice responsive greets my ear,
I see no risen form appear;
Still, cold and pale is young De Vere.

His voice is hushed; I hear instead,
The lamentations o'er the dead,
In wild, deep numbers, full of woe;
Like solemn dirges in their flow
The mournful echoes come and go;
Yet, still, my heart makes sad reply
To Sorrow's low, despairing cry,
And, with it, sadly questions, "why
The good, the true so early die?"

I hear the mother's plaintive moan,
The father's low, desponding tone,
Then quick I feel a throb of pain
Go shivering through my heart again,
As, yielding to their mournful spells,
Ye wake once more, oh, memory bells!

Memory bells! oh, memory bells!
How many tender, sad farewells
Are daily sounded in your knells!
How many smothered sighs and groans
Meet in your ever-changing tones!
How many names ye fondly call,
Go echoing through the spirits' hall,
Yet bring no answer back to tell
Where the dear forms who owned them dwell!
Full oft, oh bells! your mellow chime—
Soft as the sound of classic rhyme—
Flows in sweet gusts adown my lyre,
Till song-waves gush from every wire;
But far more frequent with your spells,
Comes the low sound of tolling bells;
The muffled, mournful, haunting tone,
That says to my heart, "a friend is gone."
Thus now it sings, and love's deep sigh
Breathed o'er my soul wakes sad reply,
And still I fondly question, "why
The good, the true, so early die?"

Tell me, oh stars of the midnight sky,
That walk in glory and majesty
The shining shores of immensity,
Tell me, if ever ye have the power,
Why the life of man, like the frailest flower,
Cut down, will wither in one short hour?
While ye, for ages enthroned on high,
Still walk the streets of the concave sky,
Seeming to whisper, "we never die!"

I wait. No answer from the stars,
Comes trembling down the ether bars;
A sob of pain is all I hear.
The father's heart still throbs with fears;
He looks, but through the blinding tears
No radiant form to him appears;
Cold is the one he held so dear,
And still he murmurs, in his fear,
"Gone from our midst is young De Vere."

Gone! in the flush of manhood's prime;
Gone! in the golden promise time;
Gone! ere he saw life's noon;
Gone from the harvest fields of youth,
Where he thought to scatter the seeds of truth;
Gone from them *far too soon.*
Tell me, oh friend, if you have the power,
Why his life went out in so bright an hour,
When the hopes he cherished began to flower?

Gone from my side to return no more,
With the bright'ning smile and the form he wore,
Gone, ere he saw life's noon;
Gone to a solemn, mysterious shore,
Whose paths are unseen that he wanders o'er;
Gone from me far too soon.
Tell me, oh friend, if you have the power,
Why his life went out in so bright an hour,
When the hopes we cherished began to flower?

He's gone, oh friend, and I sit alone,
In the place where lately, with hope's high tone,
He talked of the coming noon—
Of the songs he 'd sing, of the deeds he 'd do,
And the many wrongs he would help subdue;
Ah, me! but he died too soon!
Tell me, oh friend, if you have the power,
Why his life went out in so bright an hour,
When the hopes he cherished began to flower?

This was the plaint that was borne to me,
And I grieved to think that such grief should be,
Till all the deep tides of the father's woe
Seemed o'er my spirit chords to flow.
I yearned for some gift of o'ermastering sway,
To change the tone of that mournful lay;
But thought still clung to the mouldering clay,
And doubt to my trembling heart found way.
And when I sought for a fit reply
To give to a soul in such agony,
I could only in answer give sigh for sigh,
For still in sadness I questioned, "why
The friends we cherish so early die?"
And still I heard but the cry of fear,
And the dreary sound of the dropping tear
Of those who mourn for the young De Vere.

I thought of his youth, of the ardent hope
That made each hour a kaleidoscope
Of beautiful dreams, and visions rare,
That gleamed through the duller scenes of care,
Like vistas opening before his gaze,
Revealing the brightness of coming days.
I thought of these as I sat alone,
And I said, oh harp, of the pleasant tone,
So lately thrilling with joy my own,
Wherefore hence has thy music flown,
And why, oh, why is the Minstrel gone?

Oh, friend! oh brother! then I said,
Still calling on the voiceless dead!
Were it not better here to stay,
Till age had brought thee slow decay—
Till all the unfolding powers of thought,
To fullest strength had each been brought?
Why quit the paths so lately won—
The race so valiantly begun?
Why leave the promised fields of youth,
Thy harvest fields, immortal truth?
With joy and peace her paths abound;
On every side her smiles are found;
Her windrows whiten all the ground—
Will ere the shining sheaves be bound—
If such as thou, oh brother, die,
So often ere maturity?

Thus questioning still, in doubt and fear,
I mourned the death of young De Vere,
Till o'er my spirit chords one day
These sweet and solemn words found way.
Oh! Faith, that brings the lofty trust,
That all God's ways are wise and just,
Why trail thy white robes in the dust?
Why lend to grief's despairing cry
The weight of one responsive sigh?
Wake all thy drowsy powers and rise!
Fly homeward to thy native skies,
Where hymns of pure devotion rise!
Then to the sad heart make reply—
A cheerful, free, and glad reply—
To all who fondly question why
The good, the true, so early die?
Faith thus invoked from her repose,
Smiled through her tears, then quick uprose,
High o'er the scenes of human woes.
But ere she reached her temples fair
Above the mist-hung vales of care,
A sigh went quivering through the air,
And Doubt again breathed in my ear
Her dreary tale of grief and fear,
Then called on Reason, ambushed near,
To weave her plaint for young De Vere.
Then Faith, descending, strayed again,
While Reason thus took up the strain.
"Who called him hence? Can it be God?
Would He send down the withering rod,
And doom to an untimely grave
A heart so noble, true and brave?
Hath not the world great need of him?
Hath she not daily use for him?
Lo! now, upon her outer rim
The altar-fires of love grow dim.
And Freedom wakes her battle hymn.
What wisdom, then, or purpose high,
Let fly the dart that bade him die?
So true a Sentry from her wall
Unerring Justice would not call:—
God rules, but not by partial laws.
Then pause, unreasoning Faith, oh, pause!
Ere you ascribe to him the cause
Of all our earthly ills and cares,
Our many errors, pains and snares,
The mishaps kindled by a breath,
Yet ending oft in woe and death!
Pause ere the cheating tale you tell,
That binds the sad heart with a spell,
And bids it sing "all things are well!"
First question if the primal cause
Of all untimely deaths and woes,
That spring upon our track like foes,
Is not our ignorance of His laws?"

Faith thus beset by doubts within,
Drew all her Starry pinions in,
And bowed her head again to rest,
On Sorrow's cold and timid breast.
Then led by Reason's flickering ray,
And chanting still a mournful lay,
My thoughts pursued a tangled way,
A wilderness of doubts and fears,
Where dwelt no hope that soothes or cheers!
Ah! me, a path so set with fear,
A way so desolate and drear,
Might well be called the "Vale of Tears,"
Or "Shadow Land," where naught appears
To gild with joy the coming years!
Dark chasms yawned on either side;
Before me rolled a restless tide,
A sea, whose waves of human life
Went dashing on in ceaseless strife,
Against the rocks of discontent,
That met them whereso'er they went,
And in defiance hurled them back,
To moan and murmur in their track,
Till some wild passion, soon or late,
Ambition, lust of gain, or hate,
Swept o'er them with a whirlwind force,
And bore them onward in their course,
To dash them helpless on the shore
Where yawn the chasms seen before
Down which they fall, to rise no more!

[To be continued.]

* This poem was suggested by the death of D. De Vere Vining, the young poet, whose graceful effusions used often to appear in the Banner of Light, and other reform papers. To the bereaved father of the deceased, I am indebted for some of the arguments contained in the poem. In a letter which he wrote me giving an account of his son's departure, he seemed to question the wisdom of God's plan in the removal of one so young, and expressed a fear that it was more the result of man's ignorance than an arrangement of the Divine Father. This view of the case I have labored to disprove, and, by making the poem general in its application I have sought to assuage the grief of others, who, like him, may be sadly asking why their loved ones so early die.

DRESS AND DISEASE.—There is no truth more firmly established among medical men than that disease follows fashion as much as bonnets do. When thin shoes prevail, consumption is the prevailing epidemic with females in every fashionable community of the country. When low-necked dresses are in the ascendant, sore throat and quinsy are the raging maladies. When "bustles" and "bishops" made their appearance, spinal affections became the "ton." The reign of corsets is denoted by collapsed lungs, dyspepsia, and a general derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, so immediately are dress and disease connected, that a doctor says that all he needs to determine what a majority of the women are dying of, is to have an inventory of their wardrobe handed to him.

HIGH WAGES.—An advertisement appeared in the London *Times* recently, for "a *Christian* young lady to teach the piano and assist in the instruction of the junior pupils in a school; *no salary.*"

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations.

I am in the sixty-ninth year of my age; have been a Spiritualist since the first number of the Banner was issued, and well known to you as a frequent contributor for your columns; have never seen the Davenports, Home, or attended a dark circle; have sat with many mediums; have assisted in forming many circles; have had more than a score of sealed letters satisfactorily answered through Mansfield, Farnsworth, and others, some of which appeared in the Banner. In August, 1863, was developed as a medium, at the dial, and the communications I have received would fill several volumes. The spirits can also commune through the alphabet, giving my hand a shake at the right letter; but the impression comes so readily, that when once started the alphabet is seldom required. Believing Spiritualism to be the Truth of God, I have exerted myself to extend its influence. So much for myself.

At a friend's house, on the 23d ult., a circle was proposed for physical manifestations, but I told them they could expect nothing for want of a proper medium; but some insisting on it, we took our seats. Having read in the Banner that a table covered by a cloth reaching to the floor all round, so as to exclude the light, would produce good results, the large centre-table was so prepared, and beneath it we placed the guitar in tune, and a small bell. A lady, three gentleman and myself comprised the circle. Soon was heard the clear ring of the bell, and the bass note of the guitar, struck with such force that every hand on the table felt the vibration. Then came the bugle call, followed by an arpeggio movement. At my request the guitar gave an accompaniment to the lady's voice, in three songs. The performance was admirable, particularly the interludes; there was given a waltz, new to all; another song, the chime of the bell keeping time.

The music ceased. As we sat with our knees against the cloth, every one felt the pressure of a hand. I pressed mine further under the table and it was immediately grasped. I slipped my foot beneath the cloth, my shoe was instantly removed. Great was the excitement when I exhibited my stocking-foot. Returning my foot, the spirit endeavored to put on the shoe—got it over the instep, but the heel seemed to puzzle him. I felt the fingers underneath trying to pull it up; the stocking had a fold in it, he smoothed it out, tried again, got it nearly on; seemed vexed, for he jerked it off and bumped my foot violently two or three times against the platform.

All this astonished me very much, for I expected nothing. I now inquired, "Who is the medium?" Imagine my feelings when the answer came, "It is yourself."

The next morning I turned to the dial for explanation, and received the following:

"You were delighted with the circle last evening, and confounded at your own mediumship. We have discovered for some time that you are well qualified for physical manifestations, and unknown to yourself we have been silently at work, but not until last evening had an opportunity of making a trial; the result was very gratifying. If you will sit in a dark room we can do a great deal. We are a band of dark spirits that delight in such manifestations; but fear nothing, we have not the power to injure, and evil spirits are not allowed to approach."

"How shall we dispose ourselves in a dark circle?"

"Form the circle with joined hands, lady and gentleman—negative and positive—alternate, six of each; if more persons be present, let them sit outside the circle. Be as quiet as possible—no laughing, no frivolity. We are your friends and desire to convince you of the truth of spirit-intercourse. You can well afford to suppress your feelings if we confer upon you so great a blessing. You can have almost any manifestation you have heard of from the Davenports. You shall have music from the guitar and accordeon. We will ring the bell and carry it round the room. We will show lights. You will yearn to grasp the hand of your father; you can have it. We will baptize every one in the circle."

"Who was the musician last evening?"

"He was a foreigner, a Spaniard; Alonzo Diego, by name. He is delighted with his success, and will assist at all our circles."

"How do you produce water?"

"We condense it from the atmosphere. Prepare a cord—be tied as securely as you may—you shall soon be freed from your fetters, and then we will do it better. While tied you shall be lifted from the floor."

This was soon noised abroad, and caused no little excitement in the village, where Spiritualism, heretofore, had only been heard of.

A circle was formed as directed, which resulted with still greater wonders.

Music was given as before, and beside the usual performance we had a sweet, humming, prolonged note, very like that given by the æolian harp. The accordeon was also performed upon tolerably well. The spirits then moved those instruments to the further part of the room, and they were heard at intervals all the evening. The bell went sailing and tinkling all about us. My shoe was quickly removed and thrown away. My hand was grasped and most heartily shaken; as friends will do after a long separation. It was squeezed so hard that my knuckles ached. The hand which took hold of mine, was soft and fleshy; remained in mine for two minutes. I felt it, and pressed it, to my entire satisfaction. I was told it was my father's.

We were then requested to sit quietly for a few moments. Before me was an open window, and the room was not so dark, but by aid of the starlight I could see any object coming between it and us. The table would weigh about fifty pounds. Presently I saw it slowly rise to a height above our heads; remain suspended half a minute, and as slowly return with a waving motion; touching the floor so gently that it would not have crushed an egg. This was repeated three times. It then rose up, turned over and rested on my head. Up again, passed over our heads and came down outside the circle. During all this time no one left his seat, or loosed a hand; music came from the guitar and accordeon, bell sounded, windows rattled, lusters on the candelabra shaken, raps from every part of the room, some as loud as *if struck with a hammer*, the folding doors opened and shut repeatedly; beating like a drum, on the fire screen!

Each one was sprinkled with water, and tapped by spirit fingers on the head. The spirit lights were produced; floating, about the size of a bean, color of phosphorous; twenty or more seen at once. One came within a foot of me, so that I could examine it closely—they continued for several minutes.

A cord having been provided, I was tied securely in my chair; the rope passed several times round and underneath, drawn tight, and the knot tied behind so that I could not move a hand. While this was going on, a gentleman, at my request, held my arms. The light was then intro-

duced, that all might see. The door being shut, I was lifted up about three feet, then laid prostrate upon the floor, chair uppermost, as gently as a mother would her child—my shoe was brought, but first the stocking was removed, toes tied with the shoe-string, stocking and shoe replaced, all very quickly done and cord then loosed. Wishing to see what would come next, I remained passive—two strong hands seized me by each arm and placed me on my feet, I rendering no aid.

A female hand seized mine. It felt so natural that I thought one of the ladies were playing a trick. I grasped it firmly and called for the light. As it streamed in, the hand melted away in mine, and there sat the circle unbroken. I begged the spirit to come again. My head and cheeks were patted so that all heard it—was embraced and kissed. This I was told by the alphabet, was my mother. My daughter Anna did the same.

My friend Mr. Wilkins, who passed away last November, then grasped my hand. It felt warm and fleshy, and so natural that I charged it upon some one of the gentlemen. All denied it, and assured me no one had loosened a hand. Their distant voices seemed to confirm it.

"Come, one of you, and feel it."

One came, said my hand was clasped, but nothing in it—the spirit and I at the moment pressing each other. Another came, with like result. I placed my left hand on his, carried it *all over the end of mine*, I all the time grasping the spirit-hand! A third came. "Oh yes sir, you have a hand in yours, sure enough." He was a medium.

When the door was opened to exhibit me tied, that gentleman who had never before been to a circle was found prostrate on the floor, insensible, but a few mesmeric passes from me revived him.

But the most startling manifestation, which struck every one dumb with amazement, was the unearthly noises that came from every part of the room, as if from twenty different voices. They defy description. One in a sepulchral tone quoted Hamlet, "Oh, if thou didst thy dear father love, revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

I forgot to say that at the opening of the circle I made a solemn promise not to practice any deception, and I exacted the same from each one present.

The next morning the following came through the dial:

"You thought us rather turbulent last evening, but it was all mere fun."

A spirit quoted Shakspeare, "Yes, that is but the beginning of wonders," and then added:

"You shall yet converse with your friends. Are you not convinced you are attended by them? Your mother came and kissed you, your Anna did the same; Mr. Wilkins gave you his hand, and it was his arm you felt."

"Tell me about the gentleman we found on the floor," I said:

"We entranced him for a few minutes, as an experiment, to see what influence we could exercise upon him. He is a medium, and could be controlled to speak. You are not yet fully developed. After a few sittings you will be carried round the room; but while this is going on, be careful not to admit the light, or you will have a fall."

"You tell me I am being developed for seeing. Would not our circle be a good time to begin?"

"No; you could not bear the sight of us a moment, we are so dark and hideous. We are your friends, but not such as you would like to see. All this is but the beginning. We will exhibit our spirit hands, but this requires you to be seated in a box with a hole at the top through which we can pass our hands."

"Suppose I make a light frame, and cover it with cloth and paper pasted together?"

"That will do very well. Make it six feet long, five feet high and three feet wide."

"Will six inches square suffice for the hole?"

"Make it larger than that, as we shall exhibit several hands at once. Have it ten by twelve, with a light falling door hinged at one edge."

"Can you play on the piano, also?"

"I think we can, but not now. You are not yet sufficiently developed for that."

"Could you put the guitar in tune?"

"We can. We should turn the keys, and tune it just as you do."

"That would be wonderful!"

"I repeat, this is only the beginning of wonders. Have all the instruments with you in the box, and you shall have a concert upon them. While seated and bound with cords, we will take off your coat."

My absence from home to attend the death-bed of a beloved sister, and other circumstances, have prevented another circle, but we shall hold one in a few days. FRANK.

Accomac, Va., 1865.

Spiritual Manifestations at Delphi, Indiana.

Although several weeks have elapsed since these spirit manifestations were made, I think they will not fail to be interesting.

My neighbor and friend (a patron of the Banner) gave me an invitation to attend a séance held at Dr. Beck's residence, in Delphi, Ind. The medium was a lady—pardon me for not mentioning her name. All things were made in readiness, and a respectable number of spectators examined everything previous to the performances, to be satisfied as to the chances for any humbugery. A pan was put under the table, with a bell and an accordeon in it. A dial was placed on the table ready for any communication. Presently a loud rap was heard on the table; then it tipped up, and the bell began to ring, the accordeon playing a couple of familiar tunes.

A Bible was then placed near the table, the leaves of which were briskly turned over, and three of the leaves at different places were turned down at passages which were requested to be read. A violin and bow were taken up by the invisibles, and an attempt was made to play upon the instrument, but with poor success; one of the strings was then loosened, and the instruments replaced on the table. A fan was passed toward me; I took hold of it and tried to pull it from the spirit-hand, but could not; it was held with too firm a grasp. Several sentences were given us through the dial. Altogether the manifestations were quite interesting. The people in this part of the country are taking hold of Spiritualism in good earnest. I. P.

SAYING GRACE—CHARLES LAMB AT THE DINNER-TABLE.—Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, lisping manner, "Is there no cl-cl-clergyman present?" "No, sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

Correspondence.

Letter from Mrs. Hutchinson.

Will you favor me with space in your columns in which I may answer the many kind inquiries of eastern friends? My health is now better than it has been for a long time, and instead of looking in the list of obituary notices for my name, they may look for a real flesh and blood substance, bearing my name and features, to drop in upon them in the coming autumn days. Since March I have spent my time in the West, where our cause is making rapid progress. With the assassination of Mr. Lincoln has gone out many sectarian fires, for the most bigoted dare not send him to the lower regions, even though he did meet his doom at a theatre. So from the littleness of life we cull many sweets. My grateful thanks are due the friends of Cincinnati and Covington for their kindness to me during a severe sickness; they have my lasting gratitude.

Mr. Starr, the spirit artist, is doing a good work in that vicinity by unfolding the treasures of the upper spheres. I would say to the public that he is an old man, and not wealthy, and those persons who desire pictures of the dear departed should remember that not only do they take time, but much costly material, and the few gifted ones who draw aside the veil and reveal the loved features of the "gone before" are dependent upon the payment of the prices set upon the pictures for a livelihood. I am sorry to know that there are any so sordid as to count such a picture of less value than the money which should go to feed the artist and family.

I delivered ten lectures in Cleveland, where the life and love of progress are flowing steadily on. Yet a few still cling to the marvelous development of spiritual power, and ignore the grand and sublime philosophy. When will people learn that we are to-day spirits, and have begun our immortal existence, and, as such, our manifestations of power and sense are as valuable as those of any of the illustrious dead. Let us live and do, so that we shall not be ashamed to meet the questioning glances of our fathers in the spheres, and not sit and suplhely weep that we are not as others.

Some time ago an article from my pen appeared in your columns upon maternity. Many have been looking for a change of views, and as the question has again come up for discussion in the Banner, I would say that I still look upon it as the greatest of crimes to bring a diseased and unhappily organized child into existence; and as long as children are brought into the world in the present haphazard manner, we shall have need of churches, prisons, alms-houses, lunatic asylums, and even the gallows; we must expect to have wars, epidemics, and dire calamities, individually and collectively. It is not because women are too lazy to care for the little ones, as some have asserted, but because they are ignorant, and men are, if not ignorant, beastly. Children reared from the hotbed of pollution, in or out of wedlock, cannot be healthy, and are consequently deprived of an easy, glad childhood; are old at twenty; decrepid at thirty; and as the physical powers are cramped, so must the action of the mind be. There is hardly a woman in the land, but thinks it far more refined and spiritual to have delicate health and nerves which they must guard more carefully than did our grandmothers their spectacles or knitting needles. And such women are mothers. Men think manual labor degrading, but teeth and throat are exercised continually to sow seeds of disease into the system. And such men are fathers. Now, with disease-spiritualized women, and rum-and-tobacco-spiritualized men, what kind of spirituality, mentality or morality will the children have, to say nothing about the physical?

But my letter is growing too long. I will only stop to add that Mr. Brinkworth is doing all he can for the Spiritual Philosophy in this place. He has built a hall, and it is to be had free of expense for everything that favors progression. He circulates the Banner freely at the meetings, and is every way an earnest preacher and doer of the Gospel. Yours for the Right,

SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON.

Madison, Ind., June 17, 1865.

Illinois.

One week ago I came to this place, for the purpose of lecturing and healing the sick, and find the minds of the people very much interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. They have had but few opportunities of witnessing and feeling any of the blessings that flow from our beautiful religion, except through the healing powers of a Mr. Williams, who has performed some really wonderful cures by "laying on of hands." Williams is a pioneer, and one of the best kind to arouse the minds of the people and prepare the way for other laborers. He is willing to break up the ground, and then let others sow the seed and reap the harvest. As a diagnosician of disease, and in giving tests in regard to old injuries, he has but few equals, as far as my observation extends. A physician of this place made an arrangement to examine a patient with him, and then have the man state, under oath, which was the most correct. The appointed day came, and so did a great many people, to see which should come off triumphant—Spiritualism or calomel. But the learned doctor refused to come to the test, alleging as a reason that the way the examination was being conducted was not in accordance with the terms agreed upon. The people sided with the Spiritualist, and when referred to, they gave their testimony that everything was being conducted according to the first agreement. If any one wants corroborating testimony in regard to the above statement, it will be cheerfully furnished them by addressing William R. Vance, at this place. Facts are what the American people are after to-day, instead of the *ipse dixit* of some one who assumes the right to think for them. And facts they shall have to supply every demand, for it is by this means that the angel-world wins its way to the hearts of humanity.

The Banner is not so widely circulated as it should be in this region, and you may rely upon me to call the people's attention to it and get them to subscribe. Enclosed you will find one name, which, it is to be hoped, will not be the last from this section as a subscriber to the Banner.

I will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick by a few applications, addressed at this place until August. Since my arrival here, I have also given investigators some very good tests in psychometrical delineation. L. P. GRIGGS.

Industry, McDonough Co., Ill., June 26, 1865.

Cincinnati Meetings.

J. H. W. Toohey, of New York, gave (for the first time) before our society a course of lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, the science of physiology, and temperamental character, during the month of May and the two first Sundays in June, to attentive and appreciative audiences, and to all general appearances, highly satisfactory. Bro. Toohey makes no pretensions to mediumistic qualification, aside from general inspiration, but his studious habits have rounded out his intellect and given him those scholarly attainments that are absolutely necessary to a certain class of minds, and a valuable acquisition to our cause, from the favorable impression produced from the stand, which lops off the crudities and angularities for the lack of proper culture.

The lectures on physiology and temperamental character—four in number—were given at the express approval of the Committee, and drew out as large audiences and were listened to as attentively as any of the other lectures of the course, from the fact that they were free from scientific phrases and ambiguous terms.

By order of the Executive Board of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists,

Cincinnati, O., June, 1865. A. W. PUGH, *Sec.*

UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS.

Having read in the Banner of April 1st a letter from a Western friend, which was presented to the Circle at your office, to which Mrs. Conant very consistently replied, my feelings were deeply moved, strongly prompting me to communicate some thoughts in reference to the subject of undeveloped spirits. As I have had considerable experience with this class of unfortunates, and have been blessed with success in treating them, I can but be interested in every case made known.

One great attraction I find in your Banner is the freedom you give in your circles to all classes for communication. Not that communications from so-called undeveloped spirits are, in themselves, interesting, but to know that the ignorant have an opportunity of coming where they may be educated and unfolded to higher life, is very gratifying to those who desire the good of all mankind.

Were a portion of the race, called demons, destined to live in a locality where they could have no access to those in higher spheres, how would they ever become free? We have been educated in the idea that those who are less favored than ourselves do not deserve our love. A sort of despicable pity is enough for such. We approach them with the feeling, "I am holier than thou!" and, though we think ourselves very charitable, yet we would not shine even the love of our hearts to illuminate those in darkness. We are very anxious to draw to ourselves those from higher spheres, whose development is far beyond our own. Yes, we are always ready to receive angels, (as we call them) yet we very reluctantly act the part of angel ministers to those who are lower in the chain of life than we are. None other than the spirit of broadest and deepest love can penetrate the veil of darkness surrounding unhappy mortals. When progressed spirits from the spirit-world visit us, they come laden with love, and do not condemn us because we are not unfolded to their standard. The light of the loving soul as effectually quickens and unfolds those in darker condition as does the light of the sun illumine all the dark places of our outward earth.

We may see the spirit of the world manifested while we listen to the remarks of a female as she passes some rude urchin in the street. They are swearing and riotous in appearance. She exclaims, "Oh what nuisances! They ought to be put into the lock-up. They would be there, if I had my way." This intolerant spirit on her part, is a curse to those poor unfortunates; a chain that binds them still closer in their slavery to lower conditions.

Another female passes. She hears the baneful epithets, from these restless and ignorant beings. A shudder disturbs her frame. She looks upon them with amazement yet with the tenderness of a mother, breaks out "Oh, poor creatures! have they no parents to care for them; no sister to love them?" Her heart spontaneously desires to bless them, and she longs to devise some means to relieve their unhappy condition. Her prayer ascends in their behalf, as she reluctantly passes on. Ah! think not that she would ever be troubled with the annoyances of these dark ones, when they have entered the spirit-life? Nay, the very atmosphere that surrounds her soul would soothe and strengthen them, gently suggesting a better course. The spirit of love is beautifully illustrated in one of a series of letters, by Madam Guyon to her friends. She writes thus: "During seven years passed without my knowing how it was accomplished, as soon as I have approached some persons, possessed with demons, the evil spirits have departed. I have realized simply a desire to relieve them and this desire, or prayer, has been answered in a way unknown to myself. Of myself, I have no power at all. I have only the capacity of a child—of letting myself be used by God, as pleases Him."

Madam Guyon was born in France, in the year 1648. Being educated in the creeds, of course supposed her feelings were direct with God, not understanding the beautiful philosophy of ministering spirits who have lived on earth. Yet her spirit was free from selfishness or self-righteousness, and her innocent child-like love for all human beings was the secret of her power. Would there were more Madam Guyon's in the present day. Earth never will be relieved of her sufferings until the law of love is established in every heart.

It is not in harmony with Divine law that a portion of the race shall take a flight to heaven and leave those behind whom we are capacitated to promote, but we must take such along with us. We should not desire to rid ourselves of their influence, but extend our love and sympathy, and elevate such to share all we enjoy. Thus, in time, all souls shall be made free, and heaven on earth established. FANNIE.

Boston, Mass.

TIMID LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, dared I ask the meaning, when her eye
So mild and languishing upon me beams—
Why, when I suddenly to her come nigh,
O'er her sweet face a deeper color gleams?
Doth she suspect what ne'er my lips hath past,
What my true breast with silent yearning fills?
Do I too boldly hope? Is 't love, at last,
That oft so sweetly from her glances wells?

Why did her hand so tremble, as with fear,
When, taking leave, I her good-evening bade,
And deeply in her telltale eyes would peer—
What made her suddenly then turn so red?
She laid the rose, which bashfully I gave,
In her gilt prayer-book with the greatest care—
Why did she that? What motive could she have
Who 's went to wear her roses in her hair?

Why did she silence keep this very day,
And my plain question hardly comprehend?
Did she divine what then I wished to say
But did not, fearing I should her offend?
Oh, had I courage! dared I but to say
What is my daily thought and fills my dreams!
Dared I but ask the meaning, when her eye
With seeming tenderness upon me beams!

"It often amuses me," says Coleridge, "to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, bad luck, or destiny, while their success or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness or penetration. It seems to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, concentrating from and being part of the same nature."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ANGEL I SAW IN MY DREAM.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I had such an exquisite dream last night,
As I lay on my couch asleep,
That, though it is June, and the earth is bright,
I only awoke to weep.
I dreamed that a flower—which last winter froze
'Neath the storms from the pelting skies,
And folded its petals under the snows,
Away from our loving eyes—
Revived, in the light of its loveliness,
In the warmth of the genial spring,
And put out its blossoms to cheer and bless,
Like the breath from a seraph's wing.

She parted the clouds, where the sun went down,
With fingers like rosy shells,
And 'came, with the sweep of her hair so brown,
A bloom, with pearl-colored bells.
Clad in the folds of a blushing cloud,
With a girdle of lilies white,
In tenderest beauty she over me bowed,
'Till I trembled with wild delight.
"Oh, you have come back to your dear old home,
To the hearts that have missed you so!
Our lives have drooped, and our joys are gone,
Since you were laid under the snow.

But you have come back with your love again,
And gone is my desolate life;
I tramp in my joy on the weeds of pain,
And laugh at the cold world's strife!
Put off the flowers of the pearly hue;
The cloud with its foldings fair;
Your life in the angel-land is through—
'T was gingham you used to wear.
Bend over me closer, and hear me tell
How the months have dragged along,
And the moments rung with a ceaseless knell,
But never a merry song.

Come closer yet. I have dreamed before,
And I fear I am dreaming now,
That you wandered back from the shadowed shore
To our shadowed hearts below.
Oh, make me know I am wide awake,
And you have come back to me!
Else to-morrow morn my heart will break
'Neath the weight of its misery."
Her eyes looked sad, and she passed her hand
Over my burning brow,
And a balm dropped off from the "Better Land,"
As she sighed, "*You are dreaming now*"!

"When morning breaks you will look for me
Through the house and among the trees;
But, darling, your eyes are too dim to see
Far over the purple seas.
I watch, I wait by the gates of light,
And my hands shall let you through
When your days go down in the misty night,
To a land that is bright and new.
I *would* come back through the gate of pain,
But only to comfort you"!
Oh no! I sobbed, Death has brought you gain,
And I can toil up to you.

Circular.

TO THE FRIENDS OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION: Your attention is invited to the establishment of "THE MALE AND FEMALE INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE AT VINELAND, N. J." It is designed to afford equal advantages to both sexes. The course of instruction will be Eclectic, and adapted to the taste and capacity of the student. Both teachers and pupils will spend a portion of time in manual labor, for which a just compensation will be allowed. Labor, study and amusement should be so combined as to aid each other, and any system of education that ignores or neglects the proper *physical training*, fails, in a great measure, to accomplish its work. As a vigorous, healthy body is of the first importance, all the conditions that can contribute to unfold and strengthen its inherent powers, should be supplied; that all the physical, mental, social and spiritual faculties should be unfolded and developed so as to be made available, wherever they may be needed in life. Regular habits of industry and economy are essential to the well being of every one, and all should be taught the importance of sustaining themselves by their own efforts, and the immorality of living upon the avails of the labors of others. Physiology, hygiene and the laws of life should be thoroughly inculcated, and practically illustrated, as essential to the well being of every individual. Freedom of thought and speech, and free discussion of all subjects will be tolerated, but no religious tenets will be taught. Give Truth a fair field for conflict with Error, and the result need not be feared. Truth will live: Error must die.

LOCALITY.—Vineland is a new and pleasant town, on the Philadelphia & Cape May Railroad, thirty-two miles south of Philadelphia, and has a population of more than four thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Its founder, C. K. Landis, by untiring industry and a generous outlay of means, has introduced a class of settlers from the Northern, Middle and Western States, whose industry, thrift and intelligence are beyond precedent in the early history of any town or city on this continent. A generous public sentiment prevails which patronizes progress in art, science and agriculture. The climate is mild and genial, and the water pure, and the soil well adapted to raising vegetables, and fruits of all kinds, and Philadelphia and New York afford a good market for all surplus produce. One hundred acres of land on a beautiful, elevated site, in a central position, has been secured for College purposes.

ORGANIZATION.—The College is now organized under a general law of the State "for the promotion of learning," which provides for the election of not more than seven Trustees, and limits the capital stock to thirty thousand dollars, which may be taken in shares of fifty dollars each, and each share entitles the holder to one vote. But it is proposed to make application to the next Legislature for a *special charter*, allowing a capital of three hundred thousand dollars with power to increase it to one million dollars. More than one third of the stock now allowed by law is already subscribed, and it is hoped that the friends of humanity will evince a readiness to coöperate in inaugurating one of the best institutions in our country, or the world, by subscribing to the stock. Twenty per cent. of the stock will be expected to be paid on subscribing, and the balance in installments of not more than twenty per cent. in six months, as it may be needed to make improvements and sustain the institution. The following named individuals have been elected Trustees:

John Gage, C. B. Campbell, Geo. Pearson, A. W. Jackson, Vineland, N. J.; Geo. Haskell, Rockford, Ill.; Warren Chase, Cobden, Ill. The Trustees have elected John Gage, President; C. B. Campbell, Secretary; and George Pearson, Treasurer.

Any amount of less than fifty dollars that may be donated to the cause, will be thankfully received and duly credited. The Trustees are all authorized agents to receive subscriptions and donations for the College, and will appoint other agents of known ability and integity, as they may be needed.

The Trustees take great pleasure in thus offering to the friends of education and humanity an opportunity to aid in establishing the best institution in the nation, and thus meeting a demand which has long been felt by the lovers of reform and progress, and they hope for an early and cheerful response to this appeal.

JOHN GAGE, *President*,
C. B. CAMPBELL, *Secretary*.

Vineland, N. J., May 20th, 1865.

"One meets with curious people," said a wag the other day to a friend. "In what way?" inquired the latter, suspicious of being sold. "This morning I heard a man say that he would give anything to have but one eye." "Stuff," replied the other, "you'd not make me believe that any one is so foolish as to wish to have but one eye." "Oh, I forgot to add that the poor fellow is entirely blind."

Spiritualists' Convention.

As instructed, we send you for publication the following report of the Annual Convention of Spiritualists and other progressive friends, held at Sturgis, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, June 17th and 18th.

Saturday morning opened with appointment of Business Committee, and closed with brief discursive remarks by Messrs. Rouse and Andrews. They spoke of the past, its changes, revolutions, defeats and victories; of the future, its hopes and aspirations.

In the afternoon the Convention chose Judge Prentiss for President, Mr. Kelly Vice President, and Mr. and Mrs. T., Secretaries.

After a pleasant song by Mr. Rouse, Mr. Wadsworth addressed the audience upon the "Mode of Mental Development." The thoughts and acts of childhood, he said, were emotional; those of manhood reflective. The child with its toys, its impulsive smiles and tears, evinces only emotion. There were three phases of growth—infancy or impulsive, youth or perceptive, manhood or reflective. Childhood needed positive direction, youth example, manhood reason. The first was man's infancy, the present his youth; the future was to bring his enlarged manhood. Theology, born of the past, was the toy of children; Republicanism and Utilitarian Science were themes and things of to-day; pure democracy and Philosophy were for the future. If we would be men and women we must put by our playthings and think.

A lively conference closed the day.

In the evening, after appropriate music by the choir, Mr. Rouse occupied the stand. His subject was "By-and-By." These words, he said, were the solace and the hope of childhood; they are the whispers of the soul's prophet; the music voice of the future—diviner than Bible or Koran. By-and-by the care and oppressive burdens of life will be lessened; by-and-by labor will be mitigated, and its rewards sure and ample; by-and-by the dreams of earth will be realized, and victory crown the efforts of man; by-and-by liberty will triumph, and peace spread her broad wings over the land now rent with dissension and wet with the blood of war; by-and-by justice will ascend her throne and dispense equity to the oppressed and defrauded millions, who are praying for personal, social and political enfranchisement; by-and-by the dark veil of misapprehension between hearts will be rent, and the noble and pure in man's character appear. Wait ye with patience, the day dawns apace when wrong shall cease and virtue bear sway; when every need and aspiration will be supplied.

Sunday morning, after a brief conference, Mr. Wadsworth spoke upon the "Manner and Measure of Human Responsibility." Responsibility, he said, depended upon position. Some things were governed entirely by external force, as in the case of the mineral and plant; unconscious, these were unaccountable. The animal, though self-conscious, was ignorant of its relations, and hence not responsible. Related to all things, man was the grand product of Nature's grand sum, and held in his grasp the essence of all existence below him. Conscious of his selfhood and relations, possessed of power over his circumstances, he thus became responsible for what he did. True responsibility began in the reflective nature of man's intellect. Not all things were right. The mathematical law applied to morals proved the fact of wrong. Theology, assuming to forgive sin, absolved men from this law, while philosophy proved him responsible for all his voluntary acts, though forgiven of man. This rule applied to the minutiæ of life, would require that man should put away scapegoats, gods, demon and evil spirits upon whom he was wont to heap the measure of his sin, and bend his shoulder to his burden and cheerfully accept his rewards and punishments.

In the afternoon Mr. Rouse spoke upon "Life's Conflicts." He said all the trials, pain and suffering of man grew from the war of free will and necessity. Necessity was universal; free will relative. The large range of human action was called freedom. Motive in morals had the place of cause in physics. He believed "whatever is, is right," absolutely considered. Right and wrong were relative terms. There could be no absolute standard. Man should set his standard high, and obey his highest sense of right.

Mr. Andrews followed upon the "Triune Nature of Man and his consequent Immortality." The speaker thought man was a trifold being, body, soul and spirit. From his structure, and central desire, man must be immortal.

Mr. Wadsworth spoke again in the evening upon [illegible] "Truth." It was the mission of mind to investigate and prove all things.

Good feeling characterized the meeting throughout. The liberal attendance, interest and fraternal harmony, told how surely the sympathies of the people are returning from the contemplation of war to the investigation and scientific discussion of principles.

The thanks of the Convention are tendered to the good people of Sturgis, for their hospitality extended to visitors.

MR. AND MRS. C. J. T., *Secretaries*.

Leonidas, St. Joseph Co., Mich., June 21, 1865.

When the States were Admitted.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor of research is often saved by such a table as the following—the work of one now in his grave. If "History is Poetry," as one who is a true poet himself forcibly remarks, then here is "*Poetry Personified*":

1607. Virginia first settled by the English.
1614. New York first settled by the Dutch.
1620. Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1623. New Hampshire settled by the Puritans.
1624. New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627. Delaware settled by Swedes and Fins.
1635. Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1635. Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1636. Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650. North Carolina settled by the English.
1670. South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682. Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1733. Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
1791. Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792. Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796. Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802. Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811. Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816. Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817. Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818. Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819. Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820. Maine admitted into the Union.
1821. Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836. Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836. Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845. Florida admitted into the Union.
1845. Texas admitted into the Union.
1846. Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848. Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850. California admitted into the Union.

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.—A merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years; and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.—*Edinburg Paper.*

VALEDICTORY.

EMMA HARDINGE'S FAREWELL TO HER AMERICAN FRIENDS.

On the 5th day of August, 1865, I propose to embark from these shores, *en route* for my native land, after a residence of ten years, lacking a few days only, on this Western Hemisphere. On announcing my intended departure to our friend, Luther Colby, he suggested, as a wish of his own—which would probably "find an echo in many hearts"—that I should briefly reiterate some points of my spiritual experiences in America, as a subject of both use and interest to some of the readers of the Banner of Light.

So many petty sketches have already appeared of these same spiritual experiences of mine, and so much remains to be told which the limits of such a journal could not compass, without which what is recorded would be still a problem, that I feel as if sketch-writing was equally egotistical and unprofitable. But I am about to leave you, my American friends; the precious chords of deep affection and strong sympathy that familiar personal intercourse have woven between us, must now be drawn out to the far, far distant shores of the broad Atlantic. No more may we exchange those heart-stirring, electric counsels, that fired the souls alike of listener and orator. No more may your beloved hands minister to the wanderer's necessities, or my grateful eyes turn wistfully back to put the spell of loving witchery on the dear homes that have sheltered me. I shall miss the kind greetings of your half shy, half tender little children, who have lisped out "our Emma" in my ears, until I have learned to love the name for their sakes who so sweetly spoke it; nor know again the trembling pressure of the withered hand of age, which my precious messages from the bright world to which they were hastening, have cheered and "made young again."

I am parting from you all, my American friends; and the first parting of the mother from her child is scarcely more fraught with sadness. And so, since I cannot in earnest words spoken, or kind glances exchanged, bid you farewell, I will send you these few memorial words of greeting, very, very full of my love for you, and yet more overflowing with gratitude for the precious land in which my spiritual birth has taken place.

I entered this city of New York, by the ship Pacific, (since lost) August 22d, 1855. I came here to fulfill a six months' engagement with Mr. Marshall, of the Broadway Theatre. A decided difference of views developed itself between myself and my *excellent* employers, very soon after my arrival in the country. I deemed myself cruelly treated—viewed the whole American nation through a few very poor specimens thereof, and anxiously counting the days until my rash escapade to this "wild country" should end, I unconsciously resigned myself to the study of my first spiritual lesson, which was given me through the very rod beneath which I was smarting, and given in this wise: For reasons unnecessary to detail here, I found a considerable amount of leisure on my hands. My previous life had invariably been the rush of the torrent, varied by the occasional cataclysm of earthquakes, of change. My very *gentlemanly* employers thought to punish me for the slight difference of views before alluded to, by keeping me back from the public. To beguile the tedium and monotony of my life, therefore, I suffered myself to be taken to a strange, unheard of thing, or person—I hardly knew which—called "a medium." I wanted amusement, which was one reason for my investigation; I wanted to carry back to Europe with me subjects for racy articles on America, for the benefit of certain journals to which I was a contributor, and this was a second reason; and nothing I had heard of since my residence in America—all of which, I of course deemed could be comprehended in six months of New York experience—struck me as so eminently ridiculous, and illustrative of the technical phrase, "Yankee notions," as the daring humbug which pretended to give communications from heaven itself. Let any of my readers educated in strict Orthodox faith recall their early theologic opinions concerning ghosts, death, resurrection, heaven, hell, spirits and angels, and even then they will form but a faint conception of a rather piously inclined young English girl's horror, when informed that souls in bliss descended from their bright abode to make tables dance, and that angels left "the Throne of God," to say their alphabets to earth, and tell its inhabitants the price of stocks, and the best time to buy and sell!

At first I heard of "the thing" with unmitigated horror and indignation. Becoming familiarized with what they said about "the spirits," much of which I heard from some persons with whom I boarded, and certain of my professional visitors, I subsided from religious horror into the certainty of its being some gross and clumsy species of "magic;" and though I still felt indignant at the pretence of associating this with anything so sacred as an immortal soul, I thought I might learn some characteristics of the people from the so-called Spiritualists, even more daringly impudent in trick and folly than Barnum and his "What Is It."

It was in such a frame of mind, and with such views as these, that I consented to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. Under such a stimulus to search, I accompanied one of my fellow boarders to the rooms of Mr. J. B. Conklin. A large party was assembled there, every one of whom was (in singular contrast to a similar assemblage of English people,) *very pale*, and, as I deemed from that circumstance, rather ghost-like. This was a good beginning, and suggested ideas of mystics wan and worn with midnight vigils *amongst the dead*. Presently I heard some of those sitting at the table talking familiarly with *nothing*, and responded to by very rude and clumsy gyrations of the table. Amused at this proceeding, which really looked as if those deluded ones were in earnest, I quietly directed my attention to the table, and, though unable at the time to discover the machinery by which it was moved, I *knew* it was there. *I knew it* just as certainly as did Mr. Faraday, Sir David Brewster and the Harvard Professors in their investigations with tables, and from the same reliable source, too—a source common to us all, namely: our own insufferable self-conceit and untractable prejudices.

All passed off well, however, until a sentence was "spelled out," *as they said*, which seemed to me to comment irreverently on THE BIBLE. This was enough—I don't know now, even, what the sentence was, I did not know then whether it was true or false—it was sufficient for me that "the Holy Word of God" was lightly spoken of in that company of ghouls, and that I impiously sat by to hear it. The next moment I was in the street, and that night, with tearful petitions to Heaven for forgiveness in daring to hear it—*I did not know what*—and solemn promises never again to listen to anything about the Bible but the book itself, I dropped to sleep, fervently resolving never again to visit so blasphemous a place as a "Spirit Circle;" a promise I kept for the space of a whole week. And so ends the first chapter in my spiritual experience.

My next experience was more fortunate. My friend, Mr. Augustus Fenno, so captivated me with the promise of revelations through "the raps," and assurances that spirit rappings were rarely of a theological character, that I consented to accompany him to visit the now celebrated Miss Ada Hoyt. Dire were the misgivings with which I set out on this second investigation, and intense the disgust with which the cool indifference of Miss Hoyt's manner inspired me. A medium for departed spirits, *I* thought, should be, if not *saintly*, *witch-like* in appearance; if not ecstatic in gesture and speech, weird-like and fantastic; and so the perfectly plain matter-of-fact characteristics of this live medium threw me fairly *hors du combat*. Arrived there, however, I scorned to retract; and yet if dislike and determined skepticism could have an invariably neutralizing effect on spiritual manifestations, I should not at this day be writing my spiritual experiences. I have too often marveled at the foolish verbosity which induces people to rehearse over the tests they have received, and read whole pages of purely personal communications to others entirely uninterested, to inflict the same penalty on my readers; let it suffice, then, to state that I rose up after a two hours' séance with Miss Hoyt, having received all the ordinary tests of name, age, death, &c., &c., &c., from almost every relative and friend I had in the spirit-world. And those obstinate, clear raps came, not only on the table and under it, but on the walls, my chair, following my footsteps around the room, and in every conceivable way that could assure me they were not produced by machinery connected either with the table or the person of the medium. Thus far I was satisfied, that is to say, of the entire absence of any imposture or delusion.

Miss Hoyt, to my inexpressible disgust, assured me that I was myself "a great medium," an expression reiterated through the raps by the invisibles; hence, as she asserted, the manifestations were more than usually clear and abundant; certain it is that the chief of my questions were unspoken, and, therefore, responded to by some intelligence capable of reading my mind. This, together with the number of names and trivial circumstances of identity that were volunteered by the rappers, deprived me of the remotest chance of attributing the communications to the minds of any one present, including my own. This séance terminated with instructions for me "to sit for communications" through myself—a proposition as startling to me as it was embarrassing, since the idea of my putting myself in an attitude of preparation for the performances *of ghosts*, opened up to me a train of probabilities, beginning with the Witch of Endor, and concluding with the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

Returned home, the confession of my second visit to a medium drew from my mother a mild but emphatic declaration, that although she had hitherto followed my erratic footsteps over the wide world, and was still ready to shelter me even in disgrace, or accompany me, if needs were, to the grave—yet for this horrible and blasphemous subject she had no spark of sympathy left, and should I still persist in its investigation, I might prepare to see her depart for England by the next ship; for beneath the roof where such abominations were practiced, she never would consent to stay.

Finding that I was far more disposed to echo her sentiments than to oppose them, my mother next inquired of me the result of the weird interview I had come from. In answer, I read her, without comment, the questions and answers that formed the séance, together with my notes, in full, of the whole scene, and then it was that plain common sense triumphed over bigotry and prejudice; the latter amiable qualities—with which, I believe, I was liberally endowed—blinded my eyes to the reasonableness of attributing all the mass of intelligence my notes revealed to its true source; but when my unprejudiced common sense mother heard precious little sentences read, and tests rehearsed too clearly identical with her son, husband, father, and dearest relatives, to be by any possibility mistaken for others—and when by straightforward questions she succeeded in eliciting from me a perfect detail of the whole scene, her reason recognized the spiritual truth as the only solution of the problem, and after making me go over and over again the instructions I had received as to sitting at a table for development, she closed this chapter of my spiritual experience by placing a small table before me and herself, and a young lady at that time visiting us on the opposite side, with our three pairs of hands solemnly spread out on its surface, and there, in awful silence, we sat "*waiting for the spirits.*"

For many succeeding days, and at every available leisure moment, we continued this mystical arrangement, sometimes with our simple trio, and occasionally joined by other marvel-seekers of our own stamp. We were "waiting for the spirits," and as I imagined the only mode of obtaining spiritual communications was by raps or tips, and neither of these forms were manifested, so I deemed we waited in vain. Meantime I was perplexed and my friends alarmed by the singular effect of these sittings on myself. If the table did not move of itself, it kept up a perpetual St. Vitus dance in vibration to my own involuntary movements, especially of my restless, constantly twitching hands—poundings, jerkings, grimacings, and all the formulæ of physical development succeeding each other with such violence and rapidity, that I should soon have come to the conclusion that I was completely bewitched, had I not fortunately received a visit from a gentleman well versed in these preliminary mediumistic eccentricities.

From him I learned that there were many other spiritual gifts besides those I had witnessed, and in a course of exercises which this high priest put me through, he pronounced me to be a fine "magnetic, psychologic, sympathetic, clairvoyant, clairaudient," and every other kind of fine subject generally, concluding with the promise to take me to a few celebrated public mediums, through whose influence, he felt confident, I should be "*developed right away.*"

In proof of the excessive distrust that possessed my mind at this time, I replied to this latter offer, that I would go, provided he would take me then and there, without (as I thought) allowing any time or opportunity for collusion, for (uncertain what the process of *development* might be, or what fearful changes I might suffer by becoming a medium,) I at last resolved to march to the sacrifice with my eyes open. My friend, no doubt apprehending the nature of my very flattering distrust of himself, good naturedly replied that he would just step over to his store and return at once and fetch me. *But I would go with him*, and go with him I did, carefully watching him to see that he did not write some secret paper, to be slipped into some one's hand, with mysterious instructions to do some unknown thing with me; and so carefully did I scrutinize every look, word, and movement, that I could have testified on oath that I never lost sight of my conductor for one single instant, until I stood with him in an upper room in Broadway, where a large party were already gathered together to hold a circle with Mrs. Kellogg, one of the best test mediums I ever had the good fortune to meet, and withal an accomplished and interesting lady.

As I find that any use to be derived from this recital must depend much upon minutiæ which occupy more space than I feel willing to trespass upon, I shall reserve the results of this séance for another issue, and the commencement of a fresh chapter.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

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

Treating Insanity.

Great progress has been made in the knowledge of the best modes of managing and curing cases of insanity, not only in this country but in Europe. The terrible old mad-houses are not to be found. We can ourselves remember when an apartment, generally the garret, was set apart in the poor-house of the different towns in our own New England, for the confinement of insane persons, who were thrown into cages of places within them, and there kept half fed, wretchedly clothed, like wild beasts behind bars, and left at liberty to tear and rend themselves according to the mood that chanced to possess them. There was no sort of theory about insanity, or the best mode of treating it, in those days; it was believed that nothing less than forcible confinement behind bolts and bars, away from all humanizing influences, remote from the sight of human countenances, would avail for the correction or cure of this unhappy malady.

But matters have changed very much in this respect since those days. Great and wonderful improvements have been introduced into the system of treatment for insane persons, and a regular theory has been established in reference to insanity, its causes, the readiest means of alleviating it, and its final cure, which is based upon the discovery of facts not before known. In consequence of this, more humanity is exercised about those unfortunate persons who are victims of this malady, and the chances for their final recovery are many times multiplied. In the London Spiritual Times, we are glad to observe that the subject is attracting the attention it deserves in connection with the Spiritualistic mode of treatment. A number of articles have been written on the subject in its columns, upon which William Howitt, the well known English author, comments in a communication to that journal. Mr. Howitt says that the writer of the articles in question, while pointing out the fact that there *is* a remedy for insanity, does not seem to be aware "that he might have given practical proof that Spiritualism is the remedy; that there are two or more institutions on the Continent established entirely on mesmeric and spiritual principles for the cure of insanity, and that they have been most successful."

Mr. Howitt cites two or three instances of the cure of insanity by spiritual treatment. He states that Princess Mary, of one of the German States, who was deemed incurable by all the so-called Mad-doctors of Germany, was "perfectly and permanently cured" at one of these spiritual asylums. And he goes on to say: "Then there is the pamphlet of Dr. Garth Wilkinson, published some years ago on this very subject, and strongly urging the use of Spiritualism as the *only efficient* means of cure of Insanity, which is possession. All that physical doctors can do is to improve the physical health of the patients, certainly an important step, but no more than one single step in a whole staircase, for the root of the diseases is entirely out of their reach. It is spiritual, and the Mad-doctors are much too mad to resort to spiritual remedies. Hence the matter, as your articles justly show, is so frightfully growing over the heads, and they go on maundering against Spiritualism as a folly and a fanaticism, when the folly and fanaticism are their own, at the cost of thousands of unfortunate wretches who are shut up sane in the bastiles of the still more insane, when they might just as well be out in their own families and in society, spreading the practical proof of the power which saved them."

The perfect reasonableness of this view, even if it were not commended by facts, would make it immediately acceptable to all intelligent persons, and especially to all Spiritualists. The time is come, we do not doubt, when a change will be made from the physical to the spiritual mode of treatment; both being combined to cure the patient, and rarely failing of doing it.

The Late Anniversary.

The Glorious Fourth was celebrated this year with far more than the customary enthusiasm. The feeling was universal that this anniversary of the day called for more than usual observance on the part of the people. In Boston the doings were of a highly interesting character. Here, as in a great many other cities, the returned veterans formed a conspicuous part of the procession, doing real honor to the occasion by their presence. Various as the manifestations of delight and enthusiasm were, they all proved the existence of but one fact: that we were rejoiced to know once more that we had a united country. Never before in its history has this country been so strong, both morally and physically. There are no fears now that we shall fall apart. We can bid defiance to the world in arms. We need not be afraid of their meddling any longer. This was one of the leading sentiments in the public breast during the passage of this last anniversary, and had much to do with the enthusiasm which prevailed.

Trouble in Europe.

Louis Napoleon is at swords' points with his royal cousin, Prince Napoleon, for his speech at Ajaccio. The latter has left for a more or less permanent residence in Switzerland. The King of Prussia has dissolved his Chamber of Deputies, telling them that they were no better than they ought to be for refusing to vote the budget and his war expenditure, and threatening to get along with his government without them. The Emperor of Russia has been lecturing the Poles, too, and warning them against indulging in vain dreams. He assured them that his successor would be sure to carry out his father's policy. The Pope and Victor Emanuel are at variance over the question of the allegiance of the Bishops, which the Pope is not willing should take oath to support the King. The sky is cloudy all over Europe, and a storm is evidently getting ready to break.

Beecher a Spiritualist.

Of course it gives us unqualified pleasure to be able to assure our readers, from time to time, of the changes going forward among prominent men from old style illiberality and bigotry to the genuine freedom which promotes the growth and expansion of every human faculty. We have felt this to be the case with Mr. Beecher for many years. His nature is so large, on the whole, and his temperament so different from that of any small and narrow soul, that he would burst the bonds of petty restraints, without any trouble whatever. The tendency of the man is to enlargement; and such is his magnetic power that he is certain, whichever way he goes, to draw after him a large number of those who feel as he feels, without anything like his perceptions.

He has recently been preaching a course of what he styles Practical Sermons, at his church in Brooklyn, choosing for treatment the commonest relations of our every-day life, and proceeding to deal with them in the most unequivocal manner. On the subject which deeply interests every one, the direct and personal communication of disembodied beings with us still in the form, he utters words of such plain and unmistakable meaning, and commits himself so openly to the doctrine of spirit-communion, in all its length and breadth, as to afford peculiar gratification to all who have been made happy with these views years ago.

We proceed to quote from one of his sermons, which was delivered on the 8th of January, of the present year, a few extracts in proof of what we have just stated. The quotations are made without any particular view to their logical connection, of course. Said Mr. Beecher, in that discourse:

"Our field of conflict is different from that on which men oppose each other. It comprises the whole unseen realm. All the secret roads, and paths, and avenues, in which spirits dwell, are filled with a great invisible host. These are our adversaries. And they are all the more dangerous because they are invisible. Subtle are they. We are unconscious of their presence. They come, they go; they assail, they retreat; they plan, they attack, they withdraw; they carry on all the processes by which they mean to suborn or destroy us, without the possibility of our seeing them.

I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, that are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of.

An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be learned. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is, that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow at all that spirits that are most potential, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those that are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil.

It is a thing which is beyond all controversy, that God does permit evil spirits to act in this world, with plenary power, so far as their own sphere of willing is concerned. Wicked men do have power, according to their education and experience, as well as good men; and they have the same opportunity for exercising their power that good men have. God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good alike, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust alike. Wicked men in this world have a fair field and full sway. And why should you suppose that wicked spirits have not? I think modern mawkishness in this matter borders on the absurd. Men seem to be drifting away from their common sense on this subject.

Because the conceptions of timid men respecting the inhabitants of the other world have been accompanied by superstitious notions of witches and sprites and hobgoblins, does it follow that that which lies behind, and which gave rise to them—the belief in the existence of spirits—is a superstition also? I trow not.

A man is what he is, not merely by the qualities that belong to him naturally, but by the unconscious influences that are around about him. And why is it strange to suppose that there is an action going on of spirits? why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits of evil and of good, assailing and defending the understanding? Why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits at work upon the passions, the tastes and the sentiments?

The organic forms of society—its laws and institutions—we have reason to believe that they are acted upon by a force besides that which men exert. We perceive that, when men legislate for justice, they come far short of that at which they aim. We perceive, when laws and institutions are established to destroy that which is evil, and to defend that which is good, that they fail; and we say: 'How little they accomplish of that for which they were ordained!' And I can conceive of no reason why we may not suppose that these dynasties, these powers, these principalities, these spirits of evil, are able to control the great organic forms of society so as to make them pestilent and dangerous, and that they may do it.

And religious organizations—these may be perverted. And have they not been? Have not the customs of society worked downward, in spite of the Gospel, institutional influences, and personal preaching and labor, that have been brought to bear to prevent it? And if it had not been for the winning influence of God's spirit on earth, would not justice in human affairs have rotted into corruption? And is it not true that the organic forms of society have tended to oppress men, and hinder their advance toward purity? Is it not true that the way of men has been blocked up, that the integrity of the law has been destroyed, and that the institutions of the community have been perverted, so that those things which were intended for men's protection have risen up about them like prison-walls, and deprived them of their ordinary liberties and safeguards? As a mere matter of fact, are not the great producing agencies and exchanging agencies—manufacture, merchandizing, commerce, business of all kinds—under the supreme dominion of the God of this world? Are not the men that administer these things selfish and wicked men?

The slow growth of the human race; the endless succession of failures of nations; the thwarting of men's best intentions; the bankruptcy of the best tendencies of society, and the powerful augmentation of the worst; the subordination of the higher faculties of the mind, and the supremacy of the lower; the weakness of that which, in the economy of God, was meant to be the strongest—reason and the moral sense—and the almost omnipotence of that which was meant to be the weakest—the passions and the appetites; the incompetency of the best laws to restrain the evils of society; the perversion of moral ideas; the suborning of all things to selfishness; the want of truth and equity; the corruption of religion—these things are inexplicable on any other supposition than that there are mighty powers at work above the agencies of nature, and beyond the will of men; that there are spirits of wickedness that are abroad in the world, and that render life unsafe.

On the other hand, I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but also that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger; so these ministers of God not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversaries, caution us against them, and assail them, and drive them away from us.

The economy, in detail, of this matter, no man understands. *All we can say is, in general, that such antagonism exists; that there are spirits that seek our good, and other spirits that seek our harm; that there are spirits that seek to take us to glory, and honor, and immortality, and other spirits that seek to take us to degradation, and destruction, and damnation; and that God superintends the mighty trial.* Human life comprises a vaster sphere than it ordinarily enters into our narrow minds to conceive; and God looks on to see the results of the experiment which is being wrought out."

The Plymouth Platform.

The Congregational Council, when it sat in Boston recently, concluded it would be a fine thing, if not something very impressive and original, to go down to Plymouth Rock and build a new creed. To date such a piece of machinery from that historical place, they thought would go a great ways with them in the future, clothing their dogmas with a semblance of authority and sacredness, and associating them with the historical importance of the spot on which they were put forth. So this body of ecclesiastical delegates went into the old burial ground at Plymouth, and while standing there among the graves of the Pilgrims, adopted a Declaration of Faith, embodying all the old points of their professed faith, and leaving out none of those terrible peculiarities which men have so long labored to throw off as a fearful nightmare from their souls.

There was, it must be admitted, a good deal that was in a sort dramatic about this demonstration, since it is not easy to see why the same Declaration would not have been just as good and as strong, and carried with it just as much weight, if it had been made in the Old South Church as in the Plymouth burying-ground. If they cherished the thought that it was the presence of the old Pilgrims themselves which was brought nearer by this visit to the spot of their burial, then they confess themselves Spiritualists without drawback or qualification; and this, in fact, is the real state of the case. They no doubt would *say* they went down to Plymouth burying-ground for the sake of the associations; but in that single word is included the entire theory of spiritual sympathy and spirit communion.

But there is no use in our Congregational friends thinking that they can go backwards, and still hold what influence they possess; the Nineteenth Century, crude as its views and opinions are in a great many respects, will not patiently abide any such rule as that. The whole world now is looking forwards, not backwards; and all the organizations, conventions, councils and synods which can be devised, will not influence it to turn its face the other way. The denominations may stop their other work to assert, with more emphasis than ever, their forms of faith, to which they expect others to subscribe; or to denounce all who do not subscribe as heretics and infidels, whose part shall be in the "lake that burneth forever"; but it will all do no sort of good; the world will crowd up against them with its exact science, its fuller and freer intelligence, and its horror of superstitions and mythologies, and tell them they would do as well to keep pushing along.

When we regard this movement at Plymouth with seriousness, we only see in it a final effort to put things back to where they were a hundred years ago. It is a reaching up to set back the hands on the dial. It is a formal protest against popular progress and advancement, a charge that what we have all gained is no gain after all, an anathema against the discoverers, the pioneers, the seers and prophets, and the inspired men and women of the age. It was very fit that such work as this should be done in a graveyard, for it suggests only the dead dreariness of that unwelcome region. There is no life in it, such as ought to throb and beat in the body of a theology adapted to the wants of the present age. It is but a memory of the past—a gone-by reminiscence which no earnestness or enthusiasm will be able to revive. And so our friends will find, the further along they get with their effort at proselyting a world which has suffered so much by these attempts already.

The Adventists on the "Anxious Seat."

The Editor of the World's Crisis has "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel." He has met the "president" of the "World's Spiritual Convention" held in New York city Feb. 22d, and learned from him "what subjects were *introduced* for consideration." Now the fact is, no such convention was held in New York city by the Spiritualists at the time specified above. The person who called himself "president" composed the "convention" entire. It is indeed strange that the Crisis should parade such stuff as it does before its readers, and assume that the Spiritualists are responsible for it. When he learns to be more just and discriminating in his remarks upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism, he will have arrived at a condition wherein his readers will have more faith in his statements than at present; but he will doubtless be obliged to go through much purifying ere that auspicious moment comes. He says at the conclusion of his "warning" article, that his readers have but a *faint* idea of what the spirits are doing. Herein he speaks the truth; and we fear it will be a long time before they will arrive at the *facts* through his columns.

The Rebel Secrets.

Little by little the secrets of the rebel government, or of the men who conspired for its organization, leak out. A batch of papers has recently been found in Georgia, letting us into the early proceedings of these men, which are of much interest, probably more to us than to those setting up the government in question. It seems that a provisional government was got up by them in very little time. They framed their constitution only after considerable discussion. Some proposed to style the new nation the "Republic of Washington," and the title of "Confederate States of America," was finally adopted by but a single vote. They debated a long time over proposals to insert into the preamble of the constitution a recognition of the divinity of both the Old and New Testaments, and to insert into the body of that instrument a provision enforcing the Christian Sabbath. The former is said to have been voted down out of respect to Judah P. Benjamin, and the latter in deference to the wishes of the people of Louisiana and Texas. These are curious facts, and worth recital.

"Aid the Poor."

An aged English gentleman—over eighty—is now residing in Boston in very destitute circumstances. The invisibles called for pecuniary aid in his behalf at our public circle recently—we ourselves having no knowledge of his poverty—and the audience responded promptly. He stated that what the intelligence communicating had said was all true—that he was the person meant; and with tears in his eyes and thanks upon his lips, he said: "Oh, what a blessed religion this Spiritualism is!"

His case is peculiarly a hard one. He is an educated man, and was once in affluent circumstances in England. Those who may feel disposed to aid him, can do so by remitting to us, with the consciousness of knowing that we shall faithfully transfer whatever we receive to him.

A Few More Copies Left.

The fine oration by Miss Emma Hardinge, on the Death of Abraham Lincoln, has sold rapidly, and is fully appreciated by all who have perused it. We have a few more copies on hand, which we will forward by mail to all who may desire it, on receipt of price.

New Publications.

THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT: Being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, as exhibited in his Speeches, Messages, Orders, and Proclamations, from the Presidential canvass of 1860 until his Assassination, April 14th, 1865. New York: The American News Company. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

The above compendious title to this very handsome and substantial book tell the reader what are its contents at a glance. Varied enough, filled with solid matter on every page, interesting at the last, even to tragedy itself, abounding and running over with genuine patriotism, calm, clear and dispassionate in a broad statesmanship, and thoroughly worthy the attention of every man who aspires to discharge with faithfulness the duties of the American citizen. President Lincoln was no ordinary man, and he was certainly called to serve his country in very extraordinary times. What he did will always live after him. His work was finished, and he was removed from his field of labor. What he did for the people of this nation is put upon record in this memorial volume, which has not inaptly been styled his Monument. We could not commend any work of the kind with more heartiness. It is a worthy monument erected to the memory of our martyred President. The maker, as well as the reader, of history will use it in his labors, and find it an essential aid. Mr. Lincoln was not an eloquent man, but he possessed wisdom in large measure. He has left behind him many a saying, embodying the tersest and tensest meaning, which will live. His character was as rare as were his services. We shall wait long before we have another such Chief Magistrate. And yet he merely did what lay nearest his hand, did his duty, and became immortal. His name will live with that of the Father of his Country, for he was its Saviour.

The Illustrated Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, the Hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Petersburg and Richmond. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Everybody knows Gen. Grant and his immortal campaigns by heart. Nothing that could be written of them now will heighten their interest. This volume pretends to supply nothing with which the intelligent reader is not perfectly familiar, yet it collates and combines all the events in his history, which are after all but events in the nation's history, in so thorough, skillful and truly attractive a way, that it will be generally conceded that this is just the book on the subject treated which the public has been calling for. The illustrations which set off the character and career of the great captain, are spirited and striking, and greatly help on the narrative. The work of compilation has been well done, the writing is forcible and eloquent, and the entire history of the hero is given with fullness and freshness. Here are to be found all his orders, reports, and correspondence with the War Department and the President, from the time he entered the field until he left the rebellion crushed and destroyed beneath his feet. Every patriotic citizen should purchase this Life of the Lieutenant-General, for he is but securing a part of the present stirring and eventful history of his country.

LINWOOD; With Other Stories. New York: Oliver S. Felt. Boston: W. H. Piper & Co.

The story which gives to this volume its name, is a sweet and sad tale, which will make a deep and instant impression on the heart of the reader. Besides the story entitled "Linwood," there are six others, with the following names: The Spirit of the Fountain; Ernest's Choice, or the Fireside Fairy; Ida Leslie; The Mother's Dream; The Crucible, and Florence Lambert. They are all touching and truthful, revealing good promise in the author. The book is printed and bound in good style, and will make many friends.

MILDRED ARKELL. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

Mrs. Wood's novels are numerous and without abatement in their power to create excitement. She shows her usual dramatic powers in this new novel, her vigor of conception, her faithfulness of delineation, her intensity, her energy, her art. The readers of her former stories will not let this new one go by without a perusal. It will hold their attention to the last. This is in paper covers, and is a popular edition.

Ticknor & Fields have republished in a thin pamplet, perhaps because it is applicable to the present condition of somebody, a story which made its appearance in the Atlantic Monthly last year, called, "The Man without a Country." It is a remarkable story, which attracted wide attention at the time, and will be perused with increased interest now.

Ticknor & Fields have published, in similar form with their cheap illustrated edition of Longfellow's choicest poems, a volume of Tennyson's selectest poems, at the low price of half a dollar. They form the second of the favorite series of Household Poets upon which this house is at present engaged.

Correction.

We observe a statement, over a signature of "C" in the Journal, that the story sent the Springfield Republican, about the starving to death of a student at Harvard, which story was copied and commented on in last week's Banner, is untrue in fact and spirit. The details of the young man's sickness, which had been prolonged through many long months, were known more or less intimately to his classmates and friends, as well as to the Professors and his widowed mother. They waited on him in his lingering sickness, and alleviated by every means in their power the sufferings which death alone was capable of ending. His mother, too, was with him in his last sickness, and did all that a mother can do at such a trying time. We make this correction with sincere pleasure, feeling sorry to have wronged any one. The Springfield Republican will of course do the same.

☞ Read the interesting remarks of Emma Hardinge in another column. We very much regret that this able lecturer on Spiritualism is about to leave us; and yet we console ourselves with the knowledge that she will return to the Old World ripe with spiritual knowledge, to enlighten the people thereof in the grandest religion that was ever vouchsafed to mortals. It is our earnest prayer that she may remain in the form many years to come, in order to dispense our beautiful and sublime faith to the famishing multitudes of earth's people. She will leave these shores with the blessings of all Americans who have listened to her teachings during her sojourn among us.

A New Poem by Belle Bush.

In this issue of the Banner we commence the publication of a fine poem by our talented correspondent, Miss Belle Bush. Its extreme length precludes the possibility of our publishing it entire in one paper.

Sentence of the Conspirators.

David E. Harrold, George A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne and Mary E. Surratt, the conspirators implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, who have been on trial for the last two months before a Military Commission in Washington, were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The President of the United States approved the sentence, and ordered that the guilty parties be executed by the military authorities between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and two P. M., on July 7th, 1865. And they were severally hung on that day.

The other prisoners were sentenced as follows: Michael O'Laughlin to be imprisoned at hard labor for life; Edward Spangler to be confined at hard labor for six years; Samuel Arnold imprisonment at hard labor for life; Samuel A. Mudd imprisonment at hard labor for life. Approved by the President, and the prisoners were ordered to be confined in the Penitentiary at Albany, N. Y.

Abington Picnic.

Our friends must not forget the Picnic at Island Grove, Abington, which takes place on Wednesday, the 19th inst. Dr. Gardner is arranging to have this one of the pleasantest affairs of the season. Good speakers will be present, which, in addition to the excellent accommodations and attractions of the Grove, will afford ample gratification to all who attend. Cars leave the Old Colony Depot at quarter-past nine, precisely, thus giving sufficient time for all to go in the first train. Another train will leave at half-past eleven—which will accommodate those who cannot take the first. Fare for the trip, 75 cents for adults; 40 cents for children. [N. B.—Be promptly at the depot, as the cars will not be delayed a single moment after a quarter-past nine.]

New Music.

The popular favor which has been awarded to the musical productions issued by W. Jennings Demorest, 39 Beekman street, New York, namely: "The Whippowil," by H. Millard; "The National Jubilee," a prize song, commemorative of the great moral revolution developed by our late war; and "Love on the Brain," by Mrs. Patkhurst, has induced the publisher to issue another piece, entitled: "The Nation in Tears," a memorial of the late President. It is illustrated with a portrait of Lincoln, a Tablet and a Street Scene during the march of the funeral procession.

Development of Mediums Abroad.

Mediums are gradually becoming developed in Europe, as the spirits predicted. In this number of the Banner we give an article from the pen of William Howitt respecting the extraordinary medium powers of Jean Hillaire, of Sonnac, France, who is creating the liveliest interest in that country in regard to the spiritual phenomena. The last number of the London Spiritual Times contains an account of the development of two other persons, as writing, rapping, and seeing mediums.

A Picnic with the Children.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity, accompanied by the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," are to have a picnic excursion to Excelsior Grove, Westford, on Wednesday, July 19th. The cars will leave the Middlesex depot at nine o'clock A. M., precisely. There are ample conveniences at the grove to insure a pleasant and agreeable recreation.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Vice-Admiral Farragut and Maj.-Gen. Anderson were the lions of Boston last week. Their reception was all their hearts could desire. Venerable fathers and sons of the community joined with the young, to do honor to the patriotic and brave general and the unexcelled naval officer. Ladies with their loveliest smiles saluted the celebrated guests of the city, and left the impress of their beauty upon the lips and cheeks of those whom they addressed. Thus be it ever with the defenders of our national emblem—the glorious stars and stripes.

THE FREE CONSTITUTION of Missouri having been adopted by a majority of the legal voters of the State, went into operation on Tuesday, the anniversary of American Independence.

A NOBLE BEQUEST.—The Philadelphia Press states that Admiral DuPont, who died very suddenly a few weeks since from diptheria, bequeathed $175,000—the amount of his prize money—to establish a national asylum in Washington for the orphans of soldiers and sailors.

Mr. Charles F. Evans, of Salisbury, has a pair of oxen whose live weight is three thousand and nine hundred pounds.

Mr. Henry Martin, of Springfield, has invented a machine which he claims will make nearly forty thousand bricks a day.

The Boston Post, in an article upon finance and business of the country, predicts a most cheering prospect for the future.

If any of our readers want a really *useful*, as well as low-priced microscope, we advise them to send for the new "Novelty Microscope," advertised in this week's Banner. We have one, and find it to be just as represented in the advertisement. This is the season of the year when such an instrument is much needed for examining all kinds of living insects.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERALS' CONVENTION.—The Adjutant-Generals of the loyal States, some twenty-three or twenty-four in number, will assemble in convention, in the Senate Chamber at the State House in this city, on Tuesday, 11th inst., as previously announced. It is expected that one or more of the Adjutant-Generals of the United States Army will be present. Adjutant-General Schouler will make an address of welcome, and a State dinner will be given to the gentlemen of the convention. His Excellency Governor Andrew will address the convention during its session, and there will also be an excursion down the harbor and other festivities. The members of the convention are invited to attend an old-fashioned barbecue and clam-bake at Providence, by the Adjutant-General of Rhode Island, and to an excursion to the White Mountains by the Adjutant-General of New Hampshire, after the final adjournment.

Home should be viewed as a social nursery, within whose protecting walls a young lady must fit herself for a higher and more difficult sphere.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; the latter the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb.

It is somewhat singular that the owner of the farm upon which the first battle of the war (Bull Run) was fought, is also owner of the house at Appomattox Court House in which the surrender of Lee's army was signed.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me a *monitor* sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one!"

The First Church (Rev. Rufus Ellis pastor) has unanimously voted to sell the estate now occupied by the society in Chauncey street, Boston. It is proposed to erect a new church on the Back Bay, in the vicinity of Berkeley and Clarendon streets.

Here is an excellent opportunity for our friends to buy a suitable place for worship, in one of the best locations in the city.

Dr. Urann continues to heal the sick at his establishment, 163 Court street, Boston. Many cases of disease that have baffled the skill of the regular physician have been permanently cured by the doctor. His method is new and peculiar.

A "waterfull" of false hair, of golden hue, (carroty) is worth, in Paris, between thirty and forty dollars.

There are now twenty thousand Americans in Europe who spend on an average ten dollars per day in gold.

THE NEW STYLE.—The new style of top-pieces, intended for bonnets, is thus satirized by a rhyming critic:

"A sort of a cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to go it bare;
A striking example of 'nothing to wear,'
Is this bonnet abomination."

Again:

"It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in catching nothing but cold;
It is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck."

It is no small commendation to manage a little, well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a little room.

Decorah, a famous Winnebago chief, died recently at Lincoln, Wisconsin, aged one hundred and thirty-three years.

Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

Harper's Weekly says it is n't regular drinking that is so ruinous, but the drinking between drinks.

The Prince of Wales's second son has been named Albert Christian Emanuel, and will be known as Prince Christian.

There are 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers in United States hospitals.

Mr. Proctor, an English astronomer, has discovered that Saturn's rings are not rings, but necklaces made of moons. But what are necklaces but rings?

A LIE.

A thistle grew in a sluggard's croft,
Rough, and rank with a thorny growth.
With its spotted leaves and its purple flowers
(Blossoms of Sin, and bloom of Sloth);
Slowly it ripened its baneful seeds,
And away they went in swift gray showers.
But every seed was cobweb winged,
And they spread o'er a hundred miles of land.
'Tis centuries now since they first took flight,
In that careless, gay and mischievous band,
Yet still they are blooming fast,
And spreading their evil by day and night.
[*Chambers's Journal.*

The population of Paris is one million and seven hundred thousand.

A NICE PLACE.—Among the rules at the hotel in the "diggins," at Reese River, Cal., are the following:

"Lodgers inside arise at five A. M.; in the barn at six o'clock; each man sweeps up his own bed; no quartz taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table. Any one violating the above rules will be shot."

The Empress Eugenie, during her short regency, in the absence of the Emperor at Algiers, awarded the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, the admirable painter of animals and landscapes.

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, $2,00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1179 Washington street, Boston.

James V. Mansfield, Test Medium,

Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, $5 and four three-cent stamps.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

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

☞ Her mirror may satisfy a lady that her dress is faultless—that all that can fascinate the eye is combined in her costume—but yet she will not consider herself irresistible until she has added the crowning charm to her attractions, by sprinkling Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" on her lace handkerchief. Sold everywhere.

☞ Those who wish to consult an excellent clairvoyant, are recommended to visit Mrs. H. B. Gillette, 830 Washington street.

Blacking, Bluing, &c. Use the Liquid or Army and Navy Paste Blacking, and also the "Laundry Blue," made by B. F. BROWN & Co., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. cow 6m—March 25.

BUT METAL-TIPPED SHOES for children's every-day wear. One pair will out wear three pairs without them. Sold everywhere. 3m—April 22.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

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MANY patients need but one visit. Agreeable assistants cooperate with Dr. C. to afford visitors needing daily treatment for a time, a genial home of health and harmony, at the Institute, the large, first-class house, late residence of Dr. H. J. Bigelow, leased and consecrated to sacred uses in behalf of the afflicted. Consultations free. Free religious services with music, Sundays, at 10½ A. M. Letters promptly answered, and Circulars with terms, list of cures, and reliable references, sent free, if writers send prepaid and superscribed envelopes. The poor free Tuesday and Friday forenoons.

Address, DR. URIAH CLARK, 18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. July 15.

HEALING THE SICK, BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the DYNAMIC INSTITUTE, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home, and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our Institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, overlooking the lake. Our past success is truly marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

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Milwaukee, Wis., July 1, 1865. July 15.

DR. A. G. PARKER will Lecture and Heal the Sick during July, Aug. and Sept. in New York. Address, Syracuse, N. Y. H. G. PARKER, M. D. July 15—1w

A. H. RICHARDSON, Mesmeric Physican and Healing Medium, No. 152 Main street, Charlestown. July 15—3m

THE NATION,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL for the discussion of the political and social topics of the day; the illustration and maintenance of true democratic principles; the consideration of the condition of the freed people, and the duty of the Republic toward them; the support of popular education as a political agent; the diffusion of information regarding the condition and prospects of the South; and for the sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art, with entire independence of all sects and parties.

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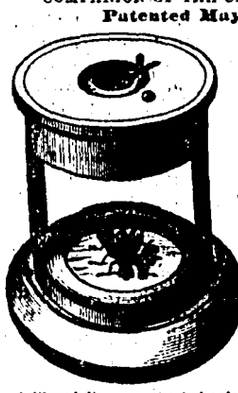

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FOR $2, I will send, by mail, one copy each of my four books, "Life Line of the Lone One," "Fugitive Wife," "American Crisis," and "Gist of Spiritualism." For address, see lecturers column. WARREN CHASE. June 17.

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Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

Our Father, thy loving kindness beams in upon us through the brightness of the external world. Through the sunshine, through all the beauty with which thou hast decked the fields, through the soft vernal air, through the lightning, thy beauty, thy power, thine everlasting love is apparent. Wheresoever we turn, there we find thee writing thy name in unmistakable characters, and saying to all thy creations, "I am here! I am here!" So there is no place where thou art not; no place where thou art not guiding all forms into higher life; no place where thy voice may not be heard, thy countenance may not be seen. Sometimes thy children—human children—seem to think thou hast forgotten them. Sometimes they question concerning thee, concerning their relationship to thee. They fear, at times, they are cast upon the waters of life without a guide, without a purpose. But the soul always knows thou art here; never fears it is alone. No desolation ever surrounds that. It ever rests in thee. Father, Spirit, we look forward to the time when the soul shall be able to project its higher knowledge more perfectly through human life wherein it dwells, and say to man, "thy God is here, fear not." Father, Spirit, thy children everywhere are asking to know more of thee, which is to know more of themselves in reality. Need we ask thee to answer their prayers? Need we ask thee to accept their petitions? The spring flowers look up and pray to thee; they do not fear to. They know thou wilt answer their prayers. Then shall we fear thou wilt not answer the prayers of thine higher production—man? Nay, we will not. We will trust them with thee. They are safe in thy holy embrace. The mantle of thine infinite holiness and power is now upon them. We are all of thee. Everything in the vast universe belongs to thee. All that has been is of thee. Thou wilt perfect all, wilt make all things good. So we praise thee; we adore thee; we lift up our souls in eternal thanksgiving to thee. May 25.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—H. N. Dye, of Chicago, Ill., sends the following:

QUES.—In the Message Department of May 6th, 1865, the controlling spirit states that "all forms of life, the soul not excepted, possess, throughout eternity, an individualized existence; that you ever have been a distinct individuality, and will remain such." Please state what form the spirit had previous to occupying the earth-form, and what the necessity of taking on the natural, if it already has an individualized, organized existence previous?

ANS.—The soul, as a soul, seems to be destined to manifest itself through countless forms. The human form now inhabiting the earth, is the highest of which you can conceive, because it is the highest that has ever been presented to you, not as a soul, but as a human being. It may be possible that the soul, in its condition prior to the existence in the human body, may have existed in a form somewhat similar to the human form, and yet, in many respects different from it. And again, that which it is destined to occupy after laying aside the human form, that which you are acquainted with, may differ from that human form. Although in a general sense it may be like unto it, in many points it may differ. It would be absolutely useless to try to successfully demonstrate to human life what the human senses are not acquainted with. Suppose we should tell you that you existed thousands of years in the past, and that the form through which you, as a soul, manifested, was in no way like unto the form through which you now manifest; and at the same time, after making this announcement, endeavor to describe that form to you, you would at once see we should fail in our object, inasmuch as you can only conceive of the soul's manifesting itself through the human body. The time will come when these human bodies, together with the atmosphere and soil, together with all by which you are surrounded, will become so changed, or so far spiritualized, that the human form, or human senses will be far better able to understand the real condition of spirit, as a spirit, after death.

CHAIRMAN.—We have received the following questions from B. F. H., of Sedalia, Mo.:

Q.—It is stated in Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Nature," Volume II., that some spirits considerably advanced, may, by excessive dissipation, die out like an ill-trimmed taper, and cease to exist. Do you consider such a thing to be possible? If one spirit may die out of existence, why may not *all* others? For instance, if one spirit can so far recede from the great Deific centre as to lose its existence in dissipation, may not the converse be true, that another may approach too near, and lose its individuality, by being swallowed up in the Deific elements of impersonal being?

A.—We do not believe the soul can ever descend in the scale of being; indeed, we know as well as we can know anything, that it cannot. The soul, you must remember, is of God. It has been thrown off like a star from the sun's great central life. It must ever revolve around that life in obedience to it, and yet it is an individuality. That same soul, so far as external life is concerned, will lose its individuality. We know, indeed, all do, that external individuality is but a child of external experiences—the experiences and circumstances through which you have passed as humans. There are many struggling with the hard, rough experiences of human life, that commit crimes, sinking in the external lower and lower. But the soul is pure. It is only in the external, in the form, that there is any impurity. In the garments they are filthy. They may stain their garments, but not the soul. Garments may change, garments may die, garments may, and do lose their individuality, but the soul never.

CHAIRMAN.—I. M. Pickering, of Bettsville, Md., thus writes:

Q.—We have a man here who can walk upon a bed of pig iron, (forty-eight in number) immediately after the iron has been run from the furnace, and when it is at a white heat, or only sufficiently hard to bear his weight. He steps upon each pig, (about one hundred pounds each) and walks from one end of the bed to the other, and with no protection to his naked feet. It would gratify me, and I have no doubt many others, if the intelligence at your circle could explain the philosophy of the manifestation?

A.—Your correspondent says that individual has no protection to his naked feet. That we deny, for he most certainly has, and the very best of all protection, too. We believe that those feet are surrounded by elements extracted from the atmosphere, over which heat has no power. You are surrounded by an innumerable company of slaves. Do you understand us? No, perhaps you do not. Well, then, the atmosphere in which you live holds within its heart elements that will bow before you as their master, when you are wise enough to know how to use those elements according to law. You should remember that there are many millions of intelligences that have peopled earths, perhaps this, perhaps others, who are never more happy than when they are pursuing some scientific problem; who are never in heaven only when they are turning over some great stone, that they may find underneath it some gift of wisdom. So these minds are constantly threading this and other earths; and though these minds are always theorizing, yet their theories are not always correct. That they will experiment, you must expect; that some of their experiments will prove unsuccessful, you may expect. You must also expect that many of them will prove successful, and perhaps this is one of them.

Q.—[From the audience.]—Will the spirits of our departed friends recognize us when we go to the spirit-world?

A.—They certainly will.

Q.—Do they take an interest in the affairs of their friends on the earth?

A.—They certainly do; and a very great interest they take sometimes.

Q.—Are Spiritualists, as a body, going to progress, or die out?

A.—Well, judging from the past, and reasoning like honest philosophers, we should say that they would progress. To die out they never can. They may change in their external so far as to be unrecognizable, but they will *live*, for truth never dies.

Q.—Is not the old doctrine of the resurrection of the body held in contempt in the spirit-world? that is to say, they do not believe it at all?

A.—Certainly we do not believe it, inasmuch as we know it is entirely false.

Q.—Will the soul lose its consciousness?

A.—No, the soul never loses its consciousness.

Q.—Will it lose all recollection of what passed while it was here in the body?

A.—No; there may be times when the soul will not be fully connected with the experiences it has passed through, but the soul, as a soul, never forgets anything. Memory is an eternal attribute of the soul. The senses through which the soul manifests itself, are finite; but soul itself is infinite.

Q.—Will the soul take on a spiritual body after death, resembling the one it had here?

A.—The body that the soul manifests itself through after the change death, does indeed bear a very strong resemblance to the body it has left, from the fact that the body is made up of the experiences the soul passed through while in earth-life; in other words, its external individuality. Now that individuality every soul carries with it to the spirit-land. It only loses it by slow degrees, as it passes out from the sphere that belongs to the human. As you pass out of the sphere that belongs to the human, you will change form.

Q.—When a person is controlled, is the controlling influence here, or does it exert an influence from a distance?

A.—Sometimes the controlling spirit is absolutely and entirely absorbed by the body of the medium. Sometimes, however, the spirit *in propria personæ* may be far away from the subject it controls, and yet there is the same control, for the spirit is master of space.

Q.—Then could not one person living under certain conditions speak to another through a medium at a distance?

A.—Their thoughts, powers, may be thrown upon the brain of the medium, but they will be more or less broken by the second existence of human life, that is, by the interference of a second human life. The spirit, as a spirit, possesses more power over matter, because it knows more concerning the law of matter after it has passed through the change called death.

Q.—Are there material bodies in the spirit-world, as here?

A.—The soul ever manifests through matter. There is matter in the spirit-world as here, only it is so far sublimated, so far refined, that you call it spirit. The body through which soul manifests is only spiritualized matter.

Q.—Is it what St. Paul calls a spiritual body?

A.—Yes; he says there are spiritual bodies and there are material bodies. But he was wiser than he knew. He spoke many truths that he did not understand himself.

Q.—Then how can our ministers understand Paul?

A.—They don't understand him at all. They have no absolute knowledge of the man Paul.

Q.—Does the spiritual body contain heart and brains; or what material difference is there between it and our earthly bodies?

A.—One is the crude, the hard, the solid matter; the other is the refined, the spiritualized matter. The air contains all that is necessary to the making up of these human bodies.

Q.—In the case of a wife who parts with her husband here at the age of twenty-five, and he being seventy-five, shall the two meet in different stages of life hereafter?

A.—There are many husbands and wives who are such by virtue of human law, but between whom there never was any soul-attraction. If there never was any attraction between such persons here, there never will be hereafter. But if the two are really and truly husband and wife, it matters not whether one is young or old when they part here, they will certainly be attracted to each other in spirit-life.

Q.—Are there not many husbands and wives here who would be far happier in spirit-life not to meet each other?

A.—That would be a most reasonable conclusion, certainly. You should be very careful in making your matrimonial alliances here. See to it that you make them wisely, and if you do, you never will have reason to regret your choice, and will never become the parents of such miserable productions as now people your towns and cities, in many instances. You should learn wisdom, study yourselves, and know what is demanded of the higher part of your being by God.

Q.—Is it possible for a man to be spiritually married a second time?

A.—A man, we believe, that is truly married is married to all eternity. That is our belief; you can take it only as such.

Q.—Have we got to fathom eternity before we choose?

A.—No, we do not know as that is absolutely necessary.

Q.—Is not the coming together as husband and wife, when truly united, in conformity with the law of Nature, and not optional with the parties?

A.—You are right; but there are many marriages that are floating upon the surface of life that belong only to the surface of life.

Q.—Is such a soul-marriage a marriage of chance?

A.—You may call it chance, or law, or God, whatever you will. It matters not; the name is nothing.

Q.—I have a friend who is what is styled a conscious medium. When he has finished speaking, he thinks to himself, "There, now, I might have said all these things while in a natural state." And so he sometimes fears he is deceiving the public mind. Should you suppose such a person to be a conscious medium, or is he really deceiving himself?

A.—Why, certainly he is not deceiving himself, neither is he deceived, nor is he deceiving the public. He only does not understand himself and the powers that manifest through him. Sometimes intelligences that have a desire to speak to human life, that have lost their own human bodies, instead of controlling the brains of the mediums they make use of, leave them untouched, unused. The nervous system only is controlled, while their own spirits do the rest. There is so much harmony between the indwelling spirit and the foreign spirit who manifests through the medium, that there is no need of controlling the brain of the medium. Perhaps this is such a case; no doubt it is.

Q.—Why is it that this friend of mine never can get a communication himself?

A.—The reason for that, probably, is that he himself absorbs all the power that is requisite, or would be requisite to give him a communication. Instead of the spirits communicating to him through some other source, they are largely absorbed in his own being, and so he cannot get what he desires. That is the case with most of our mediums. It is rarely possible for them to get communications outside of their own medium powers.

Q.—A gentleman of education and culture recently stated to me that he had gone so far in Spiritualism that he dared not go any further. What do you think of him?

A.—We think he was very weak.

QR.—He seems to be strong-minded, and, in other matters, seems to be ahead of many others.

A.—He may be very strong-minded on certain subjects, but we should say upon Spiritualism—he being his own exponent in the case—he is weak.

QR.—He admits there is a mystery in Spiritualism, but says there is no getting to the bottom of it.

A.—It may be a mystery to him, because he has not gone far enough in Spiritualism to solve it.

Q.—Is it possible to solve it satisfactorily to human minds?

A.—Why, certainly it is. There are thousands, millions on your earth who have solved it to their satisfaction.

Q.—Can spirits call the name of a person?

A.—Certainly they can.

Q.—Is it the individual's hearing it, or imagination, that makes him think so?

A.—Imagination sometimes becomes so very vivid as to be externalized in the human world. Then it ceases to be imagination, and is a reality.

Q.—What we are able to form a conscious estimate of we can rely upon, can we not?

A.—I should think so.

Q.—I think I understood the spirits to say here, that what a person believes, in fact, is a reality to him. If that be so, a person might believe he heard his name called, when he did not.

A.—Yes, that is true. That which you sincerely and honestly believe is to you a fact. It may be false to all the rest of the world, to you it is true, is a fact. If you really believe your name is called, that the sound vibrates upon the external atmosphere and reaches your ear, it is just the same as though it did. But with regard to the case in question, the gentleman did indeed hear his name called. There are persons in the same condition as he is, who are so far spiritualized in their natures as to be able to hear the voices of their spirit-friends at times.

Q.—If a person really believed another person's money belonged to him, would it be a truth in reality?

A.—Yes; if a person *really* believes so, to him it is a truth. But to you and me, and all the rest of the world, it would be a falsehood. But when you analyze this question critically, you will see that such a belief to the spirit, to the individual, is a fact. We do not pretend to say it is such to any one else; but to the person who believes it, it is a reality, a truth. Galileo, when he had solved the problem of the revolution of the earth, it was a truth to him, but to all the rest of the world, to scientific men of his age, it was a most notorious falsehood. Indeed, they were so disgusted with him, that he was imprisoned. He felt as if it was a truth to him. It had been demonstrated for a truth *to him*, if all the rest of the world had never realized it.

May 25.

Lizzie M. Dodge.

They called me Lizzie M. Dodge when I lived here. I ceased to live here during the year 1858; the month was April. I was then twelve years old. My disease was scarlet fever.

My sister, who is now living on earth, has requested me to come, but wished I would withhold everything that would be likely to expose her in any way to the world. So I'm not to say where I passed away, but only give enough to identify myself to her.

My sister is a writer, and she writes under inspiration, but she does not know it. She has written many, many times, many articles, when she felt as though she was beside herself—well, that she was away from herself. But still she does not admit modern Spiritualism, and has said many hard and bitter things against it. But in some of her softer moods, when she's been sick, she has wished if spirits could return I would come to her. She's called on me, and says, "Oh if this Spiritual Philosophy is true, let my darling little sister return and let me know something about it." But oh, she's not strong enough to let the world know that she has made this call upon me. Well, I shall not blame her, because I know she don't mean to think wrong, nor to act wrong, and so it is not wrong.

I have been trying to come here—it's now more than two years. It's little over two years since my sister made an earnest call upon me to return to her. She was then sick, or just recovering from a severe fit of sickness. She since that time has repeated it many times, until she at last has come to think there's no truth in it at all, and she's just ready, as she thinks, to write a long article against Spiritualism. Well, the article against it will be turned to one *for* it. So I'll predict now that she will, instead of giving to the world what she would call a talk against Spiritualism, she will give the world some new ideas concerning it; and will say, perhaps, there is more truth in it than we know of; let us look further into it, and see if there is not something worthy of commendation.

My name is Lizzie M. Dodge. My sister does not use her proper name in writing, so she will not be known by mine. But no matter; she'll know who I am. Good-day. May 25.

Josiah M. Grath.

I was a Missourian, sir. I am pretty likely to be tinctured with a Missourian's ideas. Some of the folks out our way are not inclined to favor the nigger quite as much as you are, but some of the folks our way are feeling pretty sour about the way they were treated down South. I have been in the spirit-world just long enough to get rid of the rough edges of my life. When I heard that Jeff Davis was taken I felt as though I'd like to have my old body again to come back with just long enough to witness the hanging of Jeff Davis; and then, too, I'd like to jump upon the scaffold and whisper a few words in his ear about the tortures he'd subjected others to. I felt so. Now, I don't know but what it was just as right for me to say I'd like to see Jeff Davis hung as to say I pity the cuss, when I've no pity for him, 'cause one would been a sham, the other a reality. Might as well speak truth.

Well, I parted companionship with my body in one of their rebel institutions. I see the worst side of it—yes I did. I was treated, may be, a little better than some of your men, I suppose. It's a place where all your worst ideas, faculties, are brought out, and the best put under foot. Talk about having pity! you'd forget what the word meant if you were to go where I've been. At any rate, if you're anything like me you would. I tell you what, I don't pity the rebels a bit. One of my captors said to me one day: "Where are you from?" Says I: "I'm from Missouri." "Are you a specimen of Missouri life? "Yes, I am." "We'll attend to all you fellows, and if you ever get free your body won't be worth much anyway."

I possessed, sir—if I say it myself—as handsome a body as any man living and capable of enduring just as much as any other man. My captors saw it. They said: "You don't give that body up to the Federal Government again. We'll take care of you!" And they kept their word. My God! you should have seen me! And when I was released by death, what was I? I did n't know myself I was so completely skeletonized. I was almost a fool. Do you wonder that I woke up in vengeance toward my captors? Do you wonder that I wanted to see them hellions hung—every one? If you do you should n't. Oh, I shall get over it by and by, but I shan't until I've had a talk with my friends.

If you'll be kind enough to say to John M. Grath, in Booneville, Missouri, that I should be glad to talk to him about affairs on this side, I'll be very much obliged to you. He's a brother of mine, sir. Tell him that Josiah's all right. Now there's no getting there, I suppose, with this medium? [No.] Well, I've got a good many things I'd like to say to him and many others; but I'd like to get a chance to talk to him first. He knows more about my affairs, and I can do better with him. They have heard that I died down in Georgia, but they've never heard the particulars of my death. So I'll come and tell them about it if they'll give me the chance to.

I beg your pardon, sir, for getting a little excited, [We've no fault to find.] I'll get over it by-and-by. Good-day, major. May 25.

Nellie Sawyer.

I'm Nellie Sawyer. I am from San Francisco, California. I was eleven years old. I haven't been in the spirit-land long enough to learn much. By-and-by I shall know more; can't say much now. But if my father and mother will go where I can speak to them I can tell them about a good many things I know. I've seen Eddy once—he's my cousin—but I don't live with him. He would like to go to his mother, but he's afraid to come here; and if my mother will get me a medium, I'll help him come to her, too. I'm going now. May 25.

Dohomey, (An Indian Maid.)

White man, say through your great talking sheet, that the Indian maid, Dahomey, who passed on many years ago at Manhattan, would be glad to speak to the white squaw who, by her kind words, wafted the soul of Dohomey to the Hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. Tell her that Dohomey wants to speak to her; that she, in turn, with her brilliant talk, may talk to the white man. Tell her, Dohomey blesses her in the Hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. Tell her she visits her fireside and watches beside her couch, and listens to her spirit as it talks to her at night. Tell her, Dohomey is with her to bless her, and when she comes to the great gate of the Eternal City, will meet her with open arms. May 25.

Ozias Gillett.

[On getting possession of the medium this spirit introduced himself by shaking hands with the Chairman.] Well, he said, this is my first attempt—at least here—to communicate. How do you do? Why don't you speak? [*Chairman.*—I don't recognize you.]

Well, they used to call me Ozias Gillett when I inhabited my old body. Hollo! how do you do? [To Mr. Page in the audience.] Well, do I look like myself here. [*Mr. Page.*—Not much.] Do you think I'd look more natural if I was on the box with a cigar in my mouth? [*Mr. Page.*—I think you would.] Well, Mr. White, I've crossed the river. [You've got over your lameness, have'nt you?] Yes, I've lost that leg. [Do you walk straight now?] Oh yes, straight as a cob.

I promised some of the folks I'd come back, and I'd convince them that Spiritualism was true. I don't know as I can do that; I'm no preacher you know, but I can tell 'em it's true. I used to have quite long talks with some of the folks that used to come into the store down to 125 Hanover street. I'd like to have 'em meet me; give me a chance to come through some good medium, and I could convince them that spirits can come back. I'd like to convince them that old Gillett can come back.

There was Marsh, the policeman— [Was it Rufus Marsh?] I don't know what his name was. [Do you know what his business was before he became a member of the police?] No, I don't. [We guess we know who you mean; we'll tell him to let you talk with him.] Well, do, if you please, and tell him that there's no use to say to me: "Your Spiritualism is a humbug!" any more. You tell him I've traveled some. He'll know what that means. I used to tell him he was green because he had n't traveled much, and I topped it off with a good story; perhaps I've told the same thing to you. [To Mr. Page.] You tell him I've traveled some since we had our last talk. Tell him he'll have to go to school as much as a quarter when he gets to the spirit-world. I did n't have to go more than a week.

Well, I'm happy and contented now in the spirit-world, though I was deucedly discontented when I first came here. I kind of thought it was all beautiful, that there were no clouds in the spirit-world as here; so I was rather disappointed. My spirit-friends kindly told me it was fine. If they had n't told me so I should, perhaps, have been unwilling to die. So they told me it was all sunshine. I soon found out, however, that there were clouds in the spirit-world as well as on the earth.

Well, Page, what are you doing? [I'm in the express business.] All the old expressmen are going to the spirit-world. Do you make it pay? If you don't make it pay 't aint worth much. [Simond is with you?] Yes, on our side. He did n't know much about Spiritualism here, and he's kind of cloudy; but he's all right after he gets out of the fog. I found so many I knew in the spirit-world that I set up shop at once, I did, I tell you; and there's no growling now about rainy days and no trade. [What do you sell?] Oh, cigars, of course, and pipes.

Your Spiritualism is sound, but there's a good deal of froth to it that's of no use; but it's got a good bottom to it. I tell you what it is, friend White, this Spiritualism is the best of all isms. It carried me over safely. It's a good bridge, and I'll speak well of it. [To Mr. Page]: Well, come and give me a talk some time, will you? [Yes, I will.] I'll talk about old times, although I shall not be able to toss off a glass of whiskey with you. I was going to say I'll bequeath mine to you. No doubt that will suit you as well as anything. Well, good-by to you. [Shaking hands with the Chairman, and motioning the same toward Mr. Page.]

(Mr. Eben Page informed the audience that he recognized Mr. Gillett's spirit, and, moreover, that he was a stranger to our medium.) May 25.

[Mr. Gillett was a firm Spiritualist. We watched at his bedside, repeatedly, during his last sickness, and elicited a promise from him that he would communicate at our public circle as soon he could conveniently do so, after leaving his body. He has now fulfilled that promise. It is one of the most convincing proofs of spirit return we have ever known. The message is characteristic of the man—remarkably so.]—EDITOR BANNER.

Invocation.

Father Spirit, Soul of Eternity, we ask that thou wilt infold us in thy mantle. We ask that all our utterances may be baptized with truth. Oh Divine Spirit, teach us to worship thee in spirit and in truth. Teach us and give us power to impress truth upon the souls of these thy children. Let us lead them gently away from the past, and give them food from the living present. Let us bind unfading flowers upon their brows, the fragrance of which shall nourish their souls. Let us hold to their lips a cup of everlasting life, which, when they drink thereof they shall be satisfied, and turn to thee with prayer and praise. Oh our Father and Mother, when shadows fall upon us, we murmur because we do not understand the shadows. When night comes, we complain; but oh Great Spirit of Wisdom, when we shall know that night is as essential as day; that sorrow comes because joy is; that all the manifestations that adorn life are a necessity; that each and all are parts of thy great mind-flowers in the garden of life, with various hues? Oh teach us to understand the language of the flowers of life. Teach us to read them well, that we murmur less, and praise thee more. Teach us, oh Father, not to send out complaints because of thy law. May we understand that law, and send out rejoicings. Oh God of Eternity, we may never fully know thee, never comprehend thee, yet can we know enough of thee to satisfy our souls; can drink enough of the waters of Life to nourish and give us faith. And as we march onward through Time and Eternity, oh may we be found praising thee, and singing glad halleluiahs to the Great Spirit of Truth, who is ever our Guardian Spirit. May 29.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to hear the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—E. D. Wadsworth, of Lanesfield, asks:

QUES.—What is the origin of Easter Sunday?

ANS.—Almost every religious sect has set apart a day corresponding to Easter Sunday. But the devotees of the Romish Church, however, seem to claim this as a speciality belonging to them. We do not know why they should do this, or that they have any real right to claim that this particular religious day belongs to them, any more than to any other class of religionists. But they declare that their Lord and Master was made manifest, to what was called the true Church, to them on this day. And so they celebrate it in connection with the resurrection of the body of this Jesus the Christ, having very little reference to the spirit. It seems to be a ceremonial belonging almost exclusively to the material world, the material body. We might declare it to be simply a picture of fancy, gotten up by the Romish Church, if we are to stand upon their own ground in defence of it. And now to tell where, or when, or how this did really originate, would be to declare who were the legitimate parents of it. This we cannot do, inasmuch as it is claimed by almost every religious sect in existence.

2D. Q.—Has its course any effect on the seasons, as some suppose?

A.—No, we cannot think it does. We know the ancients so supposed, but we do not believe it.

CHAIRMAN.—Elisha Chase, of Chicago, Ill., writes as follows:

Q.—I wish to ask one question: Some time ago a spirit calling his name Williams, gave at your circle a communication, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"I am going to attend the circle the Star of the West, held in Detroit, Michigan, as soon as convenient."

I resided in that city at the time, and I expected that spirit to make a report of his observations at that circle. Now I wish an explanation of what the spirit of Williams meant?

S.—First allow us to ask what your correspondent desires to know? We are at a loss to determine from the question.

CHAIRMAN.—He wishes to know if the spirit has ever made any report in regard to its attendance upon that circle? He judged there was something to be explained in the future.

A.—Yes, that may be so. However, we are not in possession of facts relative to the case that would answer his demands, so we will lay this case over until another time.

CHAIRMAN.—Seward Mitchell, of Maine, asks:

Q.—Where is the Spirit-Land?

A.—We should be at a loss to determine where this spirit-world is not. To us it is everywhere. Wherever the soul is capable of living, there is a spirit-world. It has been many times declared, that the soul in its capacities was infinite, that it possessed powers by which it could overrule all the elements of Nature. If this be true, the spirit can go wheresoever it wills, and whenever it does go, rest assured there the spirit-world is; it matters not whether here in your midst, or in some

far-off planet. It is not circumscribed by any locality. It is everywhere, in all things, exists under all conditions, all circumstances. It has all forms for its own. It is like unto God, Omniscient and Omnipresent. We cannot name a place where this spirit-world is not. It is everywhere.

Q.—Is spirit tangible to spirit?

A.—Spirit certainly is tangible to spirit.

Q.—Does it need a location?

A.—No; the spirit does not need any particular location in which to reside.

Q.—Does it need rest?

A.—Yes; the rest that belongs to the spirit comes in consequence of a change of occupation, not of that absolute rest that belongs to the body.

Q.—Is there anything in spirit-life like what we have here?

A.—Yes; every flower has its spiritual body, else it could not have its material body. The rose has a spirit just as much as you have; and long after the rose is dead to mortal sight, its beauty is blooming in the atmosphere.

Q.—Is it well for people to die young?

A.—All things are well to him who rules, and yet in our finite experience we should say it is better to remain here in the physical body and receive your due share of earthly experiences, earthly joys and sorrows.

Q.—Is not that experience indispensable, though they pass on in early life?

A.—They certainly do have to acquire it, else their journey would be incomplete.

Q.—Do you mean to say that the child that has to return feels sorrows and joys?

A.—We certainly do.

Q.—Is this experienced by coming into the atmosphere, or condition of others?

A.—It is.

Q.—Can spirits know sorrow as we know it here?

A.—There is a difference. They cannot experience the sensation of sorrow that belongs to the body, and yet they can experience all the life of of those sensations. The physical pain they do not have, and yet they have that which is a result of physical pain. So in that sense they receive the experiences of life.

Q.—What do you mean by the result of physical pain?

A.—Every pain, every shadow which you, as a human being, are subjected to, brings you some experience, some new truth; and yet it is new only in the manifestation, for truth is old as Deity. The child that does not have the experiences of earth-life, in returning again, perceives the truth, and that truth is engraven upon its own nature. This is done through law, human and divine.

Q.—Do the natural affections exist in the spirit-world? or, shall we love our own better than others?

A.—If you mean to ask if you love your own relatives better than others in spirit-life, we shall answer no. That distinction is lost in the spirit-world. It belongs only to this life.

Q.—Do you mean that the mother does not love her child in the spirit-world as here?

A.—No, we do not. A mother's love is born of her spirit, belongs to her spirit. The mother and the child are spiritually connected, not merely physically.

Q.—I would like to have some of the beauties of reunion and recognition in the spirit-world defined?

A.—That we cannot do. You must pass through the experience yourself. That you will pass through it is also an absolute fact, because you live, and because the great highway of life is open to you, because that spirit-world you must enter as a disembodied spirit sooner or later. The friends you certainly will meet and recognize.

Q.—Do not spirits sometimes walk this earth and ride in our railroad cars?

A.—Why, certainly, just as much as you do.

Q.—If they can travel so much faster than us, where is the necessity of their riding in cars, or walking with us?

A.—It may not be necessary. Disembodied spirits sometimes do things which are not necessary, as with you. Perhaps you desire to keep company with some dear friend who is clogged by a physical body; you have to make use of such means as you have offered you. Had you our vision you would see yourself surrounded by countless intelligences at all times. But you are locked in the prison-house of the flesh, and you must abide by the laws of that human body while you dwell in it. But the disembodied spirit has passed beyond that law. It may come and hold communion with your soul, yet cannot project that into human life. Your spirit is conscious of this communion, but you do not send forth that knowledge into human life but the soul knows it.

Q.—When spirits walk this earth are they really in a part of the spirit-world?

A.—Certainly they are. Why, what is it that holds your material world in its proper position if it has no spirit? Just pause and consider for one moment. If these material worlds were devoid of spirit, were outside of the spirit-world proper, they could not exist, could have no life. If they exist at all, they exist in the spirit-world. Every form that greets your senses has its spirit, and that form lives as much in the spirit-world as the disembodied spirit does. I care not how many thousand spirits return telling you that the soul has a local home. I know it is not so. It has all places for its own spirit-world.

Q.—And do the spirits of those who are in the body go out and influence the spirits of those in the body, and make them personate their sickness?

A.—Yes; that is often done.

Q.—And do persons suppose they have passed away, and reject the doctrine of the spirit's coming, by that?

A.—Yes. May 29.

Henry Swazey.

It is fourteen days since I knew what it was to die and live again. My name was Henry Swazey.

When our forces took Richmond, I was there a prisoner, and sick. As soon as they could, I with others was removed to comfortable quarters; and fourteen days ago learned what it was to put on a body that is n't subject to sickness.

I was somewhat acquainted with these things, myself, but I never made up my mind fully that it really was so, that spirits did come back and talk. I was of the opinion that they did, but was n't so sure about it. But I always felt pretty sure of one thing, that if it was n't true, there was no hereafter, so we had n't much to fear anyway. I never had any particular faith in any religion, I don't know why, but I know I never had, I suppose I was naturally an atheist. It seemed to me I was, but I heard about these things and saw a little something of it, and was inclined to believe a little in it, although I had n't quite made up my mind that it was true. But I've made it up now.

One of the boy's that had a little more faith than I had, felt quite sure that this thing was true, used to say to me from time to time, "well, Henry, what do you think of it now?" "I have n't made up my mind," I used to say. He says, "let us know, when you do, won't you Henry?" "Yes, I said, I will." I'm ready to let him know. I wan't to tell him that I've made up my mind, that I'm back myself, and that 's about as much, well, about as much as anybody can ask. I used to think when I was here, if there was n't any hereafter, that whoever created all things did n't do but half the job. But it was so shrouded in mystery, the whole thing was, that I generally used to wind up where I began, that was, we shall know by-and-by, that is, know when we come to die.

I should like that friend of mine to get me some chance where I can talk with the folks in a private way. His name is Bachford, Elisha Bachford. He 's from somewhere in Pennsylvania, Pittston, he said. I believe he had a sister who was a medium, and he used to see all these things through her. But I aint't been able to find out where he 'is now. If he 's on the earth, and I 'm pretty sure he is somewheres; I think he 's on the earth, though he was sick. I rather guess he 's gone home since I left.

Now I want him to know that I've made up my mind, and that I should like to have him let me talk with him and the rest of the folks. It 's fourteen days since I went away from earth to the spirit-world. It 's a pretty long lesson we've got before us, and if we get through it any time in the next twenty thousand years we shall do pretty well. I should like to have him kind of break the subject of my death, my coming back, to my folks, in such a way that they won't get frightened off the track before they get fairly on it. [Is he acquainted with your friends?] Yes, he is. We were both prisoners. He was sick when I died, but he was able to be moved about. Well, I was pretty sick, I had to be moved. Well, I suppose I was pretty well done for, the time I was moved. I did n't know where Bachford went to, rather think he 's gone home. Oh, I'm pretty anxious, sir, I 'm pretty anxious. I should like to have him here so we could talk over old times. I could tell him about these things. Now if he gets my letter, if he 's a mind to drop you a line I should be glad to have him. May 29.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

It is more than three years since I visited you. I then told you that your armies would capture him whom I once called husband; and begged that you would show him mercy. My prophecy has been fulfilled.

Oh I come to ask is there no way by which I can send him one word of counsel? Is there no way? I know that he must soon come to a realizing sense of this spirit-world. I know that you will deal justly with him, and perhaps harshly. But oh, is there no way by which I can send him one word, to assure him that he will live beyond time? For if I can do this, he will open his soul to you, and give you that which will benefit you in after years. So it is not alone for him that I plead, but that you as a nation may be benefited.

They tell me there is hope. They tell me that I may perchance have the opportunity to reach him. Farewell. May 29.

Annie M. Reagan.

My name was Reagan, sir, Annie M. Reagan. My mother has asked what will become of my father? how will those in authority deal with him?

My mother need not fear, for I've come to tell her that my father will be restored to her. If there is a way by which I can speak with my mother, to her personally, I would be glad to. I have much to tell her, and it would not be wise to give it here. Good-day, sir. May 29.

Daniel O'Brien.

I was in the twenty-first Massachusetts, sir. I've been in the spirit-world in all, about little better than a year. I'm told now it is well along in May.

I died meself, last year, the first of the month. My name is O'Brien, sir. I don't know much about these things, but I come here if I could to get a chance to speak to me folks. I'm devilishly stirred up, somehow, sir. [Your given name?] Daniel O'Brien. [Have you no middle name?] No sir. I'm not settled at all. I don't know how or why, but something 's been telling me all the time that the folks are in trouble, somehow. I don't know how it is.

Now sir, if there 's anybody that I owe on earth, I'd like to have them present their claims as soon as they can. And if anybody is owing me, I'd like to have 'em settle up as quick as they can. Well, I don't know, my folks, I think, is all stirred up, there 's where the trouble comes, and I'm dragged back to earth, by their saying how 's this, and how 's that? and if Daniel was here he could tell us what to do to get along. [Have you a wife and children?] Yes, sir. [Did you leave property?] Property? *no, sir*, only what Uncle Sam owes me. [Then they are troubled about that, are they?] I suppose not. [Was there anything due you when you died?] Yes, sir, there was. There can't be trouble, I think, about the bounty money. I put it in good hands, I think. May be he's turned up a little snakey. [Into whose hands did you put it?] Well, I put it in me cousin's hands. His name was McCann. [How much did you leave?] I left, may be about two hundred dollars. [Are you sure?] Just as sure as there's a God somewhere. I wan't to find out about the folks. Well, if I could know what they're fighting about, I could do better. [You had better give them an invitation.] Well, I will give them an invitation to meet me. I don't know what the trouble is, but the fact is I've been drawn back to earth again, ever since I left, and I've been constantly thinking there was something wrong. Something wanted me to right it. Now I don't know about me cousin. I don't wan't to think he 's not done right about it. No, I won't think so, any way, I'll believe he's done right till I know for a truth about it.

Well, if they 'll come to me I 'll tell the folks all about the money. But I don't like this being kept so stirred up. I'm meself I know, but I 'm so stirred up I forget about meself. And every one I ask about it, says, when you come back to this place, after you've been here, may be you 'll know about it. Well, I hope I will. [You'll get power to go and see your wife, and impress her.] What is that, to make them do as I wish? [Yes.] Well, I'm much obliged. [How old were you.] I was between thirty-one and two. [Did you die in the hospital?] No, sir, I did n't die in the hospital. No, sir, I was wounded and died pretty soon on the field. Ah, sir, I been away in all, better than a year, and I'm getting quite used to it. Good-day, sir.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, May 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Edwin Trenholm, 2d Lieut. 22d Va., Co. I, to his father, Charlie M'Gowan, 9th Reserve Corps, Penn., to Billy Humphreys and John Arlington; Annie Wilkins, of this city, to her mother; Harriet Sheldon, to Israel Sheldon, of Gaston, Ala.; Peter, a slave, to Israel Sheldon.

Monday, June 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Mrs. Margaret Downs, of Boston, to her son Matthew Downs, at Ariet, near Richmond, Va.; Wm. H. Carter, to his brother David, of Windsor, Ct.; Alice Barrows, to Stephen, or Winchester, or Theodore Barrows, at the South.

Tuesday, June 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellnu Brown, of Jonesville, Wis., to his brother Richard; Teresa Faubway, to her father, in New Orleans, La.; Patrick O'Connell, formerly porter at Stewart's dry goods house, New York City.

Monday, June 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. T. Brown, of Weldon, Tenn., to his son Wm. Brown, of Weldon, Tenn.; Jock Howditch, of Boston, Mass., to a person at the State House; Mary Rand, who once lived in Avery street, Boston, to her sons Nathan and Thomas; Georgie Chessman, to his mother, in New York City.

Tuesday, June 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. Maratt, a Confederate spy, to his wife, Charlotte, in Warrenville, Va.; John O'Brien, 10th Indiana, Co. C, to his family; Dennis Minnehan, to Mary Minnehan, at San Francisco, Cal.; Ellen Maria Johnson, to friends, in Richmond, Va.

Thursday, June 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Owen McGrath, of Baltimore, Md., to his family, and Colonel Delancy, of Georgia; Charlie Smith, of Elmira, N. Y.; Mary Steele Grosse, of Liverpool, Eng., to Edward Grosse, Queen Ann street, Sidney, N. S. W.; James Clinch, who died at Station A, New York City, to his friends.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Johnson Clemens, 22d Alabama, Co. C, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Ellotson, of Corrington, O., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Guinon, to his wife, in Boston; Horace Willey, of Connecticut, to his mother Nancy Willey, and sister Sarah N. Willey.

Tuesday, June 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Aunt Jeane McDonald, to her relatives, in Dunkirk, Scotland; David Kenny, of Concord, N. H., to his brother Daniel, and other friends; Lydia H. S. Lovering, of California, to her parents; Dan'l Murphy, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles Goodyear, of India rubber renown, to the Spiritualists of Boston; Esther Pendleton, of Philadelphia, to her parents; Mary Eliza Hammond, of Hamilton, L. C., to her sister Agnes Hammond, in Massachusetts; Jennie Alderney, of New York City, to her mother.

Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellen Murphy, of Judson's Court, New York City, to the Catholic priest, Father Kearney; Harry Hodgkins, killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to his sister "Jip"; Elbridge Joy Harris, to his friends on earth.

Thursday, June 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. Smith, of Keokuk, Mich., to his aunt and other friends; Matthew Perkins, of Boston, Mass.; Georgie Donelson, of New York, to his mother.

Monday, July 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Judge Alcott, of Walpole, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston; Benj. Aldrich, of Troy, N. Y.; Susan Wickliffe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her father, John Wickliffe.

Obituaries.

Born into spirit-life, Bro. Richard G. Nye, homeopathic physician, late of Havana, Mason Co., Ill., passed from his field of labor on this earth, to join the band of physicians in the celestial sphere.

Bro. Nye was a native of Western New York. His age was forty-five years, and he left the body on the evening of June 10th, 1865. He has always been something of an independent thinker, and possessed a pretty clear, penetrating mind; a close reasoner, and quite liberal in his views on religion, and for near two years has been a consistent Spiritualist. He was one of those peculiarly free-hearted, honest, trusting beings, who can be deceived by promises, and overreached in contracts by the sharp trader, which is said to have been his misfortune. Consequently, Bro Nye, possessing a weak and diseased body for a number of years, although very industrious and laboring in his profession and otherwise, often beyond his physical ability, has but a small share of the wealth of this world. Although he was poor in worldly wealth, he was rich in the spirit. It was said a short time before his departure, in a communication from some of our invisible friends, that he would be a bright star in the world above.

He leaves a wife and three small boys, and numerous other friends to mourn the loss of a husband and father. Thus the good man passed away. And to the bereaved companion I would say, he is not dead, but born into a new life, where he can enjoy the society of friends that have passed on before him, and commingle with the inhabitants of the angel-world, and awaits your coming. To the little boys, be good, loving and kind to your mother, and thus recompense her for her undying love and kindness to you. Your father, although gone from your sight, will still give you counsel in time of need, and thus exercise a parental care over your youthful minds. Be good boys.

Bro. L. K. Coonley and lady attended to the obsequies of the deceased. The audience was large, and the address was one of the best that I ever heard.

Bro. Coonley and lady have been with us about a week. We were much pleased with their visit, besides being refreshed with the inspirational effusions that were poured forth in the lectures that he delivered. J. B.

Havana, Ill., June 18, 1865.

On the morning of June 16th, the freed spirit of Dallas Southworth left its earthly casket, at Braintree, and soared aloft to join the throng of martyred ones whom the *magnanimity* of Gen. Lee has sent to untimely graves.

The deceased was still in the morning of life; but if time is measured by suffering, then has he indeed lived long, and, perchance, his twenty years are brighter in the sight of God and angels than if he had tarried here until he wore the silver crown of age. Now we can say of him, "He has done what he could."

He belonged to Company H, of the 39th Regiment of Mass. Vols., and after passing through several battles unharmed, was captured last August upon the Weldon road. Libby prison received him first, then he was taken to Belle Isle, from thence to Salisbury. Famine and vermin here proved more effectual agents than shot and shell had been upon the field, so that when he was paroled upon the first of March, the rebels fully realized that they had done their work well.

Oh, the joy of the moment when he turned his face homeward! At Annapolis, however, the weary frame could no longer obey the eager spirit, and he was therefore conveyed to a hospital at Baltimore. Here he was so weak as to be unable to write to his anxious friends with regard to his whereabouts, and in his emergency he *begged* a young lady in the hospital to pen just one line for him, but she "*hadn't the time.*" Finally, a gentleman, who formerly resided in Massachusetts, kindly granted his request, and his brother immediately hastened to his side.

At last he was once more under the roof of his guardian, and though no mother greeted him, still it was *home*, for an aunt was there, whose love was as warm and care as tender as a parent's.

For nine weeks he *wrestled with the Destroyer, and though* everything was done that affection could suggest, the seeds of death had been sown too carefully not to spring into an abundant harvest, and at last we left him to his rest, with the "Stars and Stripes" above him.

The funeral services were held at Stoughton, in the Universalist church, Rev. Mr. Chambre officiating.

SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

[Will the Boston Universalist please copy?]

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Our Leader Trusts in God.
The Poet's Home.
The Mystery of Melancholy.
Lines Written near the Scene of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Give us "Freedom" for our Battle-Cry.
Out and In.
Song of the Scioto.
"Every Day a Burial-Day."
O Bright Genesee!
"Home, Sweet Home."
Lines to Lida.
Advice to the Young.
Not Alone, O German Mother My Mother.
Skeleton Leaves.
The Artist and the Angel.

Lecturers, traveling agents, and all dealers in Spiritual and Reform books, might find it to their advantage to interest themselves in the sale of "*Voices of the Morning,*" as the books can be obtained at a liberal discount.

☞ Price $1,25; postage free. For sale at this office.
April 22.

MYSTERIES

OF

LIFE, DEATH AND FUTURITY.

Illustrated from the Best and Latest Authorities,

BY HORACE WELBY,

Author of Predictions Realized," "Signs Before Death," etc.

THE aim of the writer is to render his book acceptable to a wide number of readers, therefore he has endeavored to make it attractive by the notes and comments of expositors of our own time, as well as from those sacred treasures of learning, and those studies of Scripture, which strongly reveal to us the relation of God to man. The most reverential regard for things sacred has been fostered throughout the work; and although the stores of classic thought and fancy have been occasionally resorted to for embellishment and illustration, these have been employed as subsidiary to the Spirit and the Truth.

CONTENTS:

Life and Time; Nature of the Soul; Spiritual Life; Mental Phenomena; Belief and Skepticism; What is Superstition? Premature Interment; Phenomena of Death; Sin and Punishment; The Crucifixion of our Lord; The End of the World Foretold; Man after Death; The Intermediate State; The Christian Resurrection; The Future States; The Recognition of each other by the Blessed; Adversaria; The Pilgrim's Progress; Appendix.

☞ Price $1,50; postage free. For Sale at this office.
April 22.

A B C OF LIFE,

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.
Price, 25 cents. For sale at this Office tf Dec. 12.

Miscellaneous.

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THESE unparalleled Powders, known as the GREAT FEBRIFUGE, NERVINE AND FEMALE REGULATOR, possess the most perfect control over the Nervous, Uterine and Circulatory Systems of any known agent. They are wholly vegetable. In all cases they work like a charm, without purging, vomiting, nausea, or the least possible injury or bad effects, producing their results gently, soothingly, silently and imperceptibly, as if by magic.

The following *partial* lists justify their claim to being the

GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE:	THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE:
1. All *Positive Fevers*; as the Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles.	1. All *Negative Fevers*; as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.
2. All *Positive Nervous Diseases*; as Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus' Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Colic, Cramps Convulsions, Sleeplessness.	2. All *Negative Nervous Diseases*; as Palsy, Amaurosis, or Blindness, Deafness, Sunstroke, Double Vision, Weak Sight, Catalepsy, Hysterical, Insensibility, Apoplexy.
3. *Positive Female Diseases*; as all Menstrual Derangements, Leuchorrhœa, Threatened Abortion; also, the Vomiting, Nausea, Cramps, and Painful Urination of Pregnancy.	3. All *Negative States*; as indicated by Coldness, Chillness, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Relaxation, or Exhaustion.
4. *Positive Diseases* of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.	4. *Negative Diseases* of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.

Circulars with fuller lists and particulars sent free to any address.

WANTED.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—*particularly mediums*—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States, and foreign countries. A LARGE and LIBERAL commission given.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.
PRICE, $1,00 per box; $5,00 for six; $8,00 for twelve.
Office No. 97 ST. MARKS PLACE, New York City.
Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

For sale at the Banner of Light Office, No. 158 Washington St., Boston, Mass. July 1.

MASON & HAMLIN'S

CABINET ORGANS,

ONE TO TWELVE STOPS!

IN CASES OF

BLACK WALNUT	$110 to $600	each.
CARVED and PANELED WALNUT	200 to 500	each.
DAPPLED WALNUT	200	each.
OAK	110 to 600	each.
OAK, with Walnut Carvings	200 to 500	each.
ROSEWOOD	135 to 800	each.
EBONY, Engraved and Gilt	250 to 700	each.
BLACK WALNUT and EBONY, Richly Carved and Paneled	1200	each.

These instruments are conceded by musical connoisseurs to be unrivaled by any other of their general class, whether European or American. A recent number of the Leipsic Signal, the leading musical journal of Germany, admits their superiority.

For indorsement of the superiority of these instruments, the manufacturers refer with confidence to the most eminent organists and artists generally of New York, and other principal cities.

The attention of those desiring very elegant furniture is invited to several new styles, just finished. Descriptive Catalogues sent by mail to any address.

SALESROOMS:

274 Washington Street,.....Boston.
596 Broadway,.....New York.
June 3—3m

STONINGTON LINE!

INLAND ROUTE!

NEW YORK, VIA GROTON!

Cars leave Station of Boston and Providence Railroad for Steamer

"COMMONWEALTH,"

CAPT. J. W. WILLIAMS, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS; for Steamer

"PLYMOUTH ROCK,"

CAPT. J. C. GEER, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 5.30 o'clock, P. M., landing in New York at Pier No. 18 North River, (foot of Cortlandt street) connecting with all Railroad and Steamboat lines for the North, South and West.

Tickets furnished and Baggage checked to New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Washington, D.C., Dunkirk and Buffalo, N. Y., and the West. Passengers for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, make connections with the Railroad without Charge or Transfer at New York. Breakfast can be obtained on board the boat at New York, in season for passengers taking the cars for the above places. Returning, one of the above boats leaves Pier 18, New York, at 5 P. M. Freight taken at lowest rates. Steamers' Berths and State Rooms obtained at 76 WASHINGTON STREET, and at the BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE R. R. STATION, Pleasant street, foot of the Common. JOHN O. PRESBREY, Agent,
Boston, July 23. 76 WASHINGTON STREET.

PROF. LIEBIG'S

FOOD FOR CHILDREN AND INVALIDS.

THIS highly nutritious and pleasant food, so popular in Germany and England, was devised the past year by the celebrated chemist, Baron Liebig, of Berlin. Infants who are deprived of the mother's milk, can be made healthy and strong by the constant use of this food. And invalids, those who are consumptive, dyspeptic, or feeble from any cause, will find it most excellent and strength imparting.

Messrs. JAS. R. NICHOLS & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 150 Congress street, have made arrangements to prepare this food perfectly pure and fresh, in large quantities. It can be had of Druggists and Grocers in all cities and large towns. Be careful that each package has upon it the name of the preparers, Messrs. J. R. N. & CO. 3m—June 3.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND!

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO 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 himself of that mysterious land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published it in the popular CARTE DE VISITE form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size photograph, $1; large size colored, $3. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.
June 25.

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY

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 BANNER OF LIGHT.

☞ Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT at 17s. per annum. Sample copies always on hand. tf—Oct 1.

DRUNKARD, STOP!

THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on scenes of suffering from the use of *strong drink*, and given A REMEDY that takes away all desire for it. More than *three thousand* have been *redeemed* by its use within the last three years.

Send for a CIRCULAR. If you cannot call and read what it has done for thousands of others. Enclose stamp.

☞ N. B.—It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Address, C. CLINTON BEERS, M. D., 31 Essex street, Boston. July 1.

BOOKS!

BELA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reformatory Works, at publishers' prices.

☞ ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
July 1. tf

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PERSONS remitting money to me for Photographs, will be served promptly by the same hand that has put up all orders for some time past for me, and in whose hands the business will be left. Those who wish can order the Five-Dollar Picture to be sent by express, and pay on delivery. A description of the picture will be forwarded to any one who will write for it, and enclose stamp. Dr. C. D. GRISWOLD, Batavia, N. Y. tf —July 1.

OCTAVIUS KING, M. D.,

Eclectic and Botanic Druggist,

654 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

ROOTS, Herbs, Extracts, Oils, Tinctures, Concentrated Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors, Proprietary and Popular Medicines, *warranted* pure and genuine. The *Anti-Scrofula Panacea, Mother's Cordial, Healing Extract, Cherry Tonic*, &c., are Medicines prepared by *himself*, and unsurpassed by any other preparations. N. B.—Particular attention paid to putting up SPIRITUAL and other Prescriptions. June 17—tf

D. F. CRANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

28 COURT STREET,

BOSTON,

☞ House, 18 Webster street, Somerville. April 15

A HEALING INSTITUTE.

MR. AND MRS. S. SWEET, 469 WEST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., will give Clairvoyant Examinations and Prescriptions and Treatment with Electricity and Magnetism; also, sit for Spirit Communications. Patients furnished board, when required. Terms moderate. 4w—June 24.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 358, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. 3m—July 1.

SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CENTS.

CALL and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retails for $6,00. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y
Nov. 26—1y

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

Hancock House, - - - Court Square,

BOSTON.

DR. LISTER, Astrologer, 25 Lowell street, Boston, Mass. For terms, &c., please send for a circular.
June 17—3m

Mediums in Boston.

HEALING THE SICK, CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, Etc.

MRS. H. B. GILLETT, Medium for Healing by laying on of hands, has taken Room No. 32 in the "Elmwood House," 830 Washington street, where she will receive patients, or will visit their residences.

She has also associated with her an excellent Clairvoyant, who will examine patients, describe their diseases, and prescribe for their cure, by seeing the person, or by a lock of their hair, by mail, for the moderate fee of $1,00. She will also sit for spirit-communications. ELMWOOD HOUSE, 830 Washington street, Room No. 32. May 13.

MRS. R. COLLINS,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN and HEALING MEDIUM,

No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,

CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicans control her for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Examinations $1,00. All medicines prepared by her wholly composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered from the garden of Nature. July 1.

A CARD—REMOVAL.

THIS is to inform my numerous patrons and friends, in city and country, that I have purchased and fitted up for my future residence and office, the nice Brick House No. 2 HOLLIS PLACE, leading out of Hollis street, near Washington and Tremont streets, Boston, where I shall be happy to wait on them, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases, and give advice, as usual. DR. A. P. PIERCE.
June 3. 8w*

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. July 1.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN and BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicines. Her ROSE OINTMENT, for Scrofula, Sores, Pimpled Faces, &c., &c., 25 cents a box.
147 COURT STREET, ROOM No. 1.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. DO N'T RING. June 24.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all discases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, $1,00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. July 1.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. COLGROVE may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, &c., at 34 Winter street, Boston. Directions by letter $1,00; lost or stolen property, $2,00. 3m*—April 22.

MADAM GALE, Clairvoyant and Prophetic Medium, 18 Lowell street. Examination of Diseases by Letter, $1,00; three questions answered on other business for 50 cents, and two 3-cent stamps. April 8.

MRS. LIZZIE WETHERBEE, Healing Medium, No. 12 Lincoln St, (near Summer,) Boston. Hours from 9 till 12 M., and 2 till 5 P. M. No medicines given. July 8—4w*.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 292 Washington street, Boston. Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. July 1.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Av. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 3m—May 20.

F. MOORE, Healing and Trance Medium, No. 6 Lagrange Place, from Washington street, Boston, Mass. 12w*—June 17.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) July 1.

S. W. CROOKER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 6 SUFFOLK PLACE, Boston. 4w*—July 1.

MRS. LOUGEE, Clairvoyant Physician, No. 2 Prescott Place. 2w*—July 8.

DR. D. A. PEASE & SON,

PRACTICAL PHYSICIANS,

FOR

CURING CHRONIC DISEASES,

HAVE taken Rooms recently occupied by Dr. J. P. Bryant, and are permanently located at 127 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH., and will open for the reception and Healing of the Sick of both Body and Mind, on the 1st day of June, at 9 o'clock A. M. The happy day has come when the sick and suffering can be healed without the use of poisonous drugs. The unseen, yet all-potent elements of Nature used by persons favorably organized and conditioned, perform the most wonderful cures without the use of medicine, and so certain is the effect that many cases require but one operation of only a few minutes to perform a cure. Most all forms of diseases that are curable, have been found to yield under this mode of treatment; and what is still more wonderful, a large number of cases that have been given up as incurable by the most renowned physicians of the different schools of medicine, have been perfectly cured by this all-potent life-giving power in an almost incredible short space of time. No surgical operations performed. No medicines given.

☞ Charges reasonable. Persons unable to pay, are cordially invited without money and without price. Cleanliness absolutely required in all cases.

CARD FROM DR. J. P. BRYANT.

IN accordance with previous advertisements, I now give notice that I shall close my rooms in Detroit, on Wednesday, May 31, 1865, at 6 o'clock, P. M. Dr. D. A. PEASE and Son will succeed me in *healing the sick*, occupying the same rooms, 127 Jefferson Avenue. Dr. Pease has been long and favorably known as a successful practitioner. His affable manners, and genuine sympathy for the afflicted, has won for him an enviable name. *Of his untiring energy and success thousands can testify.* Being personally acquainted with them, I cheerfully recommend them to the suffering with perfect confidence in their ability to cure all forms of disease of either body or mind.
July 1. tf J. P. BRYANT.

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 future 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 in tending 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 KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH.

For Written Delineation of Character, $1.00 and red stamp.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
July 1. tf Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. URANN,

WHO has made so many wonderful and INSTANTANEOUS CURES in Bo

Boston.

PEACE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

The cloud that dimmed the Southern sky
Floats, shattered, o'er the nation's head;
Its fleecy mists, dissolving, fly,
For Peace is born, and War is dead.

See, yonder where the cross of blood
Leaned, frowning, 'gainst the gloomy skies,
The old flag, with new life imbued,
From Sumter's battered walls arises!

No more the cannon's angry speech
Is heard to cheer the fierce debate:
No more the battle's deadly breach
Lies yawning by the road of fate.

Through every vale the burden sweeps
Of combats ended, peace begun,
And up and down our country's steeps
The blessed, welcome tidings run.

Bright as a star the peaceful dove
Wings her free flight above the scene,
And hails the full, new birth of love
In hearts where hate too long hath been.

Give thanks to Him, O land and sea!
Breathe ye, O pines! your psalm of praise;
Chant ye, O waves! triumphantly,
Your grandest anthemed chorus raise!

Strike from the country's heart the notes
Of jubilee, O rivers wide!
And from your gleaming, silvery throats,
O streamlets! pour your songful tide.

O swiftest wind! the tidings bear
To fields of carnage, fields of blood;
And on the soft and vibrant air
Throw ye, O bells! your wildest flood.

O ransomed people! sing the praise
Of Him, and bless His hallowed name,
And from your hearts' rejoicing raise
The thankful nation's loud acclaim;

For over Sumter's rents and scars
The symbol shines that war shall cease,
And mid our country's bannered stars
Appears the blessed star of Peace.

[*Gatlay's Pacific Monthly.*

Correspondence in Brief.

Notes from Chicago.

Daily we are having our army of mediums augmented by the acquisition of good spiritual workers. Circles are held nightly, under the auspices of Messrs H. Eddy, and C. Schlemme. Some of the manifestations are of the most convincing kind; causing the most skeptical mind to look further than jugglery for a cause for their production. The physical manifestations are indeed striking. There are instances occurring nightly, of the mediums being raised, while secured in chairs, to the height of three and four feet, and remaining suspended for several seconds, while instruments are conveyed around the room with lightning-like rapidity, hands shaken, and the faces of the party being stroked by hands covered with phosphorus, so as to be plainly seen and distinguished as spirit productions.

Upon each member of the party taking his seat, writing material is given him, and during the manifestations spoken of, communications are written out, and the penmanship recognized by their recipients.

Mr. Schlemme (spiritual artist,) under influences, produces beautiful crayon pictures, which receive the encomiums and praise of picture connoisseurs. Among the collection is a chart, by the aid of which oil has been discovered upon a track in Pennsylvania, by Dr. Blain of this city.

Our cause is progressing, and much interest in our meetings is manifested. Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch lectures to full houses, at Metropolitan Hall, Mrs. Bullene having similar success at the Academy of Music. H. OLMSTEAD.

Dr. Cheever's Opinion.

It gives me pleasure to say that in this section, Spiritualism is making steady, onward progress. I believe it may be truly said that at no former period has the cause of human progress had as many earnest, thorough, unwavering, self-sacrificing supporters, as at the present time.

Rev. Dr. Cheever said of the Churches, a few years since, "Take away the respectabilities of wealth and fashion, and they would become a stench in the nostrils of the world." A newspaper of that day—"Life Illustrated"—well known to the reading world as a journal of reliability and high moral character, after quoting the foregoing sentence, said: "Dr. Cheever is one of the most evangelical of evangelical divines; high in his own sect, eminent before the world, *he knows what the Churches are.*"

If it be true, as Dr. Cheever boldly asserts, that the "respectabilities of wealth and fashion" are *all* that save the self-styled evangelical Churches from becoming a "stench in the nostrils of the world," may we not pertinently refer our Orthodox friends to Matthew vii: 15-20?

Old superstitions and mythologies, which for long centuries have bound the human mind in an almost Cimmerian darkness, are melting away before the advancing light of Truth, as the morning mist fades before the rising sun. In the language of Whittier:

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,

These wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay."

Yours for Truth and Progress,
GEO. WM. WILSON.

Auburn, O., June 29th, 1865.

In the Lecturing Field Again.

I have just returned from the army, and would say to the Spiritualist friends that I am lecturing both in trance and normal state. In the latter, on "the South and Southrons;" on "the claims of the freedman on the country and the country on the freedman," "the moral and physical grandeur of the late great struggle," and "the mission of the American nation." Should our friends desire trance speaking, to any amount, or lectures on the above subjects, they can be accommodated by corresponding with me at Schenectady, N. Y. I served under Gen. Sherman, as chaplain of the 119th New York Volunteers.

Yours for progress, E. SPRAGUE.

Certificates of Cures.

The following affidavits from persons who have been relieved through the instrumentality of Dr. Ruttley, tell their own story:

CLEVELAND, O., May 10, 1865.

I had been on crutches for eight months; the ligatures were so contracted that I could only put my toes on the floor; my physician proposed to separate them; I refused; Dr. Ruttley operated on my knee and leg for about twenty minutes. I could then, for the first time in eight months, put my heel on the floor and walk without my crutches, and have not needed them since. REBECKA SHEPARD,
211 *Bridge street, Cleveland, O.*

CLEVELAND, O., June 24, 1865.

For sixteen years I have been a great sufferer from internal and external tumors, which I should think would weigh some sixteen pounds; liver diseased, spleen diseased; had spasms and fits: was bloated all over, more or less; not been able for eight months to put on my shoes, and my family physician told me my diseases would soon end my days on earth. In this state I applied to Dr. Ruttley, having previously tried all other systems of medical practice and several mediums, but found no relief; but from his first treatment I found great ease; could sleep well, and in a few days my bloating was all gone, tumors entirely disappeared, and I now consider myself a well woman, snatched from the grave by the Doctor's powerful treatment. I would say to suffering humanity, give him a trial. I can be referred to at any time.
MRS. RHODA M. HOLLIDAY,
Hiram, Portage Co., O.
Witnesses—Mrs. Burlisan, Mills Averill, D. A. Eddy.

CLEVELAND, O., June 29, 1865.

I have known Dr. Ruttley since his arrival in this city, and he has met with unparalleled success in treating diseases here. I saw Mrs. Holliday when she was laboring under the disease mentioned within, and subsequently when she was cured, and she told me that her physicians had given her up before Dr. Ruttley commenced operating on her. S. M. THOMPSON.

"Herr Labor" is the oddly sounding name of the blind German pianist, for whose benefit Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lately sang at a Grand Concert in London. Jenny sang *gratuitously*, and thus had her pains for "*Herr Labor.*"

Spirit-Lights in London.

On Friday last we were invited to the house of a gentleman named Broad, of Bayswater, to attend a séance. After some strong demonstrations of table movements, and a few evidences of Trance Mediumship, the room was darkened, and we all sat spiritually directed, when there appeared some beautiful spirit-lights about the size of a half-crown. These lights only illumine the space occupied by themselves, and possess an intense clearness and beauty which no language can describe. We were agreeably surprised, since the recollection of the lights produced at the house of Mr. Champernowne, Kingston-on-Thames, had caused us to wish to witness them in London. —*London Spiritual Times.*

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canada: the National Executive Committee send Greeting:

The SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization.

All Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discussions of the questions which may come before the Convention.

S. S. JONES, *Chairman,*
F. L. WADSWORTH, *Sec.,*
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.,
M. F. SHUEY,
SOPHRONIA E. WARNER,
MILO O. MOTT,
WARREN CHASE,
SELDEN J. FINNEY,
H. B. STORER,
MARY F. DAVIS,
A. M. SPENCE,
April 15, 1865. M. M. DANIEL.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Free-Thinkers of Cherry Grove, Fillmore Co., Minn., will hold a three days' Grove Meeting in Michener's Grove, one and a half miles north-west of the Cherry Grove post office, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of July, 1865. John L. Potter is engaged, and other good speakers are expected. A general invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free and the "latch-strings out." Per Order, A. B. REGESTER.
Cherry Grove, Minn., June 25, 1865.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

DR. J. L. BRAFFITT,
SILAS SMALL,
DR. COOPER,
AGNES COOK, } *Committee.*

Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, O.

The Yearly Meeting of the friends of Spiritualism and human progress will be held at Auburn Corners, Geauga Co., O., Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th, commencing at 10 A. M. S. J. Finney, and others, will speak. All are invited to attend. GEO. WM. WILSON, *Cor. Sec.*
Auburn, O., June 29, 1865.

Obituary.

Our beloved sister, Mrs. Fish, the wife of Mr. J. G. Fish, passed on, to her home with the angels, from Hammonton, N. Y.

In the absence of her companion, who is lecturing in the West, Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, had been requested by both Mr. and Mrs. Fish to officiate on this occasion. The exercises were opened by Mr. M. B. Dyott, in the following remarks, to a large and appreciative audience who had assembled at their hall, after which the body was deposited in a new cemetery which the Spiritualists have purchased:

Dear Friends—We are assembled to-day under circumstances which the influence of earlier and erroneous teachings would have caused us to regard as a solemn and mournful occasion. But many of us having by years of struggle obliterated all traces of those dark forebodings and terrible uncertainties, those errors which were stamped upon the plastic brain of childhood, we now look upon an occasion of this kind as one of congratulation. The King of Terrors has been transformed into a beautiful angel. Death is but a birth into a higher and holier stage of being. The white-winged messenger of love has stepped into this household, and invited the suffering tenant of this cold and lifeless casket to step out into a higher and holier state of being. She has accepted the invitation, and we propose now to celebrate her new birth into spirit-life in a reasonable and appropriate manner. To her this change is indeed glorious. She has cast off the worn-out garment of mortality, leaving it to be deposited in the universal wardrobe of humanity, where it will decompose and mingle with its kindred elements, but will rise again in newness of life in the beautiful flower that will blossom and shed its fragrance above the disintegrated form that has mouldered beneath its shadow. She has not gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns, but is present with us now, enjoying the realization of that faith which sustained her amid the trials, sufferings and experiences through which she has so triumphantly passed, and opened up to her clairvoyant vision the beauty, sublimity and benevolence of that change that ever marks the upward progress of the human spirit from its earthly individualization to its archangelhood in the eternal future. The immortal spirit which but a few hours ago escaped from that vestage of mortality, will now unfold in heavenly beauty. Pens of rejoicing are sounding upon her enraptured ears, as the released soul wings its flight to the home of the pure and the free.

The consolations of our beautiful Philosophy were hers. A bright and glorious progressive future was the guiding-star of her life; and as she approached the confines of this earthly existence it expanded into a sun of glory, shedding its beautifying and illuminating rays across the valley of Death. Her life was an incessant prayer of good deeds; and when the pale messenger came to release the suffering spirit, it was with a hearty welcome that she clasped him in her arms. She has not gone to some far-off country, but will watch over, influence and care for the dear ones she has not left, but only by the change of condition of being has become invisible to their mortal sight.

I had not the pleasure of her personal acquaintance whilst in the form, and what I know of her I have acquired from an acquaintance with her husband, whom I esteem as a valued friend; therefore her many virtues are better known to you in whose midst she has resided, than to me. But there are some incidents in her life that stand out in bold relief, and throw a lustre and brilliancy upon her character which challenges the admiration, respect and reverence of all who knew her. Before her husband was identified with the spiritual movement, or became an advocate and expounder of its philosophy, she possessed and exercised the gift of healing to a surprising extent, and in her desire to relieve the sufferings of others by her continued efforts, she so enfeebled her constitution that the fell destroyer, Consumption, took such fast hold upon her that her vital energies were not sufficient to throw it off. Thus, in her efforts to alleviate suffering and save the lives of others, she gave her own.

During her illness she had frequent visions of her spirit-home, and earnestly desired the hour of her release might be hastened. She was well prepared, by a life of usefulness and good deeds, for the change which, to her, was ever desirable. It was through her influence and encouragement that her husband was induced to enter the field as a lecturer and promulgator of our glorious faith and philosophy, of which he is this day one of its most able expounders and fearless advocates. It was the cherished desire of her life that he should attain to the position he now occupies in the spiritual ranks, and when it was accomplished, she declared again and again that she was ready to set sail for the beautiful Summer-Land upon the other side of the silent river.

Oh Eternal of Days! waft our thoughts upward where the disembodied soul revels amid the beauties and harmonies of *real life*, where the distilled essence of thought give forth their fragrance and perfume, where choiring angels chant their glad hosannas in immortal strains of harmony, where beauty sits enshrined, and love reigns eternally supreme.

As descriptive of the beautiful home into which our sister has so recently been introduced, I will recite a few lines, entitled, "Sweet Home of the Spirit." It was given by the spirit of Edgar C. Dayton, through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster:

Sweet Home of the Spirit! how calm and serene
Thy fields of enjoyment, thy mansions I ween;
Where the soul finds employment in pleasures sublime,
In pleasures unknown 'mid the turmoils of time.

Sweet Home of the Spirit! far removed above sorrow,
Where the soul in delight knows not a to-morrow;
But in constant possession is destined to stay
Of the riches and pleasures of a long happy day.

Sweet Home of the Spirit! where progress is meted,
And happiness dwells in felicities sweet;
Where friendship and sympathy forever combine
To fill to the full the rapture of mind.

Sweet Home of the Spirit! how blessed could I rove
In the haven of thy rest, with the friends that I love;
Where the soul's constant vision is eternally bright,
And happiness dwells forever in light.

'Tis the home of the spirit! when earth 's left behind,
With the storms of corruption that fetter the mind;
Where the soul, disentharalled, shall revel in good,
And bask forever in the bosom of God.

After which Dr. H. T. Child spoke as follows:

My Friends—The lesson of death is one of the most solemn and impressive that the human mind is called upon to learn in this journey of life. Not as the end of life, for that is an erroneous idea. This lesson is not only important in itself, but it furnishes an admirable index of the condition of the human mind.

Such has been the influence of education that many persons shrink from the presence of a human body when the living spark—the real man—has left it. The idea of placing the body beneath the surface of the earth, to hide it from the vision, and protect it from mutilation, was one step; others, a little more advanced, feeling that the spirit had ascended from the body, and supposing that it might need some of the old elements in forming its new structure, have consigned it to the flames, knowing that as the devouring element severed the union of the particles, they, too, would rise, and perhaps the spirit might find them and appropriate them to its uses. Few, indeed, of the human family have accepted the idea that the dissolution of the human body was the end of man. An idea so repulsive to our feelings requires a constant effort to keep even the appearance of such a belief in the mind.

The various theologies of the world have been modified by peculiarities of belief in regard to death. Among the so-called heathen nations who constitute by far the largest portion of the human family, a belief in the conscious and active state or existence immediately and continuously after the death of the body has been universal. All their writings, ancient and modern, as well as their traditions, bear uniform and unequivocal testimony to such belief; and according to the old axiom: "*Vox Populi,*" "*Vox Dei,*" there can be no question of the divine sanction of this belief.

The Hebrew nation was among the first to destroy the idea of a continued existence and power of communicating with mortals. The nations around them had deified many spirits. They declared there was but one God, and persecuted those who had familiar spirits, and who exercised even in an imperfect degree, communion with the loved ones who had passed beyond the veil.

From this the step was easy to a denial of a future existence; and Solomon, the epicurean sensualist, and reputed "wisest man," says, "As dieth the beast, so dieth man; they are all of one breath. Let us, therefore, eat, drink, and be merry, for that is the end of life." But we turn from these to Jesus, the gentle and loving Nazarine, who drank great draughts of living and divine inspiration, and thus came "to bring life and immortality to light"—to pour out anew the beautiful sunlight of inspiration, that alone could dispel the dark and sombre clouds in which ignorance and superstition had enveloped humanity.

For the early Christians this lively faith, and those fresh and beautiful inspirations dispelled all the gloom and fear of death, and many of them had a realizing sense of the condition of the soul after it had left the body.

As time rolled on, clouds and darkness covered the human mind as with a pall. Creeds and dogmas, and the traditions of men were substituted for that living inspiration which can alone reveal a knowledge of the condition of the soul after death. The imagination was tortured to give shape and coloring to the dark and hideous pictures of fabled tradition. The phantoms of a nightmare of crime, ignorance and despair; and the religious teachers found that they had conjured up such a frightful pandemonium, that not only the people, but they themselves shrunk back with fear and dread from the approach to the dark valley that led to the unknown shore—"that bourne from which," the poet has declared "no traveler returns." Through all this darkness, ever and anon there came echoing from the inmost recesses of the human soul the old idea:

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this fond desire—this longing after immortality?"

As a sort of a compromise with the annihilationist, whose belief sends the soul to the shades of oblivion—a doctrine from which humanity ever recoils—it was fancied that the soul lay in an unconscious condition for an indefinite period, and would then be suddenly roused to a state to be punished or rewarded for deeds which it must long since have forgotten, and the recurrence of which would be as new as the punishment or reward.

The analogy—for this is supposed to exist in the insect world when the lava, after having grown to maturity, is enshrouded in a cocoon of its own make, or buried in the earth, or beneath the waters, where it remains for a season in quietude, and from which it shall emerge to a new life as a winged insect, or a gay butterfly—but the analogy is imperfect, and the lesson cannot be relied upon. It is true, man feeds and grows like the worm; but the chrysalis, in the expressive language of Scripture, "is not dead, but sleepeth." While the human body, after death, yields passively to the laws of chemical decomposition, and soon becomes a loathsome object, and then is lost.

The insect and the butterfly have but a brief and fleeting existence, with one specific object in view—the reproduction of the species. The theological, or rather mythological belief, that the soul of man exists for a long period in a state of suspended animation, while it is revolting to our ideas of use, has no analogy in Nature. Her slowest operations are continuous; even the mouldering decay of the primitive granite, whence the soils of earth are derived, though slow and almost imperceptible, is certain and continuous.

But let us leave these dark pictures, so gloomy and repulsive, and see what reason and philosophy and inspiration teach in regard to the change which is called death. Physiology teaches that there are two kinds of death: Atomic and Somatic, or death by atoms or particles, and death of the entire physical body. The most superficial observer will recognize that the first is essential to health. The elements which compose these bodies are gathered from the material world around us. These come under the influence of the life-principle, and for a time play their part in the great drama of life; and having performed their act, they die and become effete, are taken up by the absorbents and carried out of the system. A thought here on the philosophy of sleep. Some of the elements of the body, although exhausted by their labor, are not dead, and the repose of sleep prepares them to enter again into the action of the living organism; and when sleep is not realized for a long period, the system becomes loaded with these half-dead elements, and fever and other diseases ensue.

The more complete and regular this atomic death is carried on, the more perfect will the healthy functions be performed. This form of death is ever the handmaid of health and of life in the body. The battle of this life is a struggle between this death and that in which the entire body is laid aside as a worn-out garment; and all along the track of these contending armies lies the pathway of disease, strewn with skirmishing grounds and battle-fields, till at last the grim-visaged monster stands victorious and exultant over the body.

We have seen that death by atoms is of essential importance to health and development. So, also, the death of the entire body, which is but an event in the onward and continuous course of life, becomes, in the clear light of reason and inspiration, a beautiful step in the progress of man. We recur with pleasure to the abundant evidences, profane and sacred, of the conscious existence of the soul after the dissolution of the body.

Modern Spiritualism confirms this view, and has established beyond the shadow of a doubt in the minds of hundreds of thousands of persons the fact that the soul in casting off the husks of its materiality is unchanged in all save its tangibility. All the deep gushing emotions of love and affection, all the strong aspirations and powerful thoughts that thrill us in this life, remain there, and are soon untrammeled; and though the oceans through and by which the soul has acted on earth are changed, the power which sat behind the throne, and which is ever greater than the throne, still lives and sways its sceptre; and we now know that after the change at death we not only have a conscious existence, but, filled with the warm and glowing affections, which are the chief source of our happiness here, we go on our journey rejoicing evermore.

And this is especially the case with those who, like our beloved sister, in life's bright meridian, found themselves crippled and cramped by the hard hand of disease, so that the longings of our souls, and the aspirations of our better nature, cannot outwork themselves in those divine and beneficent purposes toward which they would lead us.

Now the chains and fetters of materiality are broken, and the soul goes forth free, and will soon plume its pinions for a loftier flight, and enter more fully upon the mission which its capacity has laid out before it; its vision has unfolded to it, and its fondest hopes and aspirations pictured in living beauty. Friends, in the light of our beautiful Philosophy the lesson of death, instead of being cold, and dark, and repulsive, is seen to be but a step in the onward progress of life—a flower-encircled gate that leads to the bowers of bliss immortal—an entrance into the mansions of our Father's House in the inner life. And whenever we have fulfilled our mission on earth, and the physical system reaching abroad in the material universe among its sister elements, the clods of the valley, and all the beautiful and varied forms which meet our gaze on this external plane, and has gathered its store of knowledge and of power from these, then the soul, strengthened and fitted for its new mission by the experiences and associations of an earthly existence, and an association with the forms of matter around it, goes forth free and happy on its heavenly journey.

In the realization of those grand and beautiful ideals which at times had flashed before its enraptured vision, it does not find the ultimate of its enjoyment; for when these ideals are thus made real, the vision is expanded, and there opens before the soul still more beautiful and glorious ideals which arise before it and sparkle and shine in the vaulted heavens above, like stars in the outward to the mariner, though he may never put his finger upon them; still as they shine in mild and radiant beauty above him, they point with unerring certainty to the haven for which he is destined.

Friends, we must ever feel that it is solemn thus to part with loved ones, and especially so to those who are bound by the strong ties of affection, and our sympathies go forth to our absent brother, who far away from us sits bowed under the shadow of a separation from the beloved companion of his life, sustained in hope and peace by our beautiful philosophy, and to those dear lambs that can no more feel a mother's warm embrace.

Yet for our beloved sister we can only rejoice in the birth of a spirit from the chains of mortality, of pain and disease, to the freedom of a new life. For her, therefore, all is pleasant and hopeful; and while we drop a tear over her grave, we feel that she stands in our midst with the same loving affection for all of us that has marked the peaceful stream of her life, and drawn her near to us in the past, and it will continue to do so in the future. It has been said of such, "We may go to them, but they cannot come to us." But we know that we *will* go to them, and they *can* and *do* come to us.

The lesson of death demands of us "be ye also ready," not to escape some dread punishment, but to gather in all the wisdom which belongs to this life, so that our journey in the future may be ever onward and continuous. Delay, and delay only, is to be feared by the neglect of our duty here.

We doubt not that the same loving and tender fatherly care which enfolds us in the arms of mercy here, will be extended to us in the hereafter.

When thus our friends, shaking off the dust of mortality, plume their pinions for the Better Land, we know that

"There is not a charm of soul or brow
Of all we knew and loved of thee,
But lives in hallest beauty now,
Baptized in immortality."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS

RELIGIOUS SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sundays, at 10½ A. M. Free.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 1¾ and 5½ P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 2¼ and 7½ P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 16, 23 and 30.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at noon. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White, July 16; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peebles during November.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, July 9 and 16; N. Frank White, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during August; Isaac P. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Houston during July; N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peebles, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7¾ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge during July.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mattie L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during October.

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

ROCKLAND, ME.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker:—J. N. Hodges.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson during July; W. K. Ripley during August and September.

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 10¾ and 7¾ o'clock.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free.

Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10¾ and 7¾ o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M. Speaker engaged:—J. S. Loveland during July.

VINELAND, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at Union Hall.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for *Lecturers only.*]

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Taunton, July 16, 23 and 30; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Lowell, Mass., July 16; in Haverhill, July 23 and 30; in Seymour, Conn., during August; in Worcester, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls to lecture in the West Sundays and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

DR. L. K. COONLEY will lecture and heal in Havana, Sparland, Lacon, LaPrairie Centre, Henry and Peoria. Address St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

M. H. HOUGHTON will speak in Stafford, Conn., July 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fall and winter. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., during July and August; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Haverhill, Mass., July 16; in Bucksport, Me., July 23 and 30; in Chelsea, Mass., during September; in Lowell during October; in Philadelphia during November. Will make engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1866, if the friends desire. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON will lecture in Worcester, Mass., during July; in Buffalo, N. Y., during August; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Milwaukee, Wis., during October; in Cleveland, O., during November. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.

AUSTEN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE will be at South Hardwick, Vt., till August. He will attend the Annual State Convention of Vermont at Ludlow, in August, the National Convention at Philadelphia in October, and lecture during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and spend next summer in the West. Other engagements on the route will be made by an application soon. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Woodstock, Vt., July 16 and 23; in Ware, Mass., July 30, and during August; in Petersham during September; in Athol during October. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

MRS. H. T. STEARNS will lecture in Glenburn, Me., July 16; in Bradford, July 23. Address, South Exeter, Me.

MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity during July. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Providence, R. I., during July. Address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York. Her time is all taken up prior to leaving for Europe.

MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON will speak in Chelsea, Dec. 3 and 10. Will make engagements for the autumn and winter. Address, South Malden, Mass.

J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during September and October.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Levant, Me., July 16, and Aug. 20; in Newport, Aug. 13; in Stockton, Aug. 6; in Glenburn, July 23, and Aug. 27; in Haverhill, Mass., during September. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

MISS B. C. PELTON will speak at Sheddsville, in West Windsor, Vt., July 16, Aug. 6 and 13; and Sept. 3 and 10. Those desiring her services as a spiritual medium and trance speaker are requested to consult her by letter, directing their communications, until further notice, to Woodstock, Vt.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri, July, Aug. and Sept.; in Kansas, Oct., Nov. and Dec. Address, in care of Jas. Hudson, Terre Haute, Ind., until Aug. 1st.

MRS. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. She will attend funerals if desired. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Dover, Me., during July; in Dexter during August; in Bangor during September; in Foxboro', Mass., Nov. 5 and 12; in Worcester, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

MRS. LYDIA ANN PEARSALL will lecture one-half the time at Utica and Washington, Mich., until further notice.

MRS. S. A. HORTON will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November; in Lowell, Mass., July 23 and 30; in Quincy, Aug. 13 and 20.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Cincinnati during August; in Stafford, Conn., during December. Address as above, or Syracuse, N. Y.

J. G. FISH will speak in Cincinnati during July. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Dover, Me., during August and September. Address, Foxboro', Mass.

LOIS WAISBROOKER can be addressed for fall and winter engagements at Cadiz, Ind., till September.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make engagements through the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address, Cedar Falls, Iowa, until further notice.

MISS MARTHA S. STURTEVANT, trance speaker, 72 Warren street, Boston.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON. Address, until further notice, Bangor, Me., care of H. B. Emery.

MRS. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks every Sunday morning and evening in Sturgis, Mich., till further notice. Address accordingly.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK. Engagements made for the remainder of the year. Address, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

BENJAMIN TODD, normal speaker. Address, Richmond, Ind., care of Samuel Maxwell, after the first of August; till then, at this office.

MISS SOPHIA KENDRICK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address, Lebanon, N. H.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will deliver a funeral discourse at Bowling Green, Wood Co., O., July 30th, on the departure of Samuel Vail to spirit-life. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

E. V. WILSON, Menekaune, Oconto Co., Wis. Parties wishing his services week evenings will address him as above.

MISS L. T. WHITTIER, Dansville, N. Y.

MOSES HULL, Decatur, Mich.

MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. M. A. C. BROWN, West Brattleboro', Vt.

MRS. NELLIE TEMPLE BRIGHAM, trance speaker, Coleraine, N. H.

MRS. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational speaker, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MISS LIZZIE CARLEY would like to make engagements for the late fall and winter months with the friends in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MRS. F. O. HYZER. Address, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. ANNA M. L. POTTS, M. D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, hygeine and dress reform through the Western States. Address, 462 State street, Chicago, Ill.

J. S. LOVELAND. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, box 692.

MRS. S. HELEN MATTHEWS will accompany Dr. Roundy and wife on a tour through the northern part of New Hampshire and Vermont during the summer. Will answer calls to lecture. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

H. B. STORER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. M. and C. F. ALLEN may be addressed, for the present, at Searsport, Me.

MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Avon place, Boston, Mass.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH. Address, Chicago, Ill., till the middle of July.

MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass.

LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa.

A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. E. K. LADD, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to lecture.

REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass.

MRS. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Chicago, Ill.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND. Address, during July and August, Bridgewater, Vt.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will answer calls to lecture or attend grove meetings. Address, Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley, Esq.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San Jose, Cal.

G. W. RICE, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Green County, Wis.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

MRS. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

F. L. H. and LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 West 27th street, New York City.

MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, inspirational