

changed indeed; I confess to my shortcomings of the past; I lay aside the theories and the practices that bring only vanity and vexation of spirit. What would you more?"

"Nothing. May heaven strengthen you in your desires for a better, holier life! May your noble aspirations ultimate in example. But forgive me if I speak very frankly; I would rather be rude than untruthful. You call your past illicit connections with women shortcomings; I call them crimes, whether the laws take cognizance of them or not. I believe you are in earnest, because you have worn out your false philosophies, and have reaped only 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' But I doubt your remaining in the 'straight and narrow path.' As a sister and a friend, I rejoice in your reformation; I could not trust in it as a wife."

"Do you mean to walk through life alone? Do you not feel the need of a strong, manly arm in this world of heartlessness? Would you not be happier as my wife, Olive? Do you not often faint and grow weary by the wayside, in your unappreciated labors for humanity?"

"Mr. Hastings, if it please God, I shall walk through life alone, and strength will be given me so to do. I should be better, wiser and happier for the support of a true, manly arm. What woman, who is not a miming hypocrite, would deny this? But the man I could love must be pure. He must have trodden temptation under the heel of his sovereign will. He must know, must fully comprehend, the difference between the hell of passion and the heaven of love. He would be my guide, my life, my all. No other ever can."

"Unwillingly I had used a term, not knowing that any mortal man there lived who bore the name of *Lige*. It is my dear husband's curiously given name."

"And do you ever expect to meet with this ideal, this paragon?" asked Alwyn Hastings, with a slightly sarcastic glimmer of the eye and curl of the lip.

"I do, as I hope to meet my mother—either here or in the spirit-world."

"And cannot you trust me, Olive?"

"With your good intentions? I hope so; yes. With myself in the marriage relation? No, most decidedly. I cannot, even at my age, marry without love; and I do not love you, Mr. Hastings."

Then I saw that he was moved and troubled; that his reluctant self-control was giving way; that the retentive hand of Time was inflicting upon him some of the dread pangs of unrequited love, as time so mercilessly inflicted on my resisting, quivering heart. But now an even-handed Justice held the scales. I could pity the man; I could not look upon him as lover or as friend. Charity demands no such sacrifices. I waved off the current of his pleading; to all he said in extenuation and in promise I answered simply, "I do not love you, Mr. Hastings."

"So cold and so formal!" he said, reproachfully. "Can you not even say Alwyn?"

Once that voice had swayed me, that magnetic glance enchain me. Now I was free and untrammelled by his will.

"I prefer to call you Mr. Hastings," I said quietly.

"And that I should call you Miss Sheldon?"

"Oh, that makes no manner of difference to me," I replied.

"And you will not even try to arouse the buried love? Pardon me, Olive; but you could make a better man of me."

"What you speak of has no possible resurrection. You have strength enough of character, if you will only apply it, to become a true man without extrinsic aid."

"Will you not allow me to visit you as a friend, then?"

"Not while you imagine or really think you love me."

"You are cruel, Olive."

"I am simply just."

"You can do me much good."

"My presence is not needed for that purpose. Read what I am impressed to write, and allow the influence of the pure and teaching angels to reach you."

"Then I must bid you farewell. Maria has been gone almost a year, and in my loneliness I thought you might take pity on me. Will you not at least bid me God speed?"

"Of course, Mr. Hastings, and with right good-will. God bless you, and merciful angels inspire you with faith and strength!"

"You forgive me, Olive?" he said, in a faltering voice.

"Most fully. I believe you are atoning for the past. You did not injure me. By God's will, and through angel guardianship, you strengthened my soul. I have stronger, better, holier views of life. I gained them through much tribulation."

"Through sorrow, inflicted by me. Forgive me, Olive; I have been a villain!"

"That is what I have often called you, in the past dark days. Now I behold in you one of God's instrumentalities who, through evil, brought to me a lasting good. I have now viewed the 'social question' in its practical bearings on the welfare of both sexes. I am prepared to give an opinion, to write upon it, to warn the unwary from the shallow sophistries promulgated under the disguise of freedom. I hope that I occupy the safe middle ground. I do not hold with the bitterly conservative, who would blind life-long fetters those who have mistakenly mated. Nor do I approve, as you well know, of the change in conjugal relations, from partner to partner; that is to me degradation, horror, abomination, animalism. And I go still further: In our undeveloped condition, I think no man, bound even by an external tie only, should dare to approach any other woman with one of love. If authorized of his conscience, let him first dissolve his marriage bonds before he breathes vows of affection to another. Thus many evils will be avoided, and much anguish of remorse be spared. Believe it, that woman's chastity is no mere myth or conventional idea. It is a solemn, sacred truth, that may not be trifled with. It is the purest diamond in the celestial crown of woman's spiritual glory. The angels love it, and in the progressed heights of spirit-land there are 'Circles of Purity,' where in dwell the moral conquerors, the world's great victors over sense. So pure and royally dominant may men and women become, that they shall stand passionless as seraphs before the God of Love, yet filled with that most holy attribute of the divine, with love eternal, constant, chaste, the realization of all ideals, the perfected joy of life and immortality."

"You may be right; I own my former blindness. The pleasures of the senses pall; it is too true; sometimes I, too, catch glimpses of the possibilities you speak of."

"Follow the light; it will lead you on and upward."

"I will," he uttered fervently. "But you, Olive? these are troubled times; what are your material prospects? Excuse the question; it is prompted by good motives. You cannot doubt me in this? Can I offer you any assistance? I am not rich, but I can at least help my sister, telling unaided through this stormy world."

"Thank you most sincerely, but I cannot accept any pecuniary help from you. Please do not urge me; no amount of argument will suffice to conquer my resolution. I shall be cared for. I intend to go West as soon as I can arrange matters, to make my home with the dearest friend I have, my sister of the spirit."

"Then I will say no more. Farewell, dear Olive! God bless you for your ministry of good to me!"

A cordial farewell clasp of the hand, and he was gone. We never met again.

I went to the closet and smiled triumphantly as I looked on the quarter of a loaf and the scanty supply of milk.

"Better so than humiliation and dependence!" I murmured; and to *Bijou* I said: "We shall have brighter days some time, dear doggie."

By-and-by I conquered a portion of the reluctant pride, and applied for aid to friends. And it was awarded; and strangers heard of my needs and supplied them; kind, unknown ones, to whose hereafter hearts or seeking souls I had brought the consolations of Spiritualism through the humble ministry of the pen.

The angels smiled upon my expressed desire to travel Westward, and bade me go. It was with a feeling of pain at the heart that I left the city that had been my home so long. But no other cloud lay on my spirits; not a presentiment of disenchantment mingled with my rose-hued visions of friendship. Pauline Laroc expected me; I was to be her dear and welcome guest. I pass over the details of my rapid journey per "iron monster," and bring you with me to the enchanting rural home of my friend, in the far distant State of —

Imagine a charmingly situated country-house of stone, well-built, substantial, terraced and surrounded by a spacious garden, that in summer time an Eden of bloom and fragrance. The prospect is fine, commanding a view of the dense forests and the bluffs that line the opposite bank. Between both shores the river flows bluely calm or storm-lashed by the furious prairie winds. Within there is comfort and all manner of luxurious appointments; soft chairs and downy lounges, books, pictures, silver ornaments, all that a cultivated taste could desire. A summer warmth pervaded the rooms, though outside the snow lay deep and the wild winds raved.

Pauline met me on the threshold, bade me most cordial welcome, and carried *Bijou* into the house in her arms. I found her husband a kind and genial, straight-forward man, who yielded a cheerful obedience to her every expressed wish. The invalid mother was a pleasant-faced, affectionate old lady; the servants were well trained. It felt so good to rest there!

But after a few days I began to feel uncomfortable, as if chains of weightless but felt restraint were upon me. Much gratuitous advice was given me; under pretences of benefiting me, I was directed to drop the correspondence with some of my best friends; I was to be, or, at least, appear ungrateful, in order to save postage!

This woman, surrounded with all that money could purchase, was the slave of a soul-cramping penuriousness that revealed itself in startling glimpses to my mind. She had told me of two orphan girls she was bringing up; I found they did her housework, and were kept busy from early morn till night. Never was a visitor invited to remain to dinner or tea. A love of order, bordering on extremes, rendered her so painfully neat that a bit of thread dropped on the carpet was considered an unpardonable offence. In short, I was disappointed and ill at ease, and from day to day the feeling grew. Doubts of her truthfulness, a strengthening impression of a great lack somewhere in the character I had esteemed perfect, intruded on my solitary moments. Still loving her most fondly I felt I could not remain there, yielding to her exacting whims, her manifold caprices. I felt there was a more growing, healthful freedom for me elsewhere.

Pauline Laroc while I was under your roof, loving you with so deep a sisterly affection that I never could verbally express it, you were maligning me in secret, and complaining of my many inharmonies; kissing me with velvety lips; bewailing my shortcomings and telling the truth I was to you; while I sat unconscious of all treachery in your home, and wore the last illusions in which you always bore a sister's part.

I am drawing a repulsive picture, but it is true to life. In describing her I have not dipped my pen in gall, but simply in true colors. She was, to all intents, the human embodiment of the cat nature; purring, caressing, treacherous, lying in ambush, secretive, full of mysterious ways, wary, alert, cruel even. But all this I did not discover at once. Of course she had redeeming traits. Her tastes were fine, her love of the beautiful exalted; she revered intellect, and possessed a brave, investigating mind. Hers was the clear, sharp reasoning, the vigorous, almost masculine intelligence. On the topmost heights of the transcendental peaks her feet could stand unflinching; she was intellectually great among women; executive; a student, undismayed by obstacles. She had mastered physiology and anatomy, and had threaded the intricate mazes of chemistry. If to these rare gifts had been added the warmth of womanly sympathies, the fullness—not the counterfeits—of benevolence, what a power she could have wielded in the world!

I had invitations to visit many households in the Western States. With simulated reluctance Pauline allowed me to depart; but I was to be forever her nearest sister, and her home was to be mine whenever I desired to return to it. In her house my little *Bijou*, who had been alling for some time, died, and another link of the past was sundered. Perhaps some time when looking at the grave in the garden, where I laid the faithful little animal, the thought may arise, urged by an awakened conscience, in the soul of Pauline: "The dog was faithful to the end; I have returned true affection with systematic treachery. I have given stones for bread. Forgive me, Lord!"

Full of concern she seemed for the loss of my little favorite; she was absent when her kind husband and myself put him in the earth; she gently chided us for not awaiting her return before we "had the funeral." Yet, as I afterwards ascertained, she had gone from home that day "to be out of the way when they buried the dog." She despised my poor companion, but lacked the moral courage to express her sentiments. She was a chemist; who knows?—she predicted *Bijou's* sudden death. But I will pass no uncharitable judgments.

When I was fairly seated in the cars I drew in long breaths of freedom, such as the rescued prisoner enjoys in the attainment of the long-denied boon.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Fifth Avenue Hotel at New York, pays \$80,000 rent; the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan \$70,000 each; the Astor and New York \$50,000 each, and the Everett \$40,000. A. T. Stewart owns the Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas, and Wm. B. Astor owns the Astor House.

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."
(Lionel Hunt.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER III.

Tinny's Great Sorrow.

A golden autumn twilight shed its glory on the earth. The western sky spread its celestial arch, on which seemed written "Through the coming darkness to the coming light."

Tinny sat in her father's doorway, looking with her earnest eyes on the beauty before her; but she was not thinking of the arch of light, or the soft shadows of the earth, but of Hugh, and why he had not been to play with her for many days.

Not a sound came to her ear, and she sat very still until the evening star came out, and the new moon grew bright, like a silver boat. Everything seemed very charming to Tinny, and the cool air blew back her curls, and a smile spread itself over her face. She was thinking of a beautiful tomorrow, when she should see Hugh and the sunshine.

"Tinny," said a faint voice, and she ran with quick step to her mother's side.

"Oh, mamma!" said she, "the moon is so bright, and it will be so nice to-morrow up the hill picking chestnuts, and Hugh will come, and we will bring you a basket full."

"Tinny!" said the soft, low voice of her mother, "I have something to say to you of to-morrow. I saw through the window there the golden light, that looks like the glory of heaven, and I kept looking until it seemed to me that I could see a beautiful gateway open, and then I knew that the angels were coming to me before to-morrow."

"Where will they take my mamma?" said Tinny.

"I shall go to their home, darling, and you will not find me; but do not forget that I will be sometimes the voice to speak to you and tell you what you need to hear; don't forget that, Tinny," and she took Tinny's hand and held it to her lips, and then pressed the warm cheek against her bosom.

Tinny could not speak. She did not understand what her mother meant, but she was so earnest that she knew it was some sad truth that she was telling.

"Look, Tinny," said Mrs. Perkins; "do you see that little cloud coming over the sky? By-and-by it will grow larger and lose all its golden glory, and seem like a great black shadow. There will come such clouds to Tinny's life, and perhaps they will be very black and heavy; but the sky beyond is just the same; and remember, Tinny, to look to the brightness, always look to the brightness. Now run, darling, and call Milly."

Tinny raised her head, and as she looked on the face there, it seemed so pale and thin that she was frightened. She ran for Milly; but she was not in the kitchen, and she went out toward the spring. Just at the corner by the little log shanty that was used as a storehouse for tools, she met Hugh.

"Hallo!" said he, "good luck is this! I see you and the moon both over my right shoulder; but how you look! What's the matter?"

"Oh, Hugh, mamma's so sick! What shall I do?"

Tinny seemed to think that Hugh could do anything, and he was so anxious to show his importance that he put on the manner of a man quite equal to any emergency.

"Let's see," said he. "I think we had better go and call the doctor."

"But he's miles away, Hugh, and she wants Milly quick."

"Milly!" said Hugh, with contempt. "Pish! she's only a nigger! I'll go and see."

Tinny put her hand in Hugh's, as if for protection, and they went back into Mrs. Perkins's room.

"Mamma, here's Hugh, and he thinks he can help you," said Tinny, eagerly.

But there was no answer, but in the room a stillness that made the air seem heavy.

"Oh, she's asleep," said Tinny. "Don't make any noise, Hugh, but climb up on the bed, and wait till she opens her eyes; she never sleeps but a moment."

They sat there in the silent autumn light, and Tinny kept hold of Hugh's hand, and looked steadily in his face. He watched the silent figure lying there, but the eyes did not open, and there was no breath from the half-open mouth. A terror, almost the first he ever felt, came to him, but he consoled himself by the thought that he was in his lap, and patted her cheek. She was worn and tired, and fell gently asleep, and the soft light fell upon her sleeping form, and the same light touched those eyes that would never open again.

Hugh knew that Mrs. Perkins was dead, and that Tinny would be sorrowful. In his feeling he became a man in a moment. He felt he must protect her and lighten her grief; it would not do for him to be afraid, or to waken her by moving, so he sat there and held the head of Tinny, and looked into the pale face. He knew the lips did not move, and yet it seemed to him that a voice was speaking to him.

"What shall I tell Tinny?" thought he; and something seemed to answer him, "Tell her that her mamma will never leave her."

So Hugh sat there in the darkening shadows, thinking of Tinny to-morrow, and wondering on the great mystery of death. There was in Hugh's nature something so noble, that as one looked at him they expected only goodness to flow from his lips, and yet the flush of anger, the curling lip of contempt, the men of pride at times so governed him that all his features seemed changed. It seemed then as if he was made to rule and govern others, but not to bless them with happiness. Hugh felt in the dim light of that autumn evening as if he was quite old enough, and strong enough, and wise enough to govern Tinny, and yet his better nature was full of love toward her. He longed to bless her and take her away from all sorrow. He was now twelve years old, and Tinny was eight; but he was large of his age, and she so small that he seemed many years the oldest.

He thought, as he sat there, how nice it would be if he had a great house, and Tinny could be in it, and he could do just as he chose, and find every beautiful thing for Tinny; and yet he always thought of her as doing just as he wished.

When Tinny awoke the next morning, she opened her eyes in her own little room close by Milly's, and saw the morning light making the East as glorious as was the sunset sky the evening before. Tinny thought of a day full of beauty, and putting on her garments quickly, she stole down softly for her mother's morning kiss. She opened the door with a joyful hand, and ran to the bed, but there was no one there.

"Oh, mamma is well and will go with us to gather chestnuts," thought she; and she ran to the kitchen.

Milly caught her in her strong arms, and kissed her again and again.

"Milly, where is mamma?" said Tinny.

"Hugh, darling, did you know that de Lord comes to dis world some time, and looks all 'bout, an' see the beautiful things an' de holy; an' some time he takes 'em wid him, he love 'em so much?"

He came las' night, honey, deary, an' he look round an' see what was beautiful, and look right into dis house, and tink dere neber be nortin' so beautiful as your mamma; an' de Lord took her wid him, and put her dere 'mong de angels, an' dere she be singin' the hebenly songs. Milly heard her las' night for sure, an' 't was so beautiful, an' all de angels sung wid her. Don't cry, honey, darlin', de Lord be berry near to Tinny."

A sense of loneliness stole into Tinny's heart; a great light had gone out of her life, and the shadows stole over her as the shadows of the evening before. Milly took her by her hand and led her into the little eastern room, and lifted her up, that she might see the still, pale face that lay there. Tinny closed her eyes tightly, as if she could not bear to see, and great tears trickled down her cheeks. She grasped Milly's hand tightly, and cold shudders ran over her little frame. Her face grew deathly pale, and Milly took her hastily from the room. Then she began to cry piteously. It was a wall of sorrow, and the sound of it made the morning air seem chill.

"Oh honey," said Milly, tenderly, "do n't, now; de Lord knows all about Tinny, and cares for her just like de shepherd cares for de sheep." But Tinny could find no comfort.

Hugh came with rapid step through the path that led from the spring. He heard Tinny's crying, and ran quickly. He took her by the hand as if he had a right, and led her back again, where the body lay. Tinny was as silent as when she entered first; but she closed her eyes as then. Hugh sat down on the floor at the foot of the silent body, and held Tinny close to him.

"Hush, Tinny, and I'll tell you something—something beautiful," said he. "Now open your eyes and look at me, that's a darling. I sat on the bed, last night, holding you; and I knew that she was dead, and could not speak; but I heard a sweet voice, and it said, 'Tell her that her mamma will never leave her,' and so she will not, Tinny, you may be sure."

Tinny looked into Hugh's face with perfect trust in all that he said.

"Where is she, Hugh?" she asked.

"Why, she's here, of course; for where could she be, if she's not going to leave you? I heard sweet singing, too, last night."

This confirmed what Milly had told her; and Tinny felt quite sure that Hugh was entirely right.

"We'll go and pick flowers now, Tinny, where the frost has not been; and we'll put them all over her face, and then we shan't see how pale it is."

They went out hand in hand; and Tinny smiled, and saw the beauty of the world again. They hunted in the warm, sunny places, and found a few pale blossoms; but they did not satisfy Hugh.

"Come, with me," he said; "in our garden are some white chrysanthemums, and some late roses; you have never seen them, and you must come."

"But—" said Tinny.

"No buts when I am," said Hugh. And Tinny followed as if she could not help it. When they had reached the hill half a mile back of her father's, they looked down to a fine house, with great oak and locust trees in front; Tinny thought it the finest place she ever saw. The lawn in front was still green from the autumn rains. The oaks were brown, and the locusts were shedding their little leaves, which fell in the autumn air like drifts of snow. As they went up through the gate, a proud peacock spread its tail, and some ducks, with fine plumage, moved toward the garden. A girl about Tinny's size came out to meet them. She had dark hair, like Hugh's, and long hanging black curls. She came swinging her sun-bonnet, and called out:

"Hugh! Hugh! pa says you are a bad boy, and you must come right in."

"Fush!" said Hugh, "tell the old gentleman to wait a while; I'm busy."

"But, Hugh! Hugh! you promised, you know, to go for chestnuts, and I want to go. You're a bad, wicked boy; is it he," said the girl, turning to Tinny.

"This is my cousin," said Hugh; "Estelle is her name, and she calls my father her pa; and she wants me to do just as she pleases, and I please to do very differently. Go 'long, Stell, and mind your business."

"I don't happen to have any business; or it is just like yours. Oh you little ducky," said she, to Tinny; "how frightened you look. Come and see my peacock, and I have a great feather for you."

"Go 'long, Stell," said Hugh, "we can do without you."

"Perhaps you can, but you won't," said Estelle, and she took hold of Tinny's hand. "Tell me what you want. Will you have a duck's egg? Those are all my ducks."

"Not by a horn full," said Hugh. "Don't you believe a word she says; she's a great liar."

"Ha! ha!" said Estelle, "he thinks I'm like him, but I ain't; and don't you believe a word he says."

Tinny looked puzzled. But Hugh led the way to the garden, and the girls followed. Estelle talked all the way, and Tinny listened with wonder.

"Hugh don't like me," she said; "he says I'm ugly, but it's because he's ugly; but I like you. Will you come and see me? I have a great big doll, and a cunning little kitten, and a peacock, and lots of ducks, and some chickens."

"Where!" said Hugh, "Miss Importance, those happen to be all mine."

"Pa says I can have all I want; and pa and I know a great many things that Hugh don't; we know all about where the squirrels have hid the chestnuts, and we've found whole heaps of walnuts, and—"

Estelle was interrupted by Hugh, who called her to run and get some scissors to cut the roses with. She obeyed him as if she thought it was a necessity, but she went with no willingness in her steps.

"I wish she'd stay away," said Hugh. "She's always meddling, and around when one doesn't want her. What my father wanted to bring her here for, I don't know. Her father's dead, and her mother's dead, and—"

"Oh, then, why don't you take care of her just as you do of me, and tell her what you hear?"

"Oh, pshaw! she don't care to know," said Hugh. "She wouldn't know anything about it."

"But I shall tell her," said Tinny.

"Oh, no, you mustn't," said Hugh.

And Tinny looked up to him as if she intended to obey, strictly, all he said; and so she did; and when Estelle came back, she said not a word. They gathered all the fresh, looking flowers they could find, and then Hugh sent Estelle back with the scissors.

"Now run fast," said he, to Tinny, "before she gets back."

"But you told her you would wait," said Tinny. "Oh, that's nothing," said Hugh; "I shan't wait. I don't want her, and I'll not have her. She's always tagging. Run, Tinny."

And Tinny ran as fast as her little feet would carry her, scattering flowers after, from her loaded apron. When Hugh had helped her out of the gate, and over the fence opposite, he hid Tinny behind a huge log, and he stood behind a tree.

Estelle came on, tracking them by the flowers. When she found no more scattered ones, she stood still, and her bright eyes flashed; for a moment she was irresolute, and then, as if a sudden feeling of pride came over her, she turned slowly and retraced her steps. She went back to her peacock, her ducks and her dogs; and Hugh ordered Tinny from her hiding place, and they went to cover the silent face with flowers.

Tinny was not quite satisfied with Hugh's treatment of Estelle; but he looked so wise to her, that she concluded not to speak of it. He stayed with her all that day, and talked with her about himself, and what he meant to do, and the way he should live in a great big house, with ever so many servants, and a barn with fifty horses.

Tinny believed that all would be as he said. Then he told her of the beautiful heaven where her mother would go; and Tinny said:

"But, Hugh, you told me she would never leave me. Shall I go to heaven, too?"

Hugh was puzzled for a moment, but quickly replied:

"Oh, I expect there's a great big bridge that folks go over quick as lightning."

So Tinny looked again at the sunset light, and thought that in it she should see the bridge of light.

Original Essays.

THE DOCTRINE OF RE-INCARNATION IN FRANCE, &C.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

To our mind all ideas have a birthright throughout the whole realms of existence, and their degree of truthfulness is simply a matter of light and shade. Therefore we cannot say to the Spiritualists and Spirites, or Spiritists, of France: You are both or severally absolutely wrong or right.

The antagonism between these two classes of co-workers in the same field has been brought on more by differences in points of faith than by the ostensible incompatibility of character of their two official representatives—Pierat and Kardec.

The Spiritualists of France would likely have no objections of applying to themselves the name of Spirites, were it not accepted as the synonymous term for re-incarnationists. This division among the followers in France, of the New Dispensation, I looked upon by many as a sorrowful thing; but we are of a contrary opinion. We look upon division and contention as the mainspring of progression.

By reverting to our most mature thoughts on the subject of re-incarnation, and by making an analysis of the teachings of the spirit-directors of the Circle of the "BANNER OF LIGHT," we are made to arrive at the conclusion that this dogma can well bear the test of positive demonstration.

Firstly, it is universally admitted that wisdom, love and power are three principles that pervade and govern all nature, and that all matter, either of the material, spiritual or ethereal kind, is constantly changing conditions. Therefore all organisms, of whatever kind, are made to be born over.

We might ask the opponents of the doctrine of re-incarnation: From whence comes the new born, if not from spiritual life? The drop of rain that descends on earth from a spiritual state, is born over into material conditions. This comparison may not appear to some of sufficient weight or value as an argument in the premises; but innumerable well attested illustrations, bearing the sanction of science and popular observation, might be cited in behalf of the re-incarnation of man as well as that of all other organisms.

The Spiritualists of

metempsychose a scarecrow, a hell-fire philosophy, abounded with the *atonement* idea.

The moral genius is always wanting in the high qualities of intellectuality proper; its feminine-like aspirations and inspirations are always stamped with negative conditions and results. The moral genius does not essentially change of nature; it never has, it never will. Its human representatives, either in the material or spiritual spheres, will always be guided by fear and such like propelling influences. The positive and negative are two principles which are adapted to go hand in hand throughout the cycles of time, but never to be blended together. Imbued with and governed by the positive principle, the American Spiritualists, in contradistinction to the French, cannot be expected, as a rule, to become the recipients of negative kinds of theories which stamp existence with the bluish of shame or dark and contradictory ideas.

The highest representatives and exponents of the American or positive genius—the Spiritualists of the United States—will always go hand in hand with their negative French partners of the *Spirit* school, and will cordially convene together for the benefit of the family class as well as for the general welfare of common humanity; but it cannot be expected that they will agree to follow their *Spirit* brethren in the same roads of experiences and observation, or find in them the same lessons. It is to be hoped that the so-called *Spiritualists* of France will become actuated toward their *Spirit*-co-laborers with more friendly feelings, and that they will be found desirous and willing to devote their attention to a calm and thorough survey of the new philosophy, apart from its physical bearings or external manifestations. Nations, like individuals of the moral class, are more or less conservative. Change or reform brought on among them is always thenceforth highly with former-entertained notions. The *Spirit* of France, although they have broken the fetters which bound a large number of them to the Romish Church, still entertain some of her peculiar ideas.

The separation is not complete, with all the show to the contrary. The dark and wild ghost of *atonement* is still organized into shape and form by the excitable minds of our French *Spirit* brethren, and it is tormenting them as formerly, when they knelt before the altars of the powerful and crafty priesthood. The doctrine of re-incarnation has come to them freighted with this wild and disjointed notion, in consequence of the negative organization of their minds. Nations, like individuals of the moral order, will persistently elaborate and hold, in one way or another, to those ideas of a diminutive kind, which clip off a good deal of the wings of aspiration, and which, as a natural consequence, bring on them incomplete and vague notions, in many respects, concerning present and future destinies.

Allan Kardec, the most able writer and expounder of the *Spiritualist* school, in France, of which he has been the principal bulwark, holds out that concordance of opinion, collected from all parts of the world, through the mediumistic process, has led him to proclaim the doctrine of re-incarnation with its paraphernalia of *atonement*. It is very doubtful whether a large number of American *Spiritualists* would be found to concur in the expressed opinions collected by Allan Kardec, concerning the main view given by the *Spiritualist* school to the doctrine of re-incarnation. Inspiration is always *en rapport* with aspiration. The new philosophy comes to us freighted with more beautiful and consoling ideas than to our French partners, in consequence of our higher aspirations, or of the fact that a positive spirit leads us forward.

The French have been so long under the harsh rule of Authority, it is not astonishing that they should see new ideas through a dark veil. The stifling of opinion is not a favorable condition for the birth of great conceptions, and for their wholesome rearing. Ideas come dwarfed, and in an unhealthy state, under the supervision care of Authority. With all his brilliancy of literary talent, his great labors, his unremitting and earnest search after truth, Allan Kardec has invariably, it would seem to us, paved the way of *Spiritualism* in France with the stepping-stones of Authority.

Forthcoming events cast their shadows before them, it is well said. Too much individual care is apt to spell the best cause, and, when that cause is more or less centered in one man, or one group, it is sure to become contaminated, to say the least, with very unfavorable conditions for a healthy and wise development. The Old World has much to unlearn, and its new ideas are often so unhappily conditioned, that they can ill bear a comparison with those born—or born over—in the New World.

The Central Group in Paris of the *Spiritualist* school, seems to us to be destined, by its present organization, to act the part, sooner or later, of Rome over Christendom, unless circumstances intervene to nullify such a course and result. The Latin races of Europe, who seem to be fit subjects for carrying on their necks and minds the yoke of Authority, will likely be the most earnest adherents and supporters of the *Spiritualist* school. The Central Group of Paris has, even now, taken hold of the reins of Authority in spiritualistic matters, and those reins are attached to the principal groups or circles all over the peninsula. Allan Kardec, the repeatedly elected President of that Central Group, is called by all of them *Master*. That word and its meaning needs no comment. Z. Y. Pictant, the editor of the *Revue Spirituelle*, published in Paris, has often taxed Allan Kardec of making himself the Pope of *Spiritualism*, and of working to the detriment of the cause. We are adverse to accuse Allan Kardec with any personal ambitious views, or to seek for anything else but the advancement of truth, and the welfare of the cause. Surrounding circumstances have impelled him likely to become a *master*, than a wish on his part to exercise that authority. As the Jews of old, the French call for a *master*, or a king, because it is a want with them. They have not yet, as a majority, become fit for self-government.

Notwithstanding what we would call the arbitrary or despotic-wise position of the Central Group of Paris, in the cause of *Spiritualism* in France, and throughout Europe generally, we cannot but acknowledge that its action is immediately beneficial in many ways. Its labors are astonishingly great and very systematically carried on, by its able, courageous and persevering President. Centralization is always sure to work out wonders, in many respects, and it is very well exemplified in this case. Decentralization, however, is much more conducive to the healthy unfolding of individuals, if it does not bring forth a brilliant and gorgeous nucleus to represent them.

We believe that the doctrine of re-incarnation would be acceptable to the *Spiritualists* of France, were it presented to them, as the communicating spirits of the *Banner of Light* view it, without the bugbear, or baneful idea of *atonement*. We eagerly wish Z. Y. Pictant to get translations made, out of the department of Questions and Answers, in the *Banner*, bearing on that subject,

and become in France, the interpreter and proponent of those views. Such an undertaking would tend substantially to efface, or modify, the erroneous or crude notions which the *Spiritualists* of Europe entertain on that subject, and which are spreading like wildfire.

It has pained us to perceive the injudicious and unfair manner with which Allan Kardec, in his *Revue Spirituelle* of the month of October last, has treated the Davenport Brothers. This author ought to have been aware that these young men were genuine physical mediums, or, at least, he should have taken the trouble to test their mediumship, before publicly casting on them his very accentuated doubts of their honesty and reliability. The article in question is well got up, so far as literary talent is concerned. It gnaws artistically at the cords of the Brothers, without, however, untying, or even cutting them. It would seem to us as if this able writer had been afraid—*de compromettre*—to compromise his influence, and to encounter the sneers and jeers of the would-be jubilant Parisian press. Really, then, his courage and good sense failed him. "I know them not," said he. As a compensation, Z. Y. Pictant, who had not been invited by the Brothers to assist at their seances, although he had, before their arrival in France, spoken strongly in their favor, and not having been an eye witness of the manifestations taking place through them, has come out in the last number of his *Revue Spirituelle*, with a long and ably made *factum*, pleading most forcibly and eloquently in their favor.

The following translation is a sample, or résumé of the article spoken of, of Allan Kardec, on the Davenportes:

"They are either very smart jugglers, or true mediums. . . (And a few lines further.) If they are genuine mediums, the auspices or conditions under which they present themselves, being of a nature to produce an unfavorable impression, they cannot, therefore, usefully serve the cause. In one case or the other, *Spiritualism* has no interest whatever to uphold them."

Montreal, Canada.

TRUE COMMERCE.

It has been said, and perhaps truly, that Massachusetts, with a population of one million two hundred and fifty thousand, now exerts a productive force which fifty years since would have required an hundred millions of men. If this is so, we may anticipate a period when the amount of property produced will be so great that all our wants can be supplied without resorting to commerce, and the necessity of fixing a price upon all the service we perform for others will be obliterated. But, at present, the necessity for price, and some medium or currency with which to represent that price and effect our commercial transactions, is imperative, and we are therefore to seek for the best means to accomplish our purpose.

We desire that such a system may be adopted as will afford us security against financial revolutions, and render commerce, or the exchange of commodities, not only honorable, but reasonably lucrative to those who are qualified to engage in it. At present, in this country at least, no one can form any reliable opinion or found any action upon what has been. The future is entirely uncertain, and trade has degenerated into gambling. The moral effect of this state of things is disastrous, and even the physical is overstrained and falls into premature decay. We do not live out half our lives; or if we do, it is in a condition quite unlike what was intended for us. And this, to a great extent, is due to the state of excitement and restlessness consequent upon a false system of trade, aggravated by a series of measures on the part of the General Government, supposed to have been rendered necessary by the requirements of the war. We pass for the present the question whether wiser measures were not possible, because the close of the war and the rapid reduction of our expenses to a peace footing brings the subject before us in a new form, and leaves no excuse for persisting in a course which could be justified only under the most pressing circumstances.

In our judgment, there is but one course left open for us, and that is to return to specie payments at the earliest possible date after the meeting of Congress, so that the necessary laws can be enacted. It is not to be denied that all those who have debts to pay, or property to sell, will be opposed to this course, because it needs no argument to show that resumption of specie payments means reduction of prices to the normal or old standard. How much this would be to the means to determine. But those who ought to know, say that the whole of our public debt would be represented in the reduction. In other words, it would be equivalent to the imposition of a tax upon the community, in a single year, of three thousand millions of dollars. Whether more or less, we cannot tell. But that it would be an enormous amount, every one conversant with prices at present can readily understand. And we trust it will be equally clear that delay will not help us. On the contrary, as we have heretofore been warned by the wiser ones, so we are again, that prices, instead of being lower, and going down gradually to the standard before the war, will be higher continually. We had therefore better, as advised by a writer in the *Daily Advertiser* of Oct. 5th, take the dentist's chair and have the faulty tooth extracted at once, instead of waiting with expectation that the pain will leave us gradually.

It will aid us in coming to this decision if we remember that a return to specie payments does not mean that we shall pay specie. This may seem paradoxical, and by many will not be accepted. But it is none the less true.

Let us consider for a moment how much is the amount of production in this country in a single year, and how many times much of this must be exchanged ere it reaches the consumer. The exchanges in the New York clearing house alone are often at the rate of thirty-six thousand millions per annum. And yet there is but little specie in all this. So it was in New England under the old Suffolk Bank system, by which all our exchanges were effected with an amount of specie which one of our officials stigmatized as ridiculously small. It was small, but it was sufficient.

The return to specie payments means, then, not that we will pay specie for all our debts, both public and private, but that we will pay them in whatever the creditor desires, at the price at which specie would do it. It must be borne in mind constantly that a given amount of gold and silver represents a given amount of labor, or service, and this amount is supposed to be more uniform in case of those metals than with other products of labor. That this has been so, is no doubt true; but that it will continue to be, is a question that we propose to consider hereafter. At present we can find no better standard by which to represent labor and its products, and therefore insist that all contracts for service shall be resolvable into specie, or its equivalent.

Let us suppose that in ordinary times a person in New England has sold the product of his labor, and taken the note or obligation of another, pay-

able at a future date. It is payable in specie, of course, though no one thinks of that. The note falls due, and the debtor pays in bank notes, which have just been issued in exchange for the note of some individual given for merchandise purchased to be exchanged for produce. These bank notes are presented at the bank, and specie demanded. But instead of that, there is given a draft on Boston, where the sales of the produce lie credited. The draft comes to Boston, and instead of being paid, it is exchanged for a bill on London, where at last it is found that the money is to be used.

And finally, a multitude of transactions are effected, amounting to thousands of millions, all by the use of little pieces of paper of no value in themselves, though they represent and are the real title to the property which has been exchanged, as much as deeds and mortgages are a title to real estate. On the other hand, specie, though valuable in itself, has been used during all this time to the extent of only a few hundred of millions. It is relatively to the whole mass of currency but mere change; and we may add, all the bank notes and the whole is but change.

Then do not let us fear to return to specie payments, or the specie standard, for it is not specie the creditor wants, but service at specie rates. It is not specie that the Government needs to enable it to resume, but specie funds, or funds at specie prices. And these funds it can have if it will but have the courage to say so. But, as we have already intimated, there will be a tremendous opposition to the adoption of any measures looking toward resumption, and the chances are that we may go on for years in the wrong course. We can at least utter our warning; and having done so, we are content to wait the logic of events, as shaped by a wise and merciful Providence. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EARTH ANGELS.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Tell me not that angels holy
Only dwell in worlds above;
Come they not to spirits lonely,
Messengers of peace and love?
Are they not here, all about us—
Not as guests, but faithful friends—
Watching ever on our footsteps
Where'er those footsteps tend?

Yes, they are; for I have seen them
Standing by the couch of pain,
Wiping off the clammy death-sweat,
Or the tears that fell like rain;
I have seen them by the hearthstone,
With their eyes of heavenly light,
Scattering every cloud of sadness,
Putting every care to flight.

I have seen them in the highways,
Thronged with busy, flying feet;
And I've seen them in the byways,
Where the humble poor retreat;
In the cottage, in the palace,
By the prisoner's lonely cot—
Oh, this earth is full of angels!
Though too oft we know them not.

Once, when I was very weary,
And the path of duty seemed,
For a moment, sad and dreary,
On my vision, lo! there beamed
Such a wondrous wealth of beauty,
Such a fair and fragrant meal,
That my feet were well nigh tempted
In forbidden paths to tread.

I forgot that pleasure's fingers
Fashion for the soul a tomb;
I forgot that deep morasses
May be overgrown with bloom.
I had walked on beds of quicksand,
Covered with deceitful green,
But the form of one that loved me,
At the moment, came between.

'Neath his blue eye, calm and steady,
Once again my soul grew strong,
For I felt that God had sent him,
To withhold me from the wrong.
Dear earth-angels! oh, how potent
Are your tones and looks of love,
To protect us when temptation
For our strength too great would prove.

Yes; this earth is full of angels,
Clothed awhile in robes of clay;
Some of which are new and goodly,
Some are fading fast away.
But too oft we fail to know them,
Till their work on earth is done,
And the fluttering of their pinions
Tells us that they hence have flown.

Proceedings of the Convention.

The following speech was delivered in the late National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Philadelphia in October, during the forenoon of the second day, but we did not get a report of it at the time. Mr. Jones in the chair. The preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Chas. being under consideration, and a motion to strike out the word *Christianity* having been made, Mr. Pierpont rose and said:

I hope, Mr. President, that the motion (to strike out) will not prevail. For myself, I see no antagonism between *Spiritualism*, as I understand it, and *Christianity*—meaning by *Christianity* not the creed of any nominally Christian Church, or the moral practices of any nominally Christian community, but the morality and spirit of Jesus Christ, as taught and lived by himself. If I were to define my position by a name of my own choosing, I would be called a *Christian Spiritualist*. I regard *Spiritualism* not as an abrogation of *Christianity*, but as a supplement to it. We are told in our version of the New Testament that Jesus Christ, in his Gospel, brought life and immortality to light. Now this, as a distinct proposition, is not true to historical fact, for the doctrine had been maintained for ages before him, by the most enlightened philosophers of Greece and Rome, and was held firmly by the Pharisees of his own nation. Nor is this proposition true to the original Greek of the New Testament, which, truly rendered, is "that *shed light upon life and immortality*." And as matter of fact, "the Prophet of Nazareth" never proposed *immortality* as a new doctrine, any more than he did the existence of God; he assumed both of these doctrines as already admitted, except by the Sadducees. I regard the phenomena of modern *Spiritualism* as giving much light upon the subject of a future life, upon which *Christianity* gives little, and the philosophies before it still less. *Christianity*, to be sure, advises us of future happiness and future misery, of spiritual life and of spiritual punishment, of heaven and of hell. But of the where the blessed spirit or where the tormented spirit is to be, what are to be the employments of either, whether in or out of the society of the once loved, whether or not the spirits that have passed "over the river" can return and commune for either good or evil, with those who are yet upon this side of the *Christianity*, the *Christianity* of the New Testament says nothing, and the *Christianity* of the Protestant Church knows nothing. But since the phenomena of modern *Spiritualism* have appeared, as they have appeared to us, "the regions that are in darkness" have seen great light upon that momentous subject. I do not look upon the light of the New Testament, and that of the still newer dispensation, as *cross lights*, but as falling in parallel lines upon the world, from the Infinite Source of light and of life.

Let me illustrate my position, and my course in regard to *Spiritualism*, by relating a fact in my own experience. I spent the winter of 1866-7 in Williamsburg, near New York, in preaching in a hall to a small society of Unitarian Christians. A year or two afterwards, in the fall of the year, I was speaking to the *Spiritualists* in Dedworth Hall, in New York. While there I went over to Williamsburg to make a call, and saw a stranger, apparently a gentleman, crossing the street as if to accost me. I stopped, and standing upon the sidewalk, this dialogue took place between us: STRANGER.—You do not know me, sir, but I used to hear you when you were preaching in '—'s hall. So you've given up Unitarianism, I understand. P.—Clean up Unitarianism? How so? S.—Why, sir, I understand you are now preaching to the *Spiritualists* in Dedworth Hall. P.—Yes, sir, I am so; but I am not the least—indeed, if possible, I am the more a Unitarian, from the facts that have made me a *Spiritualist*. S.—Well, sir, I think it's all a humbug. P.—Oh well, sir, the world is wide enough for us both, and each can enjoy his own opinion. S.—Why, sir, the pretended communications are so trifling that I cannot believe they come from the spirit-world. Why, there's a woman down in my neighborhood, who says that the spirit of her mother has come to her, to show her how to make bread! P.—Well, sir, no harm in that, I hope. S.—No; no harm, sir. But think of a glorified spirit coming out of the way down from heaven, to show her daughter how to make bread! P.—I suppose, my friend, that you sometimes repeat "The Lord's Prayer?" S.—Certainly. P.—When you do so, you say "Our Father, who art in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread." S.—Of course. P.—Well, sir, do you think it in any wise derogatory to his dignity or glory, to hear your prayer and answer it, by giving you your daily bread? S.—Of course not. P.—Well, sir, think for a moment how long it takes the Infinite Spirit to grant your request; think of the agencies and instrumentalities that the All-Father employs in the work of giving you your daily bread. First, he calls into his service spirits that are yet in the living body, to prepare the field and cast in the seed. Then God takes the matter into his own hand; his later rains, his wintry frosts and snow, and his showers and sunshine, are sent to cause that seed to germinate, and show "first the blades, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear;" and when that is fully ripe, he calls again his co-workers in the flesh to thrust in the sickle and gather the wheat into the garner, and by an ingenious process convert that wheat into flour, and to be wrought into the staff of a family's life. And after the Infinite Spirit has been so long employed in preparing the material for bread, do you not think that a spirit infinitely below Him, a spirit that may be supposed still to love those who left upon the earth, would be as usefully, ay, and as happily employed in showing a child of hers how to make the best use of that beautiful gift of God, as she would be, sitting upon a cloud and playing a harp and singing?

S.—(After a brief pause.) Well, sir, I have of late been quite unwell, and for some time confined to my chamber. During this time I have read a good deal in the New Testament, and only the other day I was saying to our folks that I was surprised to see so little in it as to the condition and employments of the spiritual world. P.—There you have it, exactly; there is little said upon those subjects; the little that is said, is in vague, indefinite and general terms; and as to these important points of which we have been speaking, absolutely nothing. I think the stranger left me with his views of *Spiritualism* somewhat modified; and with this statement of my views of *Christianity* and *Spiritualism*, I hope the motion to strike out will not prevail.

The motion to strike out was lost, and the resolution laid upon the table.

Correspondence.

The Tour of Mrs. Chamberlain, the Musical Medium.

Having just returned from a tour in "York State," in company with the musical medium, Annie Lord Chamberlain, a brief account of it may not prove uninteresting to you and the readers of your good *Banner*, who are so familiar with the name and good works of this gifted medium.

Starting soon after the Philadelphia Convention, we went to Orlinany Falls—our first appointment—and were very gladly welcomed by the friends, and kindly entertained at the pleasant home of a couple somewhat advanced in years—Mr. and Mrs. Darlin Thompson—whose good, motherly care, and fatherly attentions, we shall never forget.

Mrs. Chamberlain was in very poor health, yet she gave seances every evening during our stay, to large and interested audiences. Of course we found many hard skeptics, but they shared the fate of all who investigate the phenomena through the mediumship of Mrs. Chamberlain, and were, so far as we could ascertain, entirely satisfied.

We found in this town many *Spiritualists*, all united, and working with a hearty good will for the cause in which all were so much interested. Made the acquaintance of some very good mediums, among whom are Dr. Oliver Curtis, whose strong healing powers have worked wonders, and who still is doing a vast amount of good. Also met a fine test medium, Miss Emma Rice, of Hamillon, who bids fair to be a very remarkable medium. We were fortunate here in securing the services of a good medium as violinist, one who plays much from inspiration, and whose fine music assisted greatly in harmonizing our large circles.

Here let me relate a very remarkable manifestation which occurred while there. Dr. Curtis made arrangements to have a seance at his house, about three miles distant from the town, and accordingly took us over there. After the circle was arranged for the seance, I placed upon the table where the instruments were, a small tumbler containing a little bouquet. Among the varied manifestations of the evening, this bouquet was passed around to different members of the circle, and the water from the tumbler sprinkled about. At the close of the seance, upon lighting up, the bouquet was found among the instruments scattered about, but the tumbler could not be found. All were interested to find the tumbler, and joined in hunting for it, and left no place or crevice unsearched, yet we could not find it, and were obliged to give up the search, and reckon it as gone.

The next seance was at Mr. Thompson's, next evening, and upon lighting up at the close of it, there sat the missing tumbler on the table. This caused considerable excitement, and I was called upon to identify the tumbler, which I could do very readily from a flaw in the glass. It was the very same one. Then arose the question: How could it have come there? or how did the spirits get it there at that distance?

Mrs. Chamberlain was controlled, and explained it to the satisfaction of all. She said that the first time the doors were opened after the circle at Dr. Curtis's, spirits took the tumbler out of doors. Next day, when we were carried back to town, they took it up again, and carried it part way, leaving it by the roadside; then at night when Dr. Curtis passed by, on his way down to attend the seance, they took it up once more, and brought it on and into the house, placing it upon the table during the manifestation.

Mrs. Chamberlain was strongly influenced just at the time it was being brought down, but did not understand why it was, until we knew the tumbler had been brought back.

We stopped there one week, giving seven

seances, and left the people in considerable excitement. A magician exhibiting in the place boasted that he could do the same things. Two gentlemen offered five hundred dollars each to any person who would do so, and they would allow him ten days or longer for practice. They heard nothing more from him.

We left our many friends here, and passed on westward, Mrs. Chamberlain making a flying visit to Buffalo, Dunkirk and Cleveland, where her sister, Jennie Lord, was stopping and giving seances. Returning, we stopped at Lockport, finding good friends ready to welcome us; gave several seances there, with good success; also one at Gosport; thence on to Rochester, where we found many anxious to witness the manifestations, and had not our time been limited, might have given seances for many weeks. With many thanks to our kind friends, and a promise to come again, we sped on our way to Little Falls, where the friends had been a long time expecting us, and had made every preparation for a good time. Here we gave two seances, when Mrs. Chamberlain's health gave way, and she was forced to go home and rest, much to her own disappointment and that of the friends there. As it was, the manifestations caused great excitement, and our friends assured us we should be needed there a month. But we were obliged to leave, amid the regrets of all, with a promise to come again as soon as possible, and finish up the good work begun. Here some gentlemen were so well satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations, that they offered to give one thousand dollars to any person who could perform like manifestations, allowing as long a time for practice as they might choose.

Dear friends, we hope to meet you all again.

With good wishes for the continued success of your good *Banner*, I am, your sincere friend,

MISS P. C. HULL.
Providence, R. I., Nov. 28, 1865.

The Projected School at Vineland, N. J.

The two liberal individuals who subscribed each five thousand dollars, last spring, and with it secured one hundred acres of land on the most eligible site on the Vineland tract, and have held it in waiting all summer for others who have means and sympathy for those who are desirous of getting an education by earning it, and not having it postponed by sectarian dogmas and cloyed by superlativity, as our colleges are, to join them in the effort to erect buildings and start a school here that should be free from sectarianism and partially for one sex over the other, have, thus far, waited in vain for the necessary assistance to go on with the project; and while there have been applications for hundreds of students, there has been no pecuniary aid offered to warrant the further progress of the work, and it remains with the hands waiting unoccupied; but they will not wait much longer, unless some of the friends, who have means to contribute to the prosecution of the plan, come forward and aid it. If this is abandoned, these ten thousand dollars will be lost to the cause of liberal education; for it is not likely that either of these men, now in the decline of life, will ever again engage in a like enterprise. It will, indeed, be a pity to lose this valuable tract and delightful location for such an institution, which is already worth far more than its cost, and by the unprecedented growth of the place must continue to increase in value and importance. Of course when it was announced that a school was in contemplation, which, in all its departments and collegiate course should exclude sectarian dogmas and clerical control, and should grant equal privileges and honors to each sex, making no distinction in its compensation for labor, or its honors and titles for studies, the enemies of woman's equal rights in education and the friends of sectarian schools both unite and use all means to defeat such an enterprise, the most potent of which, with the present excited state of the public mind, is prejudice. Of course a college that would even admit females without a priest to represent it, would be called a visionary and doubtful experiment, if it were an industrial as well as intellectual school, as this was designed to be, where students of each sex could pay by labor their board and tuition, and acquire a physical and intellectual education together.

The circulars and situation of this enterprise have been given to the public several times, and friends invited to correspond and cooperate if they desired to do so, but if no better success results from these for the next six months than for the past, the enterprise will be abandoned, and soon some sectarian organization will take up this favorable location and start a college here, for it is a very advantageous place for one. I had hoped, from the many wealthy persons among the *Spiritualists*, ten or twenty would be found to join these two and put this school into immediate operation; but if not, I can wait for that great law of progress which is fast putting the wealth and control of this country into the hands of the *Spiritualists*. WARREN CHASE.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 9, 1865.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

[The following is an improvisation given through Mr. D. Holmes, at the close of the lecture at Eldridge Hall, New York, Sunday evening, Nov. 12th.]

Come here, and rest thy weary head—
Poor pilgrim, come to me;
My name is Love; I'll guide you safe
O'er Life's tempestuous sea.
The troubled waves with fury lash
Thy life-bark on its way,
But each hath sent thee nearer me,
Nearer the light of day.

Come here, and rest thy weary head,
Come, trembling spirit, come;
Come, Bird of Promise, to thy rest,
This earth is not thy home.
Come, plume thy wings, and soar away;
Unfettered come to me;
Thy warbling voice its music give,
And sing thy spirit free.

Come here, and rest thy weary head,
For in thy heart I see
The pearls gems that truth hath left,
And these are all for thee,
To help thee swell the notes of love,
To sing in nobler strains
That *Thou* dost from the world above
Thine soothing mortal pains.

Come here, and rest thy weary head,
Thy heart is warm and true;
It taketh in the world of life,
And pulsates, child, for you.
My name is Love, my banner floats
Over Life's heaving sea,
And they who wear me in their hearts,
Find light and God in me.

That the most unlimited freedom of inquiry belongs to man as a birthright, is a proposition, the truth of which will be invited by every honest and cultivated mind.—Boston Investigator.

HAS SPIRITUALISM A BASIS?

BY I. REHN.

Every hour seems to bring with it an additional necessity for an answer to this question. Is there anything distinctive in the Spiritual Philosophy by which it differs from other systems? If so, surely it is time that the fact was announced; and if there is not, it is important that we be made aware of this also. If we are an appendage to Christianity, as some would have us understand, many may like to find that out; and if we are not, we had better say so at once. There is but little, if anything that is worth accepting, to be gained by sailing under false colors, or pretending to be what we are not. If the hypocrite is one, who, of all others, most deserves the commendation of the wise and good; surely a system of philosophy should be exempt from any just ground for the charge of false pretences, if it would place itself before the world as the exponent of its most liberal and advanced thought.

Now, let us see how we stand in regard to this matter. We need hardly be reminded of the fact that we live in a Christian country. Everybody knows that; especially, if by that term we mean all the sects instituted in its name, however much these sects refuse the title to each other. But yet, for all this, there are those who lay no claim to this name, and who feel that they do not express the true position they occupy, or the purposes they have in view. Such persons are, for the most part, to be found in the ranks of the Spiritualists, and as one of that number, I wish to express my thought in this regard, feeling that it will be but the endorsement of the views of many associated with the spiritual movement, and who believe that Spiritualism has, not only a basis, but that this basis is both separate and different from that of the Christian Church, or of any Church extant.

If Spiritualism is to take a place as one of the permanent institutions of the world, it must do so from its own intrinsic power and excellence, and not from any supposed respectability it may secure by borrowed garments, or shifting from a lustre not its own; and we may depend upon one thing, that if we make the attempt, we shall surely be found out; and how shall we, the culprits, stand before the bar of the just judgment of honest men and women! and what, moreover, shall be thought of us, who are the adherents of a philosophy, rich in the treasures of everlasting principles as the fountain of its life? Believing, therefore, that the movement is basic, let us see, if we can, in what that basis consists; and in order to see this more clearly, it may be well to notice what it is not.

It is not a system recognizing any man as its founder, and who is to be followed.

It does not recognize the possibility of the forgiveness of sin, or the atonement by one man for the transgressions of another.

It does not recognize the authority of any man, Church, State or book as an infallible guide.

It does not recognize the responsibility of man to man for his opinions, or to any institution whatsoever; neither for his actions, so long as he is not a trespasser upon the person or property of his fellow.

Supposing that the foregoing negations will be sufficiently clear without a commentary of ten quires, let us turn to the affirmative, and see whether that, also, is not susceptible of as clear a statement:

1st. The existence of an Infinite Being or Principle which answers to the soul's idea of God and the immortality of the human spirit.

2d. The inalienable right of man to freedom—physical, intellectual and spiritual, so that he may, through the legitimate exercise and culture of his faculties, secure the end of his earthly existence, and the largest possible amount of happiness; that he is amenable to the Divine Law in matter and spirit only, and from his responsibility to which there is no escape, nor, for the good of man, ought there to be; and, further, that, in view of this responsibility which neither man, Church or State can assume for him, even if he wished, he should be the sole arbiter of his conduct, faith and destiny.

Now if there is anything here in common with the Christian system, it is not easily seen. The latter has a man for its founder, in whom faith is demanded, as a guide and teacher, and by whom alone can the soul's salvation in the world to come, be secured. It has its scheme of atonement, through which the delinquents of a sinful life may be washed away in the twinkling of an eye, and the soul's garments made as "white as wool," thus, virtually, blotting out the value of our life experience, and thereby defeating the purpose thereof. It has its *authoritarianism*, which merges the individual in the institution, and declares his subordination to creed; declares our nature depraved and incapable of good thoughts or works; makes eternal distinctions between men on mere account of belief, over which they have no control; sends one portion to endless perdition because of belief, and another to eternal blessedness for no better reason; it hangs the issues of being and destiny on mere technicalities, and tells us that *moral* men are dangerous and in danger themselves, not having the "Grace of God in their hearts," by which is meant, that they have not the creed in their heads. All these things, and many more that might be enumerated, to say nothing of immaculate conceptions, baptisms, sacraments, holy days, holy ghosts, holy water, holy coats, the trinity, transubstantiation, fastings, prayers, sacrifices, and other pious trumpery, not worth the time to name.

But some may tell us that this is not Christianity, and the pure stuff should not be saddled with all here enumerated as having been associated with it. Well, we shall be happy to learn of the improvement; and when synods, councils and conventions make the announcement, we will make a note of it; and when we shall see the catechism revised and corrected, there will be more evidence of progress than is now apparent.

Still we may be told that Christianity in its "pure character," aside from the creeds, is not at variance with Spiritualism. Now this only provokes the question, "What is Christianity in its pure state?" If it consists in the doctrine of forgiveness, we have only to look and see that the doctrine of forgiveness was as clearly announced hundreds of years before his advent, as by him.

If we are pointed to the fact that he became a martyr to his cause; then we have his rival in Socrates, and scores of others who might be named. If we are reminded that he went about doing good, healing the sick, comforting the afflicted and distressed. We have only to remember that thousands, both before and since his day, have also done the same, and are still doing it. Whilst, therefore, we thank him for all these good offices, we should also bear in remembrance the brave souls, who, in their devotion to humanity, have done as nobly. It is true, we may be told that this is very profane; but this need alarm nobody, if we only bear in mind the fact, that such persons have defied their hero, to the comparative neglect of the many good and true men and women, who have adorned the ages in which they

lived. We shall, therefore, be at a loss to determine why Spiritualism should be made honorable, only by identifying it with Christianity, or with Christ, any more than with the adherents of those systems of pure moral philosophy, spread more or less over all nations, or with their founders. So that Spiritualism is not Christianity even in the "pure" sense, any more than it is Platonism, Essenism, or anything else with which, in its ethos, it may coincide in some respects, while in the more important features: those which tend to the practical realization of the best thought of all preceding systems, it is greater than them all, that which asserts the absolute freedom of man.

It is ardently to be hoped that the time may soon arrive, when we shall have courage enough to declare ourselves SPIRITUALISTS, the advocates of a philosophy having a distinctive principle as its basis, not known to Christianity as such, in any of its divisions; neither to Judaism, Mahomedanism, or any religious system, ancient or modern, but one founded in the constitution of man himself, as endowed by his Creator, and that under this announcement we mean to place ourselves before the world, and ask men everywhere to judge us by what we are, and what we set forth as our belief, irrespective of what slanderers may say of us on the one hand, or over-zealous friends upon the other.

Whatever glory Christianity may claim to have covered itself with in history, such as it has, is its own. That it has answered the demands of its time, there is no doubt. Let it have the credit of its work. Some of us Spiritualists believe the new dispensation to be the evolution of a new thought to be wrought in practical life, starting from a new basis; that of the *inherently divine nature of man*, and that in him centre all rights, and the germs of all possibilities, and that he is made for freedom. That these are the *distinctives* of our movement; that they are new, as a popular movement, and look to the enlightened judgment of the world for approval and acceptance; that there is no need of appearing in borrowed robes, or attempting to shine by a borrowed lustre, but that trusting to the everlasting truth of our principles and honest, straightforward lives, to make ourselves known as we are.

If there are those among us who still wish to appear as Christians, that is their right, if they prefer it; but some of us do not, inasmuch as we regard it as inconsistent with the spirit of the movement; not expressing our true position, or furthering the just exposition of our philosophy. For one, I unhesitatingly declare that I am no Christian in any theological sense, any more than I am an Israelite, or a Brahmin; that, if, by the acceptance of that which is true in Christianity, makes us Christians, so must also the acceptance of that which is true in Judaism, or Mahomedanism; make us Jews or Mahomedans; but on the contrary, to be a Mahomedan we must believe that "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" to be a Jew we must believe in the authority of Moses; and to be a Christian we must believe in the *special character and authority of Christ*. Believing in none of these dogmas, we are disqualified from assuming these titles, and aside from not wishing them, they are not our right.

By thus maintaining the just status which we of right occupy, we shall be saved the humiliation of appearing to do homage to systems we ignore, and which carry along with them the mould and slime of authority, and that disregard of personal liberty which it is our chief purpose to defend. Though "Christian Spiritualism" may sound pleasantly on our ears, yet we would, doubtless, be much amused to read of Mahomedan Spiritualism, Buddhist Spiritualism, Brahmin Spiritualism, or of Catholic Spiritualism, or Greek Church Spiritualism, or any of the multitude of adjective prefixes that might with equal propriety be employed. Let us have done with these slams, and maintain that affirmative position before the world by which we shall be known, and thus secure respect by making ourselves worthy of it. Philadelphia, Nov., 1865.

Personal.

Prof. William Denton, the eminent Geologist, who has been on a professional tour to Colorado the past summer, has returned to this city. He is preparing to deliver a course of lectures on his favorite science.

A correspondent writing from Aurora, Ill., speaks in the highest terms of a course of lectures on Spiritualism recently delivered there by W. A. D. Hume. Liberal sentiments are cropping out all through the West, which will soon ultimately in a glorious spiritual harvest.

In a postscript to a letter from California dated Nov. 6th, the writer says: "The lectures by Mrs. Laura Cuppy are a complete success." The Era says she is to lecture in Platt's Hall, one of the largest in the city.

Warren Chase is to lecture in Albany, N. Y., on Sunday, Dec. 17th.

Anna Dickinson, the popular lecturer, is said to net \$15,000 annually by her lectures.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored artist, is pursuing her studies in Florence.

Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion tamer, died in Philadelphia last Wednesday very suddenly. He was a native of New York State.

Dr. L. K. Cooley will lecture in Vineland, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 17th, and in Wilmington, Del., during January. He has just closed a series of discourses in Portsmouth, N. H., which were well attended.

SNOW FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of this air,
Out of the cloud folds of her bosom shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Not whispered and revealed
To wood and field—Longfellow.

THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION EXTERMINATED.—It appears that the outbreak among the negroes in Jamaica has been entirely suppressed, the few rebels that were still away from their homes having laid down their arms on the publication of the amnesty. The number of the rebels that came by their death in this short insurrection is estimated at 3000, of whom 2000 fell by the hands of the executioners on the gallows, and the remainder were put *hors de combat* by the military. Now when it is so late, the English people are beginning to see the weakness and guilt of their government of the negroes. Since emancipation times little or nothing has been done for the elevation of the colored population, while much has been imposed on that body which has been oppressive and unjust. Properly educated and trained, in the opinion of those who know them best, the blacks would have been safe and devoted friends; ignorant, debased and down-trodden, only for providential circumstances; they would have exterminated the whites in Jamaica. Our country has a moral to glean from the bloody history of the Jamaica insurrection.—Boston Journal.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.
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, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"Dr. Kane's Love-Life."

The publication of the "love letters" of the late Dr. Kane, by his widow, is creating a sensation in all grades of social life; not more by reason of the interest which ever attaches to such lucubrations, than to the fact that they are the product of the heart of a man who once occupied so large a space in the public eye. This publication, always calling for an explanation, is defended by Mrs. Kane and her friends on the ground that, as she is really Dr. Kane's widow and he made provision for her in his will, it has suited the prejudices and interests of his own family to hush up such pretensions on the part of the lady, to deny her the entire enjoyment of what her husband left her, and to leave it to appear that she was no better than she ought to be. It was, in short, a downright challenge to the lady, and her friends, to help herself, if she could, against one or all of these damaging imputations. Those who knew Dr. Kane intimately, and the circumstances of the case, of course, too, felt too well assured of the wrong which his widow was thus being made to suffer, and suffer innocently; and they counselled her to avail herself, in self-vindication only, of those advantages which she was known to hold in her hands. Hence this volume, bearing the title-page which makes the caption to this article.

The lady is one of the Fox Family, formerly of Rochester, to whom public attention was many years since universally directed in connection with the rapping manifestations of spirit intelligences. Dr. Kane chanced to meet her at the hotel in Philadelphia in company with her mother, when a young girl of but fifteen, calling with numbers of others to witness and wonder at the new manifestations. He was drawn to her at sight. She was too young even to understand what he so thoroughly understood, the law of attraction not having yet been recognized by her. But he pursued the lead which had been furnished him from an unseen and unexpected source, and presently offered marriage. The young lady was surprised beyond expression. There was a consultation with the mother, and there was a protest of secrecy for a time, lest the betrothed should mortally offend the Doctor's parents and family relatives. And there was the cause of the whole trouble. It was finally arranged that Miss Margaret Fox—that being her name—should be provided with a private instructor until her betrothed husband should return from his second voyage to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin, so as to qualify her more thoroughly for taking the place in Philadelphia society for which, as his wife, he designed her. And, after all things had been definitely settled and the new arrangements duly entered upon, he sailed for the polar ocean where he reaped such a harvest of true fame.

To make the story short—for we do not care to trench any more than we can help on the contents of this most absorbing book—the Doctor came back, met Miss Margaret in New York, renewed his pledges, made his will, in which he left five thousand dollars as a "secret trust" to his brother for her benefit, acknowledged in the presence of witnesses that she was his wife and he was her husband, enjoined it on the witnesses to keep the matter secret until the May following, when the marriage was to be publicly celebrated and solemnized, and hastily set sail for England at the urgent command of his physician. So that, by the showing of these published letters and the plain testimony of the persons who witnessed the secret marriage, Dr. Kane was the husband of Miss Fox, and she is to-day his widow. But this the family continue to deny; and they would probably give half the fortune he left as the profit of his book on explorations, amounting, it is said, to one hundred thousand dollars, to have kept back this publication of his letters from the eyes of the world. They were very well aware that these letters were in existence, and his widow had at one time stipulated to give them up, and actually had given them up, on condition of their paying over to her the interest of her legacy quarterly, defraying the costs of the suit which they had already compelled her to bring, and allowing her, what was proposed by her, the sum of two thousand dollars. A third party held the letters; and it was stipulated that he should never suffer either side to touch them so long as Mrs. Kane was living, and the Kane family fulfilled their part of the contract; but in the event of their failing to pay a quarterly due, she was to have back the letters of her husband on making a demand for them. They failed to comply with the terms of the agreement, and she received her letters back again. The family prefer to keep the money which Dr. Kane willed to his wife, and Mrs. Kane is driven to publish the letters in vindication of her character and as a ready resource for providing means of subsistence.

This whole trouble is the fruit of nothing but an artificial and corrupting social pride. The Kane family assumed that it was demeaning to them for one of their number to marry a girl who happened not to be born in exactly the same social walk. Yet his letters everywhere confess to her possession of refined, exalted and truly noble instincts, which were hers in spite of circumstances and every thing else. It is a pitiful story, and should excite to shame all such as have ever set up a pretense of social superiority while they could demean themselves to such dictatorial middlemoresness. While so many couples are to-day seeking the public tribunals all over the country, for the purpose of annulling ties which, in too many instances, should never have been formed, here is a case of a couple of true and devoted hearts, whose lives were practically blasted by this tyrannical custom, or assumption, of what goes by the name of *society*; a machine which would appear to have been constructed rather for generating misery between sympathetic souls than for advancing true spiritual life and happiness. The contrast requires but to be named to excite such reflections as will sting many an individual into a condition far worse than that of impatience. Society ought certainly to be an arrangement for the promotion of the individual welfare; why is it that its rules and operations all appear to work as if that were the last matter it deluged to consider? And shall we never have a relaxation from so tedious a tyranny?

Physical Manifestations.

The Eddy mediums have met with complete success in this city during the past two weeks, as regards the physical manifestations of their sances. Some things have taken place a little out of the usual routine, which will be of interest to our readers, and, therefore, we will allude briefly to some of them.

One evening Wyzean Marshall, the celebrated tragedian, was chosen by the audience to be one of the committee for tying. He was assisted by Mr. Grace, a rigger by trade, and an expert in tying, also a lady. The dignity and fairness manifested by Mr. Marshall and the rest of the committee, preserved the utmost harmony among the audience, and, as a natural consequence, with the mediums also. Both gentlemen on the committee declared themselves thorough skeptics in regard to the spiritual phenomena, and were known to be such. After the committee had tied the mediums with the utmost care and fastened them down to bolts in the floor of the cabinet, the doors were scarcely closed before the musical instruments were sounded, and then as quick as the doors could be reopened, a thorough examination of the tying was had by the committee, who pronounced the knots and positions of the mediums to be precisely as they were when first tied. This process was repeated several times with the same results. At one time, before the doors were closed, a hand, projecting out from the cabinet, was seen by the audience as well as the committee, and, without proceeding further, they examined the tying, but could discover no change. This declaration won the hearty applause of the audience.

Mr. Marshall was tied and entered the cabinet with the mediums. On coming out he was called upon to report. He said the tambourine floated round overhead, sometimes resting on his head. The guitar was held up to his ear, and he felt a hand between the instrument and his face, snapping the chords, and various other manifestations. He was asked if he thought either of the medium's hands were loose and handled the instruments. He replied that he did not; he knew that neither of the mediums moved or had their hands free. He was quite positive on this point. He was asked if he believed it was done by spirits. He said if he could believe that the spirit of man, after it had left this earth, could return and perform such things as we had witnessed to-night, he might attribute it to spirit-power, but he could not bring his mind to believe any such possibility. He further stated that he was satisfied these things were done by some power outside of the mediums; what that power was he was unable to say.

The other gentleman expressed views similar to Mr. Marshall.

The table test was quite exciting. The entire committee used their utmost exertions to keep it down, but found it impossible to do so. It would move up and down and around the platform in spite of all the resisting power brought against it, while the mediums barely kept their hands upon it. The audience manifested their delight by hearty applause.

Mr. Marshall stated that while in the cabinet one of the mediums appeared to be in what is called a trance, and talked with him, and he asked permission to use handcuffs on the mediums, and it was granted. He said he would procure sets and bring them with him some other evening. The manager consented, saying he might do so any evening. He chose last Wednesday evening. There was a large audience present. The cuffs were placed on all the mediums, and the keys kept outside of the cabinet, yet the manifestations occurred in the cabinet as usual, to the gratification of a large portion of the audience and the utter astonishment of many. To satisfy some, a police officer was called upon to examine the cuffs before they were removed from the mediums, and he declared it to be an utter impossibility to slip them off the hand without unlocking. This test was too severe for the skeptics to get over or dispel to their satisfaction, and no doubt it will have the effect to somewhat moderate their flippant cry of "humbug."

An amusing scene occurred on Tuesday evening following. After successful manifestations in the cabinet, and the untiring of the mediums by the invisibles, a gentleman arose in the audience and pronounced it all "humbug," and said if he was allowed to do so he would tie the mediums so they could not get loose. The gentleman was announced as "Col. Fry, of California." Permission was given him, provided he did not injure the mediums. He then stated that if he could be allowed to tie "the woman" and place her in the cabinet alone he would do so, and not injure her, and if she got untied he would give her one of his silver mines in Nevada, or \$5000. The offer was immediately accepted by the lady, and the audience vociferously called upon "Col. Fry" to go upon the platform and keep his word. He declined doing so, much to the merriment of the company, but said he would be present the next evening and fulfill his engagement. The next evening came, but the operator in silver mines did not appear, nor "Capt. Palmer, of Nevada," who agreed to back up the Colonel to half the amount.

The mediums are to remain in this city during this week, holding nightly sances, in Mercantile Hall, 16 Sumner street.

Badges for Spiritualists.

A correspondent proposes that those who believe in the Religion of Spiritualism wear badges by which mutual recognition may be easy. This is just what Spiritualists oppose to others. They have had their say against white cravats, the streets, and all such ostentatious symbols of persons professing to be religious. Their creed relates to nothing but the heart and the life. "By their works ye shall know them," is the Spiritualists' motto. They would make all their badges spiritual badges. The poor, the suffering, the proud, the wretched, their enemies—the whole world, in fact—should know them by the tokens which they offer through the natural and unmistakable action of the spirit. Were Spiritualists to undertake to establish clanship now, they would lose their large vantage ground at once. They are professing to teach men that the object desired has hitherto been lost sight of, while the instruments employed to gain it have been made to take its place. Their doctrine is one that scorns the worship of forms for form's sake, and seeks to supplant it with simple devotion to the truth, the good, the noble, wherever found, whether in ivory or in rags, with a badge or without, in a church or not; and all tendencies to symbolism, as regarded hitherto, they labor to correct by every means in their power.

Moses Hall in Milwaukee.

We learn that Moses Hall has been engaged by the Society of Spiritualists in Milwaukee, Wis., to speak for them for one year. Moses is an able man, and will do much good work in advancing the cause of Spiritualism, which is always in the ascendancy there. His engagement commences the first of March, after which time his "Monthly Clarion" will be issued from that place.

"Having Earn, They Hear Not."

A friend encloses us, from Richmond, Indiana, an editorial slip credited to the "Christian Intelligencer"—but where located we are unadvised—which pretends to knock down poor Colchester again, fearing that the Buffalo Judge and jury did not put him where he would stay. The article in question may reasonably be believed to have come from any place but the noddle of a real "Intelligencer," since it is an open confession that the flippant and wretched writer knew nothing at all of what he descants upon with such glibness. In the first place it is not true, as the "Intelligencer" with the "Christian" prefix declares, that, on Colchester's trial, such men as John W. Forney, Members of Congress, lawyers and doctors, men of national reputation for wisdom and shrewdness, certified that he excelled all others in the wonderful feats that he performed, &c., &c. Neither Mr. Forney, nor a single member of Congress, nor anybody else of the least note or notoriety, made himself visible in Court on the occasion of the trial, to prove or disprove anything whatever; unless we accept the "wizard" Anderson, who was plainly understood to entertain a jealousy of Colchester, had an enmity against him, and supplied about all the "testimony" which, with Judge Hall's ignorant and prejudiced harangue to the jury, produced the verdict—not that Colchester was a "juggler" by any means, but—that he should pay a tax to the Government so long as he followed certain practices of which the jury professed to believe him guilty.

In the next place, this overwise and far too Christian "Christian Intelligencer" must submit to be told—a process, we take it, that it rarely goes through in connection with any subject—that the District Attorney distinctly declared, while making his professional effort to compel Colchester to pay a tax to Government, that the trial was in no sense an arraignment of Spiritualism, or of any man's religious belief. Over and over again he disavowed any such purpose in the plan of prosecution as to attempt to prove that the Religion of Spiritualism was not worthy of all men's belief and reverence; and the public journals of Buffalo and New York, in their reports of the trial and accompanying comments, were careful to respect the same plain distinction, the New York Herald particularly. It was reserved for a professed "Christian" paper, surmised an "Intelligencer," to pick up vile taunts and uncharitable slings which even the New York Herald disclaimed to touch, thus demonstrating how much purer is the influence of a "Christian" paper in a family than of one merely secular. The editor of this paper should have lived in the "witchcraft time." He is out of his age altogether. What yeoman service he would have loved to execute upon the helpless, inoffensive females who were convicted of witchcraft, on Gallows Hill, in Salem!

The Position of the Banner.

We are not overmuch given, we think, to remark upon ourselves, and when we do it the purpose is to benefit the reader rather than practice self-admiration. In fact, there is little reason, in a work like that in which we are engaged, why we should take praise to ourselves, or ask it of others. They who offer themselves for willing instruments in this great work can take no thought of themselves, as to what may be personally pleasing and grateful. But, in behalf of the great multitude who look weekly for the visit of the Banner, it affords us unequalled satisfaction to say, at this time, that it is steadily increasing in popularity, and, therefore, enlarging its field of usefulness. Its circulation, large as it is in the United States, is not confined to this country; it goes to Germany, France, England and Australia, and is regularly read and frequently quoted in the journals of those countries. The great brotherhood of Spiritualists in the United States will be glad to know this fact, since it is a substantial token of the rapid spread of our beautiful religion over the civilized earth.

The Banner aims to present, in theory and precept, the philosophy of Spiritualism. Although, for greater efficiency to this end, its pages are arranged in convenient apartments, each supplying what those consulting it chiefly look for, yet all are made to work harmoniously to but one end, and that the advancement of practical Spiritualism. It furnishes stories for old and young, original verses, essays on a wide variety of topics, editorial comments on all matters of current interest and importance that are related to Spiritualism and its progress among men, and so much of general intelligence as the readers of a journal of this character would desire. Its corps of correspondents and contributors embrace some of the most talented and worthy men and women of the time, all having at heart the spread of the exalting truths which they recognize in the faith of Spiritualism. The reader will see at a glance what the Banner's position is, and what its condition and influence. Never since its history began was it engaged in a wider and more responsible work than now. It needs all the moral and material support its friends have to give, therefore, in order to perform that work well. Not it alone, but the great cause is to be considered, when the question of sustaining it is raised. With that cause its whole existence has been most intimately connected; and never until it is abandoned of the friends will the Banner abate one jot of its industry and energy in spreading the truths of that ennobling and exalting religion which all professed Spiritualists devoutly love.

A Register for Lecturers and Mediums.

As a matter of information and convenience to all parties, we have procured a blank book in which to register the names of lecturers, mediums and friends in the spiritual ranks who visit our office from various parts of the country. Mediums residing in this city and vicinity are particularly requested to register their names, or send us their address and phase of mediumship.

A register is also kept at our Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York, for the above-named purpose, to which the attention of mediums in that locality is called.

Spiritual Meetings in Brighton.

In keeping with the spirit of the age, our friends in Brighton have resolved to hold free meetings on Sundays. They have hired Union Square Hall, and will hereafter have regular services at 2 and 7 o'clock p. m. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, a popular lecturer, supplied the desk last Sunday. The public are invited free.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

The Rev. Mr. Mountfort, a fine scholar and speaker, will occupy the desk of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in the Melodeon, next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis speaks there the two following Sundays of this month.

The Mercantile Library Lectures.

The next lecture of the course will be delivered in Mercantile Hall, by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, on Thursday evening, Dec. 22.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. E. Cress.

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

These Messages called spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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.

Mrs. CRESS gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m.

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, as night lays its darkness on the face of day; as stars veil their faces when the radiance of the sun appears, so would we lose our ignorance in thy wisdom; so would we veil our errors from the view of thy perfect life. Holy Spirit, one by one we would fling back our shadows, until at last we shall stand as perfected intelligences, full of the sunlight of perfect wisdom. One by one we would turn life's leaves in obedience to thy commands, until at last we shall know no more death, but shall be lost in thee. Oh Infinite Spirit of Truth, baptize us this hour with thy spirit. Take away all confusion, take away all weakness, darkness, take away all, oh Father, that crushes our spirits and makes us feel thou hast veiled thy face from us. For thine is all kingdoms, all honor, all glory, all power, all life, all death, forever. Oct. 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We propose now to briefly consider whatever questions you may desire to propound.

Ques.—If the things that are done by the Eddy Family are done by magicians or jugglers, what proof has the skeptic that it is spirit-power? or is there any reason because the magician does them, that they are not done by spirits?

Ans.—Those manifestations which claim to originate with the spirit may possibly be performed by persons known as jugglers, but if they are, these same persons possess the same occultistic power the Eddys possess. The skeptical world says the Eddys are humbugs and jugglers, but the honest-hearted Spiritualist knows better. The true and the false seem to walk hand in hand through life. They are ever wandering close together, and it is the business of human intelligence to draw a line between the two; to define that which is true, and that which is not true. These manifestations are presented to you, not that you may receive them without weighing them in the balances of your own reason, by no means. You are intelligences possessed of a certain amount of reason and wisdom. It is your business to use it in this case, as in all others.

Q.—Who is the truest teacher of morals and religion?

A.—The highest consciousness that the individual possesses, that is the truest teacher. There are as many teachers as there are consciousnesses needing teachers. You cannot all be taught alike; cannot all go to heaven over the same highway. Each must have a way of their own. You cannot see for me, I cannot see for you, the world cannot see for either of us.

Q.—How shall knowledge be made to take the authority of opinion in Churches?

A.—Authority is but the arbitrary law of mortal life. Opinion is but a name for human perception that all have a right to exercise. The Church, or the individual Churches, have a right to exercise their opinion, but no right to exercise that which you call authority. That means simply: I will govern you by force of might, not by right. This they have no right to do.

Q.—Is priestly influence against humanity?

A.—In one sense it is, in another it is not. There are certain minds that have need of priestly influence. It is not against those minds. There are certain other minds who have no need of this influence. It is against such. So, you see, in one sense it is good, in another it is what you call evil.

Q.—When persons talk in their sleep, is it the spirit that belongs to the body? or is it some other spirit that is in the form? or does it not make any difference? or can either have the control, the spirit in the form, or the spirit-out of the form? Was either conscious?

A.—That depends upon circumstances. The mediumistic forces might be controlled to speak during sleep, as well as at any other time. Generally, we believe, it is the indwelling spirit that claims the body, that speaks at such times.

CHAIRMAN.—S. B. McM., of East Fairfield, Ohio, sends the following inquiries:

1st Q.—Have spirits any adopted standard of comparison, by which to estimate the absolute or comparative amount or degree of anything whatsoever, as we in earth-life have of weight, dimensions, time, value, &c.?

A.—We have what corresponds to your measurement of time and things, that is all.

2d Q.—Has mind in the spirit-land the power of recalling, at pleasure, all events, thoughts, etc., that occupied its attention in earth-life?

A.—The recalling of events, past events, is dependent upon present circumstances, always, whether in the human body or outside of it.

3rd Q.—Have spirits the power of discerning, by spirit-sight, the absence of amputated limbs in living men and animals?

A.—Yes.

Oct. 23.

Ebenezer Williams.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This oft-repeated question, seems to have been fully answered by the manifestations or revelations of the present age.

That the spirit lives after death, is not a belief, but an absolute knowledge. That the man is the man, the woman the woman, and the child the child, is a truth that only ignorant minds will attempt to gainsay. There are many minds who have been elevated into an outside sphere of wisdom, who have no business there. They are simply wise in their own conceits. They have no right to live in that sphere of wisdom, for if they do they are all the time trampling upon the rights of others; are all the time asserting to the world

that their way is the right way, their wisdom is the wisdom.

In my time on earth I saw so much of this false wisdom, that I determined when I died, if I should be fortunate enough to return, that I would denounce it with all the powers of my being. I would not willingly put down any human soul from the standard they have reared for themselves, unless that standard interferes with the best good of humanity at large.

If an Abraham Lincoln interfered, in his goodness and great humanity, with the highest good of the nation, it was wise to remove him; it was wise to cut off the head of the nation, that it might be restored to health, even though that head is good in itself.

I lived here on earth over eighty years—eighty-four years and some months, I lived here. During the last few months of my life—which were months of hardship and severe trial, severe spiritual trial—I learned more in that time than in all the eighty years preceding those few months. Why? Because necessity, through suffering, drove me out into Nature and forced me to commune with God there.

When I saw my country at war; when I saw North and South arrayed in war with each other—they who should have joined hands in brotherly love; when I saw the spirit of war deluging even the Church, I went out of the Church; I went out into Nature and tried to find my God there, and I did find him. I was absolutely disgusted with religion that I thought had been so good; that religion I had been brought up in, that had seemed to be a stay to me I saw then in all its deformity; perhaps I did wrong in saying religion, for religion itself was in the right place; but religionists had no true religion.

When my son stepped down from the pulpit and went on to the battle-field to pray that the Southern rebellion might be a success; to pray that the force of might, not right, might be crowned with success, I thought that religion was a myth, or if it was not, then we had no religion. I told him that I felt as if the curse of Almighty Wisdom was upon us; but I, like himself, was only mistaken, for it was only a blessing of God; only a disguised good in order to liberate the slave, to set the captive free, and to teach human life that it was divine as well as human; and because it was, should learn peace and forget war.

Shortly after the war broke out, my son went into the Southern army as chaplain, or man to pray for those who could not pray for themselves. Oh, shame on humanity! I felt such an intense suffering in my spirit; such a loathing of life here, that my old age soon settled down into death, and I arose in the fullness of life, to find I was an immortal being, and could return and speak again through human life; that I could say to those who remained here, who were ignorant of the spirit's return: The great God of the nineteenth century is speaking to you! Hear him! Hear him! Beware how you turn your back on him! Beware how you close your doors upon him, for you won't harm the spirit, you'll only harm yourselves!

To-day I would say to my son, as I said the morning he came asking my blessing, "I can bless you, my son, but I cannot bless the spirit of War; for I'm not in harmony with it. You go upon the battle-field to pray that your cause may succeed. If you must needs go, go and pray that the departing spirits may learn how mistaken they have been. Go minister to their earthly wants and spiritual needs. In that I can bless you, but in nothing else."

I come back to tell him I live, that I have an interest in him and all humanity still; that I would speak to him, would talk to him, as I do here.

I am old, and yet I am young. I am dead, and yet I am alive. Comfort my son, and solve this problem; it is worth your while to do so.

Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Ebenezer Williams. Farewell, sir.

Oct. 23.

Walter Fitzgerald.

Walter Fitzgerald, private in Company C, 71st New York. On the company's rolls it will be found to be Warren Fitzgerald. But that's not my name; it was a mistake.

All the experience I had in this world was what I could get in eighteen years, which, of course, was not a great deal.

I have a mother and a young sister who are mourning my loss. I thought perhaps it would be well to come back and assure them I am very well off, and give them what consolation I could through this process of return. I am very glad that I chose the course I did choose. I'd like to have my mother know that I wasn't sorry that I entered the ranks, even when I knew I was mortally wounded. I should have been glad if I could have been taken home; but as that was out of the question, I very quickly resigned myself to my fate; thought if I died, I'd made up my mind I should be taken care of, and if anybody lived after going through death, all would.

I was a believer in a sort of a general fate of all. I never believed in a personal God, or a literal hell. I believed all the hell a person would ever know would be what was born of their own condition. I found in that I wasn't mistaken. Although my good mother used to try to believe in a literal hell and a personal Devil, yet I think it was no real belief after all. She had been taught so from her childhood, and, of course, it was hard to get rid of the idea.

I would like that my little sister Nellie, if she's not afraid to talk with her brother now that he is a spirit, I'd like to talk her. I can tell her some things that she'd be very glad to hear. And I should also be glad to talk with my mother, and give her some idea of this old world. It's impossible, I believe, for the freed spirit to convey a correct idea to the human mind of this world, but you can approximate to it.

I would like my mother to know that I've turned my attention from book-keeping to the keeping of my own spirit in the best way of life in the spirit-world. I find enough to do there, enough to learn, and enough who are willing to teach.

I have met my father but once; cannot tell why it is I have not met him more than once. But shortly after my change I met him; have not since. I do not know whether he would be glad to report or not.

I suppose the folks would like to know if I suffered much. Well, yes, some; but I got along very well with it.

Now if my folks will avail themselves of the usual means, I'll do the best I can to satisfy them that I live. Although the battle-field holds the body, it do not hold my spirit. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 23.

Mary Gredford.

Please to say that Mary Gredford, of Kennebunkport, Me.; wants to communicate with her friends; do not want to say what she has got to say here.

Oct. 23.

Georgianna Fries.

Georgianna Fries, sir. I was thirteen years old. My father is Rudolph Fries, and lives in Wash-

ington, D. C., and is a flute-maker. He's a German. My mother is an American. My mother is a medium, and I told her I'd come here.

I can make accounts there, and can talk, too, when she's still. I've been dead of fever since August. [Does your father know you can talk through her?] He knows she says so, but he has no faith. I got the promise last week of coming. I went and told my mother I was coming, and what day. Georgianna Fries. That's all I wanted to come for, sir.

Oct. 23.

Invocation.

Our Father, while the heavens are aflame with thy glory, and earth is murmuring praises to thee, we, thy children, would join in the glad anthem of praise. Though the dews of our earthly experiences are clustering like heavy mists around us, yet we will join in the anthem of praise, forgetting our humanity, and remembering only that we are of thee. Oh God, thy children here tell us that they are at peace. They tell us that the sword is sheathed, that the cannon's mouth is silenced, that they have done with war. Oh Spirit of Eternal Peace, we would ask for them that peace that means something more than the silencing of the sword, something more than a suspension of physical hostilities. Give them, oh Father, that peace that shall unite their souls as one. Give them to know that though they are many, still they are but one in thee. Give them to know that the blessings of this age are such as they shall appreciate in their inner lives. Give them to know that they are the outpourings of thy life upon them, blessing them in every department. Thou art calling them nearer to thee. Oh our Father, while thou art writing thy name everywhere, and baptizing all things with thy glory, oh, let thy children be conscious that thou art with them. Let them understand thee in sunshine and in shadow. Let them know thou art with them in all sorrow and in all joy. Let them know peace, such as means with thee something better than war. Let them know, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, that thou art dealing with them always. Let them know, oh Life, that there is no death. Show them that fadeless wreath of flowers that is bound around their souls, that can never taste death. Show them the faces of their friends who have passed beyond Time. Oh, show them, oh Father, that Promised Land they have so long dreamed of. Then they will praise thee. Then they will adore thee from their inner souls. Then as the sun, the moon, the stars, and all things praise thee, so will thy children praise thee. Oct. 30.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now answer whatever inquiries you may have from correspondents or the audience.

Ques.—By M. W., of Michigan. If, as Spiritualism teaches, God is the life of all things—or as the poet has it, "All things are parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul," why the disposition of one kind to slay and eat another? and why the disposition to inflict cruelties on, and war with one another?

Ans.—All life moves in cycles, consequently is perpetually repeating itself. Every cycle that succeeds its preceding cycle absorbs that preceding cycle. It matters not what it is, whether it is animal, vegetable, or spiritual life; or, in other words, greater things absorb less things. This has always been the law, and, in our opinion, always will be, and diversity is, and always has been the rule and not the exception.

Q.—By J. T. P., of Madison, Wis.: "I cannot quite understand why (I know it is possible others may) the invisibles do not fix upon some plan by which we shall be compelled to acknowledge the truth of their assertions with just as much completeness as we have had to acknowledge the existence of telegraphing, photographing, or any other scientific fact? The trouble seems to be that we are left, after all, and likely to be left to guess, question, and doubt whether what they say and what they show has any foundation in fact or not?"

A.—The infant is not generally born the full-grown man, but is born the infant, and progresses from infancy to childhood, from childhood to maturity age, and so on until it passes into the decline of life here. These spiritual revelations you will drink in as the earth drinks in the sunshine. But because the earth drinks in this autumnal sunshine to-day, you do not expect the flowers will bloom to-day as in spring-time. No; the earth drinks in the sunshine of autumn, the snows of winter cover it, the rains of spring fall upon it, and the warm, genial sunshine of spring is shed upon the earth ere the flowers bloom. And so it is with this Spiritualism. One by one life's leaves are turned; one by one your spiritual perceptions are opened.—If you were to receive all of this mighty truth, this grand science in a day, it might possibly sink you into oblivion. But Nature is exceedingly precise with you. So you receive by small degrees just as you are capable of receiving.

Q.—Some persons have been attempting to form a material organization of the Spiritualists in the United States. State whether in your opinion such an organization at the present time is generally desirable or practicable?

A.—United you are strong, divided you are weak.

Oct. 30.

Constantine Smith.

Mr. Chairman, it is now over twenty years since I parted companionship with the organized particles called the human body. At that time I was a soldier serving under the flag of the United States. At one time I was personally and somewhat intimately acquainted with a person you know as Jefferson Davis. He claimed to be a soldier as well as myself. He claimed, also, to understand somewhat of the laws relating to civil government. But he was, even then, not very slow in denouncing some of the fundamentals of the Federal Government. There was a something pervading his whole being that was decidedly—in my opinion—antagonistic to the Government that was sustaining him. I used to tell him that he was not half so patriotic as I was, although I was not born on American soil, but on the green shores of old Ireland. I used to tell him that if he allowed such ideas to grow, to come to maturity, to go out into active life, they would bring him to disgrace, and he who by intellect might be an ornament to his country, might be a disgrace to it.

But, true to himself, if false to his country, he has allowed those ideas to go out into the world; has allowed them to mature. One by one he has stimulated them instead of crushing them by the power of his intellect. One by one he has seen them go out into the world, like strong men, and made no resistance, until like an armed host they have returned to him, demanding that he go forth and lead the rebellion. He was absolutely compelled, under circumstances, to obey these powers he had sent out from himself. The fault lay in his not crushing those serpents when small and

young. He might have done it then though not in after years.

And to-day he stands charged with treason; to-day he is branded as a traitor; to-day he stands at the foot of the gallows; to-day he is what I always hoped he never would be, a disgrace to his country. I firmly believed then, as I know now, if he allowed these ideas to grow, that I should see him standing in disgrace. I see it, although he says I am dead. I understand why he is so situated, although he may understand that my intelligence has long since gone on, been swallowed up in the great whole.

I, for one, look upon him with pity. Although I would not look smilingly upon his offences—on the contrary, I would frown upon them—I pity the man. In his early years he had power to overcome those ideas; he may not so think, but I think he had. But, seeing that he did not use that power, but allowed it to grow, allowed the serpent to bring forth young, is it the duty of the nation to charge the entire fault upon him—Jefferson Davis? No, I think not, but rather thrust it back upon the mighty forces that propelled him to act. Rather charge it upon the Great Eternal Power who made him what he was. And yet for the well-being and satisfaction of those by whom he is surrounded, and particularly for his Government's sake, it is well that he be hanged. There are many reasons why I should like to speak to this man, why I should like to speak to him concerning the past and, still more, of that which is to come.

It would be well for him, and well for the nation, if he would pen down some of the incidents of his life—some of the incidents of his human life, that from them coming generations may learn a lesson. By this I mean some that are better known to himself than even to his most intimate friends. If he wishes to make reparation to the Government and the nation, he can leave no better legacy behind him; that he may be sure of. If he was conscious that persons who have passed on beyond death, could return, I should be very glad to shake hands and talk with him of that spiritual condition to which he is coming sooner or later. But as he has very little idea of these things I suppose I must wait until I meet him face to face, as I met him twenty years ago.

I am now, as I was then, Constantine Smith, a soldier under the American flag. Farewell.

Oct. 30.

Melissa Downs.

The fall before the war my father moved from Chesapeake City to Falls Church, Virginia. His name was Theodore Downs. He was first induced to move into Virginia on account of the death of my uncle, William Downs, and he bequeathed to my father certain possessions in Virginia which it was necessary he should see to.

When the war commenced, my mother and myself went back to Chesapeake City, and my father stayed there for the purpose of taking care of his property. But he thought he should either be forced to have all he had, confiscated, or join the Confederate Army. So he joined the Confederate Army and rose to Colonel, and at Ball's Bluff he lost a leg. Then he was wounded for service, but was held on detached duty. After he got better he was unable to send any letters across the lines to my mother. And in the meantime I was taken sick and died of inflammation of the lungs.

My mother was so indignant because my father joined the rebel army, and more because he took no means, she thought, to write her or to send her anything for her support, that she determined to live with him no more, or have anything further to say to him, seeing as I was dead, too. But I've come back here to-day to tell her that my father was not so much to blame. He wanted, as everybody else does, to save what he had. I know it's very wrong when you look at it in one way, but most everybody does it. And he thought he should lose all that he had if he did not join the Confederate Army, and bright prospects were held out to him if he did join it, so he did. Then, as I told you before, he rose to Colonel, and, at Ball's Bluff he lost his leg.

Since the closing of the war my father has returned to my mother, but she said to him, "Go back to the South, go back to that portion of the country you fought for. I want nothing more to do with you." That's very wrong, and if she'd stopped to think a moment she wouldn't have spoken so to him. My father was too proud to tell my mother the reason he joined the rebel army, although it was more for her sake and mine than his own that he joined the Confederate Army, for he thought, "If I lose all my property what will become of them?" But he was too proud to tell my mother so after what she said to him. Then he said, "She may go her way and I'll go mine." That's just like him. I don't know but what I'd said the same if it had been me.

But I've asked the folks to let me come here and see if I could not set matters right. My mother loved me dearly. And I know she's often thought if I'd lived, things would not have been as they are. Well, perhaps they wouldn't, because I should have been with her, and in that one thing they would have been different. But I want my mother to write to my father and tell him that I've been back, because I have been here; and I'll go to her any time she gets me a medium. I want her to write to him and tell him that I've been back; now that she knows how things are, ask him to forgive her being so quick. I know she won't want to do it, but it's right she should.

My mother's name is Melissa Downs. My name was Melissa Downs. I was always called Milly. If I had lived about three weeks longer I should have been ten years old. I hope I won't come for nothing, sir. That's all I've got to say now. I'm going. Good-bye.

Oct. 30.

Horace Elliott.

I am Horace Elliott, sir, of the 9th Maine, from Waterville, Maine. I was in my twenty-ninth year. I wound up the worsted here at Andersonville; see pretty hard times here; can't help thinking of 'em when I come back here and feel pretty much under.

The folks do not know what became of me, only that I was missing in action. I thought perhaps they'd like to know how I died, and, still better, to know I am come back and report myself, capt'n. I knew nothing about this coming back business before death; only once I saw a copy of "The Banner" in the hospital, and thought it very strange works anyway, but I didn't pay much attention to it, although I read it through and through till I got it most by heart, for I had nothing else to read. Never thought I should come back this way myself.

I was at Andersonville about little over two months, and if you ever want to see hell realized, all you've got to do is to pass through that crib and you'll see all the hell you want to. And as for the Imps of his satanic majesty that had control of it, if there's not a God that's smart enough to deal with them, I'm sure I shant attempt to do it, for its none of my business.

I told one fellow—and I come pretty nigh losing

my head at that time for it, and I did n't care if I did—I told him if the old cloven foot did n't get him and pick his bones I did n't see the use of having him; and I told him still more after that, that hell was n't hot enough for such as him.

But never mind, I'm over it now, and through with it, and their game aint up, some of 'em, most of 'em. [Do you know who the man was you made the remarks to?] No, I never knew. He was an undertrapper probably, used to driving niggers, and hunting down Union soldiers. Oh, I tell you what, it's a tough place to be in. If you do n't believe it, it's because I can't make you believe it without taking you to the spot, and I would n't if I could. [Are you aware the place is discontinued now?] Oh, yes, I'm aware of that.

Well, I should be very glad to have my dear old mother know I'm quite happy, quite satisfied; and now I'm a-going to turn my attention to what I should have liked to here, but couldn't because I had n't the means—I wanted to be master of the science of navigation. Now, you see I've got just as good a chance, just as good a will as any one else to learn it, for the same science that you have the outlines of here is carried on is and perfected in the spirit-world.

Now, that I've come back here and taken my start right, I know I shall be happy, and aint at all afraid of being sent below, for if I aint now I never shall be.

So my dear old mother and the rest of the folks may be satisfied about me, for I'm very well off, or if I aint now, I shall be very soon. Good-bye, sir.

Oct. 30.

Daniel Murray.

Well, sir, I am back here to see if I can hunt up me wife and child.

Now, I do n't know anything about this process of coming back, how much I can do, or how much I can't do. So I'll have to get a little information from yourself. [We shall publish what you say, and your wife will probably find you a medium.] Yes, sir. Well, sir, I suppose it's necessary for me to give some sort of a sketch of what I was when here.

Me name first is necessary, which was Daniel Murray, not Murphy, but Murray. I was the son of John Murray, an Irishman; you remember that, sir. But there was, at one time, some mistake about me name, and I was mis-called Murphy, it's not Murphy, but Murray. That's the name I was christened, married by, and I suppose it's the name I'll be known by.

By trade I was a tailor, what is called a jour. tailor. I put up the goose and shears and went into the army, to do what I could for this country. I have been in this country since I was about sixteen or seventeen years old, and I got so much attached to it, that if I was I back here again, sir, I'd fight till I died for it; yes, sir, I would, as an Irishman ought to, particularly every one that has come under the protection of the American flag. If they do n't defend it, they ought not to be protected by it.

Well, sir, I'm here to look after those I've left, as every other man should. I'm still attached to things that were dependent upon me when I was here, you see. Because I've lost me body and have gone out into this unseen world, it's no reason I'd lose me love for those I have here. No, sir, I'm just as much attached here as I ever was, feel just as much interest in them as I ever did. They do n't know it you know, do n't know it. That's what I want them to know. I'd like to get word to Mary, my wife, that's what I want, or, perhaps to her brother, Thomas McGuire; maybe to him; first to him, and then to her through him.

I'd like them to know that I am round, can come back; and there is a way by which she can get the money that's coming to her, without paying all she can get to the lawyers. They're a damned set, every one of 'em. I suppose there are exceptions. I know they used to say it took nine tailors to make a man, well generally it does, except in a few cases. But at any rate my experience with them has not been anything; but the most of those lawyers when you go to them, ask how can you prove that he is dead, and you must bring this proof, and that proof of his death, and you must do this and do that, advance me five dollars this time; and she working all the day to pay perhaps for what she'll never get.

Now, see here, what I want her to do, is this: write to Major McCarty, he was in the 73d New York, and he will tell her about the time of my being lost in action. He will give her sure proof of it, if she only writes to him.

If I could talk to her as I could to you, I'd say this to her, myself, but as I'm here and she's somewhere else, I'm very much like one whose working, as they used to say, for a dead horse. You know sometimes the jour. tailor gets turned out of doors and then he's obliged to go kicking for tack; that's what they call it, sir. They frequently go about kicking for tack. I'm very much in that situation, myself, so I do n't know as I'll meet her. I'll throw out a line, and if I get a bite it'll be a good thing; if I don't, I'll have to wait.

Now, she'll understand this; write to Major McCarty and he'll give her proof, without paying to these infernal lawyers everything they can get. [Where did you leave your wife?] In New York city; but oh, since then I can't locate her now. I can't see where she is. I do n't know whether it is the Romish religion that prevents me from finding her or not.

But I was told would I come here and start on material ground, get the requisite magnetic force, I would start right off from here. That is to be proved. I never believe anything till I have proved it. If I do find her, I'll come back here and tell you where to direct a paper. Much obliged to you. Good-day.

Oct. 30.

Alice Jarvis.

I am here to plead for the welfare of my children. I have two—whose ages are respectively four and six—on the earth.

It is near eighteen months since I left them. For the first few months they were kindly cared for; but since then my spirit has been in a state of wild unrest about them, for I know they are not happily situated. And because a mother's love goes beyond death, I am back here to-day.

There are circumstances attending my sickness and death, which I do not care to speak of here, but there is much I can speak of for good. When I first knew I could not stay here, I entrusted my little children to the care of one I believed to be trustworthy, but either that person has been forced to break words to me, or willingly done so.

Alice Jarvis is my name. I was the wife of Thomas Jarvis, of St. Louis. I would have him know that I am not satisfied with the home my children have found. I am not at peace about them.

If he would receive proof that I can return, let him seek out some available source. I will come

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Theodore Carney, of Mosby's, to his brother, William Carney; Sarah Jane Oldenham, to her mother, in Liverpool, N. Y.; Mary Ellen Oldenham, to her mother, in Liverpool, N. Y.; Rebecca Killoff, at present in Boston; Andrew J. Robinson, sportsman, killed to day in Norfolk, Va.; Carlisle Evans, of Lowell, Mass.

Friday, Nov. 1.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Ebenezer Halliday, of Old Boston, Eng., to his friends there; Joseph Brearly, of New York, to his mother, in New York; John Duff, to friends, in all cities; Maria Wayland, wife of John H. Wayland, of this city.

Saturday, Nov. 2.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Major-General Belgrave, of the United States Service; John Grey, to his friends, in Salem, Mass.; Alice Jones, ballet girl at the Vaudeville Theatre, to her mother, and her mother, to her father, in all cities.

Sunday, Nov. 3.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Frederick Whitte, to Leopold Whittie, to Sarah E. Ware, of Montgomery, Ala.; Albert L. Godfrey, to his parents, in Louisville, Ky.; Nancy Horton, of Newburyport, Mass., to her nephew, Alfred.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Wallace Wood, of London, England, to his friends there; Emily Stratten, to her mother, in Orange, N. J.; Charles Charters, of the Eastern States, to his friends, in all cities; George W. C. to his father, Albert Webster, of New York, to his friends, in all cities; Harry Edgerton, of New Orleans, to his friends, in all cities; Edward Everett, to Judge Edgerton, of New York City.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Lucy A. Garcia, to her son, in a Southern city; John Duff, to his friends, in all cities; Anna Calf, to her mother, in New York City.

Wednesday, Nov. 6.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Lulu Hooper, to her parents, in Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Louis Bridgman, to his parents, in Belchertown, Mass.; John C. to his friends, in all cities; Dora Edgerton, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her parents there.

Thursday, Nov. 7.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Madam Galt, to her friends, in all cities; Colonel Timothy H. Bradley, of the 7th Georgia Infantry, to his wife, Margaret; George D. Clark, to his mother, in New Orleans, La.

Friday, Nov. 8.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: The Spirit who controls the Edgerton family, to his friends, in all cities; Elizabeth Truman, of Rochester, N. Y., to her husband, Wm. C. Brooks, to Lieut. John Brooks, late on board the "Shenandoah."

Saturday, Nov. 9.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: The Spirit who controls the Edgerton family, to his friends, in all cities; Elizabeth Truman, of Rochester, N. Y., to her husband, Wm. C. Brooks, to Lieut. John Brooks, late on board the "Shenandoah."

Sunday, Nov. 10.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: The Spirit who controls the Edgerton family, to his friends, in all cities; Elizabeth Truman, of Rochester, N. Y., to her husband, Wm. C. Brooks, to Lieut. John Brooks, late on board the "Shenandoah."

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The debate, which occurred at the close of an exhibition by the Eddy Family, at the Parker Fraternity, was resumed, by appointment, on Friday evening, Dec. 1st, the question being, "What good has Spiritualism done?"

John Wetherbee was called on for the opening speech. He said he felt no inclination to defend Spiritualism. It was either a fact, or a fiction. I believe it to be based on fact. It is a truth and can take care of itself. I do not care whether there is one adherent, or one-million, I am there solid, or in chorus. I am not called on, in this discussion, to prove Spiritualism, or to endorse the Eddy Family, though I am able to do both.

The committee appointed that them, and reported that all was right several times during the evening, which was satisfactory. True, there is no profit or instruction in seeing tables move, or music made; or things knocked about and around. But, if these things are done by an outside, unseen power, then they are worthy of consideration, and that question is the greatest ever propounded to philosopher, scientist or scholar—unquestioned by any problem in commerce, finance, or social science.

I answer the question of debate as follows: 1st. Spiritualism has demonstrated immortality to thousands, there being no proof outside of it. 2d. By and through that subject, and no other, the old and young families, whose vacant chairs are in my house, are still alive; and being alive I shall live also with them in the hereafter. There is no question in the world of reform, or in the world of bread and butter, but what sinks into nothingness by the side of the simple question of A. D. 1865, to them and me, or whether a man who had passed away a hundred years ago is conscious of the events of to-day.

Modern Spiritualism has done a similar good to that wrought by Theodore Parker's teachings; it has been tonic, disintegrating, and has broken many false lights, and has put a rational construction upon the superstitious notions of the Bible, and made it attractive to the rational mind.

The popular majority have said that Theodore Parker's writings and teachings have done no good, but positive evil. The people have also declared that anti-slavery had done no good, but tightened the bands of the slaves, but now both are in a blaze of glory. So also, the time will come when all will endorse the truth of Spiritualism. Until that time we rest satisfied, sure that, for its age, it has done more good than any other idea which has shone into the world, since medieval times.

Mr. Hathaway followed in the negative. He said he was no opponent of Spiritualism, but ought to be considered its friend, for by his remarks he had given opportunity for its friends to advocate its claims.

If it be true, it will stand, if not, it will fall. What Mr. Wetherbee has said concerning its making my female friend insane, and the fact also of religion making people insane, does not help the matter much. Perhaps they are both evils; one thing, however, is certain: Christianity never made anybody insane. In regard to these physical manifestations, I do not believe they have a spiritual origin, and so I do not see the power underlying them which struck Bro. Wetherbee so forcibly. Nor do I see any good they have done; and I think the time will come when they will all be explained by a greater knowledge of the laws of mind.

Modern Spiritualism has brought no new truth to light. I knew a man, some time since, who presented me with a list of eighteen new truths revealed by Spiritualism alone. But, upon examination, I found every one of them to be older than the new revelation. And I question whether any one has been made better, or a single new idea introduced into the world by this movement.

Mr. Loveland was then called for, and on arising, said he did not come expecting to speak, not knowing the arrangements for the debate. He went into the subject like a master, and was very philosophical in his treatment of the question. He commenced by referring to Mr. Hathaway's case of the man who presented eighteen new ideas, or truths, as revealed by Spiritualism, and proved none of them to be new. He admitted that if modern Spiritualism had not revealed any new idea it was worthless. While, on the contrary, if it had given birth to one, and only one, the question was answered in the affirmative.

And if it can be shown that modern Spiritualism has evolved one idea distinctly new, one which has never been stated before, then may it claim the world's homage therefore. I affirm this to be the fact, and support the affirmation by stating the idea revealed by the New Dispensation, which is this: *The naturalness of spirit manifestations.*

I claim this for Spiritualism wholly. I have yet to see, or hear of the author, or teacher who has announced this idea prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism. Judaism, Christianity, and all other forms of religion have claimed the occurrence of various manifestations, but they were all assumed to be supernatural, or miraculous in their character. The Evangelical form of Christianity has accepted those recorded in the Testament, and rejects and denounces all the rest as demonic, or imposture; while, on the other hand, the rationalist, or the so-called infidel, sees the same reason for rejecting the whole, and on the ground of reason repudiates them in toto. He can find no good reason for admitting the miracles of Judea and condemning those of Greece and Rome. The religious world sees in them, the work of a Divine Providence, and the rationalist world, only hallucination and deception.

Modern Spiritualism here comes in and reconciles the world to itself. It affirms, and demonstrates by tangible facts, the actuality of spiritual phenomena, but it also shows that all these multifarious manifestations are natural, in that they are the product of human beings, dissolved of flesh, and acting through and with the forces, or impalpable agents, of Nature. There is, in our experience, the same class of facts asserted in the records of the ancient religions, aptly vouched for by the old interpretation—the supernaturalistic idea—is superseded entirely in our philosophy, whose mode of explanation is scientific, because its central idea is harmonic with nature. Now a new idea is a power among men, and it is impossible to foresee what it will finally accomplish. Logically the head and heart of the world is reconciled. We are not compelled, on the one hand, to ignore the palpable facts of sense, as is the rationalist, nor, on the other, are we forced to call the special agency of God to our aid in order to explain the over-recurring phenomena of human history. Consequently, we are at rest in ourselves. The vagueness of blind credulity, and the desert boldness of ultra rationalism give way, and are replaced by a faith resting upon demonstrated facts, and according with profoundest reason.

The Hon. Mr. Whiting followed on the negative. He said: I have come to a different conclusion from Mr. Wetherbee and the gentleman who has

just spoken. I have seen but few of what are called spiritual manifestations, and they have failed to convince me of anything except that an old saying may possibly be true, which affirms that "man is a liar from the beginning." I came here the other evening and saw the box, and the Eddys go into it. I heard the sounds called music, made while they were apparently tied; but I heard nothing and saw nothing to convince me that they were not jugglers, and very poor jugglers at that. Their performances did not equal those of many jugglers. Mr. Wetherbee has claimed these manifestations as proving immortality. I cannot see as they afford any such evidence; on the contrary, I am satisfied that the idea of immortality is belittled and confused by them. I apply the same argument to them which I did years ago to the miracles of the Bible. The utmost they prove is the existence of a power equal to their production. (The Spiritualists present heartily assented to this proposition of Mr. Whiting.) They, therefore, entirely fail to prove the immortality of man. All external manifestations must fail to convince any man of his immortality, unless he believes it in his inner consciousness. Indeed, the only proof thereof, is the inward consciousness. Man believes, because he feels himself immortal; that's all.

Mr. Lincoln spoke on the affirmative. He argued the good of Spiritualism from the fact that many sorrowful ones were made glad; many enslaved by bigotry and creeds had been made free, and the sick and afflicted had been made whole. He argued that the belief that our departed friends were around us and cognizant of our acts and thoughts, had a powerful tendency to make us better and thus do good. And what was thus fairly deducible as an inference, he affirmed as a fact, and hence, a proof of the good done and being done by Spiritualism.

A Mr. Wetherbee was then called on, who spoke some fifteen minutes or more against all the claims of Modern Spiritualism; and closed with an appeal to beware of this delusion. It was perfectly clear that he knew nothing of the subject, but very fluently reiterated the slang abuse so freely vented by the opposers of Spiritualism. He was rather amusing than otherwise, but shed no light upon the subject, being decidedly a dark lantern, and, in counterpart, had much to say of dark circles.

Mr. Wetherbee spoke again, reviewing some of the positions assumed by the negative. He recognized the honesty of the Hon. Mr. Whiting, especially in his statement that he had seen but little of the manifestations. That was evident from his speech. Mr. Wetherbee explained the sense in which he used the term immortality. In the absolute sense, God himself could not demonstrate it, for it would require eternity to do it. But he used it to signify future existence—the soul's conscious life after the body is laid off. This is what Modern Spiritualism demonstrates, and it is the only evidence we have of continued life in the hereafter.

Mr. Loveland also spoke again, saying: There are two aspects of this subject. The superficial mind views it in its phenomenal aspect only, while the philosophical mind inquires at once for the ideas suggested. It seems to me that those who have spoken in the negative have confined themselves almost entirely to a mere cursory view of some few instances of phenomenal manifestation. I recur, therefore, to the position assumed in my first remarks, to wit: Modern Spiritualism has evolved in, or revealed to, the human consciousness a new idea: *the naturalness of spirit manifestations.* No one has shown, or attempted to show, that this idea has had an existence or expression prior to, or outside of, our movement. Now let us see what is the value of this idea in the solution of the ever pressing problem of human existence. On the one hand we have the religious world with all its multitudinous array of sects and forms, representing the aspirational and spiritual side, or attributes of humanity. It abounds, in all ages and among all the peoples, with countless instances of strange and marvellous phenomena. The religious sects have classified them as divine, in part, and the rest, because of inability to comprehend, they term demonic or imposture. Christianity, as interpreted by the sects of our Protestantism, declares the miracles of Catholicism, as well as those of Paganism, to be imposture, if not demonic. And why? Because it goes that there is an imperfection attaching to them which it cannot attribute to the All-Perfect One. But the rationalist, on the other hand, sees these same marks of imperfection in the whole series, from first to last, and, therefore, he ascribes the whole to imposture, illusion, hallucination, imagination, anything, in fact, which will ignore the idea of an origin in the spiritual realm of existence. As Mr. Whiting has said, "They only evidence a power equal to their production." Very true; and it is self-evident that the Allmightiness of Deity is not requisite for their production. Human, finite beings, operating through and by the impalpable agents of Nature, are equal to their manifestation. This statement reveals the antagonism between the men of faith and the men of reason. And it also discloses the subtle yet fearful contest waged in the bosom of every earnest, thoughtful man. His intuitive, aspirational or religious nature, on the one hand, stretching away into the realm of the unseen, the eternal, while the relentless logic of the intellect proclaims death and darkness to all these budding hopes and flowering aspirations.

How will you reconcile the battling hosts? How harmonize the doubting, hoping, fearing and tortured soul of the individual man? You have never done it. Theodore Parker, Emerson, with their noble compeers in the field of mental emancipation, have all failed in solving this vast problem—the relation of time to eternity—of man on earth with the invisible spiritual future. All the attempts made thus far, have only resulted in multiplying sectism and cultivating antagonism of thought. In this grand climacteric period of human history, Modern Spiritualism appears upon the stage, and claims to be the Interpreter and Reconciler. With a broader faith, and a profounder reason, it essays the solution of the heretofore defiant problem of faith and reason. With reverence, it sees and admits the mass of facts, which, like star gleams, light the pathway of the toiling ages; and in the revelatory radiance of its own phenomena, declares them to be the material exponents of a living, conscious personality behind them. It thus accepts the core of all religions. But, instead of falling down in the wild delirium of joy, or fear and saying God has come down to earth, it recognizes reason as the supreme monarch of the human faculties, and, in its normal exercise, freed from superstitious fears, it finds all this vast aggregate of seeming strange and weird phenomena to be the natural product of men and women, who have passed from the seen to the unseen life. Thus Reason is not outraged by the monstrous supposition that Deity violates, suspends, or overrules his own established laws; or that he specially and particularly interposes to rectify the wrong, or defective working of his own providence. Thus the spiritual idea, while it relieves the reason from the monstrous and absurdity of the supernaturalistic mode of interpretation, leaves intact the great

fact of spirit-life, and spirit manifestation. It retains all the sweetness and beauty of all religions, sloughing off only the crudities of imperfect, or superstitious interpretations; while, at the same time, it empowers and divinizes the Reason by making it the expounder and measurer of all spiritual, as well as natural things.

Here is harmony! This, is indeed reconciliation. The deep, soul-voice of hearts, bereaved, is here answered, as it sends its prayer into the great unknown, by the cheering voice of the angel-life, while the tormenting doubts of the ages are dissipated on the threshold of a demonstrated future. Spiritualism is the only universalism—it alone is truly catholic. It embraces all the creeds of all religions and only strips them of the tattered, filthy garments of their superstitious interpretations. Is there no good in this? What else can accomplish this work, and adjust man's "warring attributes" in peaceful harmony? We ask then, not to have judgment passed upon Spiritualism by the success, or failure of any particular phase of phenomenal manifestation, and appeal from such a form of trial to the broad field of philosophic thought. Ideas move the world. Facts are but the outer symbols of ideas. The phenomenal facts of our movement are, simply and only, the exponential indices of the real power—the divine ideas, which constitute their incarnating life. I have pointed you to the fountain of good, you can follow from thence, the outgoing rivers of beneficence, which flow therefrom, through all the fields of human thought and experience.

The speech of Mr. Loveland elicited the applause of the audience.

Mr. Whiting restated some of his positions, and reaffirmed the impossibility of believing in immortality without an inward consciousness of the same. Mr. Whiting was evidently unaware of the fact that all intelligent Spiritualists occupy the same position with himself on that point; just as he also overlooked the fact, that the inward consciousness is utterly incapable of giving a full and true interpretation of itself in the understanding, until certain outward facts are comprehended. This inward consciousness, has borne witness to every superstitious form of religious manifestation, from Fetishism to Adventism.

The debate then closed. It was a very interesting one. The Spiritualistic side was the best sustained. They had the facts and the knowledge, and gave evidence of close investigation and study into the phenomena and the philosophy of the subject. On the other side were able men, and all they needed was knowledge of the subject. Having seen but little or nothing, and doubting the assertions of those who had, their arguments seemed to point to something like this: viz: they had seen nothing, and per se, there was nothing.

Correspondence in Brief.

From Auburn, Ohio.

During the excitement that attended the advent of Modern Spiritualism meetings were frequently held at Auburn Corners, but have been discontinued for several years. Last Sunday a very small but appreciative audience assembled in the school-house to hear Mrs. Lois Walbrooker. She is a pleasing and a powerful speaker, and her lectures evoked a high order of talent.

An amusing incident occurred, which I must relate: While Mrs. Walbrooker was speaking, an old Baptist gentleman and his wife, both intensely bigoted and sectarian, entered the house expecting to hear a Methodist sermon. Soon as the old lady heard the word "medium" she left on "loose quick." A few minutes later the old man suddenly departed. They have yet to learn that Christ was a medium, and that the "miracles" which he wrought were but manifestations of spirit-power such as thousands have witnessed in the last fifteen years.

Fraternally yours,
Geo. Wm. Wilson.

Crown Point, Ind.

We are bound to sustain the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, but we pioneers will not forget our old friend the Banner. Both ought to be well supported, and so far as we are concerned they will be. I am building a hall, which is nearly completed, and it will be for the use of all reformers who are forbidden the use of the popular churches. I have built it with a special view to the accommodation of spiritual lecturers, whom we desire to call upon us, and if we do not pay them as much as they ought to have, they will be sure to get something more than a hearty reception and an hospitable entertainment. We are located on the line of the Chicago and Great Eastern Railway, (formerly the Cincinnati and Chicago Air Line Road), forty miles from Chicago.

Wishing all the success your great efforts for the good of man everywhere, as, ever, thine for all truth and universal freedom,
J. H. LUTHER.

Crown Point, Ind., Nov. 27, 1865.

Message from Major Henry O. Johnson.

ED. BANNER—Will you please to publish the enclosed message, given through a trance medium of this place, in your message columns?

Yours for Truth,
M. J. SMITH.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5, 1865.

"I come here to let my friends know that I am still alive and can come. My name is Henry O. Johnson. I used to live in Delaware, Wis. I went out in the fall of 1861, as Captain of Co. A, 10th Wis. Vol. Inf.; and was afterwards promoted to Major. Was shot through the heart at the battle of Perryville, Ky. Was under command of Gen. Buell. I would give facts more extensive, only I am sure my friends will recognize me by this. I have a mother and sisters living; they read the Banner of Light. I would like to send these words to them. Good-bye."

Colorado.

Spiritualism here in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, is gradually moving on with that speed usually attending it, wherever it is recognized. We find it creeping into the liberal Methodist pulpits, much against the wish or inclination of the majority of that popular sect, causing many of them to suspect that their preacher, the Rev. Bro. V., pastor of the M. E. Church, of Central City, is far too liberal, when he says that whatever a man believes, in sincerity, that he is justified before God and the world. They are also much alarmed at his expression, "That he did not consider Spiritualism unphilosophical or unreasoning, for he believed in the communion of spirits; and that he believed that his mother influenced him continually, as a bright spirit, adding him in the ministry." We have hope for such men; though the brethren of his Church "brand" the Spiritualist as infidel. More anon.
I. K. J.
Nevada City, Colorado, Nov. 14, 1865.

Miss Harthan in Ohio.

The people in this region are being stirred up a little, by the appearance among us of Miss A. Harthan, who is stopping at Akron, causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. Her rooms are crowded from morning till night, and have been for six weeks, and are crowded in increasing daily. I think that with the assistance of the wise, she is doing a great work in spite of all opposition.
J. C. S.
Copley, O., Dec., 1865.

Peace Meeting.

An Informal Conference concerning Peace, will be held in Boston on Tuesday, December 12th, at ten o'clock A. M., in Room 4, 128 Washington street. Distinguished friends of the cause will be present. It is understood that an organization is contemplated to take the place of the old American Peace Society, probably in new form and character.

Two Days' Meeting.
The Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek, N. Y., will hold a two days' meeting at their hall, on Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of December. Bro. J. M. Peabody and other speakers will be present.
H. O. LOESSER.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston—Metropolitan—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualism will hold meetings on Sundays, at 7 1/2 and 7 3/4 o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peabody, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Dec. 20 and 21. The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

Charlestown—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have commenced a series of free meetings, at the hall at Mechanics Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by Mr. James B. Hatch, (to whom all communications must be addressed), assisted by a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Many good speakers have been engaged, who will lecture during the season. The public will please take notice that these meetings are free, and all are invited to attend. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Melville Temple Brigham during December.

Lowell—Spiritualism hold meetings in Lee street Church, after 7 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Wood during December; J. G. Fish during January; Susie M. Johnson during February; and J. M. Peabody during March.

Haverhill, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturers engaged—J. M. Peabody, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Dec. 26 and 27; J. G. Fish, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Dec. 30 and 31; Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 22 and 23.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, after 7 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Wood, Dec. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Jan. 7 and 14; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Jan. 21 and 28; and Feb. 4 and 11; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Feb. 18 and 25; Mrs. Mary M. Wood during March.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Union Square Hall, Sundays, at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M. Good speaker engaged.

Taunton, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Wood, Dec. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Jan. 7 and 14; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Jan. 21 and 28; and Feb. 4 and 11; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Feb. 18 and 25; Mrs. Mary M. Wood during March.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Worcester street, at 7 o'clock, every Sunday forenoon and evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged—J. G. Fish during December.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Wood, Dec. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Jan. 7 and 14; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Jan. 21 and 28; and Feb. 4 and 11; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Feb. 18 and 25; Mrs. Mary M. Wood during March.

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