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## Literary Department.

### GOOD IN ALL.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM, GIVEN BY MISS LIZIE DOTES.  
(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner.)

"It is a beautiful thought, by Philosophy taught,  
That from all things created some good is out-  
wrought;  
That each is for use, and not one for abuse,  
Which leaves the transgressor no room for excuse.  
Thus the great, and the small, and the humblest  
of all,  
To action and duty alike have a call;  
And he does the best, who excels all the rest,  
In making the lot of humanity blest.

As Jonathan Myer sat one night by the fire,  
Watching the flames from the embers expire,  
O'er his senses there stole, and into his soul,  
A spell of enchantment he could not control.

The wind shook his door, and a terrible roar  
In his chimney was heard, like the waves on the  
shore.

In wonder, amazed, old Jonathan gazed  
At the huge oaken back-log, as fiercely it blazed.

The flames of his fire leapt higher and higher,  
And out of its brightness looked images dire;  
Till at length, a great brand straight on end seemed  
to stand,  
And then into human proportions expand.

Old Jonathan said, with a shake of his head,  
"There's nothing in nature I've reason to dread,  
For my conscience is clear, and I'd not have a  
fear,  
Should Satan himself at this moment appear."

"Hail your words shall be tried," quick the demon  
replied,

"For, lo, I am Satan, here, close by your side.  
Men should never defy such a being as I,  
For when they least think it, behold I am nigh."

Said Jonathan Myer, as he stirred up the fire,  
"Your face nor your figure I do not admire;  
But if that is your style, why it is not worth while  
For me to find fault, or your Maker revile."

"Now do not have a fear, lest it should appear  
That you're an intruder—I welcome you here!  
So pray take a seat, and warm up your feet,  
For I think I have heard that you're partial to  
heat."

"Well! you are either a fool or remarkably cool,"  
Said Satan—accepting the low wooden stool—  
"But, before I depart, I will give you a start  
Which will send back the blood with a rush to  
your heart."

"Well, and what if you should? It might do me  
good,  
For a shock sometimes helps one—so I've under-  
stood.

But, just here let me say, that for many a day  
I've been hoping and wishing you'd happen this  
way."

"So, give us your hand, and you'll soon under-  
stand  
What a work in the future for you I have plan-  
ned."

Satan's hand he then seized, which he forcibly  
squeezed,  
At which the arch fiend looked more angry than  
pleased.

A puzzled surprise looked out of his eyes,  
Which was really quite strange for the "Father  
of Lies."

"Come," said he, "this won't do—I am Satan, not  
you."

Said Jonathan Myer—"very true, very true.

Now do n't get perplexed, excited or vexed,  
At what I'm about to present to you next.  
Your attention please lend, and you'll see in the  
end,  
That Jonathan Myer, at least, is your friend."

"I've been led to suppose, in spite of your foes,  
That you are far better than any one knows.  
Now if there's good, in stock, stone or wood,  
I'm bound to get at it, as every one should."

So I have not a fear—though you seem sort o'  
queer—  
But what all your goodness will shortly appear.  
Fact—I know that it will, though 'tis mingled  
with ill.  
So—so—do n't get restless—be patient—sit still."

"Now I long since agreed, that there was great  
need  
Of a Devil and Hell in the Orthodox creed.  
All things are for use, and none for abuse,  
(And the same law applies to a man or a goose.)"

"So they'll keep you in play, till the Great Judg-  
ment Day,  
When the Saviour of sinners will thrust you  
away.  
But then, do n't you see, they and I do n't agree,  
So you'll not be obliged to play Satan to me."

"Even now, in your eyes, does there slowly arise,  
A look, which no lover of good can despise.  
So, open your heart, and its goodness impart,  
For now there's no need you should practice  
your art."

Oh strange to relate! all that visage of hate,  
Which wore such a fearful expression of late,  
Grew gentle and mild as the face of a child,  
Ere the springs of its life have with doubt been  
defiled.

And a voice, soft and low as a rivulet's flow,  
Said gently—"I was not in seeming your foe.  
Mm ever will find, in himself or his kind,  
Either evil or good, as he makes up his mind."

"As God is in all, so he answered your call,  
And the evil appearance, to you is let fall.  
This truth I commend to your soul as a friend,  
That evil will all change to good in the end."

Then Jonathan Myer sat alone by his fire,  
Till he saw the last light from the embers expire,  
And he thoughtfully said, as he turned toward  
his bed,  
"I will banish all hate, and put love in its stead."

"I will do and not dream—I will be and not seem,  
And the triumph of goodness I'll take for my  
theme.  
Great Spirit above! I have learned through thy  
love,  
That the Serpent has uses, as well as the Dove."

## PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of  
Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

[Concluded.]

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Story of Lottie's Life.

James was asleep, and Aunt Betsey sat by the  
fire knitting very rapidly, as was her custom when  
thinking over any matter which perplexed her  
mind.

We will leave her, and return for awhile to  
"Outney" and the home where the deacon and  
Nellee are sitting by the fireside after their early  
tea. It is a cold March night. Old Ascutney is  
hoary-headed with the snows of a long winter,  
and now the wind sweeps through the leafless  
trees of the hanging woods, and the deacon piles  
up the wood in the open stove, and sits down  
with his spectacles and paper to take comfort.

Nellee sits by the other side of the table, on which  
she has laid a few bits of colored silk, and is deep  
in the problem of arranging them to the best ad-  
vantage, for he is known, silk patchwork is quite  
the fashion in "Outney," and Nellee designs to  
cover the seat of an old-fashioned mahogany  
chair while her mother is absent.

After a long silence, occupied by the deacon in  
reading very slowly an article on raising sheep,  
Nellee, who seems to have solved her difficulty,  
and is now cutting out a square of rich white  
satin, suddenly interrupts her father's reading  
with the question: "Pa, how old was Aunt Lot-  
tie when she married?"

"Did you speak, Nellee?"

"Yes, father; I asked if you could tell me how  
old Aunt Lottie was when she married."

The deacon looked over his spectacles at his  
daughter, and then laid down his paper.

"How old? Let me see: she was married the  
year I bought Black Bess—what a beautiful crit-  
ter she was! (the horse, I mean). It was a birth-  
day present to your mother on her twenty-sixth  
birthday, and Lottie was ten years younger; that  
would make her sixteen, would it not?"

"Yes, father."

The deacon resumed his reading, for he was  
deep in the comparative merits of Cotswold and  
other breeds of sheep, but he had not proceeded  
far when another question from Nellee interrupted  
him.

"Father, was Aunt Lottie so very handsome?"

Again the question had to be repeated, and the  
deacon's finger traced the line on the paper.

"Well, yes, Nellee, I guess she was, take it all  
in all, about the handsomest girl that was ever  
raised in 'Outney.' She had n't that robust  
country beauty like your mother, but her features  
were very regular, and her figure and face would  
look well out in marble. She was n't at all like  
the other girls here. I used to think sometimes  
that there was a mistake made, and her little  
body was sent to the wrong place, for she was a  
fairly for a prince to admire."

The deacon was putting on his spectacles to  
read again, but Nellee was too quick for him. "I  
wish, father, you would tell me all about her  
marriage. Did you ever see her husband?"

"I think so, for he boarded with me six months."

"Oh, father, please then tell me all about him,"  
and Nellee smoothed out the little bit of white  
satin and laid it on one side of the table, as if she  
would hear the story before she used that relic of  
the past.

Uncle Sil was not given to story telling, and  
would rather have kept on reading his paper; but  
he could not deny Nellee's request.

Almost every family has some bit of tragedy in  
their history, some dark thread that runs through  
the brighter wool and warp of family life. Nellee  
knew that her mother seldom mentioned Aunt  
Lottie's name, and always sighed when she looked  
at any thing which recalled her to mind. She had  
often determined that she would unravel the  
mystery, but as often shrunk from questioning  
her mother on the subject. The reference to this  
sister in her mother's late letter opened the way,  
as she now thought, to get the story from her  
father.

"Well, Nellee," said Uncle Sil, "I remember  
well the day, though it is more than twenty years  
ago, when Captain John Hamilton came to As-  
cutney. I was keeping tavern then on the street,  
right opposite to your Grandfather Ashby's house.  
There was fine hunting in those days on the  
mountain, and now and then a sportsman would  
come from the city and put up at our house;  
but they were generally only make-believe hun-  
ters, and liked our house, with my mother's clean  
beds and my father's venison, better than prowling  
in the woods on the side of the mountain  
where rattlesnakes abounded. But the minute I  
set eyes on this man, I said to myself, 'There's a  
man that's a good shot.' He was n't dressed  
jauntily, like the city bucks, but in coarse, heavy  
Canada cloth, with a pair of shoes stouter than I  
should buy for myself, and yet I knew him for a  
gentleman as soon as he came into the bar-room,  
and laying aside his rifle and knapsack, called for

a room and dinner. Your mother was sick at the  
time, and Lottie had come over to stay with her.  
Lottie was then about sixteen years old, and  
beautiful as a picture. She never cared anything  
for the young gentlemen who used to stop at the  
tavern, always keeping away from them; but I  
shall never forget the stranger's look of surprise  
when Lottie came in to ask me some question.  
She was dressed in white, for it was a warm day  
in the early autumn. She had a pretty way of  
tossing back her curls when she spoke, and her  
step was light and springy as a young fawn's;  
the very sight of her tripping round the house  
was pleasant. Half of the young men in the vil-  
lage had fallen in love with her, but she cared  
for none of them. She loved her book, and was  
a good scholar, and she sung like a little angel.

The poor young schoolmaster almost died for the  
love which she could not give him, and Squire  
Lovell, who was a widower then, offered to settle  
half his property upon her if she would consent  
to be his wife; but she didn't care to be married,  
and your mother was glad to keep her. She was  
with us when our little boy died; he died with  
his little head on her bosom, and after that she  
was with us most of the time, and was like a sun-  
beam in the house. Everybody loved Lottie, and  
even the young men she rejected loved her none  
the less, she had such a pretty way of saying no.

When she came into the room where the gentle-  
man was sitting, waiting a moment till Sucky  
should come to show him to his chamber, he  
looked up at her, evidently surprised to see such  
a vision as that in this out-of-the-way place. I  
do not think she noticed him at all, for old Mrs.  
Welch called to see if Lottie would come in just  
for a few minutes and sit with her little sick boy,  
who had said he would take his pills and all the  
doctor's medicines if Miss Lottie would only sing  
to him. The stranger put his name down as  
John Hamilton. The next morning he went up  
the mountain, and came home at night with  
plenty of game. The day after was cold and  
rainy, and he ordered a fire in his room; it was  
an old-fashioned wood fire, and pleased him very  
much. He stayed there all day reading, for he  
had books with him, and in the evening he heard  
him playing on the flute. The weather continued  
bad; it was in September, and the 'equinoctial'  
was very severe that year. Mr. Hamilton could  
not hunt, and as he was the only guest in the  
house, and found himself lonely eating by him-  
self, he asked permission to sit at our family  
table. I had no objection, for it saved trouble,  
and so he and Lottie became acquainted. He  
talked with her about her studies, and the books  
she had read, and I was surprised to see how  
well Lottie could talk. She was as much at her  
ease as if she was talking with Fred Saunders,  
the miller's son, and a great deal more so, for it  
seemed as if she had just found some one who  
understood her; and she was as modest, too, as a  
little flower that opens because the sun shines  
upon it.

That he was a born gentleman, I knew; and  
that he was an Englishman, I surmised; and that  
he was educated, was evident from all the book  
learning he had. He stayed through September,  
hunting some, fishing and boating a little, and  
teaching Lottie to talk French. She could read  
French books before he came. Your mother was  
very much troubled about his intimacy with Lot-  
tie, but we thought it best to say nothing to her  
upon the subject. At last he received a batch of  
letters, all foreign post marks, sealed with wax,  
and queer little figures stamped upon them. That  
evening he invited me to his room. The letters  
were open on the table, but his portmanteau was  
packed, and he was ready for the stage which  
left at midnight.

"Mr. Horner," said he, "I should not have re-  
mained so long in your pleasant village, for I  
have important business elsewhere; but I waited  
for these letters, that I might prove to you that I  
am what I profess to be, an English gentleman,  
the son and heir of John Hamilton, Esq., of Mor-  
ley, England."

I read the letters, as he requested. Two of  
them were from England, and one from Barton,  
our Vermont representative in Congress, who had  
made inquiry about the family of Mr. Hamilton,  
and was satisfied that his representations were  
correct. When I had finished reading the letters,  
I told him that they were not necessary to prove  
to me that he was a gentleman. His conduct was  
sufficient for that; his bills were promptly paid,  
and for my part I should like more such guests.

He smiled. "Mr. Horner," said he, "I have  
other motives. I love your ward, Miss Lottie,  
and I wish to make her my wife. Have I your  
permission to address her?"

I can't say I was wholly unprepared for this,  
but the idea of losing Lottie was very hard to me,  
and I was in doubt how your mother would feel.

"Are you sure," I asked, "that Lottie will not say  
no to you, as she has to so many others in 'Out-  
ney'?"

"No, I am not sure," he said, and he looked very  
grave, "but if she should, I am sure there would  
be no more brightness in life for me."

I could not withhold my assent; but it was a  
sad night for your mother. I sat up to see Captain  
John off. The neighbors called him Captain John,  
for his skill as a hunter, I suppose. When he  
had gone, Lottie came to your mother's room.  
Your poor mother cried at the thought of losing  
Lottie, but the little sister said:

"Oh Betsey, I can't help it, but I do love him  
better than father or mother, brothers or sisters."  
I left them together, and slept in the Captain's  
room that night.

The gossips of the village shook their wise  
heads when they heard of Lottie's engagement to  
an Englishman. He would soon forget her, and  
never return to fulfill his pledge. Not so with  
Betsey and myself. We had confidence in him,  
and it was not betrayed. He returned from Eng-  
land in six months, and we had a great wedding.  
Almost every family in town received an invita-  
tion, and the great dancing hall was filled with

guests. Captain John did everything up hand-  
somerly. This took place before I had made much  
money, and all that we could give Lottie was her  
wedding and a hundred dollars' worth of clothes.  
She had about five hundred from her father, and  
that was all her fortune. Your mother bought  
her a white muslin dress to be married in, but  
when Captain John came he brought some white  
satin, that was the wonder of all the neighbors,  
it was so heavy and rich, and he brought with  
it some pearls; but Lottie said if he was willing,  
she would wear the white muslin and no jewels;  
and when the Captain saw her dressed, he said  
she was right, and that the satin and pearls would  
be more appropriate when she reached her own  
home in England."

Nellee took up the little bit of satin, which still  
lay unused upon the table, and held it in her  
hand while her father went on with his story.

"Your mother went to New York, and stayed  
with her till she sailed. That is the time when  
she boarded near the Battery. We heard from  
her as soon as she could write. She gave us a  
description of her beautiful home, and the cordial  
welcome which she received from the father  
of Captain John, who, from all we could gather,  
treated her as if she were an own child. In two  
years her husband had promised that she should  
return to the United States and make a visit. I  
remember one expression in her letters to your  
mother: 'I am so happy that I tremble with the  
very fullness of my joy. This world is full of  
beauty and pleasure to me. I have no wish that  
is not gratified, no hour in which I do not feel in  
some way the loving care of my devoted hus-  
band.'

She always could write just like a story book.  
All her letters expressed the same contentment;  
not one shadow; but in one which she wrote just  
before her visit home, she says:

"My husband is pained that our father thinks of  
marrying a Mrs. Locke, a bold, dashing, bad wo-  
man, whom John thinks has insinuated herself  
into his father's confidence from mercenary mo-  
tives. I dislike and fear her. My husband refused  
to recognize her at the Derby races last week,  
which produced a little hard feeling on his father's  
side. I think the old gentleman will marry her,  
and we must make the best of it; but I shall be  
sorry to see her mistress here, and while I shall  
fear her, I dread the effect upon John, who can-  
not conceal his dislike to her. She has a title, and  
belongs to a high family, and is thus admitted in-  
to good society; but she rides fast horses, bets at  
races, plays high, wears powder and rouge, talks  
in a loud voice, and says many things which  
shock me. I do not want to offend her, for I think  
she is one of those who never forgive an injury;  
but I am sure we will not get along well together.  
I shall not go to Vermont till after the wedding,  
for that would offend Mr. Hamilton, and I love the  
old gentleman too well to give him pain. But as  
soon as possible after that event, we shall visit  
you."

The next news which we heard was that the  
marriage had taken place, and this woman in-  
stalled as mistress of Morley House. As soon as  
possible after the event, Captain John came with  
his wife to visit us. Never was a brighter, hap-  
pier creature in this world than our Lottie. She  
was different, and yet the same; more beautiful,  
and yet as loving and kind as ever, with a way  
about her as if she had been born in the same  
station in which she then moved, and still not a  
particle of haughtiness in her manner. Your  
mother was happy as a queen, to get her child  
back again, for she was the same as a child to us,  
and the house was bright with her love and mu-  
sic. She stayed all summer, and when she went  
away in the fall the whole village was sad. She  
was to come again in two years, but we have  
never seen her since."

"Was she lost at sea, father?" said Nellee.

"I don't know, I don't know. It is all a mys-  
tery, a sad mystery. If we only could know  
when and where she died, it would be some com-  
fort. On her return she wrote us that her father  
was living a sad life with his second wife, that  
John would have nothing to say to the woman,  
and that she in revenge sought in every way to  
annoy him."

"I am really afraid," she writes, "that she will  
seek revenge; she is daring enough for anything  
bad. I try to be very gentle to her, for I do not  
want at this time to excite her ill feeling toward  
me; but since she has learned our hopes of an  
heir, she is very spiteful toward me. Were it not  
for our father, who is so kind to us, and who now  
regrets the mistake he has made, we should go  
and live at Charlton, where John owns a pretty  
cottage and park. It seems that, according to a  
will or agreement, the birth of an heir will make  
some difference in the amount which Mrs.  
Hamilton will receive in case of her husband's  
death."

Your mother was troubled about Lottie, and  
wrote to her to go, if possible, to the cottage  
till after her confinement, and take with her the  
same faithful servant which she brought to 'Out-  
ney.' Her husband consented, though his father's  
age and infirmities made it necessary for him to  
be at Morley much of the time. He was with her  
at the birth of their child, and for some weeks  
afterwards. Such letters as she wrote to us  
you would have thought there was never such a  
baby, or so happy a couple, since the first day of  
married life in Eden. I used to tell your mother  
that such perfect happiness was not for this  
world; that Lottie must have her share of trouble,  
or she would not ever want to leave this world.  
Well, I think it began at this time. The Hamil-  
tons, father and son, jointly owned property in  
India, and it was necessary that John should go  
there. The old gentleman begged Lottie to come  
home and stay with him; he wanted the young  
heir in the house, he said, and he wanted still  
more the bright, happy mother. He was old and  
feeble; his imperious wife ruled him, as she did  
the rest of the household, with an iron rule. Lot-  
tie could not refuse, though she wrote us that she

could not endure the thought of living with that  
woman. Her husband was to be absent a year,  
and poor Lottie felt that her first trouble had  
come. But contrary to her fears, Mrs. Hamilton  
gave her a warm welcome, and strove in every  
way to make life pleasant to the young mother.  
She was a handsome woman, or, as Lottie wrote,  
'a woman to produce a sensation, when she was  
powdered and rouged, dressed in her ruby velvet  
and the family diamonds.' She was a gay wo-  
man, and absent from home a great deal. 'So  
Grandpa and 'Pet' and myself have very pleas-  
ant times,' the young mother wrote. After awhile  
she was troubled because she did not hear from  
her husband. Her father received short, formal  
business letters, with kind wishes for his health  
and the hope that he would find the society of  
Lottie and the boy pleasant to him. The young  
wife was troubled, and ventured one day to ex-  
press her trouble to Mrs. Hamilton.

"Oh these young wives mustn't expect too  
much attention from their husbands. Yours has  
been very devoted to you for two years. Let him  
have a little time for his Indian wife and children."

"When she said this," wrote Lottie, "I was so  
startled that I came near fainting; and the woman,  
perceiving how she had shocked me, added, 'I  
do not mean that he is legally married; that it is  
anything which will affect your rights; but we  
mustn't inquire too closely into what our hus-  
bands do, when away from us.'"

Now I believe, and always shall, that this was  
an invention of this wicked woman; but poor  
Lottie was not strong, and had made herself sick  
worrying about her husband's silence, and she  
laid it solely to heart. To add to her trouble, the  
old gentleman fell ill. She nursed him as a  
daughter would, and wrote that she never left  
his bedside day or night for a week. 'But if I  
could only hear from John,' she said. 'I am  
afraid it is all true what that bad woman says.'

Mr. Hamilton died, and poor Lottie and her  
baby were left with no society but the wife, who  
had no grief for her dead husband.

Then came a letter from John, saying that he  
should be detained six months longer. This was  
written, of course, before he heard of his father's  
death. Our last letter from Lottie was a long,  
strange, rambling epistle, reminding me of poor  
Aunt Sally, your mother's aunt, who was insane  
a few years before her death. I did n't tell your  
mother of it, but I had my fears that Lottie's mind  
was n't quite right. She says at the close:

"If I don't hear from John soon, I shall take  
'Pat' and go to India, or to my own dear home,  
for I feel as if I wanted to die in your arms, my  
dear sister."

We have never heard of her or from her since.  
We wrote and wrote, but could get no reply.  
You can imagine your mother's anxiety. It was  
so great that I had made up my mind to go to  
England myself, when we were greatly surprised  
one day to see Captain John enter, looking like  
the very ghost of his former self.

"Where is my wife and child?" were his first  
words.

Your poor mother burst into tears.

"Is she dead?" he asked, and was so overcome  
that he sank upon a seat, and was weak as a  
woman.

I told him all we knew, showed him all Lottie's  
letters. I never saw a man more angry.

"I wrote her every week, long letters; it was all  
the comfort I had, writing to her; and heaven  
knows no vile woman ever invented a baser  
slander!"

His servant, who was with him, told us he sus-  
pected that Mrs. Hamilton, the elder, tampered  
with the letters. They were always placed in a  
bag in the great hall, and taken to the post early  
in the morning. He had twice met her on the  
great staircase at midnight, and he fully believed  
now that she had taken this revenge on Mr. John.  
When Captain John returned from India, he  
found no one but servants at home—Mrs. Hamil-  
ton was in Paris—and all they could tell about  
your aunt was that one morning Jim, the coach-  
man, was ordered to drive her to the railway sta-  
tion; that her favorite servant, Mrs. Mann, was  
with her, and they had three large trunks. Mrs.  
Lottie was pale, and looked as if she was worn  
out with weeping, but the baby was laughing and  
crowing and saying 'Papa,' all the way to the  
station.

Captain John could not stay, he was so im-  
patient to be on the seaboard.

"I shall never come again to see you," he said,  
'until I bring Lottie with me, or learn that she is  
not in this world. If you get any clue to the  
mystery, write at once to Morley.'

We have never seen him since, though for a  
year or two he wrote to us frequently. In one  
letter he stated that the ship Flora left Liverpool  
for New York about the time that Lottie left her  
home, and that two persons were passengers, the  
description of whom corresponded exactly to that  
of Lottie and Mrs. Mann; that the person whom  
he saw was mate of the vessel, and remembered  
the babe well. His vessel was lost at sea, but  
every life was saved but two—a middle-aged  
woman and a sailor. The mate told him that he  
saw the woman as she fell, and tried to save her,  
but could not. The vessel caught fire, and the  
crew and passengers were taken off by a Spanish  
vessel bound for New York.

Your mother has wonderful faith in prayer,  
Nellee, and she believes she will be permitted to  
see Lottie again in this world; and I think it is  
this which makes her think so much of her lost  
sister, now that she is in New York. I have my  
own thoughts about the matter, but she may be  
right, after all. As wonderful things have hap-  
pened as our finding the long lost sister. At least  
we would like to hear where she is buried."

Nellee had listened with great interest to this  
story, and now she carefully replaced the bit of  
satin in her box, and did not use it for the patch-  
work.

We will leave the village home, and return to  
Aunt Betsey in New York.





The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The following excellent article was written by a scholar of large experience, a close observer of human nature, and for years a critical investigator of the spiritual phenomena, until he became satisfied that they were based on scientific truths...

W. L. HORTON, M. D.

Two pointed and well written articles by Dr. Horton, published in the BANNER, Jan. 5th and March 9th, attracted my attention, and were suggestive of some reflections upon the diversity of internal wants and powers, which I now put on paper.

It probably is not in my power to meet Dr. H.'s inquiries directly, and satisfactorily to him. For if I comprehend his mental condition, testimony will not satisfy him; and testimony is all that could be furnished through your columns, to satisfy such want as his.

Some Spiritualists—many of us indeed—required proofs addressed to our own senses, before we could believe that our departed ones return and communicate with us.

But I must come to the reflections suggested by the articles referred to.

Man, says Dr. H., is a "religious animal"; "he generally wishes to have some belief on which to hang his future hopes."

Intuition—(meaning as I use it now)—the not looking inward—or an inward sensing, embracing all the acts of clairvoyance, clairaudience and kindred faculties—this intuition is practiced by so many people as to give presumptive evidence that all men have, at least in embryo, the capacity for such acts, and that the capacity will, at some time, here or hereafter, become developed.

And now comes the pertinent question: Which is the best informed man, he whose knowledge comes through the external senses alone, or he who adds to what the external senses give, that also which intuition can furnish?

Reason should sit as judge; but will its judgments be the most valuable when it weighs a part of the facts and evidence only, or when it takes in all that can be reached? The intuitive powers can present an important part of the evidence, which the reason should weigh when making up its judgments upon man's nature and destiny.

One half the world is feminine; that half is said to reason with the heart, or intuitively. If there be a fraction of truth in the allegation, it will become the reasoning masculine to ignore that fraction, and still claim that he brings all known elements of human nature into his calculations, and acts the part of a thorough expounder of man.

Well educated, critical, logical minds—excellent, well intentioned men—seem, in many instances to resolve that they will never be duped by visions and intuitions. Very well; this is right. But is it well, is it right, is it indicative of mental acumen and mental nerve to ignore the capacities for visions and intuitions, and shrink from grappling with the forms and facts which they bring forth?

We are teaching nothing new, for it was long ago said that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

There are nearly twice as many newspapers published in the United States as in the rest of the world put together.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

The Work Going On.

Some persons, ostrich like, think that by deluding themselves into a belief that Spiritualism is not spreading, they do equal execution upon everybody else. It is the shortest cut known to the pretended ruin of a cause, to keep asseverating its death.

From time to time we have called to the attention of our readers the evidences of the rapid and comprehensive spread of the grand truths of Spiritualism, not boasting, but that they might keep steadily before them, for the strengthening and comfort of their sympathies, the real fact as it exists in relation to our elevating religion.

On the occasion of the death of a member of his Society, he preached a discourse appropriate to the sorrowful event; and a fair copy of this discourse is before us as we write.

I wish that the Christian world had the moral courage to assert its unwavering belief in the possibility of some kind of communion between us and heaven. For, as the great Spirit of the Father is round about us, the Fortress into which we can retire when too heavily pressed by the cares, temptations, and evils of the world—so these dear ones, who daily pass from our homes, but who do not die, are the picket guard, that keep a few hours march ahead of us, separated from us by the valley of shadows, and who watch for the dangers that rise in our line of march, and come back to us to give us the signal that the enemy approaches, and to fight with us when we wrestle with the powers of darkness.

I have been greatly interested in the new sect, or denomination, that has come into existence in the last few years. Its members call themselves Spiritualists. Fifteen years ago they were laughed at; now, who laughs at them? Then, few had ever heard of such a system of doctrines; now, they number their converts by millions.

After stating his objections—which are in no sense radical, but merely fashionable and superficial, to the modes chosen by the invisible ones to manifest themselves to mortal senses—Mr. Hopworth concludes the succeeding paragraph to the one already quoted as follows: "I have the very earnest faith in that kernel of inspiration which has given to the sect all its value, the assertion that heaven is close to us, and that its inhabitants walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep."

It is true, overwhelmingly true, that heaven and earth are close to each other. There is but a thin partition wall, only as thick as sorrow, between these houses where we are, and that house where they are. We grope about like blind men feeling along the wall, and hoping to touch the spring that opens the door that leads to them.

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kindly than they who have lived here in our hearts? This has been the doctrine of the Church for many ages. Like a jewel in a heap of dust, it has been buried up and kept out of sight by many new and hurtful theories.

We have quoted from this discourse so much at length, to satisfy all our readers of the rapid work which is making by Spiritualism among the Churches, and especially the Unitarians. As for the Universalists, they appear to be growing more liberal-bound and gummied up than the old style Orthodox themselves; affording another illustration of the truth that, as the battle for progress goes on, those who were once in the van often fall behind and become content with defending the very dogmas which they began with combating.

It is—we need not add—as Mr. Hopworth has remarked, Spiritualism is the power which is to vitalize, and is even now vitalizing the hearts of the churches. How many believe in its great truths the ministers set over them cannot know; but there will come a day in time, when a sudden movement, more or less revolutionary in its character, will break through and break down these ecclesiastical outworks and defences, and disclose the fact that a belief in an intercommunion of worlds is the common, controlling, and all-prevailing faith, and that nothing less than this can make and keep men pure, elevate their thoughts and affections, and keep continually alive a truly religious spirit.

Spiritualism has but entered on its grand appointed work. Instead of there being any danger of its being swallowed up by this sect or that, it is destined to embrace and bring new life to them all. It is to be the new power from on high. It is the divine breath on the hearts of men. It is comfort as well as faith, happiness as well as inspiration.

Dram-Drinking and Adulterated Liquors.

The temperance movement is making headway all over the country. The liquor dealers in this State have been notified that they must cease the sale of all intoxicating fluids on and after the first of April, except in the "original packages."

As nine-tenths of those who partake of alcoholic liquors daily as a beverage, "for the stomach's sake," are not aware what villainous stuff they swallow, we will endeavor to enlighten them. As a specimen, we will show what they drink under the name of "whiskey." Here is the recipe: To forty gallons of common whiskey add twenty gallons of water; five gallons tincture of Guinea pepper; one quart tincture of kellytory; two ounces acetic ether; one and a half gallon strong tea.

If our law-makers would enact a statute, making it a crime, and attach a severe penalty thereto, for any one to adulterate liquors, or for one offering such liquors for sale, a greater benefit would accrue to society than any laws upon our statute books in regard to spirituous liquors.

Death from Trichina Spiralis.

Six cases of trichina spiralis have occurred in Springfield, all in the family of Ransley Hall, from the eating of ham, and a daughter of Mr. H. died on Monday from the terrible disease. Mr. Hall is in a critical condition. The ham was purchased about a week ago, and was eaten without being cooked. The whole family, six in number, became sick in a few days, but all except Mrs. Hall are considered out of danger.

The symptoms were quite uniform, varying only in degree of intensity. The first one was a violent pain through the eyes, which soon became swollen and bloody. This was followed by pains in the stomach and bowels, with vomiting and a very offensive bilious and mucous diarrhea. There was at the same time and subsequently the most profuse perspiration and urination, and the face and limbs became badly swollen. After the swelling and bloody appearance in the eyes had disappeared, which occurred at about the end of the third day, the limbs began to be rigid.

When lying perfectly at ease, the patient would feel no pain, but the least movement of the limbs would cause terrible agony, and touching them in certain places would also cause great pain. The young lady who died, could only lie with her lower limbs perfectly straight; the least change from that position caused her dreadful suffering. During all her illness her pulse was never slower than one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty a minute, while during the last few days it was too quick to be counted.

California.

Spiritualism in this distant portion of Uncle Samuel's dominions, is making rapid headway against all opposition. Even the daily press of San Francisco are discussing the merits of our faith, in distinction to that of Old Theology.

The city press occasionally venture to say a word or two upon religious matters, and a few of them have of late been bold enough to declare that the "Religion of the Future" must inevitably be far different from that which obtains now. One or two have even asserted that Spiritualism would seem to be the only religion possible in the future.

Rev. Mr. Hopworth.

The Boston Theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday evening, March 24th, to hear the Rev. G. H. Hopworth preach. It was the first of a series of free meetings by the Unitarian Conference. None but liberal preachers draw full houses nowadays. Old theology is fast dying out.

Wonderful Spiritual Manifestations.

We learn from a friend that a young lady, residing in Salem, by the name of Ives, has of late become a medium, through whom the invisibles produce extraordinary physical manifestations. Skeptics, in their ignorant simplicity, say it is "Salem witchcraft" revived! It seems, according to our informant's statement, that when any spirit desires to communicate to a party in earth-life, they make it manifest to the young lady medium, who sends for the person whose name is given. A circle is then formed around a table, each person, including the medium, joining hands. Upon the table is placed paper and pencil.

We understand that Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a Universalist minister, was sent for by the medium, not long since. He accordingly responded to the "call," and, to his utter astonishment, received satisfactory messages from several of his spirit friends. Judge Waters, of Salem, has also had sittings, and is entirely satisfied that Miss Ives is a passive instrument in the hands of the invisibles for the production of the wonderful phenomenon presented.

As all the parties are above reproach, the skeptical world will be obliged to resort to some other hypothesis than "collusion," "humbug," etc., (as is usual with them in regard to physical mediums generally) to make their arguments good that this class of phenomena is not produced by spirit-power.

"Stand out of my Light."

Miss Doter took for a text, on Sunday afternoon, March 24th, the memorable saying of Diogenes, the blunt old Greek philosopher, to Alexander the Great—"Stand out of my Sunshine." She then proceeded to show that this remark, so full of portentous meaning, was echoed by the many progressive movements which are now agitating the whole world.

The services closed by an original poem on the same subject. Miss Doter speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

Excitement Among the Jews.

The Indian Portuguese, a Portuguese journal published at Goa, says great excitement has been caused among the Jews, at Bombay, by the issue of their pontiff, H. B. Koy, who has lately arrived from Jerusalem, of a pamphlet, entitled "The Voice of the Vigilant"—the object of this voice being to persuade the Jews that it is useless waiting longer for the promised Messiah, as this is Jesus Christ himself, "whose doctrines have been spread all over the world without sound or force. Compare," says the pontiff, "the Old and New Testaments, and the truth will be seen."

The Radical Lectures.

Rev. Edward C. Towns, of Medford, gave the seventh of the course of radical lectures in Fraternity Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, March 24th. He spoke without notes, giving a succinct and comprehensive view of the theme of his discourse. He took away entirely the main pillar of Unitarianism, by stripping off the robes of Divinity from the humble Nazarene, placed there by the Christian Church, and finding him to be of mortal origin and like the rest of humanity.

A Third Meeting in Charlestown.

The "Lyceum Association" under the management of Dr. C. C. York, will hold meetings in the City Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, for the present. Cephas B. Lynn is the speaker for next Sunday. Singing by a choir of Lyceum children. On Tuesday evening next, April 9th, a benefit will be given to the widow of the late Charles A. Poore, in the above hall. Dancing will commence at 8 o'clock. Let the hall be well filled, for the lady is deserving of a liberal donation.

A. James.

Mr. James, the celebrated medium, paid us a flying visit last week, but has returned again to New York. He contemplates visiting the oil regions in Pennsylvania soon. Mr. James enjoys the reputation of a gentleman of sound and honest integrity, and is undoubtedly one of the best developed mediums of our time.

Charlestown Meetings.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is announced to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists in Washington Hall, during this month; and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn for the Independent Society of Spiritualists, in Mechanics' Hall. Our friends in Charlestown will not lack for spiritual food. If harmoniously digested it will do good.

No. 7 of "The Banner of Progress," published in San Francisco, Cal., by Benjamin Todd & Co., has been received. It is a five sheet. We see by the copy before us that Phenomenal Spiritualism is on the increase in various parts of the State. This is a good omen. It shows that the heaven is working, and proves that phenomenal facts are just as necessary as the higher and more exalted manifestations. Go ahead, collaborators in the vineyard. The world moves.

We wish those of our subscribers whose time has nearly expired, and who intend to renew their subscriptions, would do so two or three weeks before the time runs out, in order that their names may not be dropped from the mailing book. Such a course will prevent the loss of any numbers of the BANNER.

We shall print in the next BANNER an address by Mrs. Emma Harding.

New Publications.

THE IRISH NINTH IN BYVOUAC AND BATTLE, OR, VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND CAMPAIGNS. By M. H. Macnamara, late captain of the Ninth Mass. Vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This very handsomely printed and bound memorial of the "Irish Ninth," which must forever be precious to the members of that gallant and renowned Massachusetts Regiment, is fully dedicated to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who was its patroness and friend from the start. It aims to collect and place permanently on record the history of the battles, marches, campings, bivouacs, skirmishes and pleasuring (for such they really have in war), in which the Ninth was engaged. And, in doing this, the very capable and industrious author, who writes with a fervor and directness which would be foreign to one who had not been one of the Regiment itself, has thrown together in most taking form a mass of anecdote, incident, scenes and characters, which the old Regiment never will tire of reading, and will interest a large circle of readers who have heard and read of the doings, through the course of the war, of this noble body of Massachusetts men. Many of these anecdotes deserve to be selected and set going in the columns of the daily press. The inside view of a soldier's life can be got from this record of Capt. Macnamara's facile pen. We wish both himself and his enterprising publishers all the success they could ask for their new venture. It must have a large and rapid sale.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF JOHN STUART MILL to the students of the University of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, is republished in very neat and convenient form by Little & Gay, and will be read with thoughtful care by all scholars, students, and men determined to make the most of themselves by thorough training and education. Mr. Mill, we need not say, is the one mind in England to-day, to which all advancing minds in this country refer, when they assail old errors in their stronghold, and from which they quote when they would fortify their new positions. Mr. Mill, in this address, shows how the two systems of University education, the classical and the scientific, may be harmonized. He would give up neither, but have a man furnish himself with what each can give to him. He sketches the outlines of a full and complete education, and it is done in a mastery and thorough manner. It will serve as a manual for students everywhere; and its reflections are worthy of being pondered with seriousness and patience.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for April is the welcome harbinger of spring. Its steel engraving for the frontispiece is a pretty picture of two young girls studying a suit of armor, with the wearer out of it of course. The colored fashion-plate is a three page folded view of the freshest styles of head-dresses and goods dresses, with all the new ornaments. The illustrations in detail that follow will furnish exactly the study for spring which the ladies will want. The tales, sketches, essays and verses are in great variety, from sparkling and well known pens, and the editor's department contains a most attractive table of reading on books, society, the fashions, and domestic receipts and suggestions. This number of the Lady's Friend is a perfect one, and displays enterprise on the part of its publishers, Messrs. Deason & Peterson, Philadelphia, and tact and skill on the part of its editor, Mrs. Henry Peterson.

For sale in Boston by Williams & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for April opens with the illustrated "Dodge Club" in Italy, a humorous account of a party of Americans abroad, follows it up with an illustrated article on young Porter, one of the heroes of the rebellion, and furnishes a most appetizing list of other papers, and a wide variety of topics. "The Virginians in Texas" is continued, and is capital. There is an entertaining article on the "Romance of Sleep;" one on "Davy Crockett's Electioneering Tour;" one on "Easter Holidays;" beside the glittering pages of the Editorial Department, which furnish every month the solids as well as the lighter trifles which all readers alternately turn to. This is one of the very best numbers of Harper that has been issued, to our mind. For sale in Boston by Williams & Co.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for April is a fine and fresh number of this popular publication. The frontispiece is a handsome steel engraving of "The Opera Box—between the acts," and is just as sweet as three pretty rosebuds of girls can make it. The Paris modes are given at length, on a colored plate, and are the latest from that centre of the realm of taste. All the styles of dressing the hair are in this number; likewise those of robes, bonnets, sleeves, berthas, and what else. In embroidery patterns our fair readers will find it remarkably full. Then there is a piece of pretty music, "The Flower Polka;" and a body of choice original light literature, tales, essays and verse; with receipts, domestic hints and editorial reviews of books, men and the world. The offers to clubs are extremely liberal. Charles J. Peterson, publisher, Philadelphia.

Duffield Ashmead, of Philadelphia, publishes, and Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have for sale an extravaganza in the shape of a broad satire on the ministerial custom of asking to go to Europe at the expense of their parish. It is illustrated, and that is the most there is to it. Some people will laugh hard over the pictures; the text accompanying it is slight and slender.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April is out, with its contents breathing of the spring time which is at hand. It reminds us of the bunches of flowers we used to gather in our garden. "Round-the-world-Joe," is full of interest for growing-up boys who love fun and are ready for a good laugh at any time.

A Successful Enterprise.

The Independent Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, held another of their popular Social Levees, in City Hall, Tuesday evening, March 19th, in aid of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which proved to be not only a social but also a pecuniary success.

It must be said that those interested in these gatherings deserve much credit and encouragement for their industry and energy in furnishing entertainments which are patronized by other than those who are directly interested. And as the profits resulting therefrom go to increase the practical usefulness of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, one of the strongest recommendations for all to attend who can, is seen in the fact that they not only get double and triple the value of the price of a ticket, in innocent recreation, but have the satisfaction of knowing that the small expense incurred contributes to the upbuilding of a most worthy and glorious cause.

This Society organized their Lyceum only last May, beginning with but eleven scholars; they now number one hundred. Surely here is a guarantee of success.—E.



Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond...

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason...

Our Free Circles are held at No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit of Nature, thou Nature's God, we would commune with thee, forgetting all difference of sentiment and religion. We would enter the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto Life Eternal.

Oh Lord, our God, our Life, we thank thee that men do differ. We thank thee that there are no two thoughts alike. We praise thee that thou hast covered the earth with religions that differ widely from each other, for we know that wherever there is a human soul, there thou hast thy shrine, and unto that shrine the soul pays its vows, and worships thee in the beauty of holiness.

Oh thou dearest of all things well. And when we murmur against thy wise decrees, we murmur because we are ignorant; because thy wisdom is so far beyond our wisdom that we cannot comprehend it.

Oh thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, lead us tenderly, gently by the hand of thy holy spirits, higher and still higher in goodness and wisdom, until at last we find ourselves in thy courts of wisdom, worshipping thee supremely, paying all our vows unto the Great Spirit which is around and within us.

Father, receive the thoughts, the aspirations of thy mortal children. They are laying them one by one upon the sacred altar of their own being. Lord, receive them, bless them, for the sake of thy Son, which is the Spirit of Undying Truth. Amen. March 5.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to hear.

Q.—By W. L. W., of Buffalo, N. Y.: Are vegetables that grow under the ground unhealthy to some persons? If so, what temperaments are most likely to be injured by eating them.

A.—That is a question that is extremely hard to answer. What is meat for one is poison for another. Each temperament should be so educated in the intellectual, as to be able to decide for itself what is best for it to use as articles of food. The sooner, as a race, you arrive at this condition, the sooner you will begin to approximate to happiness. Now in these matters, as in religious matters, you allow medical men to think for you. These are problems you should solve yourselves. You should determine concerning your worship of God for yourselves. You should also be able to determine concerning the needs of the body yourselves.

Q.—Will the intelligence please to inform us if the Reformation of Martin Luther, or the German Reformation, was a great opening to universal liberty and freedom of thought and free institutions, and the abolishing of slavery throughout the world?

A.—All reformations tend to liberty, of whatever cast they may be. Everything that is of a reformal character tends to liberty—liberty of speech, of act, liberty of all the attributes of the soul. March 5.

Arthur Tappan.

It is with a degree of pleasure such as one seldom experiences, that I visit you this afternoon, being a believer and an earnest agitator of all kinds of liberty. I do not mean that which some are disposed to call liberty, that which has a tendency to make a man or woman worse than they are, but that liberty that liberates the soul from all that would trammel it; that liberty that allows the soul to worship God in its own way; that liberty that says to every soul, inasmuch as ye are the child of God, ye are the child of freedom. Such a liberty was exceedingly dear to me, in just as dear to me now.

When I was told, after becoming free from the cumbersome body of the flesh, that the soul was free to return, and under certain conditions could manifest to friends on earth, I felt like thanking my God anew for this new phase (to me) of liberty. I said, Oh this holds all else in its great heart. This is a liberty I never dared to hope for. I had heard it speculated upon, but for my own part I had never dared to dream that it belonged to the disembodied soul. But the ways of God are past our knowledge. We cannot grasp the Infinite. No, however much we may seek so to do, we never can. He is always in the advance, being superior to his creations.

It seems but a very short time since I was here in control of the body Mother Nature gave me; and indeed it is but a short time. And so short has been that step, so brief the space that is between Time and Eternity, that I can hardly realize that I have passed through the change called Death.

But so it is. I now enjoy freedom of the spirit-world, that world wherein the soul finds a realization of all its legitimate hopes.

And I come back to-day to earnestly beseech all those who ever knew me, to use all their energies toward establishing that true liberty that comes down from God the Father, that allows every soul to grow and expand in its own way. Do not expect the apple tree to be the peach tree, or the peach tree to be the apple tree, under any circumstances. Do not expect that God will come down to human comprehension in anything, for it cannot be.

Oh I am delighted to know, to feel that my country, this American nation, is making strides toward liberty. I feel to thank that good God that every soul worships, that he has so abundantly blessed my people; that the voice of the oppressed hath reached him; that their prayer hath not been heard in vain. The answer has come. I thank God for it. I thank God for it more. No man can buy him or sell him. There is no more. It is a short one, I know, but I leads

to great results. Oh you ought to thank God that he gave you an Abraham Lincoln, who was able to give the slave liberty; that he was able to do so much toward washing your flag of its stains. You ought to thank God, morning, noon and night, that he gave you an Abraham Lincoln. This is but one step, one link in the great chain. But as I before remarked, it will lead to great results.

And the beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism, dammed up and befogged as it is by fanaticism on every hand, still there is enough of Truth within its heart to save it. It will lift you out of bondage into freedom, out of darkness into light. And now that it is a little child in your midst, in heaven's name rear it right. Do not bind it; do not dwarf its proportions; do not turn it in the wrong direction. But oh, lift it by your prayers upon a pedestal so high that all the armies of hell could not prevail against it. Oh pray for it while it is a child, that when it becomes a strong man it may be crowned with wisdom and virtue.

I thank God, for one, that I lived here. I thank God I was able to do what little good I could, however small it might be. I thank God that I was just who I was, for God knew best, and he determined concerning me. And whatever my destiny is, oh I would endeavor to fulfill it.

I am Arthur Tappan, of New Haven. Good-day, sir. March 5.

Annette Rogers.

I promised I would come back. I said, As soon as I am strong enough, and have learned the way, I will come back. But I thought I should be able to come before now. It is most fourteen months since I died.

My father and eldest brother were in the army, and were killed. Then my mother and myself supported ourselves, sometimes by sewing and sometimes by other kinds of work; because there was nothing, or but very little, left for us.

After father died we became—mother and myself—somewhat interested in Spiritualism, because there was a message sent from him to us. I believed it more than my mother did. And all the time I was sick I felt sure that I should die, should never get well, and sure, too, that I should come back. And so I told my mother I would come. She has since left New York, and has gone to Ohio with her sister. Because after Aunt Mary heard that I was dead and mother was alone, she sent for her.

My father was from Massachusetts. His name, Francis Rogers. He lived in Boston one time.

I want you, if you will, to tell my mother that there is a great deal connected with this Spiritualism that I would not have her have anything to do with for all the world. But there is a great deal of truth in it, and she may be sure that I come. Annette is my name. Nettie, I was called. It don't make any difference. Well, Nettie, I was called.

I believe my father's message was sent from some one in Baltimore; and in it, at the close of it, he says, "I would send more, but I'm suffering as I was just before death. I can't stay any longer, because I am suffering as I did when here." When I told my mother I would come back, she says, "If you can, you won't want to suffer, won't want to live it over again." I thought I would not, thought I should know how to avoid it, but I don't.

Frankie is in the spirit-land, too, and he sends a great deal of love to mother, and is very sorry he ever did anything to make her unhappy; hopes she'll forgive him, and whenever she thinks of him forget all his evil deeds, and remember only his good ones. He was rather wild, sir, that's all. There, now, tell mother I am happy, oh very happy, when I'm not here. But I'm suffering here, and no one can be very happy when they are suffering. [How old were you when you went to the spirit-world?] Eighteen, sir, in my nineteenth year. [What was Frankie's age?] Twenty-one, sir. Good-by. March 5.

Rev. Sylvanus Cobb.

It is exceedingly hard to be able to walk the way of life to general acceptance. There will always be some who will find fault with you. There will always be some who will see that there was a more perfect way in which you might have trod. But if we only meet the approbation of our own souls, we shall do all that God requires of us.

I have listened to such remarks as these, from those of my friends who were Spiritualists: "Mr. Cobb was a very good man, but he had not the moral courage to acknowledge his belief in Spiritualism."

If it was moral courage that was wanting, my condition was certainly one not to be envied. But I am not here to defend any course I might have taken on earth, but simply to add my testimony in favor of the great truth of modern Spiritualism.

I believed that spirits could return, long before I met with the change, for I had sufficient evidence of the fact. But I did not see fit to preach Spiritualism on all occasions. I was quite sure I could do more good by preaching it in a more quiet way, by saying whatever I might have to say without giving it any name. I am not quite sure I took this course because I was wanting in moral courage; perhaps, however, it was so. But let that be as it may, I am a Spiritualist now, and I am able to rejoice with the vast throng of redeemed souls who do come to earth for the purpose of aiding all earth's children. And if my God does not make my way of duty as clear as some others, then I shall endeavor to walk as fast as I can see. I shall endeavor to do my duty as best I may, trusting to God for the reward thereof.

I was the recipient of many spiritual favors while living on the earth, and I did not doubt there was a great and glorious truth underlying Spiritualism; but I recognized so much of imperfection mixed up with that belief, that I did not openly deal with it. Perhaps I was at fault here. If I was, God forgive me.

The Spiritualist has much to be accountable for. A very great trust is placed in the hands of the Spiritualist, and I do earnestly hope that all Spiritualists of this age, and every other age, may not be called upon by the searching Spirit of Truth, in the hereafter, to know what they have done with the talents God gave them.

Your Spiritualism teaches the communion of departed spirits. It tells you you are never alone. It tells you your parents, brothers and sisters, your friends, your neighbors, your enemies, too, are watching over you from their spirit homes. You cannot think a thought, but some one knows what that thought is; you cannot do a deed, but some one knows what that deed is. Oh remember this. Then you will hardly take any steps that are not in accordance with your highest views of right.

Spiritualism makes no criminals, or proposes to make none. Spiritualism never tells a man to lie or to steal or to cheat his neighbor. It shows you a better way to walk in, and if you don't see it, it is because the scales of materialism have not sufficiently fallen from your eyes.

Remember this, oh ye who are blessed with this glorious spiritual religion: "Do unto others always as you would have others do unto you," acknowledging one God, one Father, one Supreme Ruler in life, who cares no more for the highest angel than for you. Oh remember this: that the beggar at your door is just as dear in the sight of God as the king upon the throne. When your Spiritualism teaches you this, it will have accomplished a holy mission. God grant that it may attain that condition very soon.

I am Sylvanus Cobb, of East Boston. Good-day, sir. March 5.

Owen Cassidy.

Well, sir, I'm not at all used to making any sort of a speech; but I suppose, like everybody who comes here, I've something to say.

My name, sir, was Owen Cassidy. I'm from Manchester, New Hampshire. Sometimes I think I was a fool to have gone into the army. Then again I think it was all right I would go. I think, Mr. Chairman, I was a fool, when I see, instead of making mince meat of Jeff Davis, he's stuck up here like a doll; yes, sir, I was a fool, I think, then.

I was from the 9th New Hampshire. And before I went to the war, I was what was called a waste-carrier. I suppose you don't know what that is. [We are somewhat acquainted with the workings of a factory.] You are somewhat acquainted with them, you say? I was not employed much inside, mostly outside in the yard.

Well, sir, I'll tell you what brings me here to-day. It is, I suppose, Father Cassidy. He was a half-brother to my father, and he's a telling me, when I first come to the spirit-land, how I could come back, and seeing as I was in a sort of unquiet way, I'd better come back here and speak, so I'd feel easier. And I don't care anything about that; but I have an old mother, and a wife and two children, and plenty of other friends. That's what brings me here. And I'd like to know, sir, if I can go to my folks, and how to go about it? And I'd like them to know that I can come back; that I want to come; like to come; that it's not because I'm turned out of heaven, or anything of the sort, that I'm back here to-day. I don't know at all whether it is St. Peter, or Paul, or any of the saints, that helps my coming, or whether any one at all helps me.

Now, sir, I'd like one of those bodies to talk to them with. [Mediums.] Oh yes, one of those sort of folks what vacates the premises at small notice. Oh I take it it's not so hard getting them out of their house, as it is some people. Yes, sir, it's not so easy getting some folks out of a house here. It's according as the way you pay your rent. Ah, faith, I know all about that thing. You see I was shoved out once, and I got a bit interested in the matter. And it was the next month I had to wait, and fourteen days after I was told to move. Yes, sir; but I stayed as long as I could; but your mediums go out and come in, vacate and come back again.

Well, sir, I don't know how it is. Will I ask my wife to go to some one of these? [If they'll meet you half way, you'll speak to them.] Yes, sir. [Won't the priest object to your wife's meeting you?] Ah, I suppose so. Then I don't know at all. Ah, it's the best to go, then confess afterwards. That is the best way. I never used to tell the priest when I was going on a spree. No, sir; I'd go on the spree, and talk to the priest about it afterwards. I don't know at all whether it's wrong or right. But I want my wife to come, so I can talk to her, and go to the priest afterwards. That is it now. You hear now? I want my message to go to Mary-Cassidy.

Oh I don't know; it seems to me as though I must go right to her now. [There are probably mediums in Manchester, if they are willing to let you use them.] Ah, the devil willing! How is it when I come here? I come in, and not ask anybody. [It was arranged before you came here.] Oh, well, you're sure there are some of these folks there? [We are not sure; we presume so.] Well, then, I'll take it on the presume. Well, sir, then on the presume that there are some mediums in Manchester, I want my wife Mary to find them out, go to one of them, and let me talk to her. Yes, sir; Father Cassidy says, "Owen, you must make your story a straight one, so they'll understand it." Faith, I try to make it as straight as a line that's reaching from one room to another. [You are sure your wife is in Manchester?] Yes, sir; as sure as I am here; that is, I'm as sure of it as of anything. [Do you go and see her often?] Oh yes, I go, but it's not much satisfaction to go when it's all on one side, and perhaps you'd hear something said about yourself you'd not like to hear. No, sir; because they might not want to say it if they knew you were there. Yes, sir, if they knew you were there they would be behaving themselves pretty well.

[To the Chairman.] The Lord bless you, I suppose it's a good work you are engaged in—and when you come across to the spirit-land, faith, I hope you'll be as well situated as I am.

Faith, if I had a pipe now, I'd smoke myself out. Do not forget, sir, anything about what I said. I told you I was not very good for making a speech. I can talk as I did here, [What all. Don't forget the 9th New Hampshire. [That company?] C.

Well, sir, good-by to you, and a good luck to myself going out, too. March 5.

Ella Daniels.

I want you—I want you to tell the folks I come. I'm Ella Daniels, I am. I was seven years old. I lived in Richmond, Va. I want you to tell my mother as how I come, and my father, too—Major Daniels—I want you to tell him how I come back here.

Be you a Yankee? [Yes; you are not afraid of me, I hope?] Are you the post-office? [One kind. We send what you say to your friends.] Uncle Charles is in the spirit-land, he is; and he's like to come, too. [Charles Daniels?] Yes; and he'd like to come, too. He's what the folks to know as how he come, too. Old Aunt Ju is there, too. Oh, she's a praying to the Lord Jesus all the time, because she can come. Tell mother so, will you? Tell father and mother, too, how we all come, won't you? [Yes.] You don't lie, do you? [Do you suppose we'd lie to you?] No; but the Yanks do lie. [Don't the Southern people lie, too?] No; the Yanks lie awfully. You won't lie, will you? You'll be good, won't you? You'll tell about Aunt Ju, won't you? [Was she your servant?] Oh, she took care of me when I was a baby. And you'll tell about Uncle Charles, won't you? [What is your mother's name?] Sarah, my mother's name. [Your father's?] My father's, Robert. Do you know Yank, will you? [We'll try not to.] Do you clear Yanks? [We are.] Well, good-by. [Go with full faith that we'll put this in the paper.] You say we want to go home, won't you? [We'll say that you want your father and mother to let you control some medium. Can't you give some facts for them to recognize you by?] That's to know me, I reckon? [Is there anything else you want to say?] Oh, I got heap of things I want to say. My wax-doll will that do? [Who gave it to you?] Uncle Charles. He fetched it from New

York. [Can you give anything else of that nature?] Any more wax-doll? Oh, yes; a work-box. Uncle Charles did n't give me that; father did. Do you want me to give them to you? Father says you Yanks take everything. Do you? He says you want everything; do you? [No; we want you and every other person to have their rights.] You are good, ain't you? Good-by. March 5.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by Thomas Campbell.

Invocation.

Our Father, let the consciousness of thy presence enter within the holy of holies of each soul; and let it bear therein the olive branch of peace, dispelling all doubts, casting out all fears, and causing the soul to rest secure in thee.

Oh teach thy mortal children to feel as well as to say, under all circumstances of their mortal life, "Thy will be done." Let thy children behold thee in the cypress as in the rose-tree. Let them know thou art in what men call death, as thou art in life. Let them understand thou canst not forsake thy children; that where they go, there thou art; whether we wander in the courts of sorrow or in the courts of joy, thou art with them. Oh let thy children feel this. Let them understand thee as a God who will never forsake them. For this is the kingdom, this is the power, this is the glory forever. Amen. March 7.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By C. Hendee, of Warsaw, Ind.: Should we heed the warnings given in the Bible against necromancy and its kindred abominations?

A.—In order to be able to give heed understandingly to anything that is found within the lists of the Bible, or any other work, you should first be able to understand the work and its author. The Bible is so imperfectly understood, even in this enlightened age, that it is very hard to determine whether it is, best, or the contrary, to give heed unto its teachings. For if we do heed that which we do not understand, we are very liable to be led astray.

Q.—By the same: Did Christ actually perform those stupendous miracles recorded in the Scriptures? and if so, is it not sufficient reason to believe that he was the Son of God, worthy of our most implicit confidence and love?

A.—Christ never did perform what is, in the absolute, a miracle. All his works were within the range of Nature's law, not outside of it; therefore were no miracles. We do not doubt that he performed all that is there recorded, and a good deal more. We believe that this Nazarene is worthy of your highest esteem, worthy to be worshipped as a Divine Lender out of darkness into light. Whatever is capable of leading you higher in all that is good and true, is in that sense your Saviour, and worthy of your worship.

Q.—By the same: According to the worstest oracles of Spiritualism, everything depends on the righteousness and purity of this life in preparing for the most exalted destiny. Is not, then, the Christian better prepared for the highest spheres, and has nothing to gain by any change of doctrine, even if Spiritualism be true? Is not the Christian side all gain and no loss?

A.—The Christian is no more fitted to enter the kingdom of heaven than is the Hindoo. If the Hindoo worships his God in spirit and truth, he worships righteously. The Christian can do no more. The Christian religion stands no higher on record than any other. This may seem to be a broad assertion. But as broad as it is, it is true. March 7.

Samuel Hook.

I would like to have you announce me as upon the list of those who desire to manifest to the friends they have left here.

I am Samuel Hook, of the 10th Maine regiment. I am not at all posted in these things, but I followed in the wake of the crowd, and I got permission to come. I don't know as I can do any great good by coming to anybody but myself. But I shall try to make it an even thing.

I was born in Thomaston, Maine. I know these things ain't much understood among my people, but I suppose eighteen hundred years ago the Christian religion was n't much understood. But it seems to be pretty well understood now, so I don't know but some day my coming back, and others, too, may be looked upon as a sort of an every day occurrence. I'd like to come in for my share in the afternoon. I never did feel well to go without my breakfast.

I do not know as I can say I've found any particular heaven or hell, but I'm comfortably off, and don't want to change places with any one round here. It's very comfortable to know that you have n't got a body that wants a new coat every year, and something to eat three times a day; particularly when you have n't got quite as many greenbacks in your pocket as you'd like.

On the whole, tell my folks I'm very well off. [Do you mean to say that you don't eat?] Do not eat? No, sir, not as you do here. We do not do anything as you do here. We are sustained, fed—yes, we eat; but we do not have any St. Charles Hotel on our side; do not have any Parker House—I believe you've got one here—do not have any places where they invite you in to get something to eat, something to drink. All these things belong to you. We can come here, if I understand it, on the same earthly plane, and go into all those places here; but there are no such places in the spirit-world proper, if I understand it. Good afternoon, sir.

[Did you give your age?] No, I haven't. I was twenty-nine. [Give the names of those you wish to speak to.] Well, Abraham, and Jed, as I used to call him; Jedediah he's called. Well, I don't know; he's pious. They both are. I do not know as I want to particularize any of them. I want to come to all. [Are those you mentioned your brothers?] Yes. It was said that I was n't so gifted in intellect as some of the rest, because I did n't see the way they did. But I'm satisfied. If they ain't satisfied with me, I'm very sorry. Good-afternoon. March 7.

Aunt Polly Williams.

I'm Aunt Polly Williams, of Barnstable. I know all about coming—I know all about coming. I can see well, I can hear well, and am young again, I lived here most eighty-one years, and I was glad to get free. Why, I felt as though I had wings as soon as I was free. I felt light, and so happy! They said in their hearts could n't come, but it did n't trouble me. They said Aunt Polly would be mistaken. They did n't doubt but she'd go to heaven. But I would n't want to go to heaven, where there was nothing but, singing all the time. It would weary me. I like, good singing, good music—oh, it's beautiful! but to have it all the time, and nothing else, you'd get tired of it.

They thought I'd lost my mind. If I'd lost my mind here, when I was here, I ain't found it yet; I ain't found it yet. But I've got enough to come back on, and that's enough.

I know they'll be surprised, because they did not think I could come. They seemed to talk as though; it was a disgrace for me to come. Oh, what an absurdity! Well, disgrace or no disgrace, I'm here. I ain't ashamed of it. I thank God I can come.

[To the Chairman.] My dear boy, you've got a glorious mission to perform, and I've no doubt you will perform it to the acceptance of the angels. I pray you will. If I can do anything to help you, I certainly will, for I'm in a way now to help my friends. I've heard of you. They said I was crazy, you was crazy, you was crazy as I was; that all of you were. [Rather a sweeping assertion.] Yes; they ought to have a general insane hospital. I told them if it covered all Barnstable they could n't get them all in. [You told the truth.] Yes, I did; yes, I did. Good-by, dear, good-by. [Come again.] I will. [Who do you wish this directed to?] No one; bless you; they'd tear it up if you directed it to any one. Somebody'll read it. No indeed; no indeed. March 7.

Charlie Lovejoy.

Three cheers for success at last! I want you to say to my friends that I, Charlie Lovejoy, have turned up at last, as good a card as there is in the pack. I have a great many things that I ought to say, but I've been so long on the road that they've got rusty.

The fact is, Major-general, I promised to get back here by the first train in the morning; that is, if I went out in the last train at sundown. But, as I'm a sinner—and I suppose I am, there's no doubt about that—I've been over since 1863 getting back. Now that's a pretty long time for a fast boy like me. I'm afraid my character will suffer. My reputation is down. It is, Major, as sure as you're alive. I didn't drive, or don't drive half so fast a team as the old lady does. She's in all of neck and breast ahead. But never mind; I'm here, so I suppose the boys will be glad to hear from me, notwithstanding I've come too late for even a late supper.

Well, you see, there was a club of us fellows, who thought there might be such a thing as this coming back business. We'd investigated, and we'd agreed to come if we could. I was rather sure I could, but I did n't understand that things want done in this new life as they are here. If I wanted to have a fast team, I could; but I tell you you can't always get one of these teams on the other side. Sometimes the stable is shut up, sometimes the boss is gone away, sometimes all the fast teams are out, so that you have to wait your chance with all the rest.

But I'm here at last. I'm from the Bowery, sir; all the way from the sister State, New York. I shouldered arms, put on my traps, and went out to do what I could toward curing or enduring an unruly child. I don't know how much I did toward it, but I did as much as I could.

Tell the boys—Harry Frazer, Tom Johnson—he's from New Hampshire—Giles French, Bill Harris, and all the rest—those in particular—that I've turned up at last, none the worse for wear. Now you'll do this, will you, and oblige one that will be sure to pay you in some way? If you do the best you can for me, you'll be sure to get your pay. If you don't, I'm one of the kind that always like to get square. [We'll give you leave to do so.] All right. Then there's no chance for even a brush. [Where are these boys you speak of?] They are, sir, trying their hand at "bluff," or anything you please. Never mind; never mind; there's some good, you know, even in the gutter.

Well, seeing as I've hired this team once, perhaps if I step out in good trim there'll be some show another time. All day to you, and here's hoping, when you come over on the other side, you may have as fast a team as the old woman had. Good-by to you. March 7.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, March 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Phillips, of Augusta, Me.; Jacob Tobias (Quaker) to Friends in Philadelphia; Frederick H. Chesley, of New York, to his mother; Captain Tom Barnes, of New Bedford, to his children. Tuesday, March 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick Schultz, to his brother, Carl; Shute; Fleet. William Jeffords, to Mrs. Matilda Jeffords, of Richmond, Va.; Santa Berry, to friends; Margaret Ferris, of New York, to her sister, Mary Murphy, of this city. Thursday, March 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Captain William O. Perkins, to Corporal Aiger, and to the family, in Richmond, Va.; to private Rhoads, to private Rhoads, and to his mother; Hannah Styles, stewardess on board the "North Star," to her family in Liverpool, Eng.; Kettle Whittington, to her mother, in Nebraska; Col. William of Belmont, Mass. Monday, March 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Prudence Farnum, of Gorham, Me., to Waldo Farnum, and others; Joseph McDowell, to Henry McDowell, and Mr. Power, of the Empire, Tenn.; Dr. Edward Brett, of Brettonville, O.; Amelia Manning, to her mother, in Auburn, N. Y. Tuesday, March 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Catherine Crossgrove, of Boston, Mass., to her daughter, Lucy Ann; Jason Williams, to his brother Hazen, and family; David McCann, to his brother Jim; Samuel Gilbreth, to friends; Annie Doyle, to her mother, in Concord, N. H.

[Communicated.]

Message from White Eagle.

DR. JOHN FIELD, MEDIUM.

It was good and man, the Great Spirit hath said it—that the Indian must be the white man's friend, for the white man is in many things a squaw. The white man has smoked his pipe with his friend, and poisoned the smoke with a lie. Then the red man sharpened his arrows for war; but the Great Spirit spoke, and said that the Indian must love; but the Indian saw no love in his heart toward the white man until his new hunting-grounds were found in the spirit-land. Thus the Great Spirit called the warriors and chieftains together, and taught them how to love. Thus the Great Spirit told the Indian that he must return back to the white brother's wigwam, and that the Indian must wash the lie from the white man's mouth. Then they shall become like men, and no longer be lying squaws. Thus the red man and white shall smoke their pipe in truth, and there shall be no lie in the smoke any more; and they shall build their wigwams together, and hunt the deer and bear, and shall fall on the silvery waters in the same canoe, and their hearts shall be kind and full of love. Then the Great Spirit shall speak unto us: "My children, I love thee because thou art now brothers, in truth, for there is no lie in your mouths to poison the smoke any more."

The Spirit asks the white brother and squaw: "Will you love your red brother when he comes again?" His name, he says, is WHITE EAGLE. We say: Come again, and often.

Blue Anchor Co-operative Settlement. To the Friends of Progress: A Progressive Settlement is now forming on the superior tract of land known as Blue Anchor, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, fronting on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, in Camden Co., New Jersey. It is the purpose of the founders of this village and settlement of those who desire to cooperate not to repeat the old system of things that exist in all the towns and cities of the world, based on speculation and fraud, where real poverty, want and misery on the one side, and monopoly, avarice, and extortion on the other, which has happened on neither, but as soon as possible, to institute a Co-operative Settlement.

Industry, in all the various branches of Agriculture, Horticulture, Manufacturing, Mechanics and the Arts. Here, then, is a golden opportunity for Philanthropists and the friends of progress to realize in the proper development of this splendid domain of four thousand acres—a higher, nobler and more magnificent state of society, and to found institutions worthy of the age, and in response to the deep yearnings and aspirations of universal humanity.

Let those who believe that something better than war, want and oppression awaits the world, reflect seriously upon their responsibility at this eventful hour, and ask themselves if a better state of things can ever come upon the earth, so long as the superstructure of Society is based upon selfish rivalry upon mercenary monopoly, and a contempt of the laboring classes and of the poor.

Persons could now engage with advantage, upon the grounds, in such branches of industry as manufacturing Shoes, Baskets, Kegs, Barrels, Boxes, Clothing, Earthen Ware, Brick, Pocket Books, &c. A large Steam Saw Mill is now in successful operation; also an extensive Green-house, and the extensive residences of unique design are being erected on Central Avenue.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY MRS. J. E. CONKLIN. Across your river's shining waves, I've watched the golden light, That glimmers on the purple hills, And on the mountain's height.

Full well I know beyond those hills A Fairer City lies, With towers, minarets and walls, Than ever met mine eyes.

My thoughts would sometimes linger there, For on that other side Dwell many friends who long ago Had crossed the swelling tide.

But now I feel an interest there I never felt before, For all that made life beautiful, Is on that farther shore.

The jeweled links that bound me here, Have fallen one by one, And now the chain is worthless quite, The precious clasp is gone.

Faith would I climb the distant hills Which hide that city fair, For all my treasure, all my hope, And all my heart is there.

Obituaries. At the residence of her adopted brother, Rowland T. Robinson, Ferrisburg, Va., Ann King departed this life on the 5th of second month last, at the ripe age of 81 years.

CHURCH.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at Library Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 7 P. M. J. S. Dodge, Congregationalist, is the pastor.

WOMEN.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leicester Church, at 10 o'clock, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John Belfer, Congregationalist, is the pastor.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 7 1/2 P. M. Speaker engaged—Isaac P. Greenleaf during April.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternal Society hold meetings regularly every Sunday at Fallon's New Hall, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon at 11 o'clock.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet regularly Sunday evenings, and hold public circles every Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Prospect street every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the first time in the city of San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

NEW NEVINS, THE NEWS BOY; OR, STREET LIFE IN BOSTON. BY HENRY MORGAN, P. M. P. (Poet-Master's Predecessor.)

Price, \$1.50. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 154 Washington street, Boston; also at our BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York.

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Miscellaneous. OXYGENIZED AIR. FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATION! THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY! MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

USUALLY affects the head, fauces and bronchial tubes. It is invariably caused by humoral or inflammatory blood, by which the mucous membrane is made sore or inflamed, producing a copious excretion of viscid matter. It is produced by SCROFULA IN THE BLOOD.

CATARRH should not be neglected, as it is apt to lead to fatal Pulmonary Complaints. It is easily cured with OXYGENIZED AIR.

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ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS. There is but one grand cause for all such diseases, viz., a loss of balance of the two (positive and negative) forces of electricity in the part or parts diseased.

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THE MAN OF FAITH. ABRIDGED VIEWS OF MODERN MIRACLES. SOCIAL INTERCOURSE. BY HENRY TACROL.

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Miscellaneous. MEDICUMS IN BOSTON. NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER! DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON, PSYCHOMETRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE. AT NO. 230 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 222 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, PSYCHOMETRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING.

MRS. R. COLLINS. STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine street, Boston, Mass., from 10 to 12 o'clock, P. M.

DR. W. M. WHITE, SYMPATHETIC CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, LEADING FROM SOUTH BARNET ST., BOSTON.

DR. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. BENNINGTON, MARION CO., IOWA, OCT. 13TH, 1866. PROF. PATYON SPENCE—Sir: I have used your Positive Powders in a case of ANEURISM (BRAIN) and one box worked a complete cure.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I have been troubled with the Neuralgia for the last 15 years, and at times have been laid up with it for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia and Sick Headache. They relieved me almost immediately.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I have used your Positive Powders for Erysipelas, and they cured me completely. May the great and beneficent Being reward you according to the great work you are doing.

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