

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIV.

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Free Thought.

MARRIAGE LAW—JUST OR UNJUST— FREEDOM OR BONDAGE?

"Prove all things," said Paul of old, and marriage is no exception to this wholesome rule. Surely our marriage laws, as they are, need reform, and an equal recognition of both wife and husband, as each having rights which the other is bound to respect—in property, person, custody of children, &c. Justice in these laws can hardly be hoped for until woman helps to frame and administer them, and we thus have all humanity represented, instead of a ruling class, as now, infringing on the rights of a subject class. This is a powerful argument in favor of suffrage for woman. But, meanwhile, let us be both wise and thorough in looking at this matter of marriage, vital as it is, and lying at the very foundation of social life as it does.

With a blind zeal and little wisdom, the abrogation of all marriage laws is demanded by some. A fatal error lies at the root of this demand. It ignores all obligations men and women owe to society. Were there none concerned or interested but the parties themselves, and if they were honorable and pure in purpose, any recognition of marriage might be of little moment to the man and woman bound by ties of mutual affection and reverence; but there are others to be thought of, and there are coming results to be honorably provided for. A man and woman love each other tenderly and truly; they wish to enter upon most intimate and sacred relations—mutual help and support, and the care and culture of children that may come to brighten their home. It is but just to make public and open statement of their intent, and thus say to the world, "We are husband and wife, true and faithful to each other and to the children we hope to rear and sustain." Such public recognition and statement is the root of all marriage law, and is just and right—is not bondage, but fair and open freedom. With it you have the sanctity of home, the control of passion, the sentiment of personal chastity and the possibility of well-ordered private life. Is it unjust or enslaving that partners in business are required, by law, to make known their partnership? No, it is indispensable to a decent order of business affairs. How much higher the importance of the marriage contract, and therefore how much more important its open recognition under just law.

Some short-sighted people say that, in the present state of society, it will not answer to be without some marriage law, but that "it may when we become more perfect and higher in development. If marriage law be an evil of itself, if an abrogation of all rules and regulations be best under any higher condition, let it be boldly advocated now, and thus the coming of a better time be helped. It is always safe and best to openly advocate the right and broadly oppose the wrong; so if any and all marriage laws be wrong and enslaving, away with them, and give us what is called "freedom"—the sooner the better.

But as the race goes up to a higher life on earth there will be more justice, and then truer freedom and the true-hearted man and woman will feel that it is right that all should know that they would be husband and wife, father and mother, and openly assume these sacred relations and responsibilities, and will turn to the marriage law as the ready means of making known their intent in clear and unmistakable manner. Never, so long as the world stands, will marriage laws be outgrown or ignored, but their sacredness and justice will be more clearly felt as the thoughts of men and women widen and ripen.

Reforms must come; they are already begun, and must go on; but reform is one thing, and destruction of what is, in itself, good, is another; and the destroying of all marriage laws, or regulations demanding a public recognition of marriage, would not help freedom, but would bring confusion, injustice and license.

But what of divorce? With the one lasting marriage as the ideal, let us have an open door to escape from mistakes or crime or passion. Let divorce be granted where love or reverence are not, but let it be openly known and in decent order, and especially with due care for children; and it will ever be held as but the remedy of a sad and pitiful mistake in life.

I like not this blindly passionate cry that the world of social life is growing worse. It is not true. I would not lessen, but increase and emphasize all that helps us to realize the pride and crime and passionate excess, of which there is so much, and from which woman suffers so terribly, but as you go back to a darker past, woman was still more the slave, and man still more the savage and the brute. Homes and marriages are far from perfect, but there is a higher and purer social life to-day than ever before, and this fact is incentive and strength to help us make that life still better to-morrow. Is the great law of progress—a delusion? Is it true that "through all things an upward tendency irresistibly streams?" or is that "a glittering generality," as Rufus Choate called our grand Declaration of Independence? It seems to me we need to get strength and hope by looking to some of these great principles.

Let me enter a protest against this absurd and audacious assumption that those who do not believe in so-called "social freedom" are therefore timid and conservative.

I stand on my own feet and say my own word, and that word is, that, to me, this "social free-

dom" is rotten at the root, and therefore will be bare, and not blessing; and this in all fearless frankness, but "with malice toward none, and charity to all."

But true charity is consistent with most earnest warning and most searching exposure, and therefore I send you this message on the justice and perpetuity of marriage law, and the reform of the laws which now stand on too many statute books. Yours truly, B. STEPHENS.
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15th, 1873.

LOVED ONES ON THE WAY.

O'er every sunny home
Shadows will fall;
From every happy group
God's voice will call
Some treasure well beloved,
By his hand given,
Hence again, home again,
To his own heaven.

Out of earth's shaded ways,
Into the light,
Where above the misty clouds
God's rainbow bright
Gleams with a radiance true,
Never to dim;
On they go, on they go,
Beckoned by him.

Up where the lamps of life
Shut out all gloom;
Where God's bright immortelles
Never cease to bloom;
Where we shall meet again,
When he says "Come,"
Lovingly, lovingly
Leading them home.

Home! where the farewell word
Never has been said;
Home! where no blinding tears
Ever were shed;
Where with a shining face,
Close by the gate,
One who loves, one who loves,
Fondly doth wait.

Dread not the farewell then;
Let them pass on;
Since he has said, "It is time,"
Let them be gone.
On to a better land,
Through gates of pearl,
Let the sails, let the sails,
For heav'n unfurl.

Deck their forms lovingly
From earth's fair bowers;
Cover the naked lid
With choicest flowers.
Bury them tenderly
'Neath the green sod;
Willingly, willingly
Leave them to God.

Think of them cheerfully,
Glad evermore;
Think how they're safe at last,
On yonder shore.
How, in a little time,
When all is well,
We shall go, we shall go,
With them to dwell.

—*Georgie Nourse, in Boston Transcript.*

Science Clearing up Bible Mysteries.

An English expedition is now being fitted out preparatory to a search for the exact location of Mount Sinai, which has for a long time remained a mystery to the human race. Dr. Beke, the English geographer and Abyssinian explorer, has lately advanced some views so decidedly new in regard to this Mount, which may be pronounced the originating ground of all legal and civil codes that have followed, that some further investigation may be desirable if intelligently conducted. He thinks that it was a volcano situated near the great Arabian Desert, and in this connection he believes that the Israelites passed through the Gulf of Arabia, and not through that of Suez, in their escape from bondage. The biblical phraseology of "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" which directed them in their journeying, corresponds with the descriptions of volcanoes which Oriental historians and travelers have given since an African of the Somali country, who witnessed the eruption of a volcano on the Abyssinian coast in 1861, said that the craters "smoke in the day time, and at night give light like a lamp." The "thunders of Sinai" can be accounted for in the same way. There is considerable plausibility in this view, and it is not unlikely a partially correct one. If so, it helps rather than hurts the statements of the Bible by giving them a natural and scientific basis. Some of the old theologians may find their stock of miracles reduced by this solution, but where we are governed so largely by natural laws, it is useless to go outside of them, when they are competent to explain all seeming mysteries.

SPIRITUALIST'S FUNERAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

The first funeral in connection with the Harmonical Progressionists on the Thames, took place yesterday in the consigning of the body of Mary Williamson to the grave, her spirit having passed away (as the brethren would say, into the Summer-Land) on the evening of 5th of July. The Spiritualists, who took part in the proceedings, were evergreen immortelles bound with white ribbon on the left breast, and were further distinguished by bouquets of flowers in their hands. On the arrival of the funeral cortege at the grave, A. Dunbar's hymn of "We are going to the Spirit-Land" was very well rendered by the "Thames Aurelian choir," of which Mary Williamson was a member. Mr. R. T. Cunningham then delivered a very feeling address of encouragement, suitable to the occasion, when the flowers and evergreens were cast on the coffin, and the singing of Byron's hymn of "Immortality" closed the proceedings. It is worthy of remark, that although the weather had been very unfavorable the whole fore part of the day, from the time the funeral started the sun shone out with splendor, and it continued fine until the return home.

—*Thames Advertiser.*

A New Orleans jurymen was asked by the Judge if he ever read the papers. He replied: "Yes, your honor; but if you'll let me go this time I'll never do so any more!"

SOUNDS PRODUCING COLORS.

BY MRS. A. M. STONE.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—On reading David Wilder's article in your paper concerning sounds producing colors and odors, and asking of its readers further information on the subject, I can contribute what has been given me by my clairvoyant daughter, who is promised to perform the music of Gottschalk by color and odor of sounds on the piano, and is now under tuition by said spirit:

"On fine mornings, when the atmosphere is clear and sunny, I enter my room, alone, where perfect quiet prevails. My children are denied entrance to this retreat; for it is here that I compose my music, or rather, where it is composed for me."

Sounds such as of loud voices, moving of furniture, or slamming and creaking of doors, make discord in the atmosphere, for the simple reason that they create inharmonious and coarse colors. They are frequently the destroyers of the color-music on which I am engaged. Sitting in an easy-chair, with a slate and pencil on my lap, I patiently await the command of the inspiration.

Presently, after thus waiting, a thick, soft-looking gray cloud arises within a foot of my chair. It is oval-shaped, and about the size of a common dressing-glass. At first it presents a solid, neutral-tinted surface to my eyes. All at once, it flushes through with pale pink, and then a succession of delicate hieroglyphs, of various colors and flowery forms, are sketched upon its smooth surface, as if by a rapid and masterly hand.

"They are for a few moments as constantly supplied, and as constantly and systematically erased, as are the problems upon a blackboard. These forms I copy upon my slate, also rapidly, but without comprehending a single figure or color that pulsates there, in my vision, perhaps, during the entire lesson. For such it seems to be. Half one side of a large double slate—never more—is generally filled with the quaint and grotesque characters which I give you a brief illustration."

As I am copying the article for publication—if you see fit to do so—and fearing I might not succeed as well in the notes or hieroglyphs, I send the original.

"Scarcely any of these hieroglyphs appeal to my sense of tone as being at all musical, until tried upon the piano afterwards. They then interpret and arrange themselves, with difficulty, but precision. I am acquainted with but few of these 'emblematic' as I term them. Three short strokes, thus: //, of light yellow, mean a 'triple' in music; two short strokes of light pink, a 'trill.' A triangle formed of three blue dots, interpreted, means 'grace-notes.' Piano and pianissimo are indicated thus:

In gradations from pink to white; forte and fortissimo by a single or double or treble forcible stroke of blackish brown, thus:

Delicacy is expressed by a light purple eyebrow, extreme softness and pathos combined, a double light and dark purple crescent, with a green dot under it:

Sometimes the outlines of a new piece of music will be conveyed to me by a flower. This flower pleases me for the conception (is then generally harmonious and accurate. For example: a polka 'brilliant' was given me in the shape of a French pink. I comprehended the 'calibre' of the air immediately. It was to be decided time, light, gay and variegated; the key in color pink; also, I knew that the odor would give the first strain with ease, which is invariably the case when permitted. But this requires peculiar electricity—in fact, the cream of it, one might say; and that is difficult to copy."

In this one case of which I speak, the moment I sat at the piano, the atmosphere about the instrument became permeated with the piquant odor of a French pink. It then seemed to alight upon the keys, as it were, and my fingers were directed to follow its delicate movements. This was done instantaneously, since odor gives the inspiration to the brain much more quickly than either form or color. Thus far, I have been able to translate but little of this fine life-work of electricity. However, this slight experience leads me to believe that wonders can and will be done in the world of music, by the uses of color and odors in composition and in tuition at the piano and other stringed instruments.

Yours respectfully,
LOUIS MANUEL,
Under-graduate Scientific School of Music,
Emil Casso, Professor.

The clairvoyant has no knowledge of music or time; cannot read it. Music has been promised her for many years, and this seems to be the beginning of its fulfillment. The control gave the article by my request. Use it as you see fit.
Cincinnati, O.

"ANK RICK" says: "After seven years of reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the three most difficult things in life are: 1st—Carrying an awful live eels up a steep hill without spilling an eel; 2nd—acting as referee at a dog-fight without getting mad; 3rd—editing a newspaper."

Man judges of our motives by our actions. God judges of our actions by our motives.—*Dream of Rajah.*

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Will you ride with my wife this morning?" said the Doctor. "It is a glorious day, and John Stott will take you through one of the finest farms in this country. You will see a thousand acres where not a fence mars the beauty of the green fields of ripening corn."

I was a guest. The Doctor had been very kind in giving me the liberty of the house, and I had no right to demand more. But had he given me my choice that morning, not the glories of the Alps nor the grandeur of Niagara should have prevented me from visiting Leslie Leigh. My thoughts were with her. Just as we were about starting, and I stood waiting, with my bonnet on, for Mrs. Minot, I saw Miss Love cross the hall. I called her to me, and said, "I am going out. See Miss Phelps for me, and ask her to take special care of Mrs. Leigh, and report to me to-night how she passes the day."

"Yes, ma'am, I will do so. Miss Phelps tells me that she is very still and silent this morning, has not spoken at all, and sits all the time with her face toward the door. I think she wants you." Miss Brown wished Auntie Dick to ride out this morning; but she replied, "No, ma'am—unless you take my baby, too. Auntie Dick don't want none of your riding out for her health. I shall scrub the entry to-day; your girl and I will do it."

Mrs. Minot came out, and, as usual, "spangly clean," as Mother Goose has it, with his smooth linen coat, and bouquet in button-hole, stood by his horses. We were off, under blue skies and past hedge-rows of living green, with a soft, fresh breeze tempering the air, and the music of birds mingling with the sound of the reaper. One could hardly help forgetting all care on such a day, while going at the rapid pace which John's horses enjoyed, apparently, as much as the riders.

I drank in the beauty of sky and field, of fleecy cloud and flowing river, and a feeling of peace filled my heart. All was well. The world was beautiful; a loving Father ruled it, and all things will work together for good. There are some such hours in life, but they do not last long; very soon some wrong or injustice or sorrow crosses our path, and we are thrown back to darkness and doubt.

When we returned home, and I had dressed for dinner, I found Dr. Minot in the library awaiting us, looking over some new engravings which he had just received. "You know Salsrey Gamp?" he said.

"Yes, very well. Was introduced to her some years ago by Mr. Dickens." "You may like to look at her, then," and he placed before me a large engraving of Salsrey Gamp and Betsy Prig. "Mrs. Gamp had produced the teapot simultaneously with two wine-glasses," Betsy, drink fair, wotever you do! The tent-bedstead, the bottomless bandboxes, the chest of drawers, the pap-bowl and spoon are all faithfully represented by the artist."

The Doctor quoted Dickens's remark, in his preface, that Salsrey Gamp, four and twenty years ago, was a fair representative of the hired attendant of the poor in sickness; and he adds, "I think it is not the least among the instances of mismanagement of the hospitals in London—in many respects noble institutions—that Mrs. Betsy Prig was, at that time, a fair specimen of a nurse."

"The Salsrey Gamps may not be all dead yet," I said.

The Doctor made no reply to this remark, but, handling me another engraving, said, "I need not ask if you know 'Mr. Dick.'"

The artist had entered into the spirit of the writer. I was transported at once to the cottage, with its patch of green in front, so sacredly guarded from donkey footsteps—to the room where the sea-air came blowing in, mixed with the perfume of flowers. I saw the old-fashioned furniture, brightly rubbed and polished, Miss Betsy Trotwood's chair and table by the round green fan in the bow-window, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china, the punch-bowl of dried rose-leaves, and the tall press which guarded all sorts of bottles and pots. I saw Mr. Dick, gray-haired and florid, with his large gray eyes and bowed head. I saw Aunt Betsy Trotwood, tall and large-framed, with her smooth gray hair and mob-cap, her dress of lavender color, scant in the skirt, but neatly made, her large gold watch, with its chain and seals; and I heard her saying, "Come, Mr. Dick, I want some sound advice. Don't pretend to be wot-gathering, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lance."

"Bless Aunt Betsy Trotwood!" I said. "I took Mr. Dick out of an asylum, I believe. Don't you hear her saying, 'Nobody knows what that man's mind is, except myself.' There are many Mr. Dicks, but few Aunt Betsy Trotwoods. Don't you think, with such a knowl-

edge of medicine as some women of the present day possess, she could manage an asylum for insane women?"

"No doubt—no doubt," said the Doctor; "but there would be difficulties in the way—difficulties which only one who has had experience could foresee."

The Doctor, with all his liberality, clung somewhat to the traditions of the fathers.

"I think a woman could see into a woman's heart sooner than a man," I said. "The Salsrey Gamps and Betsy Prigs would not have held sway under Miss Trotwood long."

The Doctor smiled. He saw my drift and replied, "There may be some instances of those," he said, "but they are comparatively rare. Two assistants in England have been sentenced to penal servitude for causing the death of a patient. Were justice done, there have been some in our own country who ought to be serving out terms in the penitentiary for abuse of helpless patients."

"Such cases of cruelty should be made impossible," I said; "your houses are too large; they should be so small that the superintendent can have each case under his immediate charge. Instead of that you are adding wing to wing to your old asylums, and States point with pride to their huge hospitals, capable of containing a thousand people."

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"A reformation has taken place, and the pendulum has vibrated to the opposite are of the circle, but let us not forget that the best thoughts of the best men and women have been directed to making the Asylum what it is. We owe much to it. As your writer says, it is a wonderful organization—wonderful in its systematic and harmonious working, despite the erratic element it has to deal with; wonderful in its freedom from accident, and wonderful, too, in the beneficent results that flow from it. Its advantages are ease and directness of supervision, the safety and security of its subjects, an ample provision for warmth, and an economy over any system that can be devised."

"There is one radical defect in your system, Doctor, and I am more convinced of it each day that I stay with you: the individuality of the subject is lost in the immensity of your organization. I know the same objection applies to large schools, where it is almost impossible to rear independent thinkers; then (pardon me) you know my confidence in you, and therefore you will not be sensitive on this point) it seems to me that there is an immense responsibility resting upon one person. The Superintendent has, necessarily, almost unlimited power, for you and I know that the visits of a Board of Inspectors amount to nothing as far as abuses are concerned. Human nature is weak, and great power in the hands of one man is dangerous."

I was interrupted by a strange noise without. The door of the library opened into a broad hall. There was a tier of rooms on the opposite side of this hall. The doors of these rooms were closed, but the windows were open, and the sound evidently came from that direction. It sounded like the screams of frightened women, and then the hurried tread of many feet. We rushed out and saw all the workmen from the shops, and the servants of the house, gathered in one place, and looking up with terror-stricken faces.

I followed the Doctor and joined the crowd. One glance upward made my blood run cold, and, like a coward, I covered my eyes and dared not look a second time. Some one said to the Doctor, "Is there no help for her?" For an instant he did not answer, for he, too, was stricken with terror at the sight. The place where the crowd had collected was the quadrangle formed by the main building and the north and south wings. The workshop, the bakery and the laundry were

CHAPTER VIII.

"She is dead!" they said to her, "come away! Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!" I followed the Doctor and joined the crowd. One glance upward made my blood run cold, and, like a coward, I covered my eyes and dared not look a second time. Some one said to the Doctor, "Is there no help for her?" For an instant he did not answer, for he, too, was stricken with terror at the sight. The place where the crowd had collected was the quadrangle formed by the main building and the north and south wings. The workshop, the bakery and the laundry were

✂ We shall print in our next issue No. 11 J. M. Peebles's interesting "Letters of Travel." As before stated, several of the series were retained in the London post office from some known cause, and have comparatively but just come to hand.

Prof. S. B. Brittan's Quarterly.

Number Four—completing Volume I—of this standard Spiritualist publication, is on our table: Belle Bush leads off its list of contents with a biographical sketch (and poem also) concerning Daniel Dunglass Home, which finds a choice illustration in the frontispiece, a steel plate portrait of that world-renowned English medium. Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., follows with an article on "Soul and Body," in which are set forth the failures of Carpenter, Spencer, Wagner, Flint and other materialistic naturalists to comprehend the relations of the two entities. Mrs. Emma Wood, George Sexton, M. A., L.L.D., L. Dille, Prof. S. B. Brittan and Elizabeth L. Saxton furnish articles of pith and moment on current topics; poems by T. L. Harris and Horace Dresser, L.L.D., are given, and in the department of "Fine Arts," "The editor at home," and "The editor on authors and books," much valuable information is couched in pleasant style. Thus has the new enterprise finished its first year of existence, and its publisher announces his determination to continue the same at all hazards—an exhibition of pluck, (when the difficulty of establishing any printed reform advocate on a paying basis is considered,) truly encouraging, and giving promise of future usefulness. We certainly wish the greatest of success to the Quarterly. Its clearly printed pages and admirable paper are familiar to us as vehicles which periodically bring exquisite gems, deep and at the same time lucid argumentation, and clear views of passing events; and it would certainly be a misfortune to the Spiritualist believers collectively, if it were to stay its course from want of the pecuniary supplies necessary to promote its locomotion. In no respect, it is announced, will the new volume be allowed to deviate, in shape, size, or otherwise, from the first, save, if possible, in the added interest of its contents. The opportunity of putting a large amount of spiritual information, in a close compass, into the hands of inquirers, and upon the shelves of public libraries, is offered by this magazine. Are there not twenty men in Boston who will take each ten copies of the Quarterly and trust to the chances of distributing them among their friends at three dollars, the subscription price? Such a course would greatly assist the editor, and be doing the cause of free thought a substantial service. Parties desiring further information concerning the Quarterly can address the editor, S. B. Brittan, post-office box 3806, New York City.

THE MARTYR OF 1873.—Otto Overwin, the Prussian physician, who sacrificed his life, recently, at his thirtieth year, in making a personal medical experiment upon himself, with a hope of checking the cause of the cholera in Berlin.

Mattie Stevenson, the young New England girl, who died at 18 years of age in Memphis, Tenn., where she went as a volunteer nurse, having secretly stolen away for that purpose in the midst of her school vacation, for fear her friends would prevent. The Memphis Appeal thus bears witness to her work:

"Pious, industrious, nervous, Sisters of Charity, and physicians, have passed away from their appointed posts of duty; but Mattie Stevenson, a name hereafter to be graven on every heart in Memphis, becomes a martyr of the first rank, because she has the cause of war, and has washed away, with the tears of a sublime faith and steady charity, all traces of leprosy. Her death followed the silent tomb by the largest concourse of citizens that has assembled in Memphis in months, but her memory never shall be as long as one of the men, women or children of 1873 to live her name. Honors to such a one are beyond our powers to pay. We are glad, and we will raise a white flag to commemorate her heroism; but in her heart from now henceforth, she will be with every one of us next to the dearest on earth. She was a woman of a noble sister or a friend, whose goodness is an ever-present and holy aroma, a guardian, so long as we shall possess it, and a comfort and a strength to all who shall be blessed by it. The highest, the whitest, the most precious in our beautiful life of the dead, and let the name, 'Mattie Stevenson,' be graven deep and deep where it will remain to defy the corruptions of time, and tell how she laid down her life for the poor of Memphis."

Mr. J. N. Rome, a Dane, an excellent teacher in several languages, at present located in Boston, is in great want. He has good credentials in his possession, as witness of his ability, and would gladly work, if he could obtain employment. See his appeal in another column. Any pecuniary aid or useful information can be forwarded to his address, at this office.

SIX BY A HALF DOZEN.—Mr. Foster, the medium, going to Australia to prove the immortality of the soul to the settlers at a head.—*Examiner*.

As a companion piece to the above, says the Leavenworth (Kan.) Freeman, we find going the rounds of the press an item from a Detroit paper, stating that "Phillip Phillips is singing for Jesus at a hundred and fifty dollars a night."

Mr. Seaver, of the Investigator, has been lecturing in Salem, Mass., of late, to general acceptance of his numerous hearers. He is a good speaker and a good man—good enough to be a Spiritualist.

Dr. Sexton, the celebrated English Spiritualist orator, has of late been doing a highly successful work in Leeds, Oldham, Hull and other quarters.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

J. M. Peabody is engaged to lecture in Muske Lake, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7th. He will accept calls to lecture two or three evenings during the first week in December, within reasonable distances from Boston, upon "What I Saw in the Orient," or upon "Spiritualism in this and Foreign Countries." His time is now all engaged Sunday except February. His permanent address is Hamilton, N. J.

W. F. Jamieson is filling lecture engagements in Northern Wisconsin. He delivered six lectures at Berlin, then returned to Beaver Dam and gave seven more there. Another course is called for at Orono. He may probably visit Fox Lake, Appleton and Fond du Lac before leaving the State. His time is nearly all engaged until the 1st of February, 1874. Applications for February, March and April will be received. Address 172 and 174 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. C. A. Deafallo is located at Fort Lee, N. J.

Mrs. Priscilla D. Bradbury, trance speaker, has changed her residence from Augusta to Bangor, Me.

Mrs. Emma L. M. Paul, of Stowe, Vt., says a correspondent, has just closed a course of lectures of six months, speaking three-fourths of the time here, and one-fourth in Canada. The lectures have been well attended by intellectual and appreciative audiences. Mrs. Paul is a beautiful and eloquent speaker, her lectures being highly intellectual, and many of them scientific, giving us new truths of the "here and hereafter" than we have received in a lifetime from the popular theology of the day. She has made many dear friends here who will be happy to meet her again.

George A. Fuller lectured in Essex, Mass., Nov. 24, and in the Tabernacle, at Gloucester, Nov. 25th. He will speak at Essex again Nov. 16th, at Plymouth, Nov. 20th, and at North Scituate, Jencks's Hall, Dec. 14th. He is ready to make further engagements.

Our Salem (Mass.) correspondent—H. O. Summers—informs us that Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes has been engaged to speak on the spiritual realm there the next three consecutive Sundays.

A. A. Wheelock has just returned to Worcester from a traveling tour of three months, most of which time was occupied lecturing in Vermont.

Dr. J. H. Currier of Boston speaks in Marlboro', Nov. 16th, and Mrs. M. J. Allen at New Bedford, Nov. 24th.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes has associated herself with Mrs. A. B. Lovell, 645 Washington street, Boston, and will exercise her clairvoyant gifts during the week for the benefit of the afflicted. She will lecture as usual on Sundays; engagements made at her rooms, as above.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

What is our duty here? To tend From good to better, there to best; Grateful to drink life's cup, then bend Unmurmuring to our lot of rest; To pluck the flowers that round us blow, Scatter their fragrance as we go.—*Sir J. Bowring.*

We would state for the benefit of those desiring to visit the new bookstore of Colby & Rich, that we are located at No. 9 Montgomery Place, which leads from Tremont to Providence street. Entrance can also be found from School and Tremont by way of Providence street, the steps opposite No. 40 of the latter leading directly to the Banner establishment.

HANDS OFF.—Dr. J. R. Newton says a man should never sleep with his hands up to the head, for it will cause heart disease, consumption, liver complaint, dyspepsia, &c.

Thackeray tells us of a woman begging alms from him, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box she immediately exclaimed, "And never beg for it!"

Those speculators who invariably run up the price of real estate this time of year, have had a smashing business deal for the goods of the late season, and are now as the "celestial Saturday night."—*These fellows*, says the editor, "that I'll see old one, 'Verily, I say unto you, ye have had your reward; will no doubt continue in the fuel business long after they are tired of it.'"

In his recent Concord address, Mr. Emerson says: "If you sprain your foot you will presently come to think that Nature has sprained hers, everything begins to look so sore and inaccessible, and when you sprain your mind by gloomy reflections on your evils and vexations, you come to have a bad opinion of life."

A very singular manifestation of spirit power in the presence of Mrs. Margaret S. Cooper, the medium, is related on our second page by Capt. J. M. Hill, a reliable gentleman, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Over the shop-door of a pork-butcher in a village in one of the eastern counties of England may be seen a sign-board representing a man in a black coat brandishing a hatchet, with the inscription, "John Smith kills pigs like his father."

Matrimony became epidemic in a Connecticut family last Friday, and carried off every member of the household—the widowed mother, three sons and two daughters—within an hour.

Mr. Isaac B. Rich made a happy hit when he bought the old M. S. Lincoln mansion in Montgomery Place, corner of Spring Street, and has turned it into a house of spiritualism, and has made it a headquarters for the Spiritualists, and his firm of Colby & Rich have there a bookstore, and the Publishing Office of the Banner of Light. Everything is as handy as can be. They are offering in their store some excellent books, which are advertised elsewhere. *The Boston Commonwealth.*

True Spiritualism is glorious, and its standard heaven-high, because it follows nature, in which the highest laws rules the lower.

Skeptics should read by all means the answer of the spirit to a question propounded by A. Kyd, of Germany, printed on our sixth page.

A. S. Hayward, Magnetist Physician, has taken the Parsons lately occupied by Dr. Spuler, No. 5 Davis street, this city, where he will devote his time to the healing of the sick.

Read the beautiful poem on our second page, "There's a Good in the World," by Francis S. Smith. The literal truth of the sentiment was fully enforced, for we are, to-day, experiencing the result of the storm of the fire-blast that broke upon us a year ago.

Many of the so-called "humanitarian philosophers" call this epoch the dawn of universal love. We should rather designate it the era of universal hate, according to present appearances.

Digby says the New Hampshire Sentinel is a keene paper.

We call attention to Warren Chase's fine article, "THE FINANCIALS"—a subject that is necessarily commanding the closest attention of all classes of people at this time.

A scientific paper says: "If a man had an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and were to touch that body with his finger, he could never find out whether it was hot or cold; for he would be dead before the sensation arrived at headquarters, which would require a hundred years."

There are two hundred and fifty thousand orange trees on the St. John's River, in Florida, and the yield of each is worth ten cents a year.

In another column of this issue the reader will find an interesting article on "SOUND PRODUCTIONS COINCIDENTS," which the writer has illustrated by peculiarly formed hieroglyphics. Perhaps Dr. Wilder can understand them. We can't.

An Illinois wicker-player left the church in a huff because the choir sang a hymn beginning, "Where are Thy bowers?"

The Congregationalist has seen this item in a late issue of fashionable New York turn-out: "Elegantly upholstered kneeling-benches for the weary and heavy-laden."

Why is a horse the most curious footer in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

Dr. Peter West, the excellent psychometrist, has an office at No. 5 Montgomery Place.

The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister of Hailu, Tibet, where twenty priests live, at the enormous height of sixteen thousand five hundred feet.

A daily religious penny paper in New York City advertised a cigar shop with "sample room in the rear," for some time before its horrified editor learned that there was a technical significance to the term "sample" not strictly "religious" in its bearing.

The Morris County Republican sagely remarks: "Don't loaf about the streets and depend upon the Lord for your daily bread. He isn't running a bakery."

Accuracy is desirable in all statements, especially when figures are concerned, but its value was rather overrated by the Indiana editor, who quoted a familiar hymn as follows: "Ten thousand thousand (10,000,000) are their tongues, But all their joys are one (1)."—*Examiner*.

The line of conduct chosen during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine a boy's character for life. As he is the cheerful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissembling, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

The Rev. Mr. Knight, of Dundee, Scotland, lately on trial before the Presbytery for taking a somewhat too self-view of prayer, has been acquitted. But his troubles are not over, for a minority of the Presbytery propose to carry the matter to a higher court.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury artificial poverty. The Tocqueville was right. Every government is as really as the people governed will permit it to be.

One of the things worth recording recently occurred in Wilmington, Del. A man was detected hurrying away from a butcher's stall with a steak which he had stolen, under his coat. A policeman went with him to his home, and, peeping through the window, saw him give the steak to his children, who devoured it raw. Upon investigation of this deed made to the butcher, his bosom glow with benevolent sympathy, that, instead of prosecuting, he sent the starving family a large basket of meat and a little cash to buy wood to cook it.

Horses are fed better and live more comfortably than a great many mortals.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.—It is noteworthy fact that the Protestant Episcopal Convention in session in New York, did not "tackle" Darwin's theory of evolution, or "Yiddish" prayer-gauge. All the heretics in "creation" were faithfully thought of and kindly prayed for, but their naughty faces and figures were scrupulously let alone. That "a prudent policy" and its gentle adoption would make the moral atmosphere of the world more "healthy" for the church.—*Leavenworth (Kan.) Freeman.*

Mrs. Belinda Curtis, South Weymouth, Mass., has our thanks and the thanks of our spirit friends for a fine bouquet of flowers (a donation to our public circle on Tuesday last) as well as a number of other friends whose names we did not learn, for similar favors.

"I should have no objection to my wife's religion," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is so apt to storm, also."

Chicago, Boston and Portland profited alike by their purification by fire, and have been doing business since, on a safe footing that they stand firmly through the panic.

The creditors of an absconding Yankee found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day was an umbrella.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

New York Items.

Mr. Peabody gave a delightful lecture to an overflowing house at Robinson Hall, descriptive of his travels, etc., on Sunday evening, Nov. 2d. He addressed the Lyceum in the morning, and we also had a few words from Judge Edmonds. Hereafter the lectures are to be delivered at 109, A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., and the Lyceum will meet at 2 P. M., at Robinson Hall, No. 18 East 10th street, near Union Square.

At the close of Mr. Peabody's lecture, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham gave some excellent psychometrist readings of persons in the audience. She is an excellent medium, and is now located at 205 West 10th street, New York.

Gerald Massey gave a masterly lecture on the spirit-world, at the Christian Association Hall. The attendance was not what it should have been, and yet a goodly number of Christians had a chance to get their dark minds illuminated with reference to the laws of invisible control as seen in different nations and ages. He spoke out our grand truths fearlessly to his audience.

Yours, etc., E. D. BARNETT, D. M. 437 4th avenue, New York City.

EDDY FAMILY.—A responsible business man left Boston last week to visit the Eddy Family, to see if he could make arrangements for them to travel and exhibit their wonderful spirit manifestations during the winter months. If the Eddy Family do not possess genuine mediumship for physical manifestations, then Spiritualists had better give up looking further. We consider them fallible, like all mediums, but genuine mediums notwithstanding.

To Correspondents.

WE pay no attention to anonymous communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases required, as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications not sent.

J. C. B., DENVER CITY, COLO.—No, Sir. That we could not afford to do. What you may send would benefit you, we think, vastly more than us.

E. H. S., CINCINNATI.—Long due, received, and placed on file for examination.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

BRITAN'S JOURNAL OF Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published in New York. Price 50 cents.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, fifteen cents per insertion.

Advertisements for one month, thirty cents per line, each insertion.

Advertisements for all cases in advance.

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Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12.31 on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Pimples, Eruptions, Rough Skin.—The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft and velvet, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health. From within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. Nothing ever proposed to the public as a benefactor of the complexion ever gave such satisfaction for this purpose as this Discovery. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grub," a dozen bottles are required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimply to the worst scrofula, is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by all Druggists.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure of all mercurial diseases.

DEMONSTRATE C. DARE, M. D., assisted by Dr. H. I. HARRIS, is now located at 935 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. Remedies sent to any address.

THE REPORT OF THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, a volume of intense interest as presenting the spiritual phenomena in a scientific light, is presented to the American public in an attractive typographic dress, and may be obtained at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for Healing. She is the instrument or organism used by the Invisibles for the benefit of Humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat ALL DISEASES AND GUARANTEE A CURE in every instance where the vital organs are necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magidize,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power. From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has but seldom, if even, fallen to the history of recovery. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor Patients too far gone to be restored.

\$1.00 for examinations by lock of hair. Give age and sex. "Healing Rooms" No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Post Office Box 1322. 13th N. 15.

DR. WILLIS will be in Chelsea the first Tuesday in every month, at Deacon Sargent's, No. 80 Central avenue, and at 25 Milford street, Boston, the first Wednesday and Thursday. Office hours from 10 till 3, after which hours, for the winter, Box 362, Willimantic, Conn. N. 1.

CHARLES H. FOSTER will soon visit Salt Lake, Sacramento, San Francisco, Australia, &c. Send for Foster Pamphlet, price 50 cents. N. 15.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers letters, at 361 Sixth street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. 025-4w.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient healer in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerist, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 27 Tremont street, Room C. A31.

DR. SLADE, now located at 413 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. 01.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 40 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on the BANNER OF LIGHT, Colby & Rich's, and other Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pans, Planchettes, Spencer's Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For terms of sale, apply to Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery place, New York. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
A. J. DAVISON CO., Book sellers and Publishers of standard and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform. No. 21 East Fourth street, New York.

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RICHARDSON & CO., Book sellers and Publishers, Seventh street, above New Avenue, Washington, D. C., keep constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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J. G. DART (Book seller), keep for sale Spiritualist and Reform Works, published by Colby & Rich.

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RICHARDS & CO., 381 Larimer street, Denver, Col., keep for sale a supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Also the BANNER OF LIGHT.

CLEVELAND, OH., BOOK DEPOT.
LEE'S BAZAAR, 12 Westland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritualist and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.
Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and all Liberal and Spiritual Books, Papers and Magazines. Also, Adams & Co.'s GOLDEN PANS, and PARROT GAMES, the Magic Comb, and Volatile Animal SPIRITS, and other curiosities. Also, ADAMS & CO.'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE PHOTOGRAPHS, Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c. WENYER, 101 N. 3rd street, St. Louis, Mo.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. DEWEY, Book seller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

ELIZABETH, N. J., BOOK DEPOT.
OLIVER SPAFFORD, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 60 French street, Elizabeth, N. J., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist and Reform Works. Also, Agents of Hall & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powers.

AUSTRALIA BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 30 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the works of SPIRITUALISM, LITERATURE AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S. A., at all times to be found there.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
HENRY F. CHILDS, M. D., 61 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and all other works of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritualist and Liberal Books of sale as above; also Dr. C. H. RICHES, 305 Spring Garden street, who will sell the books and papers of his office and adjoining Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, at all the Spiritualist meetings.

LONDON, ENGL., BOOK DEPOT.
J. HUNTS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury square, London, W. C., England, keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

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REQUEST TO THE SPIRITUALISTS.—A teacher of French, German, and the Scandinavian languages, who, from want of friendly aid, has been reduced to the position of a private instructor or teacher in a school. Besides the languages, he could even teach French, German, and the Scandinavian Singing and Music (the latter), as a Spiritualist Medium, and author of "Drawings of Spiritual Life," he hopes, by this means, to find some spirit friend who might want his instruction for their children, or at all events some benevolent people that would furnish him the means of getting the first necessities of life, and enable him to return to Europe. The applicant is warmly recommended by Abraham J. J. Felt, Esq., of New York City. Contributions are requested to be sent either to the editors of the spiritual papers or to his address, S. B. BRITTAN, No. 9 Montgomery place, New York.

THE EDITORS of the spiritual papers of the West are requested to grant a place in their paper for the above. Nov. 15.—2w.

NOW READY.

The Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th, 1873, photographically reported, is now ready.

This Book, of nearly 300 pages, contains every word uttered in the Convention—all its speeches, and the New Constitution and Organization of the United Association of Spiritualists, as adopted by the Convention. There are four speeches by Victoria C. Woodhull, which are her reply when charged with conducting hermes, time, and her latest, greatest, and most potent phenomena of "The Fifth of July," why do we die? Price, 30 cents single copy; \$1.20 per copy, 50 copies. Address W. H. L. & C. L. L. L. N. 15, 4w.

DR. PETER WEST.

THIS well-known Medium has moved to 5 Mount Vernon place, Boston, near the Banner office. Will be lecturing on "The Spiritual World," the Gospel of Freedom, and successfully treats all other Chronic diseases. No cure, no pay. Makes arrangements to lecture at private homes. Nov. 15.

MRS. R. COLLINS.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN and Healing Medium, still continues to heal the sick at No. 9 East Canton street, 2nd door from Washington street, Boston. Nov. 15.—4w.

MRS. McNEAL, so eminently successful in treating diseases of a Chronic nature. Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, &c. Refers to her testimonials, 10 to 10 o'clock, No. 7 Bank street, New York City. Nov. 15. 5w.

MRS. LOVELL AND BYRNES, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, 215 Washington street, Boston. Nov. 15.—4w.

A. S. HAYWARD, Vital Magnetist, 5 Davis street, Boston. Hours 9 to 4. Consultation free. Nov. 15.—4w.

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The press declare the work to be written in

Dickens's Happiest Vein!

To show the demand there is for this work, it may be well to state that the

First edition of 10,000 copies was sold in advance of the press.

A few opinions of the press on published extracts:

From the Boston Herald, July 25.

"Since last Christmas the medium has been at work steadily and assiduously, producing a work which resembles Dickens's closely as to make one start, as though hearing the voice of one long dead in the grave. The style, so the very intimate of chapter headings, is thoroughly 'Dickensian.' If Mr. Charles Dickens had written the work, we should say that he had imitated his father's ability and manner to a greater degree than

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 condition to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Public Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. In case of necessity, any one desiring to leave the room during the service, the fact must be signified to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce infirmity, and thus our spirit friends particularly enjoin upon us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

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

SEATED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name, then put them in an envelope, seal it and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the seance the Chairman will return the letters to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answers upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of this handsome day, we, the living and the dead, would join purposes for the moment, laying aside all differences of opinion that we may commune with thee, that we may enter the sanctuary of thy holy of holies and learn of thee, that thou mayest take us by the right hand of thy power and thy wisdom, and lead us a little further in the arcana of life. Oh, thou Infinite Spirit, who art our Father and our Mother, thou knowest our needs; thou comprehendest all the necessities of our souls, and yet we pray unto thee. We come to thee with our praises, thinking thee for all the experiences through which we have passed; for the shadows that, like great waves, have rolled over us and have well-nigh engulfed us. For these we thank thee, since, when in the shadow, we have been enabled to behold the stars shining above us—stars of truth, stars of love, stars of power, stars of faith—all, all messengers from thee. Lead us nearer to thee, Father; receive thou the aspirations of those whom the living call the dead; and unto thee be all songs of praise from thy children forever and forevermore. Amen.

Oct. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRITS.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am ready to hear them.

Q.—[From O. B. J.] If, as A. J. Davis has declared, man be a microcosm or epitome of the great world from which he is derived, by being a culmination of universal Nature, all Nature combining in the human system, how is it, then, that he is found incompetent for self-government?

A.—The very vastness of his being would produce just such a condition. He that can govern himself can govern the world. If man were of less mighty proportions, spiritually and physically, it would be easier for the soul to govern in either direction; but it is because of his greatness that the soul is unable, at all times, to give a certain sound.

Q.—[By Mrs. K. L. V.] Is the spirit-body built up from and through the physical?—and, if so, how is it possible for a child born without hands, arms, or deficient in any other part, to have the spirit-member supplied?

A.—The spiritual body proper is never material. If the physical body loses a limb, the spiritual body does not.

Q.—[By A. Kyd, of Baden-Baden, Germany.] Will the spirit state, for the benefit of skeptical doubters, of whom there are so many, what guarantee there is that the spirits in communication with Spiritualists are not Satan and his angels, transformed into angels of light, to deceive the very elect?

A.—We can give no guarantee that we do not belong to just that very class. It is written in the Bible that we should know concerning returning spirits by their fruits. Now, there are various ways of collecting evidence concerning returning spirits—of providing ourselves with a knowledge as to whether they are good or bad. Spiritualism has been with you about a quarter of a century—Modern Spiritualism; and, notwithstanding the many blunders that have been made, in its name, it has done more toward enlightening and elevating humanity than any other ism that ever floated upon the sea of humanity. This is a known fact, demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt. What has it done? says the skeptic. It has told you that you live after death, and proved it. Has any other religion done that? No; it has not. It has told you that the drunkard's appetite was a disease, and that you should deal with it as such, and, instead of putting your foot on his back, put your hands under his arms, and lift him up. It has told you that you are all constituted, spiritually and physically, each unlike all the rest, and that it is that difference which exists between you that makes all the misunderstanding; and by-and-by, when you shall arise intellectually beyond the effects and mists of ignorance, you will cease to war with each other. You will know that the kingdom of heaven is within you, and that you are to possess yourself of it by your own merits. You are not to ride into heaven on the back of a Jesus Christ or a Confucius, but you are to go in the chariot of your own good deeds. If you ever get there, you will pay for going in good deeds. Spiritualism has told you this. It has told you that you can commune with loved ones whose bodies you have laid under the sod. It has brought the baby to its

mother, and the mother to the baby. It has brought the husband to the wife, and the wife to the husband. It has brought friend and friend together, the one being in the world of spirits, and the other here. It has bridged the river of death—nothing else has ever done it—and it has lighted that bridge by the torch-light of reason; and let angels be traversing it every hour. Spiritualism is a mighty worker amongst men. It is doing for you what nothing else has ever done; and, although young in years, it has been already to you a Saviour—the Christ-principle that the ancients prophesied of in other days.

Q.—[From the audience.] Did Spiritualism commence when the voice of Abel cried unto the Lord from the ground?

A.—Oh, no; Spiritualism commenced when the first living soul became identified with matter. It dates further back than an Abel or a Cain.

Q.—Did the agitation of the Social Question start from the world of spirits?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What difference do you make between soul and spirit?

A.—I understand the soul to be the inner principle—that which cannot be divided—which cannot be analyzed. The spirit I understand to be an aggregation of powers that the soul has attracted to itself, and through which it manifests. You may call the one the life, the other the body of the life, if you please. The ancients termed the spirit, the breath. Well, I call the soul the power that puts the breath in motion.

Oct. 11.

John Crossman.

I am very happy to be able to come here at so early a date, from my death, which took place yesterday-morning, in Holborn, Strand, London, England. My name was John Crossman. I learned something about these things by reading the writings of William and Mary Howitt, and by reading some American works upon the subject, also some French works. I never saw much in this way, but I think I believed by what I read. So, I said to some of my friends, "If I die first, and this thing be true, I will come back." "It is true; it is clear as daylight; and, although I have not the experience to give that I wish I had, or would have had if I had been here longer, yet I can say it is a natural world so far as I can see; it is a world where there are trees, where there is land and water, mountains, valleys, and all the different scenery such as makes up scenery in the earth-life. There are dwellings here, beautiful beyond description. I had thought in my own country that nothing could exceed some of the buildings; but oh! they are nothing—nothing in comparison! I have seen some of the most magnificent structures in the spirit-world, so grand that the human mind could conceive of nothing like them.

Now, to my friends: It is a truth, and being such, it would be well worth your while to look into it. Make it a study; lay something else, if it be necessary, upon the shelf, and take this down; make it a study; inform yourselves concerning it, and I am sure you won't regret it. Good day, sir. Fifty-six years I lived in the body human.

Oct. 14.

Mary Ann Knights.

I died in Cambridge eleven years ago. My name was Mary Ann Knights. I was eighty-eight years old. I did not believe anything in these things, though I had a grand-daughter who was a medium, and she used often to say to me, "Grandma, when you get to the other side, if you should happen to be mistaken, come back and let us know it, won't you?" I've never been able to come back till to-day.

Now I want her to know—of course she knows I was mistaken—but I want her to know she must not believe all that comes to her. There's bad folks in the spirit-world as well as on earth—a good many who make it their business to return making mischief. I think I should have believed in these things if I had not had such an experience with one that came through my grand-daughter. He told me such an outrageous lie that I got disgusted with the whole thing, and didn't believe anything about it.

Now I know that I can come back. I know that most anybody can, after learning how to take advantage of these conditions. I know why that spirit was suffered to tell the lie to me that he did. He was suffered to do it for my good, and to gain an experience for himself, through suffering. He regretted it and suffered by it, and through that suffering he went higher. But it ain't best to believe these wild things, no matter what names come attached to 'em. Now, he told me he was George Washington. Oh, the liar! He told me that my son who was out West was dead, and his body was being transported from the West home, and I was so troubled; but I see through it now. It was n't best for me to learn too much about these things. It is n't best for everybody. Some people can't bear strong spiritual light. If they can't, it is best to withhold it from 'em.

Now, Sarah, you've looked for that little hymn-book of mine, and have n't been able to find it, have you—because you have n't looked in the right place? In my little old trunk there was put a false bottom. You take that out, and you will find the book and a good many other things in the bottom of that trunk, if it'll do you any good. And if your Uncle David asks you about my coming back, tell him "to ask if he wishes to find." He'll understand it better than you will.

Oct. 14.

Joseph Phillips.

I have a son who is a believer in Modern Spiritualism. Before my death we used to have a good many talks about it. He always contended it was a religion, and I that there was n't any religion about it. Finally I said to him, "Well, my son, if there is any religion about it, let the Simon pure." He said to me when I was sick, "Father, if you find out in the spirit-world what the Simon pure religion is, come back and let me know, won't you?" So I have found out, and now I come back to let him know. That's right, is n't it?

I find that all advanced spirits hold to this idea—that the Simon pure religion, the only religion that amounts to anything, is embraced in what is called the "Golden Rule." You don't need any other, they say. Live up to that, they say, and you cover all the rest. So, my son, that's what I have learned; and if your Spiritualism embraces that Golden Rule, why, then, it is a religion. But if it don't, I still say it ain't a religion; but I hope it does; I hope the true Spiritualist lives that idea. If he does, he has got a religion. My name was Joseph Phillips. I lived in Lewistown, Maine.

Oct. 14.

Hattie Wellington.

My name, sir, was Hattie Wellington. I was eleven years old. I lived in Detroit. I wish to send a message to my mother. First, then, mother dear, if you mourned less I should be happier; and then I am not alone in this beautiful spirit-world. You must n't suppose, because none of my family are there, that I have no congenial spirits to make me happy. Oh, mother dear, there are plenty who have opened their loving arms and taken me to their hearts. If it was not for your grief I should be happy. Try, mother dear, to overcome your sorrow; try to feel that I live, that I am not dead—that I live in a beautiful world; and by-and-by you are coming, too. I have only started a little in advance of you. I shall have grown in wisdom and grown in stature when you come. I shall not forget you. I shall still love you, and I shall be so happy to meet you. Mother dear, be happy, be happy, be happy! If you want me to be happy, oh, be yourself. Hattie, to Charlotte A. Wellington. Good day, sir. Oct. 14.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker and "Joe" Harve.

Four years ago, as is well known to the majority of liberal readers, our circle room, printing office, bookstore, and all the paraphernalia by which we were enabled to carry on our work as disseminators of enlarged spiritual thought among men, were consumed in the great Boston conflagration. Shortly after the disastrous event a private purpose, in one knowing its point, at the residence of Mrs. Conant, 26 Waltham street, Boston. During the course of said circle the following messages, fraught with deep meaning, were given through the medium. We did not at the time think it appropriate that these communications—to us seemingly of a strictly private nature—should be given to the public, as they referred to only one person, a gentleman formerly of Boston, but then and now a resident of California; but we publish them at this late day in obedience to the direct request of both of the spirits communicating, and the individual so addressed. E. B. W. or L. J.

Invocation.

In thy name, oh Holy Spirit, who presideth over the destinies of nations and souls, we are here assembled; let us feel thy presence in our inner lives; let our souls be bathed with the sunlight of thy love, that shall illumine all the darkened chambers of our being, and call us into new life, giving us greater strength, and preparing us for the duties yet to be. Thou Spirit of the Hour, we know that we need not invoke thy presence, for thou art ever with all thy children, leaving us never, caring for us ever. Oh, Eternal Spirit, we will trust our souls and our interests with thee.

Dec. 2.

Light.

To his earthly father, Mical Tubbs, of Brooklyn, California.

My father—feeling that I have the right in nature to call you father—I have left my own spirit-home, to-night, that I may send you a message of love, and that I may also demand of you, in return, something of your love. Although my eyes were never opened to the beauties of this life, though I never breathed its air save through mediumistic life, yet I have been schooled in it by those whose business it is to take such little waifs as I was, and bestow upon them that experience which they would have obtained had they dwelt here in the mortal body.

Not long since, I was pleased to welcome my mother, the companion of your life, to our heavenly home. She had well prepared herself for it. By her deeds of charity and love she had adorned her home, and made it a fit dwelling place for such a soul as hers, and, but for your absence, would be happy in it; but she is looking forward to meeting you there at no distant day, and to giving you as joyous a greetings as she herself received from those near and dear to her; and what I say of her is equally true of myself and others.

Your earthly pilgrimage, my father, is well nigh ended, and the time is drawing near when a shadow will be flung over this life, and you will be ushered into the realities of the real life, of which this is but a shadow, while that is the substantial. Here, you work out for yourselves a happy or an unhappy state in the spirit-land. It depends upon you, upon your efforts here, whether you shall be ushered into a state of happiness or unhappiness at death. They who do their duty in this earthly life build for themselves homes in that spirit-land that are enduring, that are all that the soul needs. They who fail to do their duty have no home, no abiding place, no love; they are wanderers between the two worlds, and their condition is worse, far worse than that pictured to you by your priests of ancient days.

My mother tells me that you love me; but I ask for stronger proof; I ask that you will aid me in a matter which is near and dear to my soul, being born of my soul; I mean that you shall aid me in restoring to life and active duty my "Banner of Light." Sixteen years ago this humble earthly sheet received the name, "Banner of Light," in honor of your son, whose name is "Light." Two years prior to its birth in this life, a band of spirits, of which I was the chief—numbering thirteen—conceived the idea to bring into life and being a journal of our own, one through which the spirits could talk and be heard, one that should be under the direction and guidance of our band; and, after searching this way and that for the proper subjects who were to be our organs here in earthly life—after bringing them together and properly magnetizing them—schooling them for the hard duties that were before them, we announced to them our plan. They declared themselves ready to be our servants, and from that time until the present hour they have served us well. And now we cannot turn our backs upon them; we would not if we could; but we are pledged to stand by them and their interests as long as the earth shall have need of a Banner of Light.

There never was a time in the earth's history when such a journal was so much needed as now, when the souls of the people were so ready to receive it as now; but, by the action of a law of Nature, through fire, it has gone down in ashes, and our mortal servants are crippled. They are endeavoring to raise the flag-staff, and widows and orphans, and the poor throughout the length and breadth of the land, are doing their best for them; but that best is but a small portion of what is needed to raise again this mighty structure, and fling out this, our glorious resurrected Banner, to the breezes of heaven and earth.

My father, you are blessed with more than you will ever want, or yours will ever want, of that which will aid us in carrying on our great work; and I ask you, in behalf of yourself and your needs in the land of souls, in behalf of my mother, who stands by my side, in my own behalf, in behalf of the world here—that dear humanity that is struggling for wisdom, but has found it only in fragments—that you will lend us of your aid, for which we will render you more than an

equivalent in the land of souls. When you come to us you will need to have something more to your credit than is already there. Oh, then, give it to me, your son, that I may employ it for the good of humanity; and give not sparingly, for remember that of them who have much, much is required. The widow that gives her all, gives more than the rich man who gives only one-third of his possessions. Remember this, my father, and act accordingly.

Believing that I have the right to ask, because my mother tells me you love me, I shall ask in all faith, nothing wavering, that you will respond, and promptly, too, for our needs are imminent; and when the shadows of this life begin to lengthen for you, I shall meet you as I did my mother, and stretch out my hand that you may step across the stream and enter upon the land of Light.

Dec. 2.

Mehitable Tubbs.

To her husband in Earth-Life.

My dear husband, your faith will assure you of my safe arrival in the spirit-land, and of my continued life. The last few hours of my earthly life, you supposed, were passed in unconsciousness; but I was just as conscious of all that was going on as I was at any time of my life. I heard Esther ask some one in the room—who, I am not able to tell—if they supposed I sensed any suffering. The answer was, "I do not think she does; I think she is perfectly unconscious." I did not suffer, but I was not unconscious. My brain was never more active than at that moment; and if I could have spoken, I should have told you of what I was permitted to see and to hear. Our son Light was with me during all that period, and I should have known him, he looks so much like Esther, if he had not told me who he was. Ella was the next one I saw, and Lily the next; and Hattie came up behind me, and threw his arms round my neck, just as he used to, and told me how glad he was I had come to live with them.

Oh, Mr. Tubbs, there was such a reality in the welcome, that I could hardly realize, at first, that I had left you and my earthly home and my children; I could hardly realize that there was any boundary between the visible and the invisible world.

Light says I remained nearly a week, earth-time, in that happy state; and then, as I began to realize more my condition, I wanted to come here and send you a message from here, but Dr. Fisher, Mr. Parker, Light and others discouraged it, saying that, as the medium was subject herself to just such attacks as had proved fatal in my case, I might, in my earnestness, overstep the bounds allotted me, and do her material, if not fatal harm. So I stayed just where I was; I lived, seemingly, at home with you, and yet Light was always with me, and Hattie and Lily and Willie, and a great many other of our friends, and I sometimes thought that you must see me—that you ought to hear me speak, for all seemed so real I could n't understand, at all times, that I was a spirit.

But, Mr. Tubbs, the spirit-land is beautiful! Oh, such glorious scenery, such land, such water, such trees, such grand old mountains, such beautiful green valleys! and they tell me, too, that there are terrible desert places where the unfortunate gravitate; but I shan't be in a hurry to visit them.

"Light" has told you in his message how he is connected with the Banner. Oh, Mr. Tubbs, heed his warning! Do what he asks you to do, for my sake, for his sake, most of all for your own, for if you don't do your duty with the light you have, how can you expect to be happy in the spirit-land? And I cannot, oh, Mr. Tubbs—I cannot—I cannot feel that you are to be separated from me, here. No! no! no! Out-do me in good works! Oh! Mr. Tubbs, out-do me in good works! They said I was good, I tried to be; but if I were on earth again, with what little experience I have gained in the spirit-land I'd do much more than I ever did. I would employ all the privileges given me by heaven and by earth, in doing more good than I ever did when here; but they said I done enough to earn for myself a happy home in this new life.

Oh, then, Mr. Tubbs, don't do less than I did, for I must have you with me in my home. It would be no home to me without you. How could I bear the thought, how could I bear the reality that, when your time of change came—and you know not how soon it will come—Light says it won't be long, and I believe him—how could I bear to know that you must take one path and I must take another? Oh, no, no, Mr. Tubbs, my dear husband, come to me—do your duty, and come to me with a record clean as an angel's in this respect, and we shall be happy—oh, so happy! Oh, my husband, do it for my sake, for your own sake, and for our children's. Mehitable Tubbs, to her husband, Mical Tubbs.

Dec. 2.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Prof. Parady: Tom Devine, of South Jersey, to his brother, James Park, Maine. Tuesday, Oct. 22.—William Storer, Aunt Susie Cook, of Boston, to her daughter, Jennie Johnson; Preston C. Brooks, Donnelly, to Alpha Topp. Friday, Oct. 25.—Piero Emerson, of Greenfield, N. Y., to his brother, Benedict Arnold; John A. Andrews, Dilly, of Savannah, Ga., to Massa Brown. Sunday, Oct. 28.—John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., to his mother; Annie Louise Cabot, of Troy, N. Y., to her mother; William R. Preston, Michael Hogan, of Boston. Monday, Oct. 29.—Daniel Owen, of Albany, Mich., to his brother, John Carter, of New York, to his mother. Tuesday, Nov. 5.—John C. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., to his mother; Capt. Jack, to the Big Father at Washington.

Thursday, Oct. 28.—Susanna Sanborn, of Hopkinton, N. H., to her brother, James Park, Maine. Friday, Oct. 29.—Eldridge, of Bristol, Mass.; Uncle Tom Maguire, of Natick, Mass. Saturday, Oct. 30.—Emanuel Eckhart, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Samkazeva, to Spotted Tail, Lieut. Andrew Bailey; Emma Vanhook, of Cincinnati, O., to her parents. Monday, Nov. 3.—Minnie Eldridge, of Baltimore, Mass., to her parents; John Schneider, of Albany, N. Y., to his brother, John Carter, of New York, to his mother. Tuesday, Nov. 4.—Ben. Canby, Hannah Wallingford, of New Haven, Conn.; to her three grand-nephews, Capt. Eben Smith, of Dennisport, Mass., to his family. Wednesday, Nov. 6.—Little Susannah, Margaret Mahan, of Boston; Martha Davis, of Boston; Hans Schreider, of New York City, to his wife. Thursday, Nov. 7.—Ella Thomas, of Boston; Jennie Ingalls, of Cambridge; Sallie Bennett, of Boston.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. This department of our establishment is a free gift to the people, established by the spirit-world, and any sums donated by those who feel able to aid in lessening our own expenses, will always be thankfully received:

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The Danbury News man defines "parts unknown" as the place where they don't advertise.

Western Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE FINANCES.—Those who speculate in currency and stocks, but perform no productive labor, have become entangled in the webs of their own weaving; and while a few have plethoric purses, many are cut short because their plans were not matured by which their fortunes were to be realized. Such would be the case at any time in a crisis. We are now passing through a panic and depletion of bonds and stocks, which had become too numerous for the currency in circulation, and gone largely to Europe in payment for goods we did not need, and were drawing large quantities of specie after them in payment of interest and depreciation; which often had to be made good where they were left as security or collaterals. No sooner is the alarm sounded, and banks, for safety, are compelled to notify depositors to wait a little for their money, than the gamblers in stock and gold begin to propose remedies for the evil they have created—remedies, most of which would make the matter worse. One set of speculators proposes the withdrawal of the fractional currency, and a return to silver and copper coin for change, either knowing or not knowing that there is not half enough copper and silver coin in the country to do the small trade in change below the dollar, and either knowing or not knowing that the government (which is the people) saves five per cent. on the fractional currency in the losses that never come in for redemption. Both silver, copper and fractional currency are necessary and might be of equal value in the market but for the speculators in specie, as the paper is most convenient, and absolutely necessary to make out the required amount of small change for daily traffic; and, since the government cannot supply enough specie of this kind, and can supply the paper at a profit of about five per cent., why not let both run together in the market?

Another set of speculators propose free banking, or allowing anybody to deposit government bonds as security for bank notes, which they can issue and loan while they draw from the government, and from the overtaxed people the interest on the bonds also. Any person can see, who is not blinded by speculators, that, since the government is the only security the people have for the redemption of the notes, and is holding the security in its own hands, it might as well issue the notes itself, and take up the bonds and save the people paying the interest, and also save three per cent. of bills in the wastage. To us it seems strange that no statesman or leading paper can be found to advocate so plain a case for the people against the speculators. This free banking proposition would only increase the taxes, and prepare for a worse crisis that would surely come, and continue to come, till banking is restricted to ordinary exchanges, and all public depositories are NATIONAL, where the people can safely leave their surplus currency.

All currency should also be NATIONAL, and mixed, both metallic and of paper, and of equal value in all dealings of the people with the government, and then of course it would be of equal value among the people, except so far as foreign exchanges gave gold a small premium, in which very few of the people would be interested. The forty-four millions should be re-issued, and bonds canceled with the amount, and as more is needed, the necessity supplied in the same way; but all national bank issues should be taken up and the securities canceled by greenbacks—at least as fast as the same can be done without infringing on vested rights or special contracts.

Now, while the country is agitated on currency questions, is the time to move the people nearer to the government, and weaken if we cannot destroy the speculators in currency who have so long stood between the two, imposing on the people with officious services that were not needed. Banks are already proved to be useless as manufacturers of currency, and they will soon be proved equally useless and unsafe as depositories of currency, and the government will take the place of them, with its branch depositories in all the populous towns of the nation, with the treasury head and fountain at the seat of government.

Following this will also come government insurance offices for both life and property for a safe and reasonable per cent. When the speculators have fully proved what such rates are, and at the same time proved their own dishonesty and insecurity, as they did in banking. We have but just begun the great work of a people governing and securing themselves in this country, but we are learning the lessons constantly, and are just now reciting one on currency and banking, with stock jobbing.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Liberty, Bedford County, Va., Oct. 10th, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah E. T. Plant, wife of Mr. Charles F. Plant, and only surviving child of Hon. Ezra Tobie, of North Yarmouth, formerly of New Gloucester, Me., aged 30 years.

From his home in Woolsey, West Florida, Oct. 10th, Capt. Rufus Pearl, aged 54 years. Bro. Pearl was native of Hartford, Conn., and for many years a resident of Florida. He was a firm believer in the religion of love and loving ones in the spirit realm. The Banner of Light was his favorite, and it may be truly said he was the pioneer in teaching this doctrine in Florida. He was gentle and kind to a fault. He had no enemies; he spoke no ill of his neighbors. Noble, generous, and true.

His taking away was unexpected, being ill only a few days. The void is deeply felt by his sorrowing wife and five children. May the stricken ones find consolation in the belief of meeting again in the beautiful summer-land to dwell with him and other loved ones gone before.

PHILIP.

From Marlboro, Mass., July 28th, Daisy Foss, daughter of James and Maria Giles, aged 9 months and 9 days.

M. J., Marlboro, Mass.

[Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notice not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. No poetry printed in obituary notices.]

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