

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. SEVENTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JACK MELVILLE;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

Early on the morning of the 17th of June, while rambling along the southern shore of the Isle of Wight, viewing the shipping passing along the English Channel, I met a gentleman, who, after the usual salutations of "good morning, fine weather," &c., inquired if I could appreciate the glorious sea-scene before us. "It is," said he, "a scene which only a sailor can appreciate in all its bearings. The artist may transfer to canvas the image of the ships, the sky, the water, but the sailor only can feel the life that animates the whole. A landsman would hold up his hands in admiration; and well he might, for before him, on a sunny sea, with a leading breeze, are all classes of vessels, from the stately liner to the tiny yacht; but the sailor knows that, of all hours of the day, this is the most disagreeable. The sailors on board of that magnificent fleet are washing or hoisting-staining decks. I almost fancy I hear the grating sounds of the stones and sand upon the decks of the men-of-war and Indiamen, and feel the swishing water upon my bare legs, as some clumsy second-mate of a merchant ship sends the contents of his bucket along the deck. The beauty of the weather, the steadiness of the wind, are additional reasons for an extra wash down, or, more properly speaking, for performing an extra penance. Were the wind blowing a gale, the sailors would not be more harassed than they are at present; yet it is necessary that ships should be kept clean, however disagreeable the mode of cleaning them. After all, there is very little poetry in the life of a sailor. In storms he must work or sink; in fine weather he must be worked to keep Old Nick out of his mind, and the sorry out of his bones."

"Yes, sir," said I, "the scene before us is very beautiful, and I question whether the sailors view the hardships of their calling in the same light that we do. The homeward-bound tars are doubtless full of glee with anticipations of having a glorious cruise on shore; and the outward-bound ones are longing for the time when their heads shall be clear from the effects of the last blow-out."

"You are a sailor, then?" he inquired, eagerly.
"Yes, sir, I have been a sailor."
"Where did you sail from?"
"The United States."
"Were you ever whaling?"
"Yes, sir, out of New Bedford."

"Out of New Bedford, did you say? Why, I was born there. Give me your hand, my dear sir. My name is Jack Melville, and I live in that cottage among the trees. That yacht riding at anchor is mine. I came down to have a look at her before breakfast."
"I informed Capt. Melville (he was a retired shipmaster) that I was bound on a cruise over Great Britain and Ireland, and that my time was at my own disposal. He invited me to breakfast, and introduced me to his wife and family.

Mrs. Melville was a beautiful woman, tall, finely formed, and easy and graceful in every motion. Though past fifty, yet so clear, fresh and smooth was her face, and so brilliant her dark, intelligent eyes, that she might easily have passed for twenty-five. Capt. Melville was nearly six feet high, and well built in proportion. Long exposure to the sun in tropical climates had darkened the natural color of his skin, but his eyes were deep blue, and his countenance open and manly. He was sixty years of age, but nimble as a boy, and about as light-hearted.

I remained with him nearly a month, and during that time his family presented a scene of perfect domestic bliss. In the course of conversation, Capt. Melville informed me that his parents died before he knew them, and that at an early age he went to sea with an uncle, who was very kind to him. On a voyage from Havana to Cowes, the brig in which he was lost her masts in a hurricane, and all but three hands were washed overboard and drowned. The captain, his uncle, was among those who perished. A few days after this sad event, the survivors were rescued by a British brig-of-war, which carried them to Malta. His companions were landed, but having no friends, he volunteered for the brig, and found a warm friend in her captain, who made him his cockswain. When the brig was paid off, he fell in with some of his countrymen in London, who were bound whaling, and, at their suggestion, he shipped in the same vessel. This cruise, he said, was the accident which made his fortune—for he contended that most fortunes were made by accident. One day, while we were seated alone on board of his yacht, smoking a social pipe, occasionally seasoned with a glass of grog, he told me the following yarn, which I shall head—

NOW HIS EYES WERE DIM, LOST HIM A SWEETHEART, AND GAINED HIM A WIFE.

I joined the ship Diana, Capt. Hunter, bound on a sperm whale voyage. The captain and most of the officers were Americans, for, at that time, the English had very little experience in South Sea whaling. Capt. Hunter was a kind-hearted man between fifty and sixty, and soon every one on board felt toward him more like a friend and a father, than a captain clothed with almost absolute power. At an early stage of the voyage, I had the good luck to attract his notice. Shortly after passing the Western Islands, it was my mast-head in the morning watch; I saw a flaback and sung out—"There she blows!" but the officer alongside of me laughed at my eagerness, and informed me, when he saw the spout, that it was made by a flaback. The cry, however, caused some stir on deck; the captain and the watch below rushed up before the echo of my song had died away.

"Never mind," said the captain, halting me, "keep a bright lookout, Melville, and I'll give you a bottle of rum if you see the first sperm whale, and two if we catch any."

The chief mate, Mr. Swain, of Nantucket, was alongside of me, and described the appearance of a sperm whale's spout, as low, spreading like a bush as it ascends in a slanting direction, very regular, and not long visible. While he was thus enlightening me, I saw in the horizon, many spouts such as he described. I pointed to him the direction in which I saw them, but though he brought his spy-glass to bear, he could not see anything. He asked the boatsteerer at the main-top gallant mast-head, if he could see whales in that direction, but was answered he could not. To me they were quite plain; not only could I see their spouts, but the direction they were heading.

"You must have good eyes," said the mate; "now if you're cook-sure, sing out till your throat rings, so that the ship may be headed for them, and the boats made ready."
"There she blows!" I bellowed; "there again! there again! twenty or thirty of them!"
"Where away?" sang out the captain, as he mounted the rigging with a spy-glass slung over his shoulder.

"Broad on the lee bow, headed to windward."
"Brace up sharp, fore and aft," ordered the captain, "keep her full and by."
The ship was going free at the time, and the captain's object was to keep to windward. By bringing the ship to the wind, the whales were on her lee beam. When the captain reached the mast-head he looked through his favorite glass in the direction I pointed, but failed to see whales or anything that appeared like them. Receiving no further orders, the crew crowded up to see if they could make out that which I alone saw, but not a man discerned a spout.

"Melville," said the captain, "I can see with my glass a whale's spout ten miles off, and if you can see further than that with the naked eye, you're a lucky fellow."

After gazing half an hour and seeing nothing, he ordered the ship to be kept off, and the yards squared, and left me to say when she headed for the whales. I was now captain; the ship was steered as I directed. We had run full six miles to leeward, when the captain turned to me, and said, rather sternly—

"Melville, I hope you are not playing with me!"
"Why, captain!" I replied, "you must all be blind. I not only see the whales spout, but their backs. Look there!" said I triumphantly, "how they breach! Can't you see that?"

"By all the fins and skulls afloat, Melville, that's a sperm whale's breach, but it is ten miles off, if it is an inch. What glorious eyes you must have! Now if we get a good fare out of them, in addition to the rum—two bottles—I'll give you a monkey jacket. Keep a sharp lookout!"

"There, captain, said I, look on the starboard bow; not far off, you can see a fellow spout like a mill-stream."

"A large whale, my lad; but he's five miles off; we must forelay him. On deck, there! brace up sharp on the starboard tack!"

Once more by the wind; the whales first seen were on the larboard quarter, and the larger one on the beam headed slowly to windward. In half an hour the hands were called from aloft, the mainsail hauled up, the ship hove to, and the boats lowered. This was our first lowering, and two-thirds of our crew were green hands; the consequence was, that our boats as they cleared the ship formed rather an awkward squad.

Such catching crabs and barking knuckles were far from interesting. Though somewhat of an oarsman myself, I must confess that I felt as if my wind would give out before I had been down five minutes. I pulled the bow on in the captain's boat. The sea had just swelled enough to make the boats lively, but too much for the comfort of greenhorns. Our boat took the lead at starting, and kept it. The whale was about two miles off, and had gone down about the time we lowered. When the captain thought we were in a good position to meet him when he came up, he ordered us to peak our oars and keep our eyes open. By way of encouragement, he gave us a lecture about how we should act, when fast, assuring us there was no danger but in being confused. We must obey orders, and always feel confident that he was doing right. Looking the boatsteerer full in the eye, he said:

"Joe, come aft. I'll fasten this time, and I want you to notice how I dart; and mind, if you don't lay the boat as I order you, there will be a fight!"

Joe came aft, and the captain went forward, and almost at the same time I saw the whale break water, about half a mile off, headed toward us.

"Down to your oars, my lads!" said the captain, "and pull slowly. For God's sake, do not be clumsy, or make a noise. Take your time, for it is our chance."

Slowly the great whale raised his venerable head, white with scars from the jaw to the snout-hole, and after blowing heavily three times, straightened himself out his whole length along the surface of the water, and glided, with no apparent motion, to windward, the sea rippling along his fins and over his hump. The captain told us to look at him over our shoulders, saying, in an undertone, how gloriously he looked, and that he would stow down a hundred barrels. We could hear him about, and knew that the critical moment was at hand. The captain motioned to the boatsteerer the way he wanted the boat laid; he was afraid to speak, lest the sound of his voice should be heard by the whale, and gaily him. We were pulling directly for his head, out of the range of his eyes, intending to take him head-and-head.

"Way enough," whispered the captain, "Lay square on his hump. Now look, boys, and see me fasten."

As we passed his head, the boat, by a dexterous sweep of the steer-oar, was laid square off and on, and still the captain, with the iron raised in his hands and poised, stood without darting. The boatsteerer, impatient, sung out, "Dart! Why the deuce do n't you dart?" But the captain took no notice of him. The instant the whale saw the boat, he raised his head and then his flukes, rolling from the boat and exposing his side. This was the chance the captain calculated on, and swiftly he took advantage of it. He sent the first iron socket up under the fin, and the other a little shaft it, as deliberately as if he had been darting for amusement. The whale cut from the boat with his flukes, scattering the sea like an exploded water-spout,

half filling the boat, and making us feel, for a few seconds, as if our last minute were at hand.

"Slack line!" roared the captain, "Bale away—peak your oars!"

The whale was sounding—that is, going down—and the line was raising a cloud of smoke from the logger-head. Down, down he went, and every attempt to check the line threatened to drag the boat under. The mate's boat was near us, and we were compelled to take the end of her line and lend to our own. This is always a delicate job; for a blunder will either capsize the boat or lose the whale. Our captain attended to it himself; and though the line was flying out, he deliberately showed us how to avoid accident. The check-rop was taken out, and as the last fluke vanished from the tub, he guided it clear of the logger-head and threw it overboard. We were free, and now the mate's boat was jumping up and down, as the line was checked or slackened. The other two boats which were pulling to windward, ready to lance or fasten when the whale came up, were signaled to come to the aid of the mate, who seemed in danger of having his line run out, while we took their places. Boat after boat bent on, and still he went down. The chief mate remained by the last boat, and seeing the line flying out with undiminished speed, ordered the third mate to make the end fast, and taking the oars and crew out of her, took her crew in his own boat, and left the abandoned one with all the lines fast to her. Up went the empty boat's stern and down sank her bow. She came from side to side, then capsized, and was dragged under water, bottom up. All our lines and the whale were gone. The mate put the third mate's crew and the boat-gear on board, took the spare boat, with the only lines, which were ready, and once more joined us.

"Melville," said the captain, addressing me, "I fear this will prove a bad lowering. I know that I have killed the rascal, but if he dies under water we shall lose him, as well as a boat and all our lines—rather bad work for a beginning."

"Captain," I replied, quite composedly, "look over your shoulder, and you will see more whales."

"Sure enough! my lad, and as I live there is the wounded whale among them, spouting thick blood. Spring to your oars, my hearties! The sun is yet high, and still there is good luck ahead. Bend your backs."

A school of whales—spouting, breaching and running round the wounded whale—were a couple of miles to leeward. Again we led and dashed onward; clear of the weight of the lines, the boat slipped from the oars in glorious style; eager with excitement, fear was unknown; we had seen the monster, and the coolness of the captain had inspired us with confidence. We ran alongside of the wounded whale, fished the line with our boat-hook, and began uncrumpling it—a very dangerous operation; when the mate came up and fastened to a large cow whale near us. The second mate also sent an iron, with a drag to it, into another whale, giving her a lance a second afterwards. The large whale was rolling over and over, winding the line around him, and spouting thick blood. Our captain was afraid to lance him, lest, in doing so, he should cut the line, and therefore contented himself with wisely. After two or three feeble cuts with his flukes, the whale ran in his flurry and turned up. The mate soon turned up his whale also; but the one which the second mate had dragged, took off with the others to windward.

We passed the bight of our line on board the ship, and after a long and weary pull, hauled it all on board with the boat fast to the end of it. The boat was not much damaged. Thus, good luck closed the day's labors, and I received my rum and monkey jacket. The whales stowed down one hundred and thirty barrels of sperm oil. Three days afterward, I saw the whale which the second mate had dragged, floating dead, five miles distant. My power for sight was now acknowledged as superior to that of any other person on board.

Poor Joe, our boatsteerer, was killed by a young bull whale the next lowering, and I was appointed to fill his place. Luck followed me in everything I undertook. Over two-thirds of the whales taken during the voyage were seen by me, and I never made a miss-dart from first to last.

We were nearly full ship lying in the port of Komar, in the Island of Celebes, sitting for home, when we were joined by the ship Nimrod, Capt. Sharp, with three hundred and fifty barrels on board.

In the rear of the town there is a very high sugar-loaf mountain, named Mount Clobat; and while ascending it, I turned my eyes seaward, and saw in the horizon a large school of whales. I immediately descended, and found the captain of both ships in the Rajah's house, and told them I had some news for them which I was willing to sell for a suit of clothes.

"I know what it is," said our captain; "you have seen whales in the offing!"

"You have guessed it, sir; but you can't see them."
"A suit of clothes, my lad," said Sharp; "yes, if I get a fare of oil out of them."

We hurried on board, and soon both ships were underway, standing out of the Bay before a moderate breeze. By noon we reared the whales, and lowered after them. The school was very large, and quite tame. And soon both ships' boats, eight in number, were fast; but the whales rushed together like frightened sheep, and fouled the lines. Boats were dragged against boats, lines were cut again and again, lancing and darting were the order of the day. The sea for miles was colored with blood—sharks and killers mingled in the fray; but still the whales kept together, as if at a loss where to run for shelter. "Lay off!" "Lay on!" "Stern haul!" "Pull ahead!" "Cut!" "Mind your oars," &c.; mingled with some awful swearing, might have been heard. We were fast to a large cow, which ran us foul of Capt. Sharp's boat, gave her a clip on the quarter, and sent the after-careman overboard. Capt. Sharp's whale in the meantime rushed out of the school, clear of us, with such velocity as almost capsized his boat; and, in the hurry of the moment, the man overboard appeared to be forgotten.

Our whale went in her flurry, and, while circling, I perceived the man who had been thrown overboard almost surrounded by sharks, and nearly exhausted, for he was a very indolent swimmer. Prompted by uncontrollable humanity, I sprang out of the stern-sheets among the sharks, and in two or three overboard strokes

reached the man and raised his head above water. Capt. Hunter as promptly cut the line, and, darting the lance among the sharks, soon dispersed them, and hauled us both into the boat. The young man was badly cut and bruised, but had no bones broken. Capt. Hunter took the shirt from his own back, tore it in bandages, and bound up the young man's wounds; then gave him a drink of water, and laid him in the bottom of the boat.

Our whale was dead, and each of our boats had also turned up a school whale. These we towed to the ship, and fluked, leaving the Nimrod's boats still among the school, out of which they captured fourteen whales. She was five miles distant at sunset, and as we were busy we could not spare a boat to send her man on board. All that night both ships' crews were employed cutting in; but when ours were on board, we returned to Komar and tried them out. They filled every cask—coolers and all; we had three thousand barrels of sperm oil on board, and were "full ship!" The young man whose life I had saved was Gilbert Bartlett. His father, a retired London merchant, finding no limits to his extravagance, induced him to go to sea with Capt. Sharp, who was a rigid disciplinarian, and who, it was hoped, would reform him.

We remained in port four weeks, refitting and cooping our oil for the homeward passage. A few days before we sailed, the Nimrod returned to port, having caught five hundred barrels of oil before the whales took off. Capt. Sharp was highly pleased with his luck, which he attributed to me, and expressed himself deeply indebted for saving Bartlett and attending him.

After his wounds were doing well, he was removed from the cabin to the half deck, the quarters of the boatsteerers, coopers, carpenters, &c., at his own request, and I spent all my little leisure in his company. He regretted the pain he had given his parents, and longed for an opportunity to ask their forgiveness, and to show them that he was thoroughly reformed. He desired to return to our ship, but Capt. Sharp sternly objected.

One day when young Bartlett and I were ashore together, we were joined by Capt. Sharp, who made me a good offer to join his ship. Capt. Hunter had told him that I had seen twenty-three hundred barrels of oil he had caught, and had spoken of me in other respects very favorably. As both vessels belonged to the same owner, he urged that my services would be more highly appreciated at home if I joined the Nimrod, than if I went home in the Diana. I thanked him gratefully for his good opinion, but informed him that this was my first, and should be my last, whaling voyage; that, even if I considered myself qualified, I would not accept the command of the best whaler in the world. I requested him not to repeat to Capt. Hunter what I had said. At parting, he put into my hands an order upon his tailor in London for a suit of clothes, for having seen the whales which had turned up so richly in his favor.

Bartlett said that Sharp was a stern, precise man, who kept every one at arm's length; rigid in discipline, but not unkind. Though Bartlett was the son of a wealthy man, and of a personal friend, yet he fared no better than the poorest greenhorn on board.

At parting, he entrusted to my care a quire of paper containing an account of his adventures since leaving home, and gave me a flattering letter of introduction to his parents.

In three months we arrived in London, and the same day our captain, in fulfillment of his promise, gave me an order for a suit of clothes, which I selected ready made, then dressed myself, called a cab, and drove to Mr. Bartlett's house at the West End. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I was ushered into the entry by a footman in livery. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bartlett were at home, and I was told to wait a few moments, till the footman inquired whether Miss Bartlett would see me. I was not even invited into a room, but kept standing in the entry. This rather damped my ardor, for I naturally expected to be civilly treated; I knew nothing of the formalities of genteel life.

After pacing the entry about five minutes without an answer, I became impatient and roared out in nautical style, "Flunkay, aboy!" drawing the aboy who my mind held out. If there had been a policeman near, he might have thought the house was on fire, and have rushed to the rescue; but I soon had company enough without police. Half-a-dozen servants, male and female, huddled into the entry to know what the matter was.

"Look here," said I, in answer to their inquiries, "I've been kept knocking about in this street parlor almost a dog-watch to see Mam Bartlett; now I want to know, in a brace of shakes, whether she's to be seen to-day, or some time next year? Jump! you son of a gun!" I continued, addressing myself to the footman who admitted me: "Jump, and bring me an answer at once, or I'm off like a galloping whale."

"Sir," said a pretty, blue-eyed girl, stepping into the entry as the footman departed, "Miss Bartlett wishes to know your business?"

"My business, tell her, is to see her; she need not be afraid—I won't eat her."

Another lull of a minute or two, and Miss Bartlett, followed by her maid and a footman, made her appearance. She was a beautiful young woman of nineteen, above the medium height, nose slightly Roman in outline, and skin very fair and clear; but her every motion indicated pride and consciousness of personal endowments. Her eyes were hazel.

"May I ask, young man," said she patronizingly, at the same time scanning me from head to foot, and ending by a steady gaze as if to look me down, "may I ask your business with me?"

I met her gaze without a wink, and was making my mind up to quiz her a little by way of letting her down a story or two.

"My business is this, lady," (taking the package from under my jacket and showing her the direction on it: "Three months ago this very day, Gillis (his name was Gilbert) Bartlett asked me to put this package into the hands of his father or mother, and as you're his mother, take it.")

"You are mistaken, sir. I am his sister; I am not his mother!"

"Well, you look old enough to be his mother. (She started and stared at me, but I kept my gaze on her steadily, and continued:) "But seeing you are not his

mother, you must give me a receipt for this package before I deliver it."

The servants laughed outright. She turned sharply round and ordered them imperiously to withdraw.

"I cannot write a receipt," she said; "will you not trust me with it; I will deliver it safely to my father or mother, when either of them return?"

"What! a big woman like you not able to write a receipt! Hand me writing tools and I'll write one, and you can put your cross (x) mark to it in the presence of witnesses."

She tried again to look me down, but failed.

"This is trifling, sir; I have not time for further conversation."

"Neither have I—so good-day," and I made for the door.

"Stay, sir, I entreat you; my father would never forgive me, if I permitted you to take that packet away. Give it me, and I will give you anything in return."

Her whole manner was changed; she trembled with agitation, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears.

"Give me the packet, young man, and I will pay you well for your trouble," she continued.

"Give me a kiss, then."

"You are impertinent, sir," partly resuming her imperious air, and retreating a step or two.

"Why, I've kissed a score of better looking fellows than you, and they did not make any fuss about it. So, good-by, I'm off."

"Oh, do not go, sir; you do not know what a passionate man my father is. Let me entreat you—I do so with tears in my eyes—to give me that packet, and to forgive me, if you think I have treated you unkindly."

She was in tears; I looked her full in the face, and said, seriously:

"Miss Bartlett, though not much older than yourself, I'll give you a piece of advice that may be of service to you in future. Act upon it, as a rule, that every decent person is as good as yourself. When a sailor calls upon you, have him shown into a room, and don't keep him standing, hat-in-hand, in the entry, as if he were a beggar. I freely forgive your want of courtesy. Here, (handing her the package,) when you read its contents, you'll know more about me."

Making a bow, I was about to depart; but she put her hand upon my shoulder, and said, smiling sweetly through her tears:

"Say you forgive me, and promise to call again this evening, when my father will be at home."

"I have an open letter of introduction to your father, but I shall light my pipe with it when I reach home. Good-by."

"You are cruel; you say you forgive me, and yet seek further revenge, as if you had not humiliated me enough already."

"Turning sharply, my arm was around her neck in a jiffy; I kissed her on both cheeks and the lips, gave her a parting hug, and vanished—saying as I opened the door:

"You're a charming angel; I forgive you."

When Capt. Hunter learned my determination not to embark in another whaling voyage, he procured me the berth of second mate with his brother, who commanded the ship Carnatic, a free-trader of a thousand tons, bound to Calcutta. Thus, I was booked for another voyage, and determined to have a spree with my shipmates before I joined my new ship. My boat's crew were rigged for a cruise up town, and were on the eve of starting, when a carriage brought up at our boarding-house door; out hopped two detective policemen, and calling my name, said I was wanted.

"Assault and battery," one said, pushing me before him into the carriage, where I found an elderly gentleman seated, with a handkerchief raised to his mouth, as if to prevent coughing. The policemen joined us, and said "We must search you." I saw through it all. Miss Bartlett had complained of me for kissing her, and I considered myself in a fair way of spending a month in the treadmill. Among the papers in my pockets were several songs; those he returned; but the letter of introduction to Mr. Bartlett, he passed to the gentlemen by my side. He continued reading it over and over until the carriage stopped.

I was hurried out unceremoniously, and thrust into a splendid drawing-room brilliantly lighted. About twenty ladies and gentlemen were present; and in the centre of the room stood Miss Bartlett, dressed exactly as when I last saw her. The police officer confronted me and said:

"You assaulted this lady, sir; kneel down and beg her pardon."

My pride was up to the boiling point; and shaking my arms clear of the policeman, confronted him, and said savagely—

"I'll see you d-d first; I'll not kneel to any woman—not even to the Virgin Mary, if she were here."

"Well, then," said Miss Bartlett, stepping forward, "I must kneel to you and ask your forgiveness."

ENLARGEMENT OF THE BANNER! ROOM FOR ALL!

In order to make room for all our friends who have long desired to be made relative to their own experiences in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to furnish a still greater variety of reading matter for our tens of thousands of subscribers in all quarters of the country, we have determined, on the 1st of March, and with the commencement of the NEW VOLUME, to

ENLARGE OUR PAPER By Two Columns on each page! We shall add one column to its width, and lengthen the whole page three inches, thus giving TWO NEW COLUMNS TO EACH PAGE, or, in all

SIXTEEN COLUMNS MORE! We shall, by this arrangement, be freed from the necessity of using the small type which has troubled so many of our readers, and hence

No More Small Type will be used on the Banner. This enlargement we have had in view for some time. We make it in order to meet

THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE, and that the "BANNER OF LIGHT" may be Still More Worthy of that

generous support it has received in all parts of the country hitherto.

LEADING FEATURES will remain as now. We shall employ the BEST CONTRIBUTORS to our aid, and

No Means will be spared to continue the Banner in the path of RATIONAL PROGRESS

in which it first set out on its prosperous journey. Our paper will never fall away one iota in its

BEAUTIFUL MECHANICAL APPEARANCE, but it will be our aim to make

Still New Improvements, as fast as our friends demand them. In all respects the Banner means to keep itself fully

ABREAST WITH THE AGE AS WE LIVE IN, thus commending itself to the favorable attention of the

Liberal Minded, and the Friends of Progress Everywhere!

Our contemplated improvements of course involve LARGE OUTLAYS OF MONEY, but we shall look to

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS in EVERY STATE OF THE UNION

to secure us, by their liberal subscriptions, that our efforts on their behalf have fully MET THEIR APPROVAL.

With the New Volume we shall commence A FRESH STORY by that popular

author, CORA WILBURN, entitled

"COSELIA WAYNE; OR WILL AND DESTINY."

BERRY, COLBY & CO., 312 Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

TEST MEDIUM. We have long desired to give the honest sceptic a satisfactory mode of investigating the phenomena of Modern Spiritism, but have not had the opportunity of doing so to our satisfaction until now.

ADA L. HOYT, (formerly Mrs. Coan), who is known to be the best test-medium in the country at present available to the public, to meet this demand in a manner which cannot fail to promote the cause we have at heart.

The second story of the building No. 312 Brattle street, occupied by the Banner of Light, will be immediately fitted up in proper style for the reception of those who may desire to try the spirit, and test the claims of this most wonderful and interesting development of the age we live in.

We wish that we felt able to place such an opportunity as we speak of at the disposal of the public without money and without price; but, not having yet arrived at this state of independence, we feel that those who wish to seek for truth will not be dissatisfied with what we deem necessary at the present time.

Mrs. Coan will give private sittings at our rooms as soon as they can be got in readiness for the reception of visitors, at the rate of

FIFTY CENTS PER HOUR, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 3 P. M. to 6 P. M.; and public sittings, two or three evenings during the week, from 7 to 9 o'clock, at a much lower rate.

Free tickets for the evening sittings, to those who are unable to pay these prices, will be cheerfully furnished on application at our office.

We trust those who have received the light which is now dawning upon humanity will rally to our support, and by putting forth their energies to increase the circulation of the BANNER OF LIGHT, place the means at our disposal to make arrangements even more liberal than we are at present warranted in doing. Due notice will be given in our columns of the opening of the rooms.

A New Invention for the Children We have lately examined with pleasure a new invention, which combines a rocking-horse and cradle. It will entirely supersede the old, clumsy, and dangerous rocking-horse.

The seat and back of the rocking-horse are upholstered, while the sides make the rockers for a cradle, which it can be converted into by simply taking out the seat and back at pleasure, and with the addition of a pillow, the darling of the household has all the ease, comfort, and luxury, so desirable and necessary at such a tender age.

Still another advantage it has is its cheapness, costing much less than the old-fashioned rocking-horse. It would make a beautiful present to children in the holidays, when the cold or damp weather will not permit them to exercise much in the open air. It is for sale, wholesale and retail, at the depot, 284 1/2 Washington street, (op stairs), Boston, by Isaac D. Rich, successor to Arad Woodworth 3d, patentee.

Retail price, \$3.00, \$4.00, and \$5.00—according to quality. Orders, by letter or express, promptly attended to.

Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

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Foreigns sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place. Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Pro-cure drafts on New York, if possible.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent. All letters must be addressed BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Berry, Colby & Co.

GOOD FORTUNE.

Mr. Jenkins has—unfortunately, as he has believed—been a poor man, peculiarly speaking, all his life. He has found it "hard sledding" at times, in his plans and contrivances to make both ends meet.

Yet, by way of compensation, he has ever been happy in the midst of his family, he has made himself a man of marked intelligence, his charity has ever flowed like a fresh and beautiful stream out of the heart of his character, he shows a sweet and unclouded temper to all, and, in fine, he is generally respected and beloved by his numerous friends and acquaintances.

Still, even all this has not seemed enough. Jenkins only wished he might have more money; he said that he wanted just enough to make him independent of the vicissitudes of the world, and no more; all over that he should choose to turn to the account and comfort of such as needed it more than he did.

He was very sure indeed that he wanted only a certain amount of money. He would not thank the best friend he had to place a dollar more in his hands.

Quite unexpectedly to Jenkins, as such things do sometimes occur, a distant relative died very suddenly after holding on as long as he could, leaving a very large property, and, ofdest of all, leaving the whole of it to Jenkins! Somehow he had taken a fancy to him.

Jenkins's sweet placidity of disposition had gone a great way, in fact, to bring this result about. He had learned Jenkins's needs, had acquainted himself with the attractive points and colors of his character, and this was the method he chose by which to testify his approbation. Well—and Jenkins was satisfied. He took his princely legacy, snapped his fingers in the face of the world, and had no sooner commenced the business of talking about stocks, stores and lands, than it was perfectly easy to see that his heart grew metallic as fast as wood, when plunged in certain waters, will rotify. In other words, from that time forth, Jenkins was a changed man. The change, too, was radical, and not merely in appearance. He might not have known it himself, and probably did not, other claims coming up to distract his thoughts and prevent the old and searching habits of introspection.

Still, he was not the man he was. Everybody noticed it, and everybody spoke of it. His spirit of charity now made no betrayal of itself. His sweetness of disposition made no show. The old manly meanness did not cause a crop of blue spring violets to start up all about his pathway, after the showers of temporary troubles. He held his head more stiffly and erect. He wore his shirt-collars of a greater width, and with a vast deal more starch in them. People began, some of them, to be afraid of him, and some of them to shun him.

And this was the same man who, but a little time ago, was no very sure he wanted only so much money to get through life with, and was willing to bestow all above that where it might be more urgently needed! This was the selfsame Jenkins that but yesterday knew every one, sympathized with every one, and was ready to aid and comfort every one—so far as he was able!

What a sudden change! What a wonderful revolution! Can it be possible that money possesses such a power of enormancy, holds such a close relation to the real old black art, can act with such chemical rapidity and certainty upon the heart of a man, that he shall be entirely another creature to-morrow from what you behold and recognize him to-day? Yet it appears to be this. No lesson is taught with more points and heads to it, every one of which can be the more readily committed to memory, than this mysterious one of the cabalistic power of gold to transform the human heart from flesh to stone, and to change its warm streams of blood to instant ice. And still every one would be rich; every one feels so sure he could do so much more good with money, than without it; every one persistently believes that he would of necessity become a better person, if rich, than he now is amid his struggles even for an honest competence.

Such instances as this one of Jenkins are furnished us as a standing reproof to the entertainment of these idle desires. The wish to get money just to gratify the desire for it, is among the meanest that makes and keeps the human heart narrow. Every man should obtain, if he can, enough to protect himself and family from suffering, or even from any degree of embarrassment; but when it comes to acquiring money for the mere sake of the money, being made giddy with the idle thought of accumulation alone, and desirous of getting only to outdo and outglitter Mr. or Madam Somebody Else, it is a debasement of all the purer and higher faculties of the nature—a prostitution of the best gifts to unworthy purposes—a cheating of ourselves—a complete, pitiful, and even contemptible delusion.

Our trials are always our best aids and better angels. We make no exception whatever to the statement. They become such by teaching us what are our own possessions. They reveal to us the depth and wealth of our being. They show us the actual powers that belong to us. What is better than all, they task us with that most necessary of all duties—the work of perfect self-government. Instead of being reckoned enemies, they are to be accounted our special friends. They present themselves, we know, with rugged fronts and cruel eyes, but that is only that we may put on the forces of our native resolution correspondingly. They offer to conduct us barefooted over roads of flint, but that is only that we may be the more determined to stand on our own ground, and become aware that what we already possess is quite good enough for us; otherwise, we might never find it out. They jolt us and jam us; they becloud the sun over our heads, and draw thick curtains between our eyes and our hopes; they threaten and command, whip and scourge us, defy and mortify us, bully us and head us off, and all the while force us to acknowledge both their presence and power; so that we may learn by what precarious tenure we hold all external and material things, and how true it is, and always will be, that there is nothing of equal worth with ourselves. This is the

great lesson with which so-called obstacles seek to instruct us; and when we try to beg off from their severe discipline, and confess ourselves afraid to meet them face to face as they approach us, we are but anxious to avoid our best counselors, and run away from what are, in reality, our best friends. We think to save ourselves the trouble of taking spiritual exercise, out-of-doors and in the cold, and yet enjoy high spiritual health; as well might we think we can be well physically, and still neglect to put in play the lungs, the muscles, the limbs, and the whole army of animal spirits. The athlete does not become such by passing his time in bowers of ease; he must needs strip and encounter the hardest that comes.

What is called "good fortune," is by no means always the best fortune. We do not know what is best for us. Were we indeed left to make our own selection and arrangement of circumstances, there is little question that we should very soon find ourselves in worse plights than we do now. The secret is oftenest the best. For this alone it is which calls out the better and nobler traits of our nature; it compels us to act, to make steady and strenuous effort, and thus save our souls from being eaten up with the rest of slothful satisfaction. We speak of "hard luck," when, in truth, there is no hard luck about it. What is a man worth who has not tried everything, all sides of circumstances? Who is yet indeed a man, until he has proved his own resources? Why do we think they only are fortunate, and to be envied of all men, whose lives have known no crosses, whose temper has been tested by no obstacles, for whose feet soft, green paths have always been spread, and who never yet know the power of human sympathy by the depth of suffering? Life is not life, if it is to be passed in nurseries. There is no permanent advantage, such as takes hold of the elements of the being itself, in being sheltered and protected from the necessity of effort and exertion. Better a thousand times for us all that we should be thrown on the sharp rocks of anguish even very early in life, than that our sentiments should be dandled on air cushions, our thoughts be toned with the sugarcandy teachings that are so much in vogue, and our character be kept in the condition of pulp, or jelly, till we reach the age of mature manhood and womanhood. The great Poet of nature expressed it, through the philosophic speech of Hamlet, when he wrote—

"For thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Has ta'en with equal thanks; and bleedst are those Whose blood and judgment are so well mingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please."

He who wishes and idly wishes somebody would die and leave him something, or that some rich man would present him with a certain share of his fortune, betrays the one fact that he is a person specially unworthy of any inheritance. And not only this, but he is content to go through life with an exceedingly slender and superficial acquaintance with himself. For he must really be a perfect stranger to his own nature, who thinks he can enjoy what has no root and existence in himself; that he could extract as much happiness from another man's exertions and pains as from his own; that a lease of happiness can be transferred, as one would transfer his title to property in merchandise, or real estate. This method of arriving at enjoyment is no way parallel with nature. It is a got-up affair, and altogether mechanical and conventional. There are no such short cuts for us across from ourselves to objects distant and not related to us. Hence, what we want it is fated for us to get. It is the luckiest thing in the world that wishes are not horses, for the roads would be crowded with nothing but riders. The unexpected finding of a pile of gold, whether by legacy or luck, is the worst thing that can happen to a man. He does not become richer, but poorer, by the windfall. Such wealth costs him dearly indeed, because it costs him all; energy, charity, sweetness, calm thoughts, love—everything. Instantly he starts up another man. He has entered a new realm, where the laws are the exact reverse of those beautiful statutes of nature he has so willingly obeyed.

If, as asserted and always insisted on, the one great end and aim of life is happiness, and to this single high aim all hopes, all plans, all possessions, and all passions are to be made subservient, then the road we are to take requires that no guide-posts be set up, for we can run even though we do not read. Nothing is plainer than that lust and concupiscence do not bring happiness, nor does mere accumulation, nor what is called "good luck," nor cheating, nor selfishness, nor empty pride, nor vain shows. If, then, we are serious in the quest of the one thing all profess to want, why do so many of us—nay, why do the great majority of us act as if they had

"eaten of the husks of the banquet That takes the reason prisoner?"

We contradict ourselves at every turn, and so we are satisfied to exist in a tangled web of contradictions. We set aside our purer and truer feelings, as if they were of not so much worth as other and more material things. We become whimpering sceptics, and let all manhood die out of us. We sit about in idleness, and pray for some fall of fortune, like that of larks out of the heavens, into our laps. If this is life, and the preparation for enjoying a higher state, we cannot but entertain a low opinion of the sphere to which we are all to be called next.

Correction.

Messrs. Editors—In the report of my lecture at the Melodeon, Jan. 15th, published in the BANNER of Feb. 4th, is rather a ludicrous mistake, either on my part, or on the part of your reporter. I wish, with your leave, to correct it. In the second paragraph of the "Lecture on the 7th page, your reporter makes me say, "From the words of Paul, in one of his epistles, it appears that the overthrow of Antichrist shall not be accomplished till after there has been first a falling away from the truth." If the word "overthrow," in the above sentence, which I have italicized, had been "the full establishment" of Antichrist, it would have expressed my meaning, as I was, in that part of my lecture, seeking to fix the period when the 1260 years of papal domination commenced, in order to infer "the time of the end." The passage in II Thessalonians referred to, declares that the full revelation, or establishment, of "The Lawless One," or Antichrist, could not be consummated till (1) a great apostasy should occur in the church, and (2) a restraining power out of the church be removed. The apostasy commenced very early, but the outer restraint was never fully removed till the year A. D. 604. In the last of the ten kingdoms was formally, through its sovereign, converted to the papal religion.

Will you also allow me to suggest to the students of prophecy that the seventh head, in its first and revived estate, is the two-headed beast. The two Napoleons, the two horns. The image beast, the new Italian Kingdom of Sardinia, Lombardy, etc. Louis Napoleon, like his uncle, will have no successor. The number of the beast, or the name of the kingdom, will be the same as the name of the man, who is the embodiment of the kingdom in its last form. I have not the means at hand of verifying these conjectures, but will soon.

J. S. LOVELAND. Oswego, Feb. 4th, 1860.

Miss Lizzie Doten,

Will deliver her last two lectures at the Melodeon, Boston, on Sunday, February 25th, at 2:45 and 7:30 o'clock P. M. Subject in the afternoon, "The Mark of the Beast," from Revelations, chapter 13th, verse 16th, and chapter 16th, verse 2d. In the evening, "Spiritism and Spiritualism," after which a poem

LOVE AND LIFE ARE ONE.

It is no narrow and sectarian platform on which we stand. We are not pledged to the support of a particular system, prepared by others before we were born, and without the least regard to our individual characteristics and the world's necessities. It is not an old creed or a new confession that is now offered for examination and acceptance. We are not commissioned to make new shackles for the people to wear. The supply is already greater than the demand. Moreover, the business of gilding the bars and garnishing the walls of the old dungeons, is monopolized and overdone by those who build the shrine, and fashion the images for the "temples made with hands." The teacher of to-day is not ordained to gild and burnish, but rather to sunder and demolish, and above all to build anew with more refined materials and beautiful workmanship. We have no interest in establishing a mere earthly power. Those who will may contend for the same; we only present and enforce our IDEA. The man who realizes his relations to the Universal Brotherhood can scarcely be the mere servant of a sect or party. HUMANITY claims the consecration of his faculties and affections, and the world is his appropriate sphere of action.

It is only where Love commences her inspiring and peaceful reign in the human affections, and is expressed and actualized in thought and deed, that the true life begins on earth. The etymology of Love is profoundly significant. It is derived from the Teutonic—*leben, to live*; thus it properly represents the vital principle—the essential spirit that imparts a divine quickening to all the faculties, and thus consecrates the whole man to a divine use. If we have no Love, our Faith is vain and our forms are meaningless. They are but the skeleton frame of godliness without the indwelling divinity. Love must breathe upon it, or the dry bones can never live and be clothed with immortal ligaments. That which is most excellent in the true ideal of the perfect Man—most beautiful in itself, and most god-like in its essential nature is Love, revealed in the expressive language of human action and ultimatum in the forms of Wisdom.

Our idea will never make men mad or melancholy. It has no power to disturb the inward fountains of being, or to rattle the outward tiles of life. It sanctions no thoughtless irreverence, and admits of no mean subjection. It shows us the Divine Image in Man. It confronts and refutes the superficial philosophy that defames human nature by presuming that all men are so much loose drift-wood on the river of life. It presents for our contemplation a living Temple, whose inner courts are warm and full of light, because Love kindles the fire on the altar, and God—who reigns omnipotent over the circumstances of outward being—is in the midst of his chosen temple. Hitherto the power of our idea has been little felt by the world at large. Its influence has been measurably lost amidst the multitude of opposing influences. In the past it appears like golden sunbeams, here and there, struggling to scatter the clouds of a long night; or like crystal hills made turbid and pestilential by a thousand polluted streams.

When the world is ready for the experiment we shall be pleased to witness the results of a practical application of our principles in the institutions of society. Let Love—the only reforming power in the world—have leave to rule the people. Give it a supremacy over the baser passions and discord will cease. Let it shape the thoughts, direct the will, and govern the actions of men, and the moral wilderness and social solitudes will become beautiful and fruitful as the gardens of paradise. Love will strengthen the weak and "blind up that which was broken." The child of sorrow requires its pure and holy ministry. The faint and the dying must have something to support them when heart and flesh fail. The truth we teach and the testimony we bear, will soften the grief of such as mourn over the memory of friendship gone, and the wreck of earth's best joys; while it will lift up the poor pilgrim who bows beneath the shadow of a mortal sorrow over the grave of his buried hopes.

Oh, give love an utterance everywhere, from the pulpit and the press; carry it into the councils of the nation, the halls of justice, and the avenues of business. Let kindness be employed to subdue the criminal—the fire of love to melt his stubborn heart. Give him the pure air and the bright sunlight, for these are the inheritance alike of the evil and the good. Uncharitableness, injustice and revenge, have had their turn. Let man now have a chance to live the true life—let him be governed by Grace, and Truth, and Love, a trinity of beautiful spirits.

"Each worth the mission of the Son of God."

May such inherit the "gift of tongues," and speak their Heaven-inspired language in every mortal ear! It is time for Love to rule the world; it will secure to all their rights; it will equalize labor and the gifts of Providence; and then do something for the poor and the oppressed, that men may live, indeed, and be free and equal somewhere else save in the republic of the grave, and the kingdom of Heaven.

THE GREAT BLOPHEMENT.

The papers of England and this country are filled with lamentations over the great immoral act of Mrs. Gurney, who has left husband, and children, and home, and friends, for the sake of a late-day love that she has experienced. At the first glance, the lamentations are just, and Mrs. Gurney appears to be a very bad woman. But there are always two sides to a story; and in this case, unlike that of many others, the other side is furnished by the parties complaining. Mrs. Gurney should have the benefit of it. In the first place, Mr. Gurney and his wife were cousins; and the probability is, judging from the melancholy result, that she never possessed more than the affection due to such relation. She was only fifteen when she was married, and was not old enough to distinguish between this feeling, formed in the heyday of youth, and that graver sentiment which should be the basis of the conjugal relation—without which it becomes a bondage worse than death. They married—the husband older than herself, who should have known enough, in his maturity, to counsel the child, and sound her feelings, ere he married her—and, according to all accounts, she was true to her obligations, living with him a life of chaste obedience, according to the rule of prescribed duty—bearing him children, and behaving in all respects, as the record shows, like a virtuous wife.

At length, however—as for her peace I—she awoke to the sense that she did not love the man she was living with—that she had mistaken the feeling she entertained for him, and had sacrificed her years and her youth to a false deity. She became aware of this through acquaintance with one John Thomas, an engaging footman—and John we hold to have been guiltless of anything but good looks and pleasing address in the matter—and in the new light which breaks upon her she sees the relation between her husband and herself in a new aspect. It was an innocent and honorable relation, as it had existed, but with this new light it were terrible to think of. Deceit revolted, at it—though the world may laugh at the assertion; womanly chastity revolted at it—another laugh—and the woman saw in John Thomas—perhaps a better man than her husband, and perhaps not—the man whom it was unfortunate that she had not met thirteen years before. John Thomas uses no arts, as we learn, to win the lady. He is a gentleman, perhaps, in everything but position. There is the secret-club. Like the nabob who was run over by a screw-rail: the getting run over was not so bad, if it had been done by a respectable vehicle. Had John Thomas been a Baronet, or an Honorable, or a Lord, it would not have been half as bad. But a footman—

put the aristocracy of the old country and this are justly incurred, of course.

Mrs. Gurney informs her husband of the change in her sentiments, like an honorable woman—she is no hypocrite—and then she goes with John Thomas, guided by the love that inspires her, which, in her natural judgment, is the true love, leaving the old with no apparent unkindness, and probably with pain at the misery she is inflicting. Possessed of money enough to make John Thomas respectable, according to the meaning of the word respectable in England, she has gone to make for herself a new home amid new relations, and if the principle that governs her is correct that we have laid down—and we have small reason to doubt it—she will not regret the step she has taken. If from bad motives, a bitter repentance awaits her, as must attend every infraction of social or physical law.

Mr. Gurney, the husband, is to be pitied. His affection for his wife was undoubtedly, as was evinced by his conduct toward her in this trial. He shows no violence toward her, he pours no abuse upon her, but simply asks for a divorce. He understands her, unquestionably, and, avoiding persecution, makes the best he can of the misfortune.

Such things are distressing, but where does the fault lie, and what is the remedy? In the "other side" view that we have given of the matter, much of the blame that has been bestowed upon Mrs. Gurney may be softened and palliated, if not forgiven.

A Banco.

A Grand Social Lovee by the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, will be held at Minot Hall, corner of Washington and Springfield streets, on Wednesday evening, February 29th, 1860, for the benefit of the poor. Music by White's Quadrille Band, (six pieces.) Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets, \$1.00, admitting a gentleman and ladies, for sale at the South End drug stores, Cummings House, Banner Office, and at Marsh's Bookstore.

The party will be under the direction of Messrs. J. Baldwin, John H. Conant, and Frederick G. Pope. A number of the best mediums will be present and speak on the occasion. Quartette and glee clubs will sing. The lower hall will be used for playing "grace-hoop," and other old-fashioned games, by those who do not dance. A good time may be expected.

Mrs. Spence.

The Woonsocket Patriot and Rhode Island State Register, in speaking of the lecture of Mrs. Spence in Woonsocket, says:—

The listeners long and cry alternately, *ad libitum*. We paid twenty cents, lawful currency, for admittance on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and heard more than we can digest in ninety-minute years. The lady is as witty as a diplomat, as radical as an original, and can no more be reported than the late Rufus Choate, whose syllables chain-lightning could n't catch!

Professor Fowler's Lectures.

O. S. Fowler, of the firm of Fowler & Wells, who has acquired great celebrity by his lectures on character, phrenology, marriage, &c., is delivering a course of lectures at Tremont Temple. They commenced on Thursday evening, Feb. 10th, and will be continued until Saturday, Feb. 23th. His programme is advertised in the dailies. We know these lectures are worth the attention of all.

Where is God?

The world all around us is full of interesting truths, and in each is a sermon in which exists the word of God, and, when discovered, are the revelation of God to man—in the consciousness of which pleasure and happiness is without bounds. Then we see God everywhere.

To Lecturers.

We have to apologize for leaving out several of their appointments. Cause—press of matter and lack of space. When we enlarge, we shall have ample room, and we want lecturers to aid us. In return, we shall publish their lists.

Our New Mailing Machine

Will be in operation in a short time, when every subscriber's name will be legibly printed upon his paper, and no error can occur in mailing our large list.

Manifestations at the Bethesda Institute.

Messrs. Editors—Seeing a notice in the BANNER, that Mrs. Cushman, a musical medium, would be present on Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the circle held at the Bethesda Institute, 40 Tremont street, Boston, I called there on Wednesday of last week, and found from fifteen to twenty persons present—several well known in the community—among whom were two judges and one lawyer, representing different cities in Massachusetts. A circle was soon formed, and three or four different tunes were played upon a guitar under circumstances which precluded the possibility of human contact with the strings, or human intervention in any conceivable manner. Several accompaniments were played to tunes sung by persons in the circle. Every facility was afforded those who wished to examine the position and the surroundings of the guitar while it was being played upon.

Though there were several able skeptics present, no one pretended that collusion was possible; and one in particular, a professional gentleman, who was nearest to the instrument, stated repeatedly that he was perfectly satisfied that there was no deception in the case.

At the close of this performance, Mrs. Hyde, a medium who is in attendance at this Institute, was entranced, and reaching across the table, took a lady by the hand—who I afterwards ascertained to be a stranger at the Institute, and to the medium—and commenced speaking, by saying, "Your dear child is present, and wishes to speak to you;" and, after giving many consoling words to the mother, who was very deeply affected, she continued: "Your child has black, curly hair and black eyes, and you called her Mary. Her angel guardian is present; her name is Nancy Dow."

Very much more was said in a kind and gentle spirit, to the mother, who, regarding her self-possession, stated to the circle that every word was true, and that she had recently lost a near friend by the name of Nancy Dow.

I afterwards had an opportunity to prove the character of Mrs. Hyde as a test medium, and am satisfied she is one of the best. She gives names readily of deceased persons, of whom she has had no possible means of previous knowledge, and describes spirits with great accuracy. D. G. Franklin, N. H., Feb. 10, 1860.

Triumph of Surgical Mechanism.

INTERESTING CASE.—The following statement from the gentleman whose sound leg was amputated in order to have the celebrated Palmer Leg applied, will be read with interest:—

Messrs. PALMER & Co.—Gentlemen:—Much surprise was felt by my friends and the community generally when the statement was made that I had submitted to the amputation of a sound leg in order to be supplied with a "Palmer Artificial Leg." Strange as the announcement seemed, it was literally true. For twenty-seven years I had plodded with a crutch in consequence of a shortened leg. Winning the almost marvelous operation of your substitutes, I concluded to submit to amputation, which was successfully performed in July last. As soon as I had recovered, you applied one of your artificial limbs, and so perfect was its operation that I walked immediately with the help of a single cane, and am now ambulatory. I can walk five miles without experiencing more than ordinary fatigue, and am now attending to the duties of my profession with as much comfort and ease as those having the natural facilities for locomotion. It was a bold adventure, but the result has more than realized my highest anticipations. The appearance of the leg is such as to deceive the most observant, and its operation second only to nature itself. In thus giving my testimony to the unrivaled excellence of your mechanism, I feel that I am but discharging a portion of that debt of gratitude which I can hardly hope to cancel in full.

Respectfully, R. W. BARRETT, Boston, Dec. 14, 1859.

Pierceland—on Sun Prairie—is a fine location for a village, about eighteen miles from Madison. Here reside our good friends, Mrs. Churchill and Mr. Pierce. There is much freedom of mind here. I addressed large audiences three times in a schoolhouse, and spent much time in visiting round and conversing with inquirers. The kindness and liberality I met with here made a deep impression on my mind, which will long remain. In this neighborhood, and the surrounding country, are many good souls.

Cambridge—ten miles south of Pierceland—is a small but growing village, where I'm inhabitants are just beginning to wake up to the subject. Here I was kindly received and entertained by Mrs. Bedford, Richardson, and Dequire Ford. I spoke in the schoolhouse several times to very attentive audiences. There are several good mediums in this neighborhood, some of whom, however, are quite secretly so.

Edgerton—This is a village of more importance, lying on the Janesville and Madison Railroad. Here were many warm hearts and much of the spirit of inquiry. Our good friends, Williams, Child and Squires, are not forgotten by me. Bro. Squires is a medium for physical manifestations, and has since removed to Minnesota, into a neighborhood which is fast settling with Spiritualists—the "Sweet Home" mentioned in my last letter. Here I also met with a brother, whose name I have lost, but who is a discerner of spirits. I purpose visiting this and neighboring places again in April next. Friends desiring a visit at that time, may address me at Janesville, Wis.

Shelburne—Here, also, I found a very cordial welcome by our good friend, Luke Boughton, and others. I spoke to the people here on two successive evenings, and had good audiences. Our meetings were held in a schoolhouse, but I expect, next visit to them, a free church, being erected when last there, will be accessible for the utterance of truth. A lady, here also, was then in process of enlightenment as a speaking medium; and I have since heard that she is not disposed to let her gift be unimproved, but speaks out boldly, as the spirit gives her utterance.

Janesville—the county seat of Rock County—is beautifully situated, and is one of the most handsome and flourishing cities in the State. Here there is a very extensive sectarian element—very bitter in its opposition—yet I think by no means invincible. I had present at my lecture an aged Baptist minister, who evinced much interest in the views I set forth before my audience. Here I found many kind and warm-hearted friends, among whom I would name Sheriff Dolson, Judge Knowlton, Judge Strong, Mr. French, and others. Here are, also, several mediums, and foremost among them Mrs. Milton, a healing medium of remarkable powers. Presuming, however, that I have written as much as will be welcome for our communication, I will refrain my hand, and continue from this point in my next letter.

Yours for truth and humanity,
JOHN MAYHEW.

P. S.—My address for the next four weeks will be Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 9, 1850.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. HENSON, WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA—Good morals I admire; but they are scarce in California, and I do not think they are so plenty in the States of this Union. In the absence of my wife and children, I try to make myself as comfortable as I can; but it is hard. I also miss the blessed privilege of holding communion with departed spirits through mediums. I know no mediums in this vicinity. But, in my lonely hours, I cannot but feel conscious of the presence and influence of the departed. I believe in the existence and in the influence of spirits around us, and if we are disposed to do right and be good they will come to us more tangible and more real.

As a general thing, I think that spiritual communications and impressions are correct, yet, like all things of earth, are liable sometimes to be wrong.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." I believe this applies in the fullest sense to spirit communion and to spiritual things. There is no much reason in common sense in the fundamental teachings of Spiritualism. I think that our duties as spiritual things should be pure and holy, and directed to all selfishness. Then we shall be made better, benefited and aided in our daily walk by Spiritualism. If we desire riches, that by them we may do good, we shall be aided by Spiritualism to this end. If we desire light, liberty, and love for the benefit of humanity, Spiritualism will satisfy our desires.

A. P. COOKS, JANESVILLE, MD.—I find no fault with the beliefs and opinions of men, as their opinions, as well as my own, are the natural results of surrounding conditions, which all are forced to obey. The same law that caused the tree to grow and blossom, brought forth the worm to prey upon its substance. The same law that caused the early flower to raise its petals in the genial warmth of spring, sent the biting frost to nip its tender buds. The same law hung the tree in Eden with golden fruit to satisfy the desire of Mother Eve.

While I recognize "no law outside of Nature," still Nature promises us to the performance of certain duties, and teaches us to condemn what we conceive to be wrong, and expose what we believe to be error; and, in order to do so properly, we must think, reflect, and investigate.

I know from observation, reason, and experience, that the doctrine, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism unlocks the fetters of the mind, frees it from bigotry, hatred, and superstition; tells in the sunlight of truth, warms our sympathies into life and benevolence into our actions, and causes us to look upon the whole race of Adam as a common brotherhood.

HENRY BREED, TOLEDO.—I address you for the purpose of informing you that we have lately formed an association in this place, and have secured a hall for meeting, sufficiently large for our present wants; and that we are in want of a few first-class lecturers. We would like you to notice the fact. We would like to hear Mrs. Emma Harding, Cora Havel, A. J. Davis, S. B. Britton, and others. It has seemed to me that they thought this place would suit to work upon. We wish you would see whether you can, and that when on your way West to would respectfully invite them to give us a call. They will find our "litch-stick cut." There are some from or twenty copies of the BANNER or LIGHT sold in this place, and if the citizens only knew the value of it, it comes to me there would be ten times as many sold.

S. P. ANDERSON, HAMBURG, writes that Mrs. J. W. Orrler has recently spoken in that place, in the most eloquent manner, to crowded houses, notwithstanding the Congregationalist minister there has heretofore proved out the most bitter denunciations against Spiritualism. Denouncing a truth which does not kill it. Bitterness, hate, opposition—yes, all the elements of hell combined—cannot prevail against truth. Spiritualism is truth—and it stands unshaken by all the ungenerous and unchristian denunciations that can be uttered by human lips.

E. L. PAISER, DEERFIELD, MASS.—We have a little band of true Spiritualists here. We only have occasional speaking, as we have no money to buy spiritual food. We find we have the power ourselves to go and take it fresh from the fountain of truth, each one for him and herself, without money and without price. We have depended too much upon being fed by others. We have the power to feed ourselves.

He speaks also of remarkable physical manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Annie E. Lord of Portland, which, had we room, we would gladly publish.

For an answer to the questions that you ask, we must refer you to your own soul convictions.

H. B. BROWN, MACON, GEO.—We have received, through our New York editor, S. B. Britton, an article, the object of which is to establish the rights of men, women and children. Its length, and the crowd of matter upon us, will oblige us to say it over for the present.

G. O. E. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—calls loudly and earnestly for lecturers to visit this place. Sometime since, S. B. Britton and Warren Chase lectured there with great acceptance.

M. D. HOUSE, St. Louis, speaks in the highest terms of the clairvoyant and healing powers of Mrs. D. R. Judkins, Springfield, Illinois.

G. T. M. N. Y., relates some extraordinary manifestations that took place in his presence at the rooms of Mr. Conklin in this city.

Please send your name to accompany the publication of these manifestations.

Letter from Newburyport.
Hessan. Pharoah—There has been but little public interest in Spiritualism in this city, during the last season, but yet there are many longings in private. We have had few lecturers, from lack of accommodations.

Mr. Spaulding, of the Universalist society, leaves here, on the first of March, to take charge of a society in Salem. He leaves many friends, both in and out of his society. Our Salem Spiritualists will find him, at Salem, equal to some of the first lecturers. I have heard him when apparently he was wholly unconscious of being before an audience. Our seeing mediums have seen the spirits influencing him while in the pulpit.

Miss Corina Williams, a well known trance lecturer in Maine, died in this city, a few weeks since, of consumption. She was attended during her sickness by the old church supporters, and, while in a very weak condition, just previous to passing away, renounced Spiritualism, joined a church, and gratified her friends by saying that she believed Spiritualism caused her death. Our friends did not know of her being in town till after she had left us.

We have had the opportunity of conversing with some of the victims of the Lawrence casualty, a number of whom belonged in this city. I hear of them from all quarters. They appear to be the most anxious to commune of any spirits I have ever met. There were many prominent citizens. One lady called on one of the operatives, the afternoon of the accident, but could not sleep; she felt uneasy, but could not tell why. She finally left, saying she would come in again the next day. She had hardly arrived at her home before the mill fell. No doubt many were alike impressed by spirits, who saw the impending danger, but could not be sufficiently influenced to avert it, or give warning to others.

The literary world has been astonished by the advent of the fictitious book of the season—"Sir Bohan's Ghost." It came before the public anonymously, and has been ascribed to various writers of note. The author is Miss Harriet Prescott, of this city. The book is well written, and quite spiritual. The author is not known to be a Spiritualist, but no one can look at her without being struck by her spiritual look. She is quite young, fair-haired, light-complexioned, slight-made, with a dreamy look. It may not be uninteresting to the Spiritual readers of the work, to know that it was written during the wretched hours of the night. She never writes during the day, but after all in the house have retired; she then goes to her work. No Spiritualist, I think, on reading it, will believe her to be wholly false, whether she realizes it or not.

I hear of many manifestations had in private families, as well as some astonishing cures performed by mediums, but do not feel at liberty as present to make them public; but I am satisfied that we never stood with a better front before the public than now. Dr. J. W. Greenwood, of Boston, has visited this city professionally, and with astonishing success. He has extraordinary healing powers. Mr. S. P. Campbell, of this place, has been very successful in healing. He bids fair to be a valuable medium for healing.

Many families not Spiritualists are receiving ordinances of spirit-presence by raps, &c., heard in different parts of the house. The occupants can refuse to attend circles and meetings; they can refuse to hear the truth—but they cannot prevent their friends in the spirit-world from coming to them, and when conditions are right, to manifest their presence.

A little girl relates that she sees and talks with an old lady who died in the chamber the girl now occupies. She says she comes every night and talks with her, handles things in the room, and other matters. Her friends will not believe, but say she dreams. This she denies, claiming to be awake and fully knowing all of which she affirms.

A lady belonging to this city had a son die in a distant city a few months since. One night, recently, she awoke and saw him standing by her bed side, looking the same—clothes and everything—as when he was living. She closed her eyes, and was visited. A few minutes afterwards she again looked, and saw him as before, appearing anxious to speak. She became frightened, and called to a member of the family to come to her. She now says she wishes she had asked of him what he wanted. There was a manifestation which many a Spiritualist would feel rejoiced to witness, and yet this person is one of our opponents, and on relating this circumstance said she considered Spiritualists the most wicked people in the world.

Truly does the world need enlightenment on the great problem of man's existence, both as a man and spirit. Expand but a little of the money now wasted by missionaries in foreign lands at home in this cause, and truly the world would be the better for it.

I will relate one more instance of spirit-ecstasy, and then close. A friend of mine recently lost his wife. He woke one morning, feeling a hand pressed upon his forehead. He looked, and saw his wife standing by his bed-side. Still feeling her hand upon his forehead, he spoke to her and was answered. He reached out his arms to clasp her, and she vanished. He is an unbeliever, but states the above plainly, and says it was so, and no mistake. He was as fully awake as ever in his life.

I do not give names, because the persons would be unwilling; but any person desirous of knowing, can have the names by calling on me.

February 16th, 1850.

Warren Chase in New York.

Winds are whistling down the streets, novars are beating against the windows, poverty is whistling in the garrets and cellars, orphans, some with living, and some with dead parents, are sweeping the steps and sidewalks, to earn the dime which those in comfortable circumstances can spare; and I, housed and homed pleasantly with a generous friend, feel and see the contrast between the "ins" and the "outs."

During my stay in New York, I have had a pleasant and highly interesting visit at the elegant home of Mrs. Underhill, formerly Leah Fox, or the eldest of the "Fox Girls," so justly celebrated in the great spiritual movement of our age. With Leah at one end of the long table, Kate at the other, their mother and her brother, and a few select friends—including Mr. Underhill and his father and mother—you may judge we could have an interesting time. Many friends from the other side announced their presence by loud raps, great raps, and spelled messages, by which we found ourselves in the midst of a large party. Margaret Fox—the middle sister, who has joined the Catholics—was not present, but her interest in their interest in the union of the two worlds. Leah, after many years of wearying travel and devotion, suffering pecuniary and other privations, and surrounded by comfort, she can rest and be protected. But she has not turned her back on the glorious cause in which she was so often almost a martyr, and Kate is the same little, honest, inoffensive and pure spirit I found her near ten years ago—still one of the best mediums I have ever met with.

I have also paid my highly-esteemed friends, A. J. and Mary E. Davis, a visit at their new home in Orange, N. J., where I found them beautifully domesticated, after their long wanderings. Well do I remember the little cottage home in Hartford, where I first found Mr. Davis, watching over the sick-bed, and how quickly he let it when he spirit, which had abandoned it, had fled. Now I find him domiciled in a little village twelve miles from New York, his happy companion by his side, and her sister and husband—Mr. and Mrs. Plum—and Mr. D.'s father and sister, making up a truly harmonious family, living the life on earth that fits them for heaven.

'Tis sweet, in this pilgrimage of earth, to find harmony and love filling the hearts and homes of our friends; and I am often blessed with this privilege in my travels among those who receive the new gospel.

Bro. Davis has a neat and pleasant office at No. 274 Canal street, N. Y., where he or Mr. Plum can be found during most of the business hours of the week, and where the Herald of Progress and Mr. Davis's books can be found, and where, I feel the fullest assurance, Mr. Davis will faithfully fulfill his mission in the great drama of this life.

I should also notice a great central movement on foot here, and likely to succeed—to build a magnificent and capacious unitary and joint-stock home in the heart of this city, in which persons and families can own tenements, and save at least three-fourths of what is paid for rent and fuel, and give them permanent homes, and such variety and sort of board as they may choose. The outlines of the plan are completed, well received, and the prospects flattering to its friends.

WARREN CHASE.

New York, Feb. 1, 1850.

Anagram on "Unit" and "Untie."

Five letters, rightly placed, will give
A word to lovers dead,
When they in ecstasies bands would live
For many a happy year.
But when their quarrels bitter grow,
If otherwise combined,
The self-same letters serve to show
How they relief may find!

Written for the Banner of Light.
TWILIGHT.

How soothing steals his dreamy tide
Of twilight's welcome hour!
Borne soft on downy wings that ride
The breath of song and flower:
How living, yet subdued the sense
Of light, and touch, and sound!
Some wizard spells have captive, hence,
My thoughts to fairy ground!

Ah! 'tis enchanted land I feel
A clime all brimming o'er
With sunny smiles and gushing gloe,
And bird-voices evermore!
'Tis like the golden first waking laugh
To age, by first-born dawn,
And lays its trusting, magic staff,
On the Elysian lands!

It eradicated every bud of thought
That e'er has lived to bloom,
And dured the germs by wisdom brought,
Whose clusters crown the tomb!
It warmed to life now-born destroy—
Each passion, wild or low,
That e'er has swept with blighting fire,
Or lured with tempting glow!

It breathes in air all innocent,
Dew-drops fair skies of hope,
Whose sun of love glides all extent,
With bliss for boundless scope—
'Tis both conception and the birth,
Of growth by manhood made;
'Tis primal seed and virgin earth,
Of blooms that fruit, or fade.

Oh! that bliss land of pure delight,
Where pleasures constant flow,
It holds the Author's copy-right,
And gives its type below—
It sheds its immortal day,
The early, dawning beam—
'Tis its life's sweet rising ray—
'Tis LIFE'S FIRST MORNING DREAM!

New London, Ct. J. C. W.

OBITUARY.

Died, January 25th, EUSTACE DERRIN, of Randolph, aged 20 years, 6 months.

Thus, in the flower of early manhood, passed away one of the bright spirits of earth. Of him it would well be said, that none knew him but to love him. Early associating himself with every cause which had in view the ennobling of humanity, and the elevation of the mighty principles of human brotherhood, he would be with his friends, and the friends of the friends of sect, of creed and dogma, and the opponents of truth and right. But he labored not in what he felt to be the right. He knew with the sword of truth, and with the purity of his noble work of love and benevolence, a partner is left to mourn the absence of his earthly presence, and hosts of true friends to sympathize with her. May his precious thought of his spiritual presence, and his fervent prayers for the welfare and carry out in their lives the graces which afforded him.

Farwell, brother, till we meet thee
On the river's further side,
Where undying peace and glory,
And eternal joys abide.
Meet me in my spirit's presence
In this changing world of ours,
Yet we know thou art now treading
Paths adorned with endless flowers.
We the last "good night" have spoken,
And thy spirit has taken flight;
Yet, "mid Heaven's bright land unbroken,
We shall bear thy glad "good morn!"

Slough, Mass. G. H. M.

MOVEMENTS OF LEUTHERS.

Parishes notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Mrs. AMANDA M. BRIDGE will lecture in Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb. 1850. 4th, 5th, 6th, 7, 8. New York, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

Mrs. ANN BUREAK FOSTON will lecture in Putnam, Conn., four Sundays, commencing Feb. 12th; in Ohio, Mass., four Sundays, commencing March 11th; and in Cambridge, four Sundays, April 15th and 16th. Address, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. EMMA HANDESS will lecture, during March, in Philadelphia, in Providence, Portland, Plymouth, Oswego, &c., &c., during the Spring months. She desires to lecture in Connecticut and adjacent places week evenings. Address, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. ANN THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at Lowell, Mass., till further notice.

JOHN MAXWELL, to March 1st, will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed to the care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

Dr. P. H. RANDOLPH'S address, till further notice, will be 201 Broadway, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return letter.

CHARLES H. CHOWELL, Boston, Mass. Address, DARNLEY or LIGHT OFFICE.

Dr. L. E. COONEY, one of the most successful clairvoyant physicians in the country, (assisted by Mrs. E. A. Cooney), has taken up his residence in New Orleans for the winter, has taken rooms at 105 Triton Walk street, and will cure many diseases without medicine. His Doctor is also a spirit-ecstasy speaker, and reader of character by raps, &c. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Examination satisfactory, or no charge. Terms within the reach of all. He will lecture, every Sunday, and at other times, at such times and places as he may be pleased to give.

Mr. MERRILL FAY, trance speaking and writing medium, will receive invitations for lecturing the coming spring and summer. Address, Akron, Summit Co., Ohio.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMERY'S address, for the two succeeding weeks, is Binghamton, N. Y., care of Thomas A. Sedgwick.

Miss ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker of Leon, Catawagus Co., New York, lectures at Stillington and Rugg's Corner, (Catawagus Co., N. Y.) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Catawagus and Catawagus Counties.

ANDREW M. ANDREWS, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Modona, Ill.

LEO MILLER will speak in Quincy, Mass., Feb. 26th; Taunton, Mass., March 4th and 11th; Portland, Me., March 18th and 25th; White Plains, N. Y., March 25th. Mr. Miller will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

ATONZO B. HALL, Esq. Nat. Now Sharon, Mo., will answer calls in his vicinity.

E. V. WILSON, Chelsea, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in the West up to the first of May.

J. H. RANDOLPH, Friends in the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, desirous of entering into engagements with Mr. R. for the coming summer, may address him, until further notice, at Upper Lisle, Broome County, N. Y.

J. H. GUNNELL, Lawrence, Mass. Mr. G. will speak at Cambridge, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 26th; Dover, N. H., Sunday, March 4th; Farmington, N. H., March 10th; N. H. Greenfield, Lowell, will speak at Portsmouth, N. H., March 11th; Randolph, Mass., March 11th; Portsmouth, N. H., March 18th and April 1st.

Miss A. E. BAYLEN will answer calls to attend funerals. Address Baldwinville, Mass.

Miss A. W. BRADDOCK will speak at Chicago through February.

H. P. FRANKLIN will speak four Sundays in Feb. at Bridgport, Conn.

Mrs. FRANCES BOND, care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, Box 211, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. L. W. WANDSWORTH speaks, Feb. 26th, at Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, at Lyons, Mich.; thence East.

E. B. WILKINSON will answer calls to speak from Ulster, N. Y., where his address is for the present.

JACKSON DAVIS will occupy the desk at Dedworth's Hall, New York, on the Sunday of February.

A. B. WITTING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till further notice.

FRANK WITTS lectures through February at Troy, N. Y.; March 4th and 11th at Plymouth, Mass.; March 18th and 25th at Quincy.

Mrs. ELLA E. GIBSON, Barre, Mass. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio. CHARLES W. BURROES, Inspirational Speaker, Box 22, West Killington, Conn.

FRANCIS FRISWORTH, West Medford, Mass. Miss SARAH A. HADDOCK, No. 33 Winton street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss LIZABETH DORRIS, Plymouth, Mass. Miss BERTHA B. ORRIS, No. 1 Davis street, Boston. BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass. ELIZABETH WOODRUFF, Lowell, Mass. C. T. JONES, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq. Mrs. BERTHA B. ORRIS, West Hartford, Conn. E. B. YOUNG, Box 85, Quincy, Mass. LOVELL BEER, North Ridgeway, Ohio. Mrs. S. MAHA BEE, Springfield, Mass.

FRANCIS E. QUINNELL, No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia. Mrs. J. D. SMITH, Manchester, N. H. Mrs. C. G. YORK, Boston, Mass. Miss A. C. BOWEN, Fall River, Mass. LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass. Mrs. J. R. BRADLEY, Mount Pleasant, Ind. Mrs. SARAH C. HAZEN, Mount Pleasant, Ind. Mrs. M. H. COLLE, care of Belle Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro, Mass. GEORGE A. BRIDGES, Boston, Mass. Dr. H. P. GARDNER, 49 Essex street, Boston, Mass. Dr. L. W. MONROE, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. DANIEL W. SWELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I. CHRISTIAN LAMAR, care of Dr. J. T. Deane, Box 21, Alton Illinois.

DANIEL DAVIS, East Boston, Mass. JOHN C. GLENN, No. 5 Day street, Boston. J. J. LOGAN, No. 100 South Main street, Boston. Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBURY, Box 423 Bridgeport, Conn. Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON, trance speaker, may be addressed at Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. H. B. HARRIS, "The Spirit of the Age," office, Cleveland, Ohio. J. R. D. GARDNER, No. 100 South Main street, Boston. Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio. A. A. FRENCH, Clyde, Randolph Co., Ohio. F. T. BROWN, No. 100 South Main street, Boston. WILLIAM E. RICE, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Boston Advertisements.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, SEERING AND TRANCE MEDIUM, 140 Court street, Boston. Terms per sitting, not exceeding one hour, \$1; half an hour, or less, 50 cents. Office hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 P. M. Feb. 25.

MISS JENNIE WATERMAN, TRANCE SPEAKING AND TEST MEDIUM, at No. 5 Oliver place, from Essex street, Boston. Terms moderate. Office hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 P. M. Feb. 25.

BY NUTRITION!—NUTRITION (IN THE VITAL FORCE) WITHOUT MEDICINE. Are you Scrofulous, Consumptive, Dyspeptic, or Nervous? Have you a weak or weak eye? Any affection of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Blood, or any disease whatever? Read my "Book of Information." (Sent to you for one dime) which explains how the Invalid can become his own doctor, and banish forever all "pills" and "powders," as utterly unworthy of any confidence at all. Address, LADY BUNDELLAND, Feb. 11. Boston, Mass.

DR. C. CLINTON BEERS, ELECTRO-PNEUMOTRIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALER, by laying on his hands and other spirit remedies, is located at the Betheda Institute, 43 Tremont street, Boston, for the permanent healing of the sick. Dr. B. will tell you what your disease is, and where located, without any suggestion of fee. Free Letters with a lock of hair from the sick will be answered, giving a true description of the disease, for \$2; and curative remeasures sent at reasonable prices.

Dr. B. has the pleasure of announcing that he cures Piles and Hemorrhoids, or Piles, of the most aggravated character, without the use of the knife, and with but slight pain. N. B.—No charge for advice. Send stamp for return letters. Jan. 25.

MRS. L. P. HYDE, WRITING, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, at the Betheda Institute and Spiritual Reading Room, 40 Tremont street, Boston, No. 2, Boston.

The spirits identify themselves to their friends by giving the correct evidence. Free Letters with a lock of hair to Dr. B. E. Gardner, and C. Clinton Beers. Jan. 25.

DR. L. V. FARNSWORTH, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, PSYCHOMETRIST, AND MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS. Office, in Banner of Light Building, 27 Davis street, Boston. Terms, per sitting, \$1.00; per hour, 50 cents; and two postage stamps, for a claim to give satisfaction. If the first letter fails, the writer can have the privilege of sending two more, by simply paying postage. For full details of character, writing, or any statement, call—the name of the person must be sent written with ink. For medical examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2; when absent, by a lock of hair, \$2. Medicines sent on reasonable terms. Jan. 7.

MRS. E. M. TITTLE, PHYSIO-MEDICAL AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, has taken rooms at No. 143 Court street, Boston, where she will give examinations and prescribe for all diseases, including those of females. Unless a true diagnosis of the disease is given, no fee will be required. Reliable references given, if required. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Terms—Clairvoyant Examinations and Prescriptions, \$1.00 each. Jan. 14.

WILLIAM HOLLAND, CLAIRVOYANT AND ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Careful and thorough examinations made in every case, and the most efficient means adopted to remove disease. References given. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. 121 Devon street, near Curve Street, Boston. Jan. 7.

MRS. MARY A. RICKER, TRANCE MEDIUM, Rooms 145 Haver street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings, \$1 per hour. Jan. 7.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 3-18 Braintree street, Boston, (office in Banner of Light Building, 27 Davis street, Boston.) Medical examinations and prescriptions, \$1.00; general manifestations, \$1.00. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M.; and from 2 to 5 P. M. Patients visited at their residences, when required. Dec. 31.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and patrons. Mrs. L. will continue to occupy the same rooms—35 Beach street. Hours—from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6, and 8 to 10 P. M. Terms, per hour, \$1.00; for two persons, \$1.00; for three persons, \$1.00; examinations by hair, \$1.00. Dec. 24.

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLLE, TEST AND TRANCE MEDIUM, examines and prescribes for diseases. Also, Clairvoyant Examinations on business days, from 9 to 12, and from 4 to 7 P. M. No. 11 Langrage Place, Boston, Mass. Dec. 10.

MRS. GRACE L. BEAN, WRITING, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, No. 30 1/2 West street, Boston. Also, Clairvoyant Examinations for diseases. Dec. 3.

J. PORTER HODGSON, M. D., ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, 658 WASHINGTON STREET, (in Pine Street Church, on one light of stairs, Room No. 2) Boston. Addressed by Miss Gay, the celebrated Psychometric Clairvoyant. Psychological delineations of character, and Clairvoyant examinations of disease, daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms, when present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. Dec. 10.

N. B.—No notice taken of letters unless they contain the fee for examination. 3rd Nov. 23.

SPRIT MUSIC ON THE GUITAR AND BELLS AT THE Betheda Institute, 43 Tremont street, Boston. Mrs. C. B. BROWN, Mrs. J. W. BROWN, Mental Medium, will be present on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The spirits will play on the guitar, with the strings in right leaving no opportunity for the Medium to use her hands or organs. Free examinations on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, to give evidence tests of spirit existence. Admission, 10 cents. Ladies, 10 cents. Friday evening, Christmas Eve, for the development of Mediums, 10 cents. Tickets for evening private sittings for tests and examination of disease. Jan. 18.

DR. C. HAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all descriptions, Incurable of Limbs, Ulcers, &c. Patients accommodated with board at this Institute. Sept. 10.

Pearls.

And quired odd, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all thine, Sparkle forever.

How true that is to love! She had nothing to ask, she had nothing to expect, she sought no favor, she dreamed of nothing except the liberty of attending the body, dead.

When he said to her, "Woman, why weep thou?" she did not know him, and went on saying, supposing him to be the gardener, what things she did say, but when he turned to her and said, "Mary," ah, what power was there in that simple word!

yourself. You understand but very little in your experience, and understand that there is a great fountain of truth which you have not explored.

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A FAMILIAR LECTURE BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Delivered in the Lecture-Room of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 1, 1860.

I wish to read the account of Mary's going to the sepulcher, of her discovery of Christ, and of the interview that took place when first she saw him, after his resurrection, as it is contained in the twelfth chapter of John's Gospel.

THE QUESTION OF NAMES.

The question would naturally arise, Why should he ask Thomas to touch him? He had nothing to ask, he had nothing to expect, he sought no favor, he dreamed of nothing except the liberty of attending the body, dead.

THE QUESTION OF NAMES.

There is a great deal more in this habit of calling persons by their name, than we are apt to think. A name is given to a person, not only to separate him from others, but to identify him with them.

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