



### Written for the Banner of Light. A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

The war is past, like a horrid dream,  
But leaves its crimson stains;  
The wound has closed with a ghastly scar,  
And the virus still remains.

Gull o'er this lovely Eden-land  
The serpent's trail is seen;  
The stain of blood will not fade out  
While a million graves are green.

The deadly seeds of mortal hate  
Are scattered far and near;  
Our very Bibles smell of blood!  
Oh, Christ! thou'rt wanted here!

Lo! some are maddened with revenge,  
And some grow dark with doubt;  
Come down, oh, blessed Son of God,  
And drive the demons out!

Oe Christian men, and women, too,  
Who worship one true God,  
Can ye not walk again in peace  
The path your fathers trod?

Why hate ye so your fellow-man,  
While all must pardon crave  
When summoned by the angel, Death,  
To the land beyond the grave?

Ah, when we cast aside the veil  
And turn our eyes within,  
Can we presume the stone to throw,  
Or judge a brother's sin?

Why should we still "damnation deal  
On each we judge our foe?"  
What knew we of the hidden cause—  
The Fate that made them so?

As pure, white light through colored glass,  
Truth glimmers through the soul,  
And gives a glimpse, in broken parts,  
Of one grand, perfect whole.

To some 'tis red; to others green;  
And so each one believes.  
But truth, like God, is ever one;  
'Tis man's weak sight deceives.

How shall I judge my fellow-man  
With mortal sight so dim?  
What seems to me a cloud of lies,  
May shine a star to him.

Oh, burning words that haunt the soul!  
Oh, wisdom deep and true!  
The words that fell from Jesus' lips—  
"They know not what they do!"

Could higher beings from the stars  
Our poor, frail natures scan,  
How piteous would he seem to them—  
This puny creature, man!

A poor, blind worm, e'en at the best,  
A jeweled soul adorns,  
While blindly groping for the flower,  
All mangled by the thorns!

God of our fathers, hear our cry!  
Our blind eyes cannot see  
Save us, or we perish, Lord!  
We place our trust in Thee!

Washington, D. C., 1866.

### AN INDIAN POEM.

The following sweet little poem, dear BANNER, was addressed to me through the mediumship of Mrs. M. B. Farr, of Walpole, N. H. A few days before the poem was written, Mrs. F. was controlled by a spirit purporting to be Swanawansie, an Indian maiden, who said she would be with and aid me in my efforts to cure the sick.

Rockland, Me., June 14, 1866. G. W. KEITH.

Swanawansie, the beautiful maiden,  
The dark-browed spirit of truth,  
Looks lovingly over your shoulder,  
And has watched o'er your earliest youth.

She comes when your spirit is saddened,  
And lifts the dark veil from your brow,  
Then gives you the happy assurance,  
That angels are guarding you now.

She is strong in her God-given mission  
Of good to the children of earth,  
Revising the health-giving blossoms,  
Now drooping in darkness and death.

She brings you the flowers she has gathered,  
Of Wisdom, of Truth and of Love,  
And crowns you with garlands of beauty,  
Just plucked from the gardens above.

She whispers, softly and sweetly,  
Of work in the future for you;  
When shadows come over your pathway,  
Swanawansie will ever be true.

Then listen, dear friend, to her teachings,  
And look to the bright land of Light;  
Never thinking to gather instruction  
By groping in Error's dark night.

October 30, 1865.

### ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine!  
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
All's well whosoever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.

### Literary Department.

### THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE,  
BY CORA WILBURN, EXPRESSLY FOR  
THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[Continued.]

#### The Legend of the Spectre Bridegroom.

On the following evening there were assembled the first Winter party at Herr Dantes's hospitable mansion. It was the custom for the best families of the little city to entertain each other once a week in a social and simple manner, with music, song, conversation, games and merriment, so as to pass pleasantly the long evenings. Let it be observed that cards were not included in the games; they were left to those who preferred them and their attendant scandal, for the more enlivening and social amusements.

But that evening, no one thought of music or song, play or dance. Many saw each other for the first time that winter in the friendly circle. There was much to tell, and as three days would bring around the first Advent, we may be assured that the staple of conversation was the Spectre visitant. The young ladies turned up their pretty noses and pretended total unbelief. Some were glad to possess no intended husband; others felt their poor hearts sorrowfully contract, as they thought of the somebody so dear to them. The elderly ladies were of one accord; that it was impossible that the legend could have originated from nothing. The young men were all, without exception, unbelievers in the popular superstition. Some of them wished the spectre might appear and put their heroism to the proof. A few old gentlemen warned the young boasters, and threatened them laughingly. Several young ladies joined in the warning, and it gave occasion to much laughter, wit and drollery.

"But," cried the host with comical remonstrance, "what kind of amusement is this? Wherever I put my head, it is 'spectre guest,' right and left it is 'spectre and ghost.' Is that a fitting entertainment for my living guests? Away with it, I say! Let us have livelier conversation; no more talk in the corners; no whisperings about the dead!"

"I am of the same opinion," said one of the invited gentlemen. "It is better to have the commonest game of forfeits. If Herbesheim had no more to fear from the living than from the centennial visit of the spectre, we might be assured that the heads of our fair ones would never be turned."

"I should like to know how the nursery tale first came into the world," remarked a young councillor. "The legend is as bare as a skeleton; there is no incident connected with it out of which a ballad or a romance could be formed, so that it might be made of some use."

"On the contrary," responded Waldrich, "the legend of the Spectre Bridegroom as it was, and as I heard it in my boyhood from an old fosterer, is too long and tedious a narrative to suit our time. That is why it has been forgotten, and it is right that it should be."

"Do you remember the story?" demanded several with eagerness.

"I remember it dimly," he replied.

"Oh you must tell us!" cried the young girls, thronging around him. "Pray relate the story, we entreat you!"

No excuses would suffice; the gentlemen urged the pleadings of the ladies; all drew their chairs closer together. Waldrich was compelled, against his will, to narrate the legend as he had received it years before from the old fosterer. He embellished the story as best he could on so short a notice, and thus commenced:

"It is fully two hundred years ago since the beginning of the thirty years war; since the Elector Frederick of the Palatinate placed upon his brows the crown of Bohemia. But the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholics of Germany, resolved to again conquer the crown. The great, decisive battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, took place. The Elector Frederick lost the battle and the throne. With the speed of lightning the tidings flew throughout the land. All the Catholic cities rejoiced over the downfall of the unfortunate Prince, who had only held his rule for a few short months, and who on this account had been named 'The Winter King.' It was known that he had fled from Prague in disguise, with but few followers. This was known to our beloved ancestors in Herbesheim, two centuries ago. They indulged as much in the relation of city and State news, as do we, their worthy descendants; but at that time, people were not more religious than now, but a great deal more bigoted and wild on religious views. The joy occasioned by the defeat of the 'Winter King' was about as unbounded, and far more violent, than a few years ago the joy of the present generation at the flight of Napoleon."

Three beautiful maidens sat together, chatting of the 'Winter King.' They were intimate friends, and had an intended; that is, each one had a lover to herself, or else they could not have been friends. The name of the first was Veronika, the second Franziska, the third Jakobea.

"The king of the Heretics should not be permitted to leave Germany," said Veronika. "As long as he lives, the monster of Lutherism will thrive, and will not cease to cause destruction."

"Yes," cried Franziska, "whoever kills him, will have a reward from the Emperor, from the Elector of Bavaria, from the holy Church and the Pope, and can confidently rely upon a place in heaven."

"I wish," said Jakobea, "he would come to our city. Oh, how I wish it! He should die by

my lover's hand! And my intended would receive a Count's title at the least!"

"The question is whether he would be willing to make a Countess of you. He has not courage enough for such an act of heroism," said Veronika.

"My intended husband, at one glance from my eyes, would seize his sword and stretch the 'Winter King' lifeless to the ground! And the Countship would be taken away before your very face."

"Do not boast so loudly, beh of you," retorted Franziska; "my lover is the strongest of them all. Has he not been in war as a Captain? And if I commanded him to strike down the Grand Turk on his throne, he would do so to my bidding. Do not hope too confidently for the title."

While the three maidens were thus discussing their future honors, there was heard a tumult of voices and the tramping of hooves on the street. The young girls flew to the window, and looked out into the storm. It was fearful weather; the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind swept wildly, threatening destruction to all within its reach.

"The Lord have mercy!" ejaculated Jakobea. "Whoever is on the road such a day as this, does not travel for pleasure."

"But is driven by bitter necessity," said Veronika.

"Or by an evil conscience," added Franziska. On the other side of the street was the Linden Inn. Thirteen travelers dismounted there, and while twelve of them stood by the horses, the thirteenth, who was clad all in white, entered the Inn door. In a little while the host with his servants made their appearance; the horses were conveyed to the stable, the gentlemen led into the house. Despite of the storm, a crowd gathered to look at the strangers and their fine horses. The finest animal belonged to the gentleman in white; it was of milk-white luster, and adorned with splendid trappings.

"If that should be the 'Winter-King!'" cried the three maidens; and they looked at each other with a fixed and meaning gaze.

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, and the three affianced lovers of the maidens entered.

"Know you," cried the first one eagerly, "that the fugitive 'Winter-King' is within our city walls?"

"What a good capture could be made there!" said the second.

"Fear is plainly visible on the haggard face of the man wearing the long white coat!" said the third.

The three maidens looked at each other with delight. Again they searched each other's souls with a fixed and prolonged gaze. Suddenly, the three clasped hands and said: "yes, it shall be a compact! All three and unsharred!" They loosened their hold, and each one turned to her betrothed.

Veronika said to hers: "If you allow the 'Winter-King' to leave our city walls alive, then will I rather become his mistress, than my loved one's lawful wife. So help me, God and his Holy Saints!"

Franziska said to her lover: "If you allow the 'Winter-King' to live over the coming night, I vow myself unto death rather than to you; and forever shall you wait in vain for our marriage day. So help me, God and his Holy Saints!"

Jakobea spoke: "The key to my bridal chamber is lost, now and forever, if by to-morrow, you, as my faithful knight, do not bring to me your sword, crimson with the life-blood of the 'Winter-King.'" And she repeated the oath her friends had taken.

The young men were at first affrighted at such a proposition; but the brides were lovely and enchanting, and in the fervor of their love, they promised to do their bidding, and that the heretic king should not behold the rising of another sun. The lovers took leave of the exultant maidens, and bent their steps toward the Linden Inn. They inquired of the host which of the strangers was the king, and whether he occupied the best chamber. Every room in the Inn was familiar to them. Meanwhile the young girls sat together, and spoke of the eternal fame and honor about to be gained by their chosen ones.

Before daybreak, in the midst of the still raging storm, twelve of the travelers awoke in haste. The thirteenth lay dead in his bed. On his body were three mortal wounds. No one knew who he was; but the host assured every one it was not the king. And he was right, for the Winter-King escaped, as is well known, and arrived safely in Holland, and lived for many a year afterward. The dead guest was interred the same day, but not in consecrated ground by the side of good Catholic Christians, but as a probable heretic he was buried for Christian charity in an apart spot, without ceremony or display.

With much anxiety the three brides awaited the coming of their lovers, but they came not. They sent for them, but no one had seen them since the midnight hour. Neither the host of the Inn, nor any of the servants there could tell who had become of them, or whether they had gone.

Then the maidens wept bitterly, and regretted the fatal command they had given to their brave and handsome suitors.

Jakobea blamed herself the most, for she had first originated the plan, and had expressed it to her friends. Two days had elapsed, the third was drawing to its close, yet neither the brides nor the parents of the young men had heard of their whereabouts.

There was a knock at Jakobea's door, and a tall, distinguished-looking man entered, and asked for the young girl, who was weeping beside her father and mother. The stranger gave into her hand a letter, which, he said, a young man had given to him on the road, to be delivered to her. Oh, how joyously leaped the heart of Jakobea! The letter was from her betrothed.

It was almost dark, and the mother brought in two lights to read the letter by, and to obtain a

better view of the stranger. He was a man of about thirty; of tall, slender figure, clad all in black; and, after the fashion of the times, wore a black hat with nodding plumes, a large lace collar around neck and shoulders; by his side, a sword with handle of gold inlaid with precious stones; and from his fingers glistened gems of great value, and of every hue. His face was noble and attractive, but pale, almost lurid; and this paleness was enhanced by the black attire. He sat down, and Jakobea's father read the letter to her. It contained these words:

"We struck the wrong man! Therefore, loved one, farewell; for I have lost the key to thy bridal-chamber. I go to join in the war against Bohemia, and will seek me another bride, who will not demand of me a sword crimson with murder. Console thyself as I have done. I send back thy ring."

The ring fell out of the letter upon the floor. When Jakobea heard that cruel message, she wept and almost fainted; then she recovered herself, and showered invectives on the faithless one. Father and mother sought vainly to console the poor child, and the stranger paid her much attention.

"If I had known," he said, "that the young recreant had chosen me for bearer of such a communication, as sure as I am the Count of Graves, I would have given him a Saint John's blessing with my sword! Wipe away your tears, beautiful maiden; one nearly drop upon those rosy cheeks should suffice to extinguish every vestige of love for one so unworthy."

But Jakobea could not cease to weep. The Count withdrew, obtaining permission to call upon the lovely sufferer on the following day.

He kept his word, and came punctually; and when he was alone with the maiden, he said to her:

"I could not sleep the past night, remembering your beauty and your tears. You owe me a smile, so that my pale face may again receive a rosy tinge."

"How can I smile?" replied she. "Has not the faithless one returned my ring, and broken my heart?"

The Count took the ring and threw it out of the window.

"Away with it!" he cried. "How gladly will I replace it with a better one; and he took off one of his most valuable rings, and laid it on the table before her. "How gladly would I give all these, and to each one is attached a wealthy heritage."

Jakobea blushed, and pushed back the dazzling ring.

"Do not be so cruel!" entreated the Count; "for now that I have once seen you, I never can forget you. Your betrothed has discarded you; do you the like in your turn. That is a sweet revenge. My heart and my title I place at your feet!"

Jakobea would not listen, yet she owned in her heart that such a revenge would be sweet indeed. The Count talked long and persuasively. His manner was fascinating, though he was not as handsome as the lost one; his face was too changelessly pale. But his conversation was so agreeable that this peculiarity was soon forgotten.

And as all things have their time, Jakobea ceased to weep, and sometimes she smiled at the witty sallies of the Count of Graves.

The presence of this wealthy gentleman soon became known throughout Herbesheim; for he had servants gorgeously apparelled, and was fond of ostentatious display. It was soon known, also, that the Count had brought Jakobea a letter from the absent betrothed. When Veronika and Franziska heard of this, they hastened to their friend, and besought her to ask the great man whether he had seen their lovers, or brought any tidings of their whereabouts and condition. Jakobea inquired of the Count, and he promised most graciously to visit her friends, to judge himself, from their description of the absent ones, whether he could give them the desired information. She herself was more amiable than usual toward the Count, for she had reflected, and came to the conclusion that she had only to stretch out her hand to seize the title she longed for. She showed the costly ring to her parents; and when the Count asked permission to present a gift to their daughter, their eyes opened wide with astonishment on beholding the offering, which consisted of a cross of diamonds attached to seven rows of pearls.

Father and mother said to one another, "Such a son-in-law will suit; we must not let him escape us."

They spoke much to their daughter, and allowed her to be often alone with the generous Count; they waited upon him with cake and wine, and did all in their power to promote a speedy engagement. He rewarded the hospitality of the parents with rich gifts; and Jakobea resolved at length to arouse the envy of all her acquaintances by accepting the title and all its attendant splendors.

But the Count was a practiced deceiver. When he saw Veronika he deemed her more lovely and enchanting than the beautiful Jakobea; when his eye rested on the golden-haired Franziska he thought the others plain by comparison with her. He told the fair Franziska and the golden-tressed Veronika about the same tale regarding their absent and silent lovers. He said he had found the three bachelors at an inn, laughing and flirting desperately with two young girls. They were going to the war against Bohemia, and when they heard he was going through the city of Herbesheim on his travels, one of them had written the letter to Jakobea, and besought him to deliver it. But the other two had laughed and said 'they had better business to attend to in the company of pretty girls, than writing letters. And, if you will take the trouble, tell the girls at home that we send back their betrothal rings. They sent us out on an evil mission. They shall console themselves with whosoever the rings fit better.'

To Veronika the Count declared the ring fitted him perfectly; and to Franziska he vowed the

ring must have been made expressly for him. He consoled both forsaken maidens for the falshood of their unworthy lovers, and he aroused their indignation by portraying the ease with which they had been forgotten for others. To each one he gave presents, to each he vowed love and offered his hand and title, and all soon became accustomed to his pallid face.

But the three friends kept their own secret regarding their prospects, for each feared the charms of the other and the loss of the rich husband. They visited each other no more and were annoyed when they were casually informed that the Count continued the acquaintance. Thus the feud of jealousy existed between the former friends.

The intriguing Count was secretly delighted with this existing jealousy, for it added the furtherance of his plans. He declared to each one in turn, that he found the rest silly and ugly; that he visited them only out of politeness. At last each one desired of him a convincing proof of his love and good intentions. It was to visit the other two no more, but totally to avoid them. The Count consented on condition that the formal betrothal and exchange of rings should take place in the presence of the parents, and that afterward a silent hour of the night should be granted him for a conversation with his betrothed on points concerning their marriage and their arrangements for living in their future parental home. This condition was agreed to by the three maidens, and sealed with a kiss. And each one said, "Do lay aside your black attire, dear Count, it makes you look so pale!" And he replied, "I wear black in fulfillment of a vow. On the wedding day I shall appear in red and white, like to thy cheeks, best beloved!"

The betrothal took place with each, and on the same day. And in the night the betrothed ones were allowed to discuss their future plans. On the next morning, as the maidens slept too long, their parents went to awaken them. Alas! each of the poor brides was found cold and dead, their necks broken, their faces turned from their natural position to the back!

Loud cries and screams issued from the three houses. The people ran, in affrighted crowds together, and shouted "Murder!" and because suspicion fell upon the Count of Graves, the multitude assembled in front of the Linden Inn, where he lodged. The host came forth, walling and wringing his hands and crying that the Count with all his servants had disappeared mysteriously, and no one had seen them depart. All the baggage, of which there was a quantity, had vanished, also, yet no one had carried it away. The fine horses were gone out of the well-guarded stable, and no watchman or sentinel at the city gates had seen them pass!

The alarming intelligence spread, and each one crossed himself and murmured a prayer on passing by the homes of the unfortunate maidens. Within those homes reigned sorrow and desolation. All the costly bridal gifts, like every other vestige of the Count, had vanished.

There was but a scanty escort following the funeral of the three brides. And when the coffins were set down in the churchyard near the Sebaldus church, and the prayer was about to commence, there was seen departing from amid the followers, the tall and slender figure of a man hitherto unseen. And, as they looked after him, they saw, to their amazement, that, coming by clad all in black, his vestments changed to white. And on his breast appeared three red spots, and the blood dripped over the snowy garb; and the tall, pale man wandered toward the apart spot where lay the body of the murdered guest of the Linden Inn!

"Jesus and Mary!" cried the host of the Inn; "that is the dead guest whom we buried there twenty-one days ago!"

Terror seized upon all waiting in the churchyard. All ran as if pursued by fiends; a storm of wind, accompanied with snow and rain, blew over the city. For three days and nights the coffins remained above ground beside the open graves. The parents, after much entreaty and the promise of remuneration, prevailed on a few courageous men to lower the coffins to their appointed resting places. When they were lifted, all were surprised at their lightness. Taking heart, and sending for the priests, the coffins were opened and found empty! And thus they were committed to the earth."

Here Waldrich ceased, and a deathly silence prevailed. The lights burned dimly. The gentlemen sat and stood around in attentive, listening attitudes. The young ladies had involuntarily drawn closer to each other, and elderly ladies sat with expectant faces and folded hands, after the narrative had closed, longing to hear more.

"Above all things, snuff the candles!" cried Herr Dantes. "And do talk something, so as to hear warm, human voices again, or I shall run away from this. Such ghostly stories are enough to make one shudder!"

That was speaking for every one. The lights were snuffed, there was a breaking up of the circle, refreshments were handed around. Every one took an especial pleasure in talking and laughing loudly, and in jesting upon the superstitious terror induced by the narrations, and which no one would acknowledge as being possessed of. The legend of the "Spectre Bridegroom" was unanimously declared to be the most exaggerated nonsense, and worthy of the notice of Anna Radcliff or Lord Byron, as a contribution to the horrible.

But curiosity was rife to hear the second part of the wonderful story, to know of the second appearance of the Spectre. Again the circle was formed around the narrator, without a winking consent, and the continuation of the legend asked for. All eyes were fixed in expectancy upon the Captain as he again took his seat. The young girls drew close together, and the matrons sat down in groups, and there was a profound silence.

[To be continued in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)

TINY CLOVER, AND HER MISFORTUNES.

In a fine old orchard dwelt a family of Clovers. Quite a substantial people, and very much respected by everybody, was this Clover family, with its two branches, the red and the white, which grew in the greatest harmony together.

Things prospered well with this family, who never had much love of show or of fashion, but preferred the more substantial things of life. The older members of the family always wore the same style of dress; and although they were quite willing that the younger and more blooming members should attempt some little gaiety of attire, yet they so carefully inculcated their precepts of sobriety and usefulness, that very soon every one was observed, as age gave tone to their life, to settle down in strict accordance with Clover propriety.

Many a merry dance had the young Clovers in the moonlight, and they did not disdain the hop or the waltz, and were quite willing to take as partners the grave grasses, who were always trying to say serious things, and pretended to be quite ashamed of the frivolities of life, and yet they never could resist the faintest sound of the music of the south-west wind without a regular bowing and nodding, as if quite prepared to commence a fete at any moment.

It was quite delightful to dwell near this family of Clovers, because they were so very full of love and charity, and were quite satisfied to give out their best gifts on all occasions, without seeking any return. It may be doubted if there was ever more substantial comfort in any branch of this large family, than in one which grew under a luxuriant apple tree that had sheltered them and their ancestors for many years.

So very harmonious were they, that they never quarreled as to who should most lavishly supply the air with sweetness, or pay the greatest tribute of respect to the summer wind, or the largest tax to the little insects that came to their sweet cups for food, and the White Clovers became so very generous in giving, that they were considered as true philanthropists, and every bee in the country knew where he could fill his basket full of excellent food without money or price.

Little Tiny Clover had always been well satisfied with her life, quiet and unobtrusive as it was. She was well contented to be a Clover, and wear the Clover dress, and dance the old fashioned dances, and waltz with any fine sprig of grass that might bow to her with a graceful nod. But Tiny, looking up one day, saw, not far off, buttercups and daisies, that seemed to her to be quite as fair and pretty as herself, and much more strikingly attired, and a little discontent crept into her heart. She bent herself quite near an aged member of the family that was always called Aunt Prim, and addressed her.

"Now Auntie, I do declare it is quite a shame in you to put on that old brown cap, and look so like a fright. I am determined I never will wear such a frowzy thing, if I grow to be as old as Grandmother Greylock. I am quite sick any way of the old Clover fashions, and I am determined to watch the first chance of bettering myself."

"Law sus," said Aunt Prim, "if ever I did expect to see one of my brother's family putting on such airs! Now you just listen to a word of advice. A Clover is a Clover anywhere, and can't be anything else; and all the fussing up, and twisting and turning, can't make it anything else. I tell you there's something besides our white or pink or brown dresses that makes us Clovers, and it don't matter where we are, we are just the same, and nothing better or worse."

For a few days after this sensible advice, Tiny seemed quite satisfied with her old manner of life, and when Master June Grass asked her to dance with him, Aunt Prim noticed that she did not turn away with a scornful air, but bowed quite like a substantial Clover of the olden time, and performed her part with a quiet manner quite satisfactory to the old lady.

Very likely all things would have gone on in the old fashion with Tiny and her relations, if there had not chanced to have bloomed one June morning a rosebush, that had come up in the orchard quite by accident the year before, but had been so very quiet thence no one but a few of the old settlers had noticed its strange coming.

"Some robin must have dropped a seed here quite by chance," said Grandmother Greylock. "Well, I'm not sorry, for it will harm none of us to see how roses live."

"It is much more likely that it is the last member of some aristocratic family that once dwelt here," said Grandfather Greylock. "I don't mind its coming, if only it don't make our young folks envious. But they must see a little of this world sooner or later; but I rather wish it had been one of our own sort. Now there's the Dandelions, they never did us a bit of harm; but then, they are not given to putting on airs. All I'm afraid of, is that some of our younger folks will forget that roses must be roses, as well as Clovers Clovers, and will begin to grow envious and jealous, and quite destroy the peace of our quiet community."

"Dear me," said Tiny one evening, as the soft moonlight fell through the leaves of the apple tree and touched the Rose, giving a sweet beauty to its half closed petals, "what affectionation. I should think she considered herself quite above common folks. I guess it would hurt her to open her petals a little and appear friendly to her neighbors. What a provoking way she has of holding her head up. It really seems as if she was smiling at the apple trees. How coquetish! Well, I'm glad I wasn't born a Rose."

Yet for all this speech, Tiny could hardly sleep for thinking of the lovely garments of the rose. She wished she had not been born a Clover, and really blushed as she thought of Grandmother Greylock's brown dress. The next morning she spent most of her time in peeping between the grass that nodded and nestled in the soft wind, to see what the fair Blush Rose was doing.

But she was not many hours content in watching the Rose; she began to talk about her and all that she did. If she moved her head a little toward the young grasses that were grouped close by, Tiny said:

"What boldness! I do believe she is a real flirt."

If she sent out a little fresh perfume, or the wind kissed her cheeks, Tiny said: "I do declare, I think she is the greatest piece of impertinence that I ever saw!" In a few hours Tiny set the whole neighborhood in commotion. There was not a Clover near but pricked up its ears, and squinted its eyes to look a little closer at Rosy, or to try to catch, if possible, some word that she might utter.

All this time the Rose bloomed in quiet beauty, and did nothing unbecoming a fair, sweet rose. But her every motion was watched, and even her thoughts were discussed. But such excitements do not last long in a sensible community, and it was not long before all the Clovers returned to their natural life of quiet simplicity, except Tiny. She could not be content on a moment as she saw the Rose blooming in her own sweet way, but not after the Clover fashion.

Aunt Prim declared that it was sheer envy and jealousy in Tiny, and that if she did not look out she would disgrace the whole community by her own vain, foolish ways. Grandfather Greylock laughed heartily, and fairly shook his sides with merriment, as some one reported to him many of the remarks that Tiny made.

"A Clover is a Clover," he said, "and need not try to be anything else. Why! if you were to dress Tiny up in all the fashions of the flower kingdom, you could not alter her as long as she had the Clover heart." But Grandmother Greylock was more considerate for the poor child. Doubtless she remembered the time when she had some ambition, and foolish fancies. At any rate, she very much desired to make Tiny happy again, and had many a motherly talk with her concerning her wishes. She concluded that Tiny had a fever very common to the young, called envy, and she wished to treat her in a very gentle manner, that she might not grow worse instead of better.

Grandmother Greylock was a great favorite with the queen of all the flowers, who always stopped to give her a nod as she passed, in quite a plebeian manner, and her majesty often sent the old lady a little elixir, to be dropped at her feet to revive her a little. On this account, the good woman resolved in her own mind to gain the consent of the community that Tiny should be the fortunate one who on Midsummer's eve should have her wish fulfilled.

"The dear child needs a change, no doubt," said the old lady. "I remember once when I longed, more than I can ever tell, to see a little of the world, and be something besides a Clover. And, besides, it is no more than fair that some one of us should try to get a little start in the world."

Grandfather Greylock laughed more heartily than ever at the words of his dame. "Who would have thought," said he, "that you would ever have imagined that a Clover could be anything but a Clover?"

"I've heard that speech often enough," said the old lady, tartly. "I've no doubt you'd like to have all the Clovers remain Clovers; but you'll find that I'll carry my point, if I am only an old woman."

"No doubt of that, no doubt of that!" laughed Grandfather Greylock.

And carry her point she did, and Tiny was chosen as the one to have her wish fulfilled. What a beautiful and holy thing it might have been to have been thus chosen, if envy had not filled her heart so that pure and holy wishes could not be found there.

The sacred eve came, and Tiny was flushed with excitement as she thought of the wish that had been so long dwelling in her heart. How strange that she did not remember that she had not known one moment's peace since it was first formed there. How could she expect joy from the fulfillment of that the cherishing of which was a sorrow?

As the moonlight fell upon her, and the messenger stood with his tablet to record her wish, Tiny for a moment trembled, for the thought of her sweet life in the orchard among all her loved friends, seemed to become like a beautiful picture before her, but she glanced at the Rose just then folding softly its fair petals as the moonbeams too fondly kissed them, and she forgot all but her wish.

"I wish I might go to the flower festival and wear as beautiful a dress as the Rose, while she should have on the old Clover costume," said Tiny.

"Foolish child," said the messenger, "you know not what you ask for; but it is written, and shall be fulfilled."

At the Festival Tiny stood attired according to her wish. Delicate pink petals were arranged about her corymb, but it must be acknowledged, that they did not suit her green stalk or leaves, and she felt herself that they were more burdensome than her natural suit. But she was ready to bear anything for the sake of seeing her neighbor the Rose discomfited.

Poor Rosy hardly knew what to make of the change that had come over her. She surveyed her garments with real surprise, and at first felt quite shocked at the change. She turned to a beautiful Moss-Rose close by, and asked her what she supposed had happened to her, and why she had been so illy treated.

"Never mind," said Moss-Rose, "as long as you keep a Rose-heart it will make no difference. Great changes come to the fortunes of us all, and I have learned that our attire makes no real difference in ourselves. I've heard the story relating to our family fortunes, and I know that ever since we wore our moss-covered calyx we have been just as much beloved as ever, because we always keep a Rose-heart within."

"Do tell me the story," said Rosy. "I have no time now," said Moss-Rose; "but it was sheer envy that caused the change that was intended to work us harm. But it only brought us good. We must all have misfortunes, but, if we bear them well, good will surely follow them. Depend upon it, envy is at the bottom of your misfortune; some one has been seeking to work you ill. Show your family dignity by a calm, unmoved demeanor, and when the fete is over I will give you a history of our family distinction. Hold up your head with a graceful appreciation of what you really are. Never be ashamed of what you have on, but only of that which can discredit the spirit within you."

These words of cheer so inspired Rosy that she shed out a fragrance sweeter than that of all the Roses at the festival, and her heart was quite thankful and peaceful.

When the queen with her attendants took the circuit of the gay parterre, she nodded gracefully here and there as she saw beauty or recognized respected worth. It was considered a sufficient honor for the whole season to receive a nod from her majesty, and as Rosy saw one, after another blessed by the queenly favor she sighed: "Alas! when I had wished so much for the blessing!"

As the queen drew near Tiny she said, "There is indeed a fair young rose; bring it here, for I wish to be refreshed by the sweetness of its life." Tiny was overjoyed at these words, and this

made her clover heart send out its natural fragrance in strong gusts of perfume.

"Bah! said the queen in disgust, "what have we here? a Clover, I'll be bound! Nothing but a Clover could give out that odor. Very sweet it is in its own place and when one expects it; but to be deceived in this way! It is too bad! Strip the thing, and let us see if indeed we have been cheated in the midst of our festivities!"

To Tiny's chagrin, they tore from her her assumed attire and revealed her green, bristly corymb.

"Hal! hal!" laughed the queen, "this is folly enough! The little upstart thought she could be something besides a Clover. I must call on old Grandfather Greylock and have a good laugh with him, for he is always repeating, 'A Clover is a Clover anywhere.' I do believe, to punish this little envious mixt I will send her to Grandfather Greylock for a lecture. But, my dear child, did you think that a little outside show could make you different with? Did you not know that it was the life within that made you agreeable or otherwise? I really admire the Clover family, and I bestow on them marked honors. Hardly a poet in the mental realm has omitted to mention them in words that can never die. But their worth does not lie in their dress, or the fashion of it. I should have thought that Grandmother Greylock would have taught you better than this. I have been considering some punishment suited to this attempt to pry yourself off for what you are not; but I believe I will only give you over to Grandfather Greylock and beg him to make you a lesson to all the Clovers for all time, and a text for all his discourses through the whole summer."

Tiny, filled with mortification and humbled pride, was taken from the assembly, and received into the embrace of her old Grandmother and Aunt Prim, who was shrewd enough to suspect what would be the termination of such folly. Grandfather Greylock at first was convulsed with merriment, but his dame gave him so many nudges and frowns that at last he really began to see that Tiny needed pity.

"Poor child!" said he, "you could not see that a Clover is a Clover the world over, and all the shams of all the kingdoms can't make it anything else!"

"I guess we've heard that enough," said Grandmother Greylock sharply, "and Clovers we are all likely to be without any more preaching of yours."

"Oh, grandmother," said Tiny, "grandpa is right. I was just the same Tiny all the time I stood there, and nothing better; and I am sure it was the hardest work I ever did to try to be anything else. I am quite content to live the life the queen designed for me, and I shall put on a brown cap like yours to-morrow, in token of my submission."

But the grasses, the gay, young members of the family, laughed so much at Tiny and her envious folly, and the young Clovers put on such an air of injured family dignity that Tiny drooped day by day, and, before June was over, she retired into a quiet nook, under the deepest shadow of the apple tree, and with Grandmother Greylock, longed for the winter to come, or the hand of the farmer to end their discomfort. Grandfather Greylock preached every day a practical discourse from the text: Envy brings ruin, and pride a fall; and he always ended by saying, "A Clover is a Clover the world over!"

The remaining history of Rosy must be told hereafter.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations--Remarkable Demonstrations in Haverhill.

Since the development of what are called the higher phases of Spiritualism, and trance and seeing mediums, and the different exhibitions of clairvoyant power have become comparatively common, it has been thought by many that these methods of manifestation by spirits were destined to entirely supersede the earlier and more material processes by which the invisibles indicated their presence, and established the great fact of spirit-life, and the possibility of communication with mortals; and there is perhaps something of a disposition and tendency on the part of some Spiritualists, who may have themselves outgrown the condition in which physical manifestations can be of service, to too lightly regard them. They feel that they are so well versed in spiritual lore, so rich in spiritual knowledge and experience, that attention to the alphabet of physical manifestations can be of no further practical value to them. Now, however true this may be of those who have had personal experience of the higher phases of mediumship, or of those who by a long course of investigation and reflection are able to understand and appropriate them, it must not be forgotten that they are inappreciable to the masses of people, whose habits of thought have never led them to a serious contemplation of other matters than those which pertain to physical life and material things. They may be constant church-goers, and rigid observers of all the appointments of mechanical religion; but the idea that they are really to live forever has perhaps never taken hold of their conviction, never been realized as a fact of their existence. Let such a one attend the circle of a medium where the most powerful class of physical manifestations are had, and it will do more to awaken interest in Spiritualism, to fasten it on his conviction, and startle him from his shell of indifference, than any amount of test-seeking through other and different channels. Physical manifestations appeal to the senses, and through them to the reason, with a power and distinctness which drive the candid investigator to one conclusion, which cannot be dodged, and that is, spirit agency. They are God's plowshare, driven by immortal hands through the hard crust of skepticism, turning up the soil for the reception of a better seed than it has ever before known. And whatever higher developments may follow, I think none should ignore the ladder by which they have risen, while there are those who are needful of the same means of progress. I welcome, therefore, with inexpressible delight, the development of every medium through whom spirits can come to us and present themselves tangibly to our sensuous nature, and make themselves felt and appreciated as part of the company; and this phase of manifestation I believe must continue to be relied upon as the basis of the whole spiritual structure, and the chief means by which the attention of the world is to be challenged, and investigation elicited.

There is a circle in this town at which manifestations of a remarkable character are had in great variety, and all done with the greatest thoroughness and the most pleasing effect. The medium is Miss Mary E. Currier, a young lady of seventeen, daughter of Mr. Walter W. Currier, at whose house the circle is held. Mr. Currier and his wife are firm believers and active and earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism; and fully and heartily cooperate with the intelligences who preside at their circle in providing all the means

necessary to the production of the highest class of physical manifestations; and they are getting an abundant return for their efforts. It is some seven months since the circle was formed, and from small beginnings there has been a steady increase of power, and a constant improvement in the character of the manifestations, till they now have, in connection with the other features, one of the finest musical circles which have ever been produced. They have furnished apparatus for the spirits as fast as it has been called for, until they now employ, besides the piano, a dozen bells of different sizes and tones, a guitar, fiddle, tambourine, drum, triangle, &c. They have set apart a room specially for this purpose, divested it of all household appointments except such as are necessary for the exhibitions, and devoted it, entirely to the use of the band of spirits who perform at the sances. The circles have thus far been private, except as invitations have been extended to friends or individuals admitted upon application. In this way, however, many different persons have been witnesses of the manifestations; skeptics as well as those who believe that they are produced through the agency of spirits. I have been favored with the privilege of attending on two or three occasions, and cannot but unite with the common voice in pronouncing the manifestations as fully equal, and in some respects superior to anything ever had in public or private in this vicinity. The last sance I attended was a brilliant success throughout. The manifestations began, while the room was lighted sufficiently to plainly distinguish every object in it, by a smart ringing of the bells and tambourine.

As we stood there in the broad light and heard those bells, rung by no mortal hand, answer intelligently question after question, it gave us a strange and almost weird sensation, accompanied by a thrill of joy, as we embraced this added assurance that the great gulf was at last bridged and that there is a means of return, however strong the natural current may set the other way. But the power is much increased by having the room wholly darkened. So the door was closed, and Mary took her seat at the piano, and immediately, on sounding the keys, an accompaniment was played by the bells, and soon the tambourine was introduced in addition. This was continued some twenty minutes, the intelligences keeping excellent time through the different movements of polka, waltz, hornpipe, &c., at the same time floating the bells in the air, swaying them with a pendulum-like movement, with the greatest ease and grace of motion. Mary then left the piano, and all that followed during the sance was entirely the work of the unseen performers.

What is by some considered the finest manifestation of all is the piano-playing. Immediately upon the removal of the medium's hands, the keys were manipulated by the new-comer, who presided during the remainder of the sitting. The difference in the style of playing between Mary and the intelligence who was now performing was marked and unmistakable. The instrument was fingered now with a force that shook the entire room, and now with a delicacy of touch, soft and low as the tones of a guitar. Many pieces were given with a depth of expression, plicity of accent and time which showed great musical taste on the part of the player. I may here say that the same results are obtained when the medium is entirely separated from the piano, and from every other object in the room, by being enclosed within a frame covered with gauze, which is as effectual a provision against any participation on her part as though she were inside a hogsheld. The piano was accompanied by the bells, tambourine and drum, simultaneously. A duet was given on the guitar and fiddle. A solo was rendered on the drum, beginning with the lightest possible tap, and pursuing the crescendo with a steady and well-timed swell, until, at the highest point, it was beat with tremendous force, and then descending in the same manner, until it blended almost inappreciably into silence.

They then spent some half hour in toying with members of the circle. They placed the tambourine on one gentleman's head, where it remained till the sitting closed. They passed me the fiddle and bow over my shoulder, touched me with the wand—a stick about two feet in length—and upon requesting them to do so, rubbed it against my face and across my nose like a fiddle bow. I then asked if they would put the end in my mouth and let me pull upon it. It was immediately done, and a force applied of several pounds. They struck me a number of sharp raps across the shoulders upon asking them to do so. A bell was brought and touched along my face for half a minute, with a soft, caressing motion that was really fascinating. A bouquet was placed on my shoulder, and a rose brought and held to my nose, and gently moved over my face. Other members of the circle were favored with equally strong tokens of spirit presence and power. The manifestations were all given promptly, and sustained with sufficient power through the entire sitting. A new feature, introduced for the second time on the evening in question, was writing on a slate, which was done in a fair hand, the lines straight and the words well separated.

For variety and beauty, I think the manifestations at this circle are unsurpassed. No description can convey the sensation which is experienced on being personally present. As an entertainment, it is pleasant, fascinating even. But aside from this, it is enough to feel that the "dear immortals" are by your side, a real, living, present working party in your midst. It is more than a concert. It is philosophy, science, religion, and demonstration of immortality. As valuable as they may have been in the past, the labored dissertations of the ministers on the resurrection, the intermediate state, the judgment and the great hereafter, are past their usefulness in the presence of the direct testimony which Spiritualism gives. Candles are superfluous after sunrise!

If the power displayed through this medium continues to increase in the same ratio as for the past few months, I hope soon to be able to tell you that we are having the 'eight' and 'grasp' of spirit hands, and listening to audible spirit voices. Haverhill, Mass.

NOTES.

SINGULAR, IF TRUE.—One of our exchanges says there is a young man in a town in Vermont who cannot speak to his father! Previous to his birth some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed, the child was born, and in due time began to talk, but when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old, when the father, after having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in the opinion that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father—and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a mature age its efforts to converse with its parents could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.

Original Essay.

"IMPORTANT DISCOVERY."

BY E. JUDD PARDEE.

Such is part of the heading of a tract written and issued by "Wm. B. Potter, M. D., Trenton, N. J." Judging by the quantity shot, at myself through the P. O., from time to time, during the past ten months by the author, it is doubtless true, as stated; that twenty thousand copies of this issue (Tract number four) have been discharged at "Editors, Clergymen, Physicians, Reformers, Spiritualists, &c., &c." So that very many amongst us, to say nothing of a host outside of our ranks, have directly or indirectly heard of Dr. Potter's "Important Discovery; the Facts, Fancies and Follies of Spiritualism explained."

Now with your consent, Mr. Editor, I propose to examine the character of this new-comer, to see whether the same be such a veritable new Christ of Truth as Dr. Potter would substantially have us believe. It can be done briefly. For, happily, the Doctor's statement is simple and compact—so that one is at no difficulty in getting at his meaning; and its fallacy is as apparent to the philosophic mind familiar with spiritual metaphysics as is the undoubted sincerity and the persistent determination to propagate his new idea of the author of this tract himself.

The Doctor believes in spirit-communication. But here is the rub. After a tremendous and sweeping charge like the thunderous tramp of a thousand dragoons, against the Cause itself, as full of all horrible "Fancies" and awful "Follies" innumerable—neither a Spiritualistic Editor, author, preacher nor medium, scarcely, escaping from his impeachment—he tells us that we cannot hold direct personal communication with our departed friends, or with the wise and good of ancient time. The Indian, according to the Doctor, is our only reliance. He is honest; and will serve as the good go-between to get us into communicable relations with the loved ones we have lost and the pure, and wise, gone before.

Now for the great "Discovery." It is presented by our worthy M. D. as a key to unlock not only the mysteries of what he denominates "The Facts, Fancies and Follies of Spiritualism," but the door of safe, reliable, satisfactory and happy spirit-communication. Here it is—double winged.

1st. "No spirit ever has or ever can magnetize or directly control a spirit or mortal of more than one sphere below himself."

2d. "As all mortals are in the first sphere, it follows that no mortal ever has been or ever can be magnetized or directly controlled by any spirit above the second sphere."

Not pausing to notice the limp in the legs of our author's *Syntax*, I maintain that both these propositions are rickety; nor will either stand the test, elementally, of the chemistry of analytic Reason. A discovery that cannot be justified by the external Understanding, or be backed up by an irresistible array of facts, is, practically, and therefore, substantially, no discovery at all. And it resolves itself into either a mere chimeric, or a truth absolutely confined to a sphere of existence with which practically we can have nothing to do. So, the Absolute Celestial has forms and degrees of Truth solely confined to its own sphere.

Now Dr. Potter's "Discovery" is nothing but a chimeric of his own brain. For what philosophic reason does he present to justify him in affirming that, "No spirit ever has or ever can magnetize or directly control a spirit or mortal of more than one sphere below himself?" None whatever. He simply asserts; and then manipulates the facts of spirit-communication and seeks to compel them to justify his assertion. It will not do. Because, aside from the experience of thousands whose contrary testimony on this head is as reliable at least as the Doctor's mere dictum, there is to my mind irresistible argument against his prodigious assumption. What is it? Precisely because a spirit in the body several degrees (or spheres) removed by superiority of fineness, or power, or both, of mind beyond another spirit in the body, may magnetize or psychologically control that other. The history of magnetic men is full of this evidence. What Goethe called the *demonic* (i. e. magnetic) power cuts down direct through many strata. Now what is to prevent a spirit out of the body from doing the like? The same law of control operates in either case the same, even though the degree of manifestation may be dissimilar. If anything, the spirit has, not unfrequently, the advantage, in this respect, over the mortal magnetizer. Sympathetic rapport is not the only basis for a psychologic effect.

But admit, for argument's sake, that Dr. Potter's first proposition is valid: he is not helped any to his final and second conclusion—to wit, that, "As all mortals are in the first sphere, it follows that no mortal ever has been or ever can be magnetized or directly controlled by any spirit above the second sphere." The Doctor has got aground on the word *sphere*. It is a veritable sand-bank to his explorative barque. And he confounds, while thus stuck fast, what metaphysicians call the *subjective* and the *objective*.

For instance—admitting that this, the Material, is the first sphere, and the spiritual the second, what follows? Simply this: that if you divide the spirit-world into different degrees or *spheres*, so you should the Material. Why? Because here are represented almost all the *subjective* grades of mind which are grouped, by the law of affinity, into objective societies and circles in the realm of Spirit. Now it is primarily and essentially the *mental state* that makes the sphere. So there are on earth to-day, persons who dwell in the *subjective* mental sphere of either the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, if not the seventh, sphere of spirit. Hence such may and do come in rapport and direct communication with spirits of the lowest or highest communicable estate.

Here, then, is the Doctor's fallacy: He confounds the *subjective* (within us) and the *objective* (outside of us), and mistakes the meaning of the word *sphere*. Not only does the *mind* make the man, but the *state* of it the sphere or grade of his existence. If, therefore, a person is in a high and broad mental condition, pure in life and lofty in aspiration, what is to prevent the direct communication with such an one of pure and wise spirits? So I say, to-day, not only are we in immediate communicable relations with our departed friends, but the glorious and august minds of the ancient past. The statement that the more advanced intelligences, like Socrates, Solon, John, or Euclid, communicate through an intermediate chain of spirits is only *half* the Truth. True, they do, often; but very often they are not necessitated so to do. For they find the fit mental state in the world of mind here that invites, and permits the direct address. That mental state is not necessarily to be equal to theirs, in quality or quantity. A certain congeniality of tone, mind and an approximation of the inner life of ourselves, in purity and elevation, with the pure, and elevated, and wise spheres of these illustrious beings are the essentials, mainly, of direct communication with them. But our "M. D." cannot see this! The Indian is his only reliance. And he will stick to him, and



MASS CONVENTION.

Report of the Three Days' Mass Convention of Spiritualists, assembled in Concert Hall, in the City of Rockford, Ill., on Friday, June 20th, 1866.

(Prepared for the Banner of Light.)

FIRST DAY.

The Meeting was called to order by G. W. Brown, Esq., of Rockford, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

The Chairman read the resolution of the First Spiritual Society, of Rockford, adopted on the 13th of May last, calling the Convention, and also a resolution of the same Society, adopted on the 9th of June, defining the object of such Convention to be the advancement of the great truths of Spiritualism, and the discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism proper.

On motion of Dr. Geo. Haskell, a committee was appointed by the Chair, consisting of G. H. Haskell, B. T. Holly, and A. J. Story to nominate officers for the Convention.

The Committee, after consultation, made their report, which was received and adopted, making Warwick Martin, of Chicago, President; Vice Presidents, G. W. Brown, of Rockford, S. T. Holly, of Rockford, Secretaries, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago, and Miss Eliza Wheatcock, of Janesville, Wis. Business Committee, Dr. George Haskell, David Shedd, and S. H. Todd.

Business matters concluded. Warren Chase was called to the stand and briefly addressed the congregation, congratulating them upon the prospects of a good time. He wished each one present to consider himself and herself introduced to each other, acting as becomes us, in the most friendly spirit, each promoting the best and happiest feeling.

The speaker urged us all to cast aside prejudice and ill-will, and to scatter flowers instead of thorns—to bring gems of love, hope and sympathy that will make the soul glad, and this meeting one of great benefit.

The meeting adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock p. m. Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order by the Vice-President.

W. F. Jamieson was appointed the reporter of the Convention.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements, the opening address was given by Bro. J. M. Peckles. He said, these Spiritualists and friends of progress had gathered from various points of compass, the breeze from his fields—the merchant from his dock—the mechanic from his shop—our mothers and our sisters from their homes—counsel together relative to best means and methods for disseminating the Spiritual Philosophy, and for the further purpose of perfecting a State Organization. It was an important occasion, and he trusted they had come with warm hearts, clear heads, and exalted purposes.

This was a remarkable age, abounding in revolutions and evolutions—the arts and sciences were marching forward in rapid strides, and freedom was the great inspiring theme of the hour and the era. It was a time when the human mind was being emancipated from the shackles of the past, and the proclamation and acceptance of that newly conceived truth, Spiritualism. There are no absolute truths—all truth is old as eternity. Even spirit-communion is as ancient as all the historic ages. In proof of this, he referred to Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Socrates, Jesus, Hillel, Philo-Judaeus, the Apostles, Constantine, Swedenborg, Wesley, and others following the chain, link after link, down to the present. Now in this land of freedom, Spiritualism had become a mighty power—millions had looked to it for aid. Its name was honorable among the thinkers of America, the crowned of Europe, and the mystics of the Orient. And now *qui bono*—what the good—what its aims and purposes—what is it—and what its future to be? The very term implies the objects and principles it seeks to accomplish. Spiritualism—spirit, meaning God—spiritual, implying spiritual-mindedness and purity of life; and the *ism*, referring to the fact of the intercommunion between the two worlds. The incarnate life-principle of the universe, termed God, interpenetrated and was everywhere through all things, and was the life, the soul of all creation in man—and were this brotherhood actualized—were these social centres for the unfolding of the whole man—were the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy incorporated into every-day life, this earth would soon bloom a very Eden. He loved Spiritualism for its demonstrations of immortality; but the facts are secondary to the eternal principles underlying them. Both the phenomena and philosophy were necessary; those grounded upon the latter were the most stable in purpose and reliable as workers. He felt that the time had come for greater unity and action among Spiritualists. Organization was voted to consist of souls from all Nature—system is indispensable to the accomplishment of any great end, either in the mental or moral realm. Hence there should be local organizations in every part of the country, and also State organizations in all the States. Organizations, regular speaking, excellent singing, attractive halls, or free-church edifices, with Progressive Lyceums for our children, are indispensable to our future prosperity. Lecturers must take high grounds, foster intellectual culture, and mediums must practice the Spiritualism they profess—angels as angels, because they are pure and good—true workers only can wear the laurel and the crown.

After the close of Mr. Peckles' lecture, the Convention proceeded to the organization of a State Convention.

At 5 o'clock p. m. the meeting adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock p. m.

H. F. M. BROWN, Sec'y.

[To be continued.]

Entered the Lecturing Field.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that our highly esteemed correspondent, George Stearns, Esq.—as will be seen by the subjoined note—has signified his readiness to enter the lecturing field. He is a gentleman of culture, and cannot fail to be of great service to our cause. We bid him welcome, and trust the friends who may be in need of speakers, will be prompt in securing his valuable services.

DEAR BANNER—Please announce my readiness, now and henceforth, to serve the cause of Humanity and the Angel-World in the capacity of a normal speaker on such subjects of human interest as are now uppermost in progressive minds. It is hoped that Spiritualist and Reformatory Societies who appreciate the design of this notice, will address, without delay, Esq. Stearns, at the following address: Esq. Stearns, No. 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A young man in Philadelphia, who was bitten by a cat three weeks ago, died on Monday with a malignant form of hydrophobia.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

The Greatness of Goodness.

The entire course of circumstances, as they work to the development of human character, shows that nothing is or can be greater in this life than that which is superlatively and steadily good. We can rely on real goodness; what passes for greatness is, in comparison, as a fly comet to the sun. Goodness is meek and humble; and to be truly great one must needs become thoroughly these. Charity, according to Paul, is the chief of all the virtues, because it includes the whole list; but at the top and bottom the Apostle is careful to place humility. By this virtue he means the habit of thinking and caring for others rather than ourselves; he means that self-insufficiency which proves our faith in the good Father who made and helps us; he means a constant love, growing deeper and stronger every day, without the slightest spark of envy and captiousness, without anger, full of forgiveness, entertaining nothing like deceit, without a hope however remote of advantage or reward.

Any man who shall resolve, and aspire with his resolution, to put himself spiritually into an attitude of this character toward his fellow-men, and who shall lay out his life obediently to such a resolve, will find himself rapidly growing in a grace of whose living power he has no present conception. As often as we yield to conceit, we part with so much genuine power in our natures—we get in the way of ourselves—we stop the divine current which is ever ready to flow through us. And by conceit we must be taken to mean everything that is opposed to humility, to unselfishness, to positive and downright goodness. It is the bane of our lives. It is the thorn in our sides, the grit in our food, the gravel-stone in our shoes. Leaving that out of the account, we get along prosperously and well; giving up our time and thoughts to that, we fall away very speedily from all high purposes and resolves, and hide the very sun of life from our sight by thrusting our hand before the eyes.

There is much greatness to be found among strong and bad elements of character, we allow; but it is not their fruit and generation. Though we may accept the theory that out of evil itself proceeds actual good, that does not by any means require us to practice evil in order to become good; our best course is straight along in the right line of conscience and duty, leaving fruits and results to higher powers. Let us first seek out what is lovely and true, what is approved of men and of truly good report, what is wise and just and holy in itself, and the results will take care of themselves. This is downright goodness. If it be not, or if it may not consistently become greatness in the end, at least nothing better can be got from the latter, and its separate pursuit will not be worth the trouble. There is a good deal of cheat in the very word Greatness; it so dazzles the sight as to make it difficult at times, especially for the inexperienced, to tell the difference between the real and the false, what is worthy and what is base.

Time tries qualities best. We cannot at any time say that this and that trait in a man is just the most desirable that might be reached out for. We must wait and see how it works and wears in the character, and what its influence is on surrounding individuals and circumstances. It is requisite, in making up judgments that are to last, that we should allow room for the natural faculties to have full play and action, and that time be given them for their full maturity. And guided by such a standard as this, we find, on a wide and careful observation of cases, that the really good character, which of course includes all the intellectual force and fullness necessary to give it activity, is the only one which wears and lasts. All the rest, however brilliant and attractive they may be for a season, are in comparison fading and infused with the principles of decay. And it cannot be impressed too deeply on the young minds of the age, that if they would drop ambition, so styled, and wed themselves heart and soul to aspiration, they would work a revolution in society of which to-day we enjoy but the most vague and faint promises.

Our Message Department.

A very intelligent correspondent writes us that "there has not been that attention paid to the verifications of the spirit-messages which their importance demands. Message after message is published, purporting to come from persons who once lived in Boston and vicinity, and that is the last we hear of them. No effort seems to have been made to ascertain whether such persons ever lived there or not, or whether the circumstances related are true or false."

We would inform our correspondent that we have tested a large number of messages from spirits who, when in the form, resided in Boston, and have found them in the main correct. But the friends of these spirits would not, in a great majority of cases, allow us to refer to them publicly as authority. Some were prejudiced against Spiritualism and accused us of manufacturing the messages—those containing evidence that the friends could not gainsay—when the fact was, that we had no knowledge whatever of a single statement made, previous to the delivery of the messages through the lips of the medium.

"But," says the skeptic, "the small number verified might have been cases known to the medium, or reported to her by interested parties." We positively know to the contrary. Mrs. Conant's character is above reproach. She would disdain to be a party to any such transaction. It is too late in the day for Churchianity (not Christianity), to assert that spirit-communion is a myth, as there are too many Spiritualists in America at this time—men and women of the highest respectability—who attest to its truthfulness.

Neither Spiritualists nor Spiritualism are responsible for the acts of irresponsible people, who pretend to be Spiritualists for the sole object of pecuniary gain. There are many such interlopers abroad. Beware of them, whether they reside in New York or elsewhere.

Spiritualism.

As many inquiring minds are continually asking, "What is Spiritualism? what does it teach? what is its philosophy? what does it aim to accomplish?" we cannot better answer than by quoting the following from the London Spiritual Times, the editor of which fully comprehends the subject of which he so ably treats: "SPIRITUALISM," he says, "is not a thing of yesterday—an ignis fatuus flame which recedes from the pursuer and vanishes like some phantasm. It owns a history ante-dating all human histories. Its manifestations have appeared in all nations, at all periods of time. Hence the absurdity of skeptics laughing at it as a new delusion. It is true that a certain phase of the manifestations broke suddenly upon the American ear, some seventeen years ago; but this was not the commencement of spirit-manifestations, only an intermittent evidence of an ever-existent Power, given as if it were intended to arrest the materialistic mind and stimulate belief in the soul's destiny. For the past two centuries the human mind has been taught to regard Science as opposed to Religion; hence the deep-rooted skepticism which has been sapping the tree of Faith and perverting the fruits of Reason. On the one hand we have been indoctrinated by the Churches and drilled by the schools, until we have even grown to regard Formalism as more than the vital or spiritual in Religion; on the other hand, we have been almost ossified by the scientific Materialism which has inoculated society, finding its way even into the pulpit. Whilst we have been thus enslaved, by the Formalists on the one hand, and the Materialists on the other, crime has grown to hideous proportions, whilst the great heart of Humanity has heaved with sorrow and remorse at its own follies and crimes.

The sects have tried their hand at the great work of Reform. Philanthropists have nobly endowed schools, and used all available beneficent means to lift the crime-stained from the mire of degradation in which they are wallowing. Yet still the gigantic evils oppressing mankind hold firm root in the soil of society.

SPIRITUALISM, the world's Regenerator, speaks to Humanity in thrilling tones of mercy, proclaiming its pass-words, God, Redemption, Immortality. It comes to us with power, but not with pomp. It breaks down the walls of caste, and distinguishes the man from his conditions. It preaches a universal God and Saviour, Heaven for all, and eternal Death for none. It stimulates Individuality, making personal Responsibility active. It affrights with no horrible and disgusting pictures of a perpetual hell for opinion; but, whilst it depicts myriads of evil spirits tenting the abodes of Hades, it likewise assures us that myriads of good spirits inhabit the spheres of Paradise. It describes the Infinite as Love, and gives hope to the penitent sinner, even beyond the tomb. It further teaches that Religion and Science proceed from the same Source and may be married; that God's goodness is manifested alike in the macrocosm and microcosm; and that He Himself is ever present with His children who are the vast human family. Old Theology has held influence, for good and evil, for centuries; but Failure is written on its brow, and, sooner or later, it must give place to the progressive faith of Spiritualism. It is high time some revolutionary Power swept from off the earth the rubbish of sect and caste, that the unitive character of mankind might be appreciated. It is the mission of Spiritualism to perform this needed work. The world is not to be redeemed without some moral earthquake upheavals; but peace succeeds war; this is the changeless order of Nature.

Spiritualism is not only a destroyer of the false, but a grand restorer of the ancient Truth. It is because Spiritualism receives its mission from God and works for Humanity, that we gratefully accept its teaching and devote ourselves to its service. Wherever a human soul exists, no matter whether it be incased in a black or white skin, there Spiritualism is ready to bestow its blessings.

God knows the world needs such a Regenerator as Spiritualism for, with all the world's resources of preaching and books, it is yet more than half submerged in a sea of sin. To the honest soul Spiritualism adds strength; to the liar, the sponger, the hypocrite, it says: 'Your sins will surely find you out'; and in the same breath adds: 'There is Heaven for all through the gates of Repentance.'

Blessed, soul-sanctifying Spiritualism! may we more than ever feel its holy influence.

What the world most needs are the great facts in connection with Spiritualism. We tell mankind that the dead live!—that they are in rapport with those they love, the same as when living in the form. We know what we aver. All who will seek, in a spirit of truth, can be fully satisfied of direct spirit-communion. Is not this a blessed knowledge? Oh, mortals, why will ye tarry by the way? "Ask, and it shall be given"; "seek, and ye shall find." Myriads of disembodied spirits are anxiously knocking for entrance at the hearts of their dear ones yet upon the earth. They have glad tidings to bring of the life beyond the grave. But those in mortal, who are enshrouded in the sombre garb of Theology, listen not to their appeals, and these dear ones over the river retire in sadness to await a more opportune moment to enable them to hold communion. They are solicitous that you know of the life to which you are rapidly tending; and they would not have you, through ignorance, go unprepared. Come to the fountain of living waters and sip your fill. None will go away thirsty. There is amply enough for all. Spiritualism is the "bread of life." Feed no longer, then, on the dry husks of Old Theology.

More Evidence.

Dr. Newton's labors in behalf of diseased humanity still continue to produce as practical results as ever. Scarcely a day elapses that we do not learn of cures performed by this wonderful healer which surpass anything of the kind in modern times. The last case is that of a gentleman who came all the way from Kansas to New York for medical treatment at the hands of Dr. Newton. On his return, via Boston, filled with deep gratitude in consequence of his sudden restoration to health, he called at this office for the purpose of making the facts publicly known. The gentleman's name is H. H. Sawyer, and he resides in Wyandott, Kansas. He informed us that he had been sick two years, never without pain, in consequence of having received internal injuries; that he had exhausted the medical skill of the West in vain; had taken a large amount of medicine, but without producing the desired result; and that, finally, he came to the conclusion to visit Dr. Newton. The result may be briefly told. He saw Dr. N. twice, at his establishment, No. 6 St. Mark's place, New York, remaining only a few minutes each time. After the Doctor had laid hands upon the patient, at the second visit, he said, "Now return to your home, cured! You are a well man." "I am well!" he said, emphatically, as he left us, impressing deeply those present with the importance of the mission of Dr. J. E. Newton, the healer.

The Spiritualists of St. Louis.

The waters are moving everywhere. No sooner do we hear that Spiritualism is dying out in this place or that, or all places at once, than up start a host of evidences that show the calculation to be a wrong and baseless one in every particular. We have been reading an article in the Daily Dispatch, of St. Louis, in which the writer, without pretending to enter upon a discussion of the merits of our beautiful philosophy and ennobling faith, aims to give "in brief outline, a history of the rise and progress of the belief, religion, philosophy, or even 'humbug,' as some may call it, in our city." He admits that, "considered in a social light, the history of the spread of this belief, is well worthy of serious attention."

After alluding briefly to the places and times at which public attention was first called to the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and making mention of the amazing rapidity with which it has spread over the country, and over Europe likewise, ranking among its practical believers the Queen of England, the Empress of France—herself a lady of positive mediumistic powers, such men as Bulwer and Bismark, and men in our own country like Robert Dale Owen, Prof. Hare, Judge Edmonds, Prof. Mapes, Epes Sargent, Senator Tallmadge, and others—the writer of the article in question proceeds to give an extended sketch of its rise and progress in St. Louis, a portion of which is of sufficient general interest to reproduce in the present place:

"The first manifestations of it occurred in 1851, in the Virginia hotel, where a Miss Anderson, a medium from Ohio, gave public sances. The phenomena attracted considerable attention at the time, and circles were formed at private residences. Mrs. Britt, a resident of the city at that time, now Mrs. Prof. Spence of New York, becoming a believer, and shortly after a medium. This lady probably did more to spread the belief in the city than any other person, giving sances at her own house and forming circles in other houses, aided by Miss Irish, a noted medium, who came here in 1852 and remained about two years. A paper devoted to the spread of Spiritualism, called 'Light from the Spirit World,' was established here in 1852, with Peter E. Bland as editor, and Wm. H. Mantz as publisher, but owing to some disagreement between the editor and publisher, the paper only survived its birth about six months. Public lectures were established in the same year, and were at first given in Concert Hall, and after at Wyman's Hall, and were continued without interruption from 1852 to 1861 when they ceased for four years—the first lecturer being the Rev. Thomas L. Harris, of Auburn, New York, after which the founder of the movement in Western Virginia, and the last lecturer, Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. After Mr. Harris in 1852, followed numerous lecturers, since distinguished in spiritual circles, the most noticeable as connected with their teachings and the impulse given to the belief by circumstances growing out of their visiting S. J. Finney and Joel Tiffany. Mr. Finney made his advent here in 1854, and shortly after a committee of believers, consisting in part of Peter E. Bland, A. Miltenberger, H. Stagg and E. Livermore, challenged Dr. N. L. Rice, the eminent Presbyterian clergyman, to a public discussion of the theory of Spiritualism, saying down some twelve propositions which they proposed to establish, and about the same number which they supposed he would accept as the teachings of revealed religion. Dr. Rice declined the debate in a lengthy letter, reviewing the propositions advanced by the Spiritualists, and which in return elicited a reply from the committee, fully as logical and searching as the Doctor's letter, and both documents being published in pamphlet form and generally circulated, added many believers to the ranks of Spiritualism. In 1856, Mr. Tiffany commenced his course of lectures, and in the same year another challenge was given to Dr. Rice to meet him in public debate. This challenge was declined, and led to a lengthy controversy between Dr. Rice and Peter E. Bland, through the columns of the Republican, at the conclusion of which the popular verdict was given against the Reverend Doctor, and many new accessions were gained to Spiritualism. From this time on to 1861, the belief rapidly increased, and when the public lectures ceased at the commencement of the war, the Spirit World claimed for it 25,000 believers in St. Louis, among whom were men of all professions and of eminent learning and social standing, and its circles were held alike in the wealthy man's mansion and the poor man's hovel, though probably then as now, the majority of believers were to be found in the middle classes."

There was a lull during the war, but since then matters have taken a new and vigorous start again. Lecturers have increased, and converts abounded. A "Society of Spiritualists" was shortly afterwards organized, whose officers are duly named, the President being Mr. J. H. Blood. Under this society's auspices Mrs. Currier's series of lectures was resumed. Lectures are given twice each Sunday, in the hall of the Mercantile Library, hundreds being frequently obliged to go away for lack of room. Twenty circles or more are regularly held at private houses. The believers in the city now number fully twenty thousand, while some three hundred mediums and teachers are industriously engaged in spreading the truth. Similar societies have also been formed at Springfield, Hannibal, and other parts of the State. Monthly changes are made in the St. Louis lecturers. A Children's Progressive Lyceum has also been formed, which is attended by two hundred children every Sunday afternoon. A sketch of what the writer conceives to be the distinctive points of the Spiritualistic faith, as compared and contrasted with that of the denominations, is given in the same article, which properly closes it for the reader. We must confess our sincere gratification at finding Spiritualism so prosperous in a growing city like St. Louis, and cannot but offer to our many friends there the cordial expression of our sympathy in the good work which they are carrying on. Were a similar exposition to be made respecting the greater part of our newer cities and towns, it would be found that Spiritualists are growing as a class much faster than any or all of the denominations which affect to condemn them. The harvest is abundant, and as yet the laborers are none too many. There is a vast amount of work to be done.

The World's Crisis.

This Second Advent sheet, edited by Rev. Elder Grant, is continually filled with long slant against Spiritualism. Its attacks are generally so puerile that we seldom notice them in these columns. But our talented neighbor, the INVESTIGATOR, (a liberal and independent sheet,) does sometimes condescend to show up the miserable fanatic of the Crisis with a keen pen. Here is a specimen: "The World's Crisis," a Second Advent paper, is fanatically furious and even frantic in denouncing the supposed monstrosities of Spiritualism. But what is the Rev. Elder of the Crisis doing, and why has he been doing for the last twenty odd years? Preaching and publishing that Jesus is to come immediately, right away this afternoon, to bury up the world, in order that he may save a set of poor demented lunatics, who have got the foolish waltz into their heads—which do not seem capable of holding anything else—that they are the especial favorites of Heaven, and everybody else is to sizzle in a thundering great fire until there is not so much left of them as you can put in your eye. And the teacher of such miserable, wretched, crazy twaddle, has not been punished and straggled to wharrio and reprobation for their wretched humbug? How applicable to this Second Advent Elder are the sensible words of Jesus—"First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye!"

War in Europe.

It has finally come. Prussia has declared war against Austria, and Italy has done the same; and each has commenced marching its armies across the frontiers of its proper dominions. Prussia invades Saxony, and threatens other smaller States, because they voted in the Bund to stand by Austria with the Federal troops. Austria is thus put on the defence. But the Minister who controls Prussian affairs moves as rapidly as he thinks, and has overrun Saxony, and taken actual possession of the Duchies, and in every way got the advantage of her opponent. The latter falls back on the influence of the Federation, and believes herself strong. But Prussia, finding the Diet against her, has dissolved the Bund by formally withdrawing from it; and having done that, considers herself warranted in laying her hands on whatever members of the old Federation offer themselves as prize.

Italy seeks to complete her national era by recovering Venetia, which is the head and front of the peninsula. We tender her our sympathies on this side, because we realize the necessity which rules her. She simply improves her opportunity, although she never would have known that this was to be that opportunity had she not been apprized of it by the master—Napoleon—who has created it. It is all a great game at politics, with war as a powerful instrument in carrying it on. And when it comes to war, no one can prophesy where matters will come out. The cause of war for Italy—namely, the recovery of Venetia, which was allotted to Austria by the Holy alliance in 1815—has been a standing one; and she may be said to have availed herself of her chance.

France is silent. Napoleon of course means to enter the lists when he thinks his time is fully come. But Russia has signified to him that the moment he violates neutrality, the Czar himself will no longer consider himself bound by its rule. This is a menace, of course. Napoleon has already declared himself the supporter of Italy. This is a violation of neutrality, and Russia may be looked for to enter the field with Austria at any time when the Emperor of the French makes a positive demonstration with arms. Thus there would be the Germanic Confederation on the one side, with Austria at its head, and supported by all the power of Russia—and Prussia, Italy and France on the other, waging such war as never before convulsed the continent of Europe. There is a ministerial crisis, as well as a financial one, in England, too, and nobody can tell how soon that power may be drawn into the general contest.

The war is now fairly opened. It has begun by the overt act of Prussia, and of Italy likewise. The position of Austria is most commendable, in the light of strict justice, but the sympathies of all lovers of constitutional freedom are with Italy. As for Bismarck's ambition to make Prussia the great power in Germany, crowding Austria into a rear place, there might be more admiration for it if there was a principle of freedom, or liberality, or elevated nationality involved. But it is all selfishness and ambition to aggrandize a reigning house. The progress of the conflict will be watched from this hemisphere with keen intensity.

Financial Bascality.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says an extensive haul of counterfeiters was lately made in Kansas, where the rogues have palmed off large amounts of their bogus currency upon the poor Indians, by the purchase of their annuities and payment in counterfeit greenbacks. The arrests disclose one of the most daring and extensive organizations in the country, reaching from the St. Lawrence to the Rocky Mountains, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois being the principal depots. The amount of spurious and counterfeit currency in circulation, is upward of a million of dollars in bills of large denominations, while of postal currency there is upward of a quarter of a million floating through the various States in such small quantities that they are scarcely discernible. The Southern States furnish the principal field of operations, as the scarcity of money there leads the people to take anything that resembles the national currency. The amount seized in Kansas was over \$50,000 in greenbacks and \$5,000 in fractional currency. The seizure of plate, material and tools, which were secreted in feather beds, between mattresses, worn as armor and buried in cellars, proves that there must have been a large business transacted. This discovery was made on the Pottawatomie Indian Reservation. The poor Indian is again the injured party. Further comment is unnecessary.

The Impending Epoch.

This is the title of a new paper just started in Augusta, Georgia. It is a monthly journal, "devoted to the interests of humanity in an enlarged and liberal sense." The editor, in his salutatory, says:

"This little candidate for public favor steps into Earth's arena humbly, and with a smile of satisfaction, because of the purity and lofty purposes of its intention. No sordid selfishness guides its noble utterances. Its ends, the good of universal humanity, pointing with index fingers of Faith, Hope and Charity to a City set upon an Hill, wherein dwelleth Peace Supreme!"

Just such a paper is needed at the South. "Peace supreme" and brotherly love is what is most needed now in every section of our vast country. Let all unite, then, under the broad banner of the Harmonical Philosophy; and the nation will blossom as a rose, and send out its fragrance—its spiritual aroma—to bless all mankind.

Currency and the Constitution.

The Internal Revenue Herald, published in New York, prints in its issue of May 26th an article from the pen of our friend, Horace Dresser, LL.D., favorably known as the compiler of a very useful edition of the tax law, and a writer of merit, as many of our readers can testify. Speaking of the article, the editor says:

"His views on the subject are forcibly expressed, and as a constitutional argument, his article is entitled to consideration as presenting the hard money side of the question in a favorable light. Whatever may be the proper construction of the Constitution, the lessons of the past five years have taught the blessing of a well-secured paper currency. Colossal fortunes toppled and crashed in the financial storm in the unbridled, burst recently upon the English commercial world. America is unshackled by it. How? By the use of a secured paper currency."

Williamsburg (N. Y.) Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Jay Bullock has been speaking for the Spiritualists of Williamsburg for some time past with good success. There is to be a recess of the lectures during the warm season, but the Conferences, Sunday forenoons, will be continued till the end of July.

Convention Reports.

We print the following interesting reports of proceedings of Conventions in different parts of the country. We are under obligations to Mrs. H. F. M. Brown for the report of the Rockford Convention; and also to M. O. Bent for the Granville report.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Cooley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature;" "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style. Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Terrible Conflagration.

Portland, Maine, was nearly swept over by fire on the Fourth of July. The fire broke out south of Brown's Sugar Refinery, near the foot of High street, in the South end of the city, and passed along Fore street to the North end, as far as North street on Manjoy, destroying everything in its track so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space one and one-half miles long by a quarter of a mile wide appears like a forest of chimneys with fragments of walls attached to them. Thousands of the inhabitants are left homeless. A strong wind prevailed at the time, and the tenants could do little else than flee before the flames.

The splendid City and County building on Congress street, in the centre and westerly part of the city, was considered safe, and it was piled full of furniture by the neighboring residents, and then swept away with all its contents.

Half the city is destroyed, and that half includes nearly all the business portion, except the heavy business houses on Commercial street.

It swept down on the northerly side of Fore street to India on the east. While on the west it moved along diagonally across Middle street and down to Cumberland, taking the Fifth House, but sparing the First Parish Church. From Chestnut to North street it made a clean sweep, on the southerly side of Cumberland street to Congress street, and everything else to Fore street as far east as India street. All the banks are gone, all the newspapers, all but three of the printing-offices, all the jewelers, all the wholesale dry goods stores, several churches, the telegraph offices, nearly all the stationers, and the majority of nearly all the business places.

New Books in Press.

In Roman's new book, *The Apostles*, just published in Paris, there is said to be some of the most magnificent word-painting of sacred places and events that has ever appeared. Mr. Carleton, of New York, will shortly publish a translation of this remarkable work, and at the same time issue the *Memoirs of Junius Brutus Booth*, the celebrated actor, and father of Edwin Booth. Two other books, one the Fourth Series of Walter Barrett's *Old Merchants of New York*, and the other, a pleasant volume of Essays, by "Sentinel," of the N. Y. World, entitled "Who Goes There?" will be immediately published by Mr. Carleton. Ticknor & Fields have in press a new work by C. C. Coffin ("Carleton"), the popular army historian.

Dr. U. Clark in Gloucester and Worcester.

Dr. U. Clark will treat the sick at the Webster House, Gloucester, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th; and the same days, the week after, at the Bay State House, Worcester, Mass. The poor, free, from 9 to 4 o'clock p. m., each day. Dr. Clark will be at his Rural Home for Invalids, in Malden, Mass., every Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

A Note to all interested in the National Convention.

The Providence Society of Spiritualists have appointed a committee to arrange for the entertainment of the National Convention which meets in their city in August.

The committee earnestly request all persons whose intention it is to attend the Convention, to inform them by letter, at as early a day as possible. Will each please state whether they come as delegates, lecturers, or as both; also, those having friends here and places already arranged, will grant a favor by informing us in the same manner.

Will all Societies sending delegates inform the committee of the names and number selected as soon as possible after the appointments are made? and will they make those appointments at an early day?

By these means, which will inform me just how many are coming, we can better arrange for the accommodation of all.

It is our intention to entertain as many as possible free—giving lecturers the preference, and to provide places in boarding-houses and hotels convenient to the hall, where all others can be accommodated at reasonable rates.

Please attend to this, and address P. C. HULL, care of I. Searle, Providence, R. I.

Delegates to the Third Spiritualist National Convention.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Spiritualist Association of Worcester, Mass., the following named persons were chosen as delegates to the National Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., next month:—Dr. W. H. Dewey, Mrs. L. Blackmat, Mrs. M. A. Stearns, E. R. Fuller, J. C. Tarbox, S. O. Moses, Mrs. Jacobs. Resolved, That S. O. Moses, President. E. R. Fuller, Secretary. Worcester, Mass., July 1, 1866.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We keep for sale the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, a children's paper, published monthly in Chicago, Ill., by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association. See advertisement in another column.

Our friends in Maine will notice, by referring to the lecturer's column in the BANNER, that Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Newport, Me., has resumed her labors in the lecturing field. Heretofore she has done much good work in that capacity, and we are glad to hear that she is again to resume it.

The attention of our Eastern friends is called to the advertisement of Dr. G. W. Keith, who has taken rooms at the Nichols House, Bangor, Me. He heals by the laying on of hands, and we have reliable authority for stating that he possesses much power in this method of cure.

Anonymous writers had better save the paper they write upon. "A penny saved is a penny earned." We usually consign such manuscripts to the waste basket.

About this time (July 9), the Great Eastern is probably on her way across the Atlantic, paying out the telegraph cable which is to connect the Old World with the New.

The "Glorious Fourth" passed off—the proceedings did—in the usual patriotic manner in this city, with orations, regattas, fireworks, theatrical amusements, jollifications of all kinds and harmony everywhere. "Uncle Sam" is all right for another year at least.

Mrs. H. B. Gillette is an excellent healing and developing medium. Her rooms are at 59 Dover street, Boston.

The curability of inherited scrofula can no longer be doubted. Read, in another column, the well-authenticated reports of five cases, (some of them very aggravated,) cured by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

A SELL.—Newman Weeks, Esq., informs us that the pious Orthodox people of Rutland, Vermont, recently paid the notorious Von Vleck some six hundred dollars, for "imitating the tricks" of another notorious character, "H. Melville Fay!" They were terribly sold by a second-rate humbugger. It is enough to say that Von Vleck graduated at Barnum's Museum!

A JOKE.—Our neighbor of the Patriot was serenaded the other night, and devotes a leader in his yesterday's paper to the event. He says: "We thank our friends for the compliment, supposing that it was but a means of expressing their approval of our humble efforts in exposing the horrible wickedness of modern Spiritualism now rampant in our midst."

Now the fun of it is, the band, after serenading the Patriot chief, immediately thereafter honored Benjamin Todd, the Spiritual preacher, with a similar compliment. Our neighbor should keep cool, and not draw such extraordinary inferences. —San José (Cal.) Mercury.

The Cincinnati Society of Spiritualists, with their Children's Lyceum, held their first picnic of the season on the 26th June, in a grove about twenty-four miles down the Ohio river, on the Kentucky shore. They had a fine time, and all returned safely, well satisfied with the excursion, so says the Commercial.

SALISBURY BEACH.—This popular resort and watering place is now open for the season, as we learn from our good-natured, corpulent friend of the Express, Bro. Morgan, who is always *au fait* in these matters. Col. Kinball, proprietor of the Atlantic House, has just completed an addition of some fifty rooms to the house, and enlarged the spacious dining room to more than double its former size. The table is furnished with all the choice delicacies of the season, and the polite clerks, Messrs. Haseltine and McCarty, are always ready to attend to the wants of all. The beach is the best on the coast, being a drive of some twelve miles on hard sand. The boating facilities are unsurpassed at any beach in New England. A plank road has been built twenty feet in width over the sand, which makes the access to the house a beautiful drive. The road cost \$25,000. Major Moses Eaton, Jr., of South Hampton, is President; Isaac Hale, Jr., Esq., of Newburyport, Clerk; Wm. C. Binney, of Amesbury, Treasurer.

J. M. PEEBLES.—Our worthy brother Peebles, gave two excellent lectures in this city, Sunday, the 24th ult. Few speakers are more popular than Bro. Peebles—none more deservedly popular. He has the fortunate faculty of gathering the people about him, and of telling them in plain Anglo-Saxon their sins. He has but little regard for the position of the evil-doer. He may be clothed in ermine or covered with rags—to him it matters not—it is the sin, not the garments, his blows are aimed at. Our brother is doing a good work—doing it well. Blessings go with him. —Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago.

A fool in high station is like a man in a balloon; everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Foreign intelligence states that the Pope's own sister recently died at Rome in great poverty and misery. She was anti-Catholic, and the Pope would not do much for her.

It is said by a Canada paper that the *Vision*—the little vessel which started off on a voyage to Europe last year, with a man, a boy, and a dog, and was reported lost—put into some obscure port on the Nova Scotia coast, while the owner's wife collected a large sum of money from the companies with whom the owner had insured his life.

The Lowell Courier has hit the nail squarely on the head in the following paragraph: "The public want a newspaper to reflect their sentiments, feelings, and prejudices, and as a general thing are exceedingly exacting in their requirements. They will frequently talk of their desire for the independence of a newspaper, but when that desire is analyzed, it will be found to be that kind of independence that squares with their own notions and harmonizes with their own opinions."

A prize of 50,000 francs is offered by the French Government for the discovery of the most important application of the voltaic pile to industrial and scientific purposes. Competition is offered to all nations, and the claims will be examined in five years.

The gayest smile is often the saddest weepers.

A weekly paper has been started in New York, called THE FRIEND. It is a spirited affair. The editor says: "It seems to be a certain thing that we are passing on to a new order of religious life. The old theology has lost its savor; and the days of priestcraft are numbered."

Those people who tattle to you about others will tattle assuredly tattle about you.

Annual Grove Gathering. The Annual Grove Meeting at Three River Point, N. Y., will take place on Sunday, July 20th. J. H. W. Tooley of this city is to be one of the speakers. Preparations are making for a grand demonstration.

Correspondence in Brief.

Is Labor a Curse? In last week's paper (No. 14) on page two, there is an article by George A. Shufeldt, headed "Bible Teaching is a Fair Chance; it represents the Bible to teach that labor is a curse sent upon man for sin; which is incorrect. In the first chapter of Genesis God told man to multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it. That was before man fell. One of God's commandments, given on Mount Sinai, reads, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' &c. &c. Jesus Christ says, 'My father worketh hitherto, and I work with him.' Paul labored with his own hands, &c. &c.

If your correspondent will read Swedenborg's "Arcana Caelestia," perhaps he will get some light which may be profitable to him. I am a medium; my wife is also a medium. Our spirit-friends think much of Swedenborg and his teaching, and regard the Christian's Bible very highly. All we ask is a fair chance; criticisms as much as you please, but don't misstate. We have charity for all; we believe God loves the sinner as well as the saint, and the dark spirit as well as the celestial angel; but we do not believe the sinner is as happy as the saint, or the dark spirit as happy as the angel of light. Jesus says, 'My reward is with me.' I will close by asking one question: "To be a modern Spiritualist must one absolutely throw away the Bible?" I have heard your controlling spirit say, through Mrs. Conant many times, "Throw away nothing!" "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." I am, respectfully yours, ALBERT COLBY, Andover, Maine, June 27, 1866.

Believing you would be pleased to learn of the great spiritual awakening in the city of Janesville, Wis., I take the present opportunity of informing you that Dr. H. Fairbrother has been our lecturer through the month of June, and has awakened an interest exceeding the expectations of the most sanguine. Truly, our brother is doing a noble work. The eight lectures he delivered here, were conceded to be as earnest, beautiful and logical, as any we have ever listened to. The largest hall in the city was well filled, the audience increasing each succeeding Sunday. The public would not tire of ministrations so rich and satisfactory as have been poured upon us from the world of spirits, through the divine powers within and controlling the lecturer, and if Orthodoxy has not been trembling lest its foundation pillars be uprooted, Unitarianism certainly has, lest its laurels be transferred. We hope to secure Dr. Fairbrother's services soon, again, and feel to commend him to all spiritual societies, as one of the best teachers of the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy in the field. Angels guide and bless him, and all who strive to be just and true. Fraternalty, ELVIRA WHELOCK, Janesville, Wis., June 26, 1866.

Erratum. In my notice of the Davenport séances in Lancaster, Ohio, in the Banner of June 30, last word of second paragraph, for mediums, please read medium, for Mrs. Colby was lifted upon the table, but herself, Dr. Donister having withdrawn with the company. H. SCOTT.

Matters in Providence. Our regular Sunday lectures have just closed, to be resumed by Chas. A. Hayden, during the Convention in August. In the interval, our hall will be opened for Sunday Conference and occasional lectures. Our congregations were never larger, or more interest manifested than at the present time.

The interest was well sustained through June by the lectures of this gifted lady. Many of her discourses have the cast and polish of studied oratory, and unseem intelligences frequently evince their appreciation by loud and distinct raps upon the platform, heard in all parts of the hall.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION, Which is to assemble in this city in August, is regarded as a period of great interest to Spiritualists; and the hope is expressed that it may be harmonious within itself, and devoted to the promulgation of our heavenly philosophy among men. At a meeting of the Corporation Trustees, the Executive Committee, with the addition of Miss Phebe C. Hull, were appointed to act as the local committee of reception and arrangement.

DELEGATES FROM PROVIDENCE. The Society have elected the following friends, delegates to the National Convention: I. Searle, Thos. Howland, Wm. Foster, Jr., John Gallington, Wm. G. R. Mowry, L. Towne, Mr. Chafee, J. W. Lewis, H. W. Aldrich, Miss Laura Bliven, Miss Phebe C. Hull, Mrs. Ross, Lucy Currier, Mrs. Abby Potter and L. K. Joslin.

THE LYCEUM. Many Spiritualists have objected to the Lyceum as too military in its character. This was possibly owing to its having originated in a period of great military excitement and action. We, in Providence, have thought that a flag could be devised for Lyceum use more in accordance with the genius of the institution, than the exclusive National emblem; consequently, friends promptly furnished the means, and a complement of new banners were procured. The Guardian carries a beautiful white silk banner fringed with gold, with the word "Guardian" inscribed thereon, in golden letters. The children carry white flags with mottoes printed in different colors, expressive of our philosophy. Here are a few: "Progression; 'Light, more light;" "Guardian Angels are here;" "Help the unfortunate;" "Always do right;" "The good are beautiful;" "Angels love children;" "We will be happy;" "There is no death;" "Beautiful Summer-Land." These are a few of the mottoes carried by the dear young children, who love the Lyceum, and are occupying by a beautiful path the dark labyrinth of old theology.

Yours, for the true and good, L. K. JOSLIN.

Lectures against Spiritualism. In a late issue of the BANNER you noticed a book published by the Rev. W. M. McDonald, formerly pastor of the Chestnut-Street Methodist Church, in Providence, R. I. This book is, in substance, five lectures given in that church in 1863. These I reported, and now send you the last lines of my report of the last lecture. Omitting, as I must, the rest of this lengthy lecture, he closes by saying, "It is simply the work of Devils." That was the string upon which he played throughout the whole course. He is the Devil worshiper. He it is who says the affairs of this world are controlled by Devils. He it is who boldly draws the curtain that shuts out the supernatural spheres from ours, and claims the government of that mysterious realm for Devils. He it is that says of each one inspired, as did the Jews of old, "He hath a Devil, and is mad." He it is who stands behind the altar, in the light of the nineteenth century, and stretches his puny hands against the irresistible advance of Truth. He it is who will be met with all the attention his arguments demand, by those who know the truth, and knowing, dare maintain. He it is who has shown by words that cannot be recalled, that with all the hands that are reaching upward for help from the higher life, and all the voices that are crying shame to superstition in this enlightened age, he believes in the "Devil and Dr. Faust;" indeed, indeed! —B. B. KRAOK, Providence, R. I.

Picnic from Charlestown.

The First Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown are to have another grand picnic at Green Mountain Grove, Medford on Tuesday, July 17. Good speaking, music, dancing, &c., will fill up the hours pleasantly. A general invitation is extended to all Spiritualist friends—and especially speakers—to unite with them. Cars leave this city, from the Boston and Maine Depot, at 9 1/2 A. M., and 12 1/2 M., stopping at Charlestown and Somerville. Tickets for the excursion: adults, 50 cents, children, 25. A. H. Richardson, N. G. Warren and P. Stone are the committee of arrangements.

Married. In Lyman, Me., April 22, by Rev. William S. Jones, M. E., Mr. Leander G. Russell to Miss Lydia W. Donnell, both of Me.

Business Matters. LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—We have a few copies of this monthly for March, April and June, for sale at this office. Price thirty cents.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Multitudes of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparilla was used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SASSAPARILLA is no imposition.

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

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

TO LET, A LARGE FRONT ROOM in "Parker Building," No. 138 Washington street, Boston. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE. DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application, WARRANTED TO CURE RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and ALL LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Wincchester, Mass. G. O. Goodwin & Co., M. S. Burr & Co., Boston; John F. Haver & Co., Waterbury, Vt.; General Agents. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6th—June 2.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73 and 75 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14.—1v

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

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

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS. DR. G. W. KEITH, Medical and Magnetic Physician, would respectfully announce to the citizens of BANGOR, ME., and vicinity, that he has taken rooms at the Nichols Hotel, for the purpose of practicing his art for several weeks. The suffering poor, who are really unable to pay, treated cheerfully, "without money and without price," on Wednesdays, and on other days, if desired, for a fee. Dr. K. has been not only remarkably successful in treating diseases of mind and body, but also in imparting an influence to his patients, which facilitates the unfolding of latent mediatic powers. —July 14.

WINCHESTER'S ASIATIC CHOLERA DROPS; AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ASIATIC MALIGNANT CHOLERA. Also, for the prompt cure of DIARRHEA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DYSENTERY, OR BLOODY FLUX, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BOWELS.

This remarkable Preparation, compounded from THIRTEEN VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS, HAS BEEN USED WITH INVARIABLE SUCCESS AS AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA, for more than twenty years, in Manila, and other parts of the East Indies: the home of this destructive Pestilence, where it is regarded as an AD SOLUTA.

SPECIFIC FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA: Not a single death having been known among the white or foreign residents of the East Indies, where the Remedy has been used. IT ACTS WITH MAGICAL PROMPTNESS IN EVERY CASE. A single dose will arrest the Preliminary Diarrhea, and PREVENT AN ATTACK. From one to three doses will CURE EVERY CASE OF CHOLERA, if promptly administered at the commencement of the malady. THE EFFECT IS IMMEDIATE, and MOST ASTONISHING. It is perfectly harmless, yet possesses a POTENCY which AT ONCE SUBDUES THE MALADY.

Winchester's Asiatic Cholera Drops Should be kept as a safeguard in every household, or carried in the pocket, FOR INSTANT USE, WHEN NEEDED. In cases of Chronic Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaint, and Dysentery, or BLOODY FLUX, one or two doses of this Powerful Medicine, will cure the complaint almost instantly, and EFFECT A CURE IN A FEW HOURS, leaving the bowels in a natural condition, and INVIGORATING THE WHOLE SYSTEM WITH THE GLOW OF RESTORED CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD, AND OF REVIVED NERVOUS VITALITY.

Price, \$1.50 per Vial; Four Vials for \$5. Sent by mail, in cases, prepaid, to all parts of the country, on receipt of the price and eight red stamps. The Trade supplied. Address, J. WINCHESTER, 35 John street, New York. 1v—July 14.

WHY NOT? A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN. THE PRIZE ESSAY OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. BY DR. H. R. STORER, of Boston.

Burgeon to the New England Hospital for Women, and Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women in Berkshire Medical College.

A citation of the New York meeting of the American Medical Association. It was decided to issue "a short and comprehensive tract for circulation among females, for the purpose of enlightening them upon the criminality and physical evils of forced abortions." For special vote of the Association, Prof. Storer's Essay has been recommended to the profession, as calculated to effect much good, if widely circulated. CO-TENTS:—Preliminary Remarks; Origin and Purpose of the Present Essay; What has been done by Physicians to Foster and what to Prevent the Evil; What is the True Nature of an Intentional Abortion when not Required to Save the Life of the Mother; The Inherent Dangers of Abortion to a Woman's Health and to her Life; The Frequency of Forced Abortions, even among the Married; The Excuse and Texts that are given for the Act; Alternatives, Public and Private, and Measures of Relief; Recapitulation; Appendix.

Price, cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents; postage free. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and our Branch Office, 144 Broadway, New York. Room 6. July 7.

THE MORALS OF EPICETUS MADE ENGLISH IN A POETICAL PARAPHRASE. BY ELLIS WALKER, M. A. LONDON, 1816.

Reprinted by James Reprint, in 1864. Price, 10 cents. Sent by mail to the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and our Branch Office, 144 Broadway, New York. Room 6. July 7.

SCROFULA, SCROFULOUS SORE EYES, AND CONSUMPTION

CURED BY MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Scrofula and Consumption are justly considered as the most unmanageable of all diseases, yet they yield readily to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, as simple cases of Rheumatism, Diarrhea, Fever, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Asthma, &c. As a remedy for Scrofula in its mildest forms, as well as in the most aggravated forms of Inherited Scrofula, the Positive and Negative Powders surpass all others. The evidence now in my possession, upon this point, is overwhelming. I therefore declare with confidence, that the day is near at hand when any one who persists in treating Scrofula, or Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Asthma, Rheumatism, Fever, or any other disease with the present mode of purging, or upon any other system than that of the only true and scientific system of Positive and Negative, will be justly looked upon either as hopelessly ignorant, or criminally obstinate. The day is near at hand when the world will know and appreciate the Positive and Negative Powders just as I do. I ask no more. I ask no exaggeration of their merits; and hence I make no exaggeration of their claims. I simply report FACTS—FACTS—FACTS—OVERWHELMING FACTS, like the following:

Salom, N. H., Feb. 10, 1866. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I wrote you some time last fall for a box of your Positive Powders, and, at the time, I mentioned the case of my daughter having the Scrofula in one of her eyes, that had troubled her very much ever since she was an infant. She is now fifteen years old. Before she had taken one box of the Positive Powders the inflammation had almost disappeared, and the pain in her eye and head had wholly left her. It had got to be so bad that she feared she would have to give up her studies and leave her school. She is now to all appearances cured, and we are satisfied that the Positive Powders have done it. Respectfully yours, HENRY T. KIMBALL, Oasco, Hennepin Co., Minn., Nov. 20, 1865.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE—Dear Sir: The child with Scrofulous Sore Eyes, about whom I wrote in my last letter, is the daughter of Henry E. Leiper and Susan Leiper. She came to this place from Leavenworth, Kansas, some two years ago. The child was afflicted with the sore eyes when they came to this place, and, from her parents' account, had been for months previous, and much of the time so bad that she could not bear the light, but had to be shut up in a dark room. She had given her two boxes of your Powders, her eyes to all appearances were well, and had remained so to the present time. You are truly, ROBERT THOMAS, Cloverdale, Sonoma Co., Cal., May 27, 1866.

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I have taken special pains to see all my patients who have been taking the Positive and Negative Powders for their different complaints, and they all, with one accord, join in sending you their names and their heartfelt thanks for their great deliverance from disease.

The first is a young lady, Jenny Boyce, 17 years old, daughter of Wm. Boyce. Here was a case of Inherited Scrofula, pronounced incurable by every doctor who had been called to see her. It had so affected her eyes that for three years previous to taking the Powders, she was blind, so much so that she could not tell a man from a woman across the house. She has taken in all fifteen boxes of the Positive Powders, and now could see her father and mother as well as all and as far as anybody. She is now going to school and studying with ease. Her health in full has returned. Her father and mother feel so much rejoiced at the great work that the Powders have done, that they say they shall not cease in giving their continued thanks for such a great work.

The next case is that of the young lady, Ann Boyce, the mother of the young lady just mentioned. Here, also, was Inherited Scrofula of forty years standing. For the last fifteen years she had a continual discharge out of her ears, and each side of her neck. Under her ears the skin was all eaten off. By spells it would break out over her person, and disable her from attending to her family for weeks at a time. She had despaired of ever being cured, as she said, "and as for her she was incurable." She has now been taking the Positive Powders only about three months, and yet her improvement is so great that her friends say that a miracle has been worked.

The next is Edward Whitman, four years old, the son of James Whitman. His disease, also, was Inherited Scrofula, pronounced incurable by four different doctors. The case of the Positive Powders being sent him, he took it, and after a few days he was high and hearty, and his mother and father send their greatest thanks to you for the wonderful discovery of such a medicine.

The next is a man forty-eight years old, having what he supposed was the Consumption for the last five years. He took ten boxes of the Positive, and was entirely cured, and is now able to attend to his business.

I have also tested the Powders in Headaches, Neuralgias, Rheumatisms, and other diseases, with satisfactory results in all cases.

Yours with respect, EDWARD CHAMPLAIN. Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

The following superior inducements are offered by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders to AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE!

1st. The sole agency of entire counties. 2d. A large and liberal profit. 3d. A light, pleasant and paying occupation. 4th. The Positive and Negative Powders surpass all other medicines, any one or more of the diseases named in our Circular, such as Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, &c., &c.

Terms to Physicians mailed free, postpaid. Circulars with full lists of diseases, and complete explanations and directions, sent free postpaid. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians. Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail is at our risk. Office 371 ST. MARKS PLACE, New York City. Address, Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., July 14. Box 5317, New York City.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum. FIFTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED. A MANUAL with directions for the ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT of Sunday Schools, adapted to the Bodies and Minds of the young. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Price, per copy, 50 cents, and 8 cents postage if sent by mail. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and our Branch Office, 144 Broadway, New York. Room 6. Boston. 1v—July 7.





Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

A Bit of Bro. S. J. Finney's Experience.

Possessed of a fine, sensitive and impressionable organization, Bro. Finney, at a very early period of life, became intensely interested upon religious subjects, joining at the tender age of fifteen the Methodist Church in Seneca Co., N. Y.

Whether this be so or not, we neither know nor care; but this we do know: many preaching in that denomination are just as firm Spiritualists as Pierpont, Higginson, Owen, Sargent, Upham, Trowbridge, or Judge Edmonds himself; know it by our correspondence with them.

These were strange words. He hardly fathomed the import. The world seemed a vacancy. He was discouraged; resolved to go into the navy; missed the vessel. Ay, how the immortals hold the reins, leading mortals by subtle and undefinable methods into ways they knew not.

It is well known that Bro. J. O. Barrett, pastor of the Universalist Church, in Sycamore, Ill., believes in Spiritualism; ay, more, knows it; for his vision is open to the glories of the inner-life.

Bro. Finney, like most of us, has had his struggles, and is thoroughly conscious that, through such struggles, with high purposes and holy aspirations, in connection with methodical effort, come strength, success, and, ultimately, peace of victory.

Our Whereabouts. Born with traveling tendencies, and being a subject of discussion as to our location at a given time, we may with propriety be indulged a few words.

Knowing something of the past history of Lyceum efforts in this city, we were deeply interested in attending its session last Sunday. It was at once pleasure and duty.

Go Thou and Do Likewise. Bro. D. L. Bartlett, of Rockford, Ill., has erected a beautiful hall, under spirit-direction through the mediumship of Bro. S. Smith.

Letter from N. Frank White. We have just had another manifestation, Bro. Peebles, of the brutalizing influence of religious intolerance, in the gloatings of the "penny-niners" of our secular papers over the trial of the unfortunate Mrs. Haviland and Doctor Baker.

A Sunday in Chicago. In perfect keeping with the past, we were greeted on Sunday morning in Chicago by a large and highly intelligent audience. The hall was elegant, congregation harmonious, the singing excellent, and everything seemed favorable to further the flow of inspiration, save the intense heat.

we saw Bro. J. Tallmadge, nearly related to the ascended Governor Tallmadge. He is a book-merchant, having ever on hand a large supply of spiritual books, pamphlets and papers; and through the other "news-dealers" dispose of large numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT weekly.

Moral Bravery of a Universalist Clergyman.

It was reported in different papers, awhile since, of Rev. H. Blanchard, (that Dr. T. J. Sawyer, theologically declared out of the New York Association of Universalists) that while delivering a discourse to the congregation of Spiritualists worshipping in Dodworth's Hall, he said "two-thirds of the Universalist clergy of this country believe in the Spiritual Philosophy," i. e., Spiritualism.

Whether this be so or not, we neither know nor care; but this we do know: many preaching in that denomination are just as firm Spiritualists as Pierpont, Higginson, Owen, Sargent, Upham, Trowbridge, or Judge Edmonds himself; know it by our correspondence with them.

Our good Orthodox friends in Battle Creek have been living in such brittle houses themselves for some years past, that they are very careful how they throw stones openly at us today, but secretly and meanly they attempt here and there to couple this crime with the Spiritualism which they cannot root out by any fair proceeding, and of which they may well stand in dread in this community.

The Chicago Children's Lyceum. Knowing something of the past history of Lyceum efforts in this city, we were deeply interested in attending its session last Sunday. It was at once pleasure and duty.

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Charles Parker and lady, Wm. Aldridge and lady, Wm. Curtis and lady, Committee of Arrangements. Persons from a distance will be provided for. Come one, come all; let us have a good time.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meeting will commence at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHARLESTON.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 10 A. M. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago will address their meetings on Sunday, the 15th inst. Miss Lizzie Doten will address them each Sunday during the month, and Mrs. M. Macomber Wood for the month of October.

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Mrs. Francis T. Young, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Hannay, Mass., Aug. 4 and 5. Address, care of Danvers, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will speak in Quincy, Mass., during July. Address as above, in care of Oliver Rogers, Quincy, Mass.

M. Henry Houghton will lecture in West Park, Me., and vicinity, during August. Will speak Sundays and week evenings.

Mrs. Susan E. Blount, trance speaker, will lecture for the Society of Spiritualists in Yarmouth, Me., till further notice.

Mrs. Augustus A. Currier will answer calls to speak in New England during the summer and fall. Address, box 811, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Rebecca P. Adams will receive calls as trance speaker in any of the New England States. Address, 114 Fulton street, care of John L. Watkins, New York City.

Mrs. E. K. Ripley, Foxboro, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in New England during August and September.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sundays and week day evenings, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri during the summer.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture Sundays and week-evenings. Address as above, or box 778, Bridgeport, Ct.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

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