

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ONE.
BY FRENCH PIRANQUE.

Is there language in eyes gently gleaning
From under their lashes so gay?
My quick blood goes dancing
And wildly is prancing
At the sweet words your look seems to say.

Is there language in tender embraces
Of arms round my neck tightly thrown?
With loveliest Graces
I would not change places,
For their joy cannot equal my own!

Is there language in kisses so burning,
From lips that put coral to shame?
This language I'm learning
When promptly returning
Fond kisses that add to the flame!

Is there language in hearts, when their beating
Seems the noise of an imprisoned bird,
So pleading, entreating
The pleasure of meeting
With one who its sweet song has heard?

Yes—a language too pointedly spoken
To ever be misunderstood;
Each glance is a token
Of pleasure unbroken,
And each kiss brings an answering mood!

Sweet girl! May it be my endeavor
To merit the language you speak;
May dark passion never
Misquote it, but ever
May my soul give the answer you seek!

THE SPIRITUAL CAPTIVE.

BY E. DAYTON.
CHAPTER I.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

It was the latter part of a beautiful day that I entered the city of —, situated on the banks of Lake Erie. I called at the City Hotel, and with other strangers took a seat in the parlor, and became interested in the conversation of a very deaconish-looking old man. His theme was religion. He dealt out damnation to sinners in general, and especially to a class of females known as "doubtful characters." Why his severity toward this class of offenders, I could not imagine. As I was about to ask the reason for his deadly hate toward these unfortunate, the tea bell rang, and conversation ended—only, however, to be resumed at the table, on other topics. Being a stranger to all present, I said little, preferring to listen to others.

In the course of tea-table chat, the deaconish old man said to a gentleman on his left—
"She was turned off this morning," seemingly referring to some previous conversation. The reply was—
"Well for the landlord, else he would have lost much custom."
Not being able to gather the meaning of this language, I paid little attention to it. Tea being over, I lit my cigar, as was my custom in those days, before I knew much of spiritual reform, and passed to the far end of a long veranda. Here I seated myself all alone, to enjoy the calm lake breeze, and see the bright sun sink beyond the beautiful waters. But just as I had wrapped myself in the fumes of my cigar, and was enjoying all the inspiration receivable from such a source, I heard groans and sighs and bitter wallings proceeding from a wood-house adjoining the hotel. I threw aside my cigar and listened intently, to see if I could interpret this language of the human heart clothed in sorrow. But no words were uttered that threw any light on the cause of this outpouring grief. I thought of what the old man said at the table, and a little light streamed into my mind. But gradually this excessive grief subsided in its outward manifestations. Night had already set in; and, busied with many afflictive thoughts, I bent my way to the parlor, hoping to learn by the conversation I might hear the cause of so much sorrow. But, after listening some time, and hearing nothing that would throw any light on the subject of my reflections, I concluded to retire, and did so.

But it was a long while before my mind would allow my eyes to rest in slumber. And when at last I slept, it was only to dream, as I then called it, for I knew little of spiritual things. And now, reader, I will tell you what I dreamed, or thought I dreamed, though now I know 't was not all a dream." I saw an old lady stand by my bedside, her eyes suffused with tears, and her whole countenance shrouded with the deepest sorrow. She wept aloud, and sighed, as though her very heart-strings were being severed. At last she spoke:
"Will you help me?" she said.
"Good woman," said I, "what will you have me to do?"
"My daughter, my only child, is taken by the savages, and carried into the deep, dark wilderness. I want you to go with me and release her."
I was not quite prepared for this work of mercy. It was fraught with too much danger. And how should I effect her escape alone—one against a band of savages? This was asking too much. I hesitated. The grief-stricken mother drew a heavy sigh, and tears, hot, scalding, coursed down her furrowed cheek. I was moved to pity; but what then—should I lose my life in this unequal encounter—die to gratify another for a moment?
While I was thus reasoning with myself, an old man approached me. His head was all white with age, and his angel-like appearance showed that he was old in goodness as well as years. In a mild and serene voice he thus addressed me: "My son, have

you not a work given you to do—a mission to fulfill? Are you not set apart for the work of the ministry? And is it not your work to seek and save the lost—to break fetters and let the captives free?" This and much more he said connected with my duty of saving sinners. I nodded assent to the justice of his remarks, and finally signified my willingness to accompany the mother in the dangerous undertaking. She sped through the wilderness like an aerial messenger. I followed her—how, or in what manner, I know not. But on we went; and her presence seemed to light my pathway as I hurried on, seemingly without will or effort on my part. At length the mother stopped, and, pointing with her hand, said, "There lies the captive." I looked, and there lay a beautiful female, perhaps twenty years old, or more. Her countenance betrayed excessive grief, and sorrow set upon every lineament of her features. At first I thought I knew that face, so lovely beneath the shadows of deep-felt woe. But when or where I had seen it, I could not tell. But this was no time for delay; for on either side of the beautiful girl lay a savage, wrapped in slumber, with a scalping-knife by their hands. It was the work of a moment. I grasped the knife, and severed the cords that bound the captive. I seemed at once endowed with superhuman strength, and taking the girl in my arms, I sped through the forest with the rapidity of the wind—the mother leading the way, as before. At length we came to a great plain, or vast prairie, dotted here and there with groves of timber. Here the mother halted in her flight, and as quick as thought clasped in her arms the captive I had borne through the wilderness. And here I beheld a great concourse of people. All seemed overpowered with a joy that knew no bounds. They gathered round the mother and daughter, who were now looked in each others' embrace, and expressed their joyous sympathy in a copious flood of tears. Who can help weeping? thought I, as I gazed on that mother, beheld her tears, and heard her sighs. I turned away from the scene to give vent to my own sympathy, realizing how blessed it was to feel another's woe as well as another's joy.

And now I beheld the old man again, whose head was white. He smiled through tears that were falling thick and fast. Extending his hand to me, he said, "My son, this day you are ordained to the work of the Church, for to accomplish that you must needs be very respectable to the eyes of the outer world, to which the Church is wedded. You cannot thus be, while you seek the captive, the down-trodden, the lost and degraded children of humanity. Go, then, to the work. Be firm, be bold, be loving, be wise, and a host of the unseen shall attend your steps, and inspire your love."

I awoke, agitated, weary, nervous, as though I had been engaged in severe labor. In this condition I soon relapsed into sleep.

How long I slept, I know not; but I again saw that mother stand at my bedside; at last I dreamed I did. This time she was not weeping; but a radiant joy lit up her countenance, and a calm, pleasant smile played over her features. She passed her hand over my person a few times, as though manipulating me for the purpose of removing pain. I felt a strange sensation through my whole system. A new life was given me. The inspiration was more than my dreams could bear. I awoke to find my exhausted energies restored; and had not the skepticism of that day repudiated angel's visits, I would have sworn that I saw an angel-spirit slowly move from my bedside. But the philosophy of the age said, "It is a phantom of an over-excited brain." And so I supposed it would not be wisdom to form any other opinion. My judgment was not satisfied with this explanation of my dream; but stultification of judgment is the rule of any age, the philosophy of which ignores facts.

It was now nearly daylight; and feeling a new inspiration both of body and mind, I rose and set off for a walk on the lake shore. Here I sat down to reflect upon what my spirit's eye had seen. I could not resist the conviction that my soul's labor through the night, was in some way connected with the weeping and sighing I heard the evening before. In what way, was a mystery to me. I felt that I could not leave without learning more about that child of sorrow. But without coming to any conclusion about the plan to be pursued to accomplish my object, I returned to the hotel, where I found breakfast in readiness. Nothing occurred at the table that would assist in the least to solve the mystery, and after partaking of a light breakfast, I rose and left the table. But what next? Here I was at a standstill. But I remembered to have heard my mother say, when I was a lad, that when she was at a loss to know what to do, she retired by herself, and in tranquil silence waited for the angel-presence to impress her what to do. But I had learned to disregard this communion of a loving mother with angels, believing it to be a superstition of a darker age than that in which I was permitted to live. But in this state of doubt and wonderment, I concluded to try my mother's plan. So retiring to the seat I occupied the evening before, at the far end of the veranda, I was soon wrapped in the silence of my own thoughts. And here I waited patiently for something to occur—some plan to suggest itself, on which I might act. At length I heard the heavy tread of some one passing through the kitchen toward the door of the wood-house. The door was opened, and a coarse, heavy voice, which bespoke a daughter of the Emerald Isle, said, "Come, mistress says it's time you were off. She can't afford to keep you any longer, for you disgrace the house." The door slammed to again. It was then I heard these deep, heartfelt sighs, that move angels to weep, accompanied with—"Oh, dear—oh, dear! what shall I do?"

And I repeated to myself—"What shall I do?"

I began to fear; for I had learned that she would disgrace a house, and certainly she would me. My reputation was at stake. But the words of the old man whom I saw in my vision, now came with a mighty force to my conscience.

"Is it not your mission to seek the lost, the fallen, the child of sorrow? Be firm, be bold, and angels shall attend your steps."

I hesitated no longer. I arose to my feet with a determination if I lost my reputation among men, that I would gain it among angels, who rejoice more over one redeemed sinner, than over ninety and nine who have not sinned. I stepped around the end of the veranda, and upon the threshold of the wood-house. There I beheld a female with her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly. Her soul seemed wrapped in the agony of crushed out hope. I was so overcome at the sight of this sorrowing creature, it was some time before I could utter a word. At length I said, "Sister, why do you weep?" She raised her head. My God! who did I behold? the very image of her I delivered from the savages in my dream!—the same beautiful, care-worn, grief-stricken child. That face—I had surely seen it somewhere. Prophecy was fulfilling. But shall I be able to release her from the savages, and bear her away to her weeping mother, and to the angel-land of which I dreamed?

I now, for the first time in my life, prayed to angels, and felt myself no idolator in doing so. From my inmost soul I prayed for help. Again rang the words of the old man in my ears—"Be bold, be firm, be pure, be wise, and angels shall attend your steps." My faith was increasing; and I fancied I felt the angels hovering round, and the promised inspiration gleaming from on high. But while prayer, faith and wonder, were mingled in confusion in my own mind, the weeping girl spoke:

"What have I to hope for from you, more than others? Others have spoken kindly till they have learned my needs, and who I am; and then they have turned away from one who only begs an opportunity to reform, and earn an honest living. Sir, Christians of every sect and name, and ministers of the Gospel, have proved my foes. And it is through the means of one who professes to be a minister of Christ, that I am compelled to leave here. I have no confidence in humanity's boasted love for sinners."

While she was saying this, and much more that was too true to be denied, I stood gazing on that face that spoke so loudly of departing beauty, and showed so plainly that an angel was bound in chains of darkness. I knew I had seen that face before. Now the face of that mother whom I saw in my vision became familiar. The sorrowing girl noticed my thoughtful gaze upon her countenance, and asked me to leave. But I could not move. I stood petrified with unutterable emotions. The shadow of a childish recollection passed over my soul. Yes, I know her. My God, is it she? She arose to leave me. And as she was about to enter another apartment, to assure myself that my recollection was not at fault, I uttered aloud—"Poor fallen Emma!"

CHAPTER II.

"We love the spring when all is bright,
And trees are robed in green,
But oh, how soon the winter comes,
And then how changed the scene!"

For the understanding of some things narrated in the previous chapter, the reader must now accompany me on the back track of life, some years, when few wants and few troubles marred the sportive days of childhood. At this time I lived in central New York, not thirty miles from the now beautiful city of Auburn, in the village of L—. Here I attended school under the instructions of a noted inventor of school-books, who was then a young man. At this school there was a little black-eyed girl, some eight years old, whom everybody loved. Among us little children, she was familiarly known as the "black-eyed beauty." She was so kind, so gentle to all, that she was a general favorite in the school. She was the only daughter and only child of the wealthy Mr. and Mrs. B—.

Now, reader, follow me up the hill of life with rapid pace, as I migrate from place to place. First, to western Pennsylvania; thence to Ohio, on the Western Reserve, where I engage in study to better my education; thence back to Pennsylvania, to attend a Methodist college at Mendville. While here I resolved to turn my attention to the ministry. I had been brought up to believe in the eternal damnation of everybody, except myself, and a few friends. But I had lately been delivered from the bondage of these views, that had thorned my soul for years, into the glorious faith of universal salvation. Here I found a "soul-reviving feast," that bade my starving soul to eat and live. I was determined to spread the news of this feast far and wide. I applied to the Lake Erie Association of Universalists to become a minister of that order, was accepted, received letters of fellowship, was finally ordained, and became an itinerant over a large extent of country, riding, sometimes, from western New York, to Kentucky. Our Association at this time had not been formally attached to the State Convention; and in 1845 I was sent as delegate to represent the Association in the State Convention, about to meet in Montrose, in June of that year. To accomplish this object, I had to travel, I think, nearly three hundred miles, and that by land; for railroads did not then run in every direction, as now. And taking a circuitous route on my return, I struck what was then termed the lake road, running from York State to Ohio, a little west of Buffalo.

It was on this return tour that I came into the city of —, where occurred the incidents related in the last chapter, relative to that child of sorrow, who was about to flee from my presence, as I uttered the words—"Poor fallen Emma!"

At the sound of these words, her hand fell from

the door latch; and she regarded me a few moments with that stare peculiar to the maniac. I know I had disturbed a fountain of pent-up thought, and brought up the sunny memories of the past, in bold contrast with the sighing wretchedness of the present.

A few moments passed, in which I stood waiting, for what I knew not. At last she spoke:
"Who is this that knows my name, here? Tell me, sir, who you are that speaks a name I have not heard spoken with sympathy these four long, dreadful years!"

I told her my name, and spoke of our childhood acquaintance—the old village school house in L—. The recollections of joyous youth overpowered her physical energies. She grasped my hand, and fell upon her knees, and poured out a flood of tears, mingled with sighs and sobs, that would have moved a demon to sorrow. When her grief had in a measure subsided, she begged me in the deepest pity—in the most profound eloquence of the human soul—
"Oh, pity me in this dreadful hour of need! I am not willingly what I am. I would flee from this horrible life if I could. Oh, will you help me? Do not forsake me as others have done!"

I need not tell you that I could not turn a deaf ear to such petitions. I would be more than demon if I could. I said to her:
"Poor, sorrowing sister! I am a stranger in a strange land; but, so help me my Heavenly Father, if there is any help in my reach for you, yours it shall be. Tell me the story of your sufferings and your wrongs, and however degraded you may be now, I will not believe that four years of wretchedness and woe, have entirely effaced the loveliness of sixteen years of growth in sunny places."

And like a penitent sister, lying her heart open to a brother, she confided the secret of her sorrows to me. The told me how at the early age of sixteen, "she had loved, not wisely, but too well," one in whom she placed all confidence. He had promised to be her guide and support through life. But when, through feigned love he had accomplished his object, she was deserted. And amid the world's frowns, and parental mortification, she was turned from a father's house, loaded with shame and guilt, and spared by rich relatives, until, in sorrow, grief and despair, she listened to the delusive voice of her "whose steps take hold on hell"; and ever since, she had been trying to escape from this den of woe; and every time she sought labor, and confided her secret to others, stating that she wished to live a better life, she has been turned away with the remark, that "they did not wish to employ such characters." And sometimes she had gained a place by keeping her secret to herself; but some bad angel would soon tell of her former life, and she be compelled to leave.

Oh, charity! where hast thou fled! Thou who weepeth over sin-sick and fallen humanity, oh, drop thy tears here, and wash away the stains and sorrows of one so young!

I heard her story through. One half I cannot tell, for it was not all spoken. It was breathed in sighs. It fell in tears; and was impressed by the beatings of a wounded and bleeding heart. I felt that I had a sister among savages, who live on the blood that's pressed from living hearts—who feed sin on beauty, and decorate the loveliness of the "human form divine." She might be stained with sin; but to my sight, her tears and her wishes to reform, had washed away every stain of her misguided youth. In her I beheld the lovely Emma of former days, grown to womanhood, amid the afflictions of a trial-life. The same kind heart that once wept in sympathy for others, now yearns over her own sad fate. She had traveled the road of sin and sorrow to its bitter end; and now said she:
"I am resolved to die. My way is hedged up. I cannot go forward, for none will help me. I will not go back. And this shall be my last day on earth if you cannot help me."

I was glad to hear her resolve to die, even by her own hands, rather than return to a life of sin. I bade her cheer up, for I would spare no effort in her behalf. I drew my light purse from my pocket, and divided it contents with this child of tears and sighs.

I bade her farewell, with many promises for her future good. A fervent God bless you, followed me from that abode of sorrow. That God-blessing has followed me ever since. And as time moves on, it gathers divine music from the spheres, and angels join to sing—
"Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne
Their genial beams distill;
In every vernal drop it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill."

CHAPTER III.

"The dismal night has passed away,
And sunlight gleams upon it breast,
While calmly dawns the rising day,
To crown the wearied sleeper's rest."

After leaving Emma, as described in the last chapter, I sought the landlord. I found him to be a man of generous nature, whose bread depended on the character and custom of his house. And since Emma's true (or rather untrue) character had been made known by the deaconish old man, he was obliged to dismiss her from his employ. I learned that this old man was a priest, whose business it was to save sinners from sin; and whose outward righteousness shone conspicuously in the community. Oh, you whitened sepulchres! How much we need a Jesus of the nineteenth century, to tell you as your prototypes were told eighteen hundred years ago, "Publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven before you." But you are the representatives of a religion whose adherents everywhere beat back fallen women from the path of reform, not seeming to know that man follows in the wake of woman's degradation. Elevate her, and man rises in propor-

tion. Angelize her, and man ascends with her to the skies. Together they sink to hell or rise to heaven. Let us remember that to spurn fallen humanity has no tendency to spiritualize our own souls; and while we walk among the graves of the spiritually dead, on whose dry bones the angels are striving to breathe the breath of life, let us say as did our divine brother—"Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way and sin no more."

As I said, I called upon the landlord. I told him of my interview with Emma—of our acquaintance in early life, and asked him to retain her a few days till I could see what might be done for her.

The landlord was called, and a consultation had; and when I had told them the sad story of Emma's fall—her youth, her goodness, her sufferings and her wrongs, and her wish to reform—they wept like children, and promised to retain her privately, till I should return.

Having thus far succeeded in my mission to save the lost, I prepared to leave. The landlord having learned my calling to be that of a minister, made no charge for my entertainment; which, by the way, was quite a favor, as my poor purse was getting very light. At nine o'clock I drove away, sorrowful, yet joyful, and hopeful; believing that the child of misfortune would yet find a home among the angels.

I had driven a score of miles, when I came to the village of H—, I inquired at the post-office for the names of any who took the "Star in the West," a Universalist paper, published in Cincinnati, Ohio. I found the name of J. H., who was county Judge.

I was not long in penetrating my way to his residence. I introduced myself as a Universalist minister, was cordially received by the Judge and his good lady, and invited to tarry over night, which invitation I accepted. These two elderly persons lived alone, surrounded by all that heart could wish. After spending an hour or more in talking over the prospects of our cause, the good dame commenced getting tea; and feeling, perhaps, that one of her age, and in her station, should have help, remarked to me, that girls now-a-days were such poor help, she would rather do her own work alone than be bothered with them, remarking at the same time, that she would be glad to get the right sort of a girl, one on whom she could depend, and treat as one of the family, and not as a servant.

"Do you know," said she, "of any trusty, poor girl, that wants a home, that you can send us?"

My heart came right into my mouth, at the thought of a home for Emma. And such a home, too, and what a mother for the poor, fallen girl! How a thousand joyous thoughts chased each other in quick succession through my now excited brain! But then, is she trusty? Shall I tell the whole truth, and rely on the good woman's benevolence to receive and restore the captive child to virtue and peace? No, I will not. Prejudice might deprive her of a home in this the darkest hour of her life. I know when a little girl, she was trusty, kind and good. "I will hide the fault I see," and speak of her as I once knew her.

"Yes," said I, "I know of a poor girl who wants a home. She is a friend of mine, and I think she will please you. I should be very happy to find such a home for her as you can offer."

"What wages?" said she.

"Take her into your family, and see how you like each other; and if you are pleased to live together, do by her as you think right."

So it was agreed that I should start the next morning, and bring Emma to her new home. I retraced my steps the next day with a joyful heart, believing I had found the place where angels dwell. I need not tell you that my return to the hotel made one heart bound with a heavenly joy, nor that two others shared with me the happiness of that one; for the landlord and his wife now felt a strong interest in Emma, and would gladly have retained her, if popularity, the curse of fallen woman, had not forbidden it. The next morning, while it was yet dark, (for reasons of respectability,) I started to carry the captive child from the wilderness infested with savages, to the sunny plains all radiant with angel smiles.

We arrived at the Judge's about noon. The good matron was well pleased with the appearance of her new guest; and after enjoying the hospitalities of that pleasant home for another night, I left the trio, hoping that they would grow in love and friendship, until their bond of union should resemble that of parents and child.

I saw Emma twice after this, before I left for the "Prairie State." She was as happy as a spiritual invalid could be, and well pleased with her new home. She was indeed treated and loved as a member of the family; and the good old lady more than once thanked me for procuring for her so good a girl. She had proved herself every way worthy of confidence. And with a promise from Emma, that I should often hear from her I left for this Western country. She faithfully fulfilled her promise for a few years, always signing her letters in the sad and pensive language, "Poor, fallen Emma."

I was one day on my way to the post office, thinking over the sad history of Emma's fall and restoration. A shade of sorrow came over my spirits, and I sat down upon the wayside to weep, as I sometimes did when thinking over the life of this beautiful girl, the pleasures of whose life were so soon turned to wormwood and gall. A sensation, akin to that which I felt when the mother in the vision passed her hand over my person, thrilled my whole being. I instantly rose to my feet, wondering at the strangeness of my feelings. I involuntarily asked myself the question, "Does Emma still live, or is she dead?" A voice seemed to whisper, whether in me or out of me, I could not tell—"She ever liveth." I did not then understand this language; I think I do now.

On reaching the post office, I received a letter sealed in black. I hastily broke the seal, and learned

from its contents that the poor captive had indeed gone to the true angel-land. The Judge's wife wrote the letter, and wrote of Emma as a mother would write of a beloved child. Six years they had lived together in love. The letter brought to me the last words of the dying girl—"Tell him I forget him not in death."

CHAPTER IV.

"The scenes of time are known no more In mansions of the blest; The waves of earth reach not the shore On which the weary rest. But calmly rolls the deepening streams In these pure hearts Whose joy imparts To all on earth their sweetest dreams."

It is usual for romancers to follow their heroes and heroines till marriage—for biographers to follow theirs till death. Marriage and death have ended nearly all the novels and biographies of past ages. And I might leave the subject of this narrative in a similar condition, were it not for an extended ray of light that shines upon us at present, which did not illumine those of former times. By this illumination I know she ever liveth, and hence can write of her just as well, and more pleasantly, than though she inhabited the earthly form. Though I had not seen her for some years, and had no thought of seeing her till I shall throw off "this mortal coil," yet by the aid of this newly developed light, my spirit's eyes dropped their scales, and a new world of life and being, of love and beauty, appeared to my astonished vision; and Emma was one of the first to present herself to my newly opened eyes.

I had been thinking long upon a particular subject, which I was unable to solve to my satisfaction. One night, after retiring to rest, my thoughts turned to my favorite subject of contemplation. I felt a thrilling sensation of chilliness pass over me, similar to that described in the last chapter. My brain seemed to expand, and there seemed to be no outside walls to my being. My vision deepened, until darkness, that could be felt, enshrouded me. It was but for a moment; the next instant I was wrapped in a light, mellow, soft, and pure, exceeding the brightest sunlight I ever beheld. And lo! the captive Emma stood at my side. Delivered in reality, from all savages—fetters all broken—bright, sparkling and radiant with joy; beautiful beyond the power of language to describe. The word beauty, and all the other descriptives of language have no meaning when applied to the pure and the good—the angelized life of the interior life. The artistic beauty of her form—the love-like grandeur of her soul-breathing life, are all impressed upon my inner vision. But they are all pent up within me. I cannot communicate by the use of language, the idea my soul would give. There is a harmonious loveliness about the character of the emancipated captive, which I can only feel, not speak. My angel visitor began to unfold to me the subject on which I had so long thought. It now seemed so plain, I wondered I had not understood it before. The communication was rapid and easy. The thought comprehensive, and the ideas given without the possibility of being misunderstood. And yet not a word was spoken. Her lips did not move. And now I learned that angels do not talk words, but impress ideas. I have seen her several times since, and have learned many heavenly truths from her angel-breathings.

GLEANINGS FROM "FESTUS"—NO. 3.

True bliss is to be found in holy life; In charity to man—in love to God: Why should such duties cease, such powers decay? Are they not worthy of a deathless state— A boundless scope—a high, uplifted life? Spiritual life is great and clear, And self-consciousness as the changeless sea, Rolling the same in every age as now. The beautiful in spirit are never desolate; But some one always loves them—God or man. If man abandons, God himself takes them. There is an Angel ever at thy hand. Ere long, and she shall show thee where she dwells, And how doth pass her immortality. Death opens her sweet white arms and whispers, "Come say thy sorrows in this bosom I This Will never close against thee; and my heart, Though cold, cannot be colder than man's." But Immortality, with finger spread high, Points to a distant, giant world—and says "There, there is my home! Live along with me!" A man's life may be all ease, and his death By some dark chance, unthought of agony— Or life may be all suffering, and decease A flower like sleep—or both be full of woe, Or each comparatively painless. Blame Not God for inequalities like these! They may be justified. How canst thou know? They may be only seeming. Canst thou judge? They may be done away with utterly By loving and knowing God the Truth. Rejoice! Think upon what thou shalt be! Think on God! Then ask thyself, what is the world, and all its mountainous inequalities? Ah, what! Are not all equal as dust atoms? The gaunt and ghastly thing we bear about us, And which we hate, and fear to look upon, Is Truth. What men call accident, is God's own part. He lets ye work your will—it is his own: But that ye mean not, know not, do not, He doth. Who never doubted, never half believed, Where doubt there truth is—'t is her shadow. There is a railroad out West that runs one train a day, drawn by a locomotive of about one coffee-pot power. The conductor is so polite, that if a lady cries out, "Mr. Conductor, I should like a drink of water!" she immediately jumps off, blocks the train with a stick, and attends to the lady's wants.

Phenomenal.

OIL PAINTINGS BY SPIRITS—REMARKABLE TEST.

Upon the occasion of a recent visit to the family of Mr. William Burgess, of West Killingly, Conn., the following incidents were related to me. About two years ago, a daughter of his, Mary Burgess Wood, who had then been, I think, an occupant of the spirit-world for two years, came to him through Mrs. Macomber, and said she would at some time give her picture to her husband and parents. Mrs. M., while in Oswego in August last, heard of J. B. Fayette, a resident of that place, who was just commencing to paint spirit-portraits, but she did not meet the gentleman at all. After her return she was influenced by Mrs. Wood, who said that Mr. Fayette could take her portrait, and that her people must write to him to keep whatever picture he should take upon the 5th of October, which they did. He being engaged in other business, and not paying particular attention to painting, found no time that day to sit for the purpose, and wrote to that effect, requesting Mr. Burgess's people to arrange with her for another day; but she told them she could influence him enough to make him send the picture whenever he could find time to attend to it. In December they received a letter, stating that he had taken a picture upon the 5th of that month, which he supposed was for them; and giving a minute description of it, said he would forward it if it was recognized. They sent for it, and upon its arrival it was identified by them, and all the friends of her earth-life who saw it, as being Mary. The spirit-daughter of J. Schuyler Young—a neighbor and school-teacher of Mary, and an uncompromising Adventist—spoke directly through the medium, and said she was going after her father to bring him up there; he soon called, and, with the rest, agreed in the identification.

There was a fault found by both parents and others, that there was more freshness and fullness in the countenance, than in that of the original at the last of her days. She influenced Mrs. Macomber, and said there was another picture coming, which would be thinner in the face, and would represent her in earth-life, whereas the former was intended to represent her in spirit-life, recuperated and strong. Further, she said that on the head of the one coming would be the black velvet roll, and the ear-rings she used to wear; that she would have on the dress of her every-day work, and would be binding a shoe, which was an occupation of hers. Mr. Burgess, being at Danielsonville, two and one half miles from his home, acquainted several of the people with the promise made by the spirit concerning the second picture, who, being Adventists, naturally disbelieved in the possibility of spirit existence, though completely staggered by the evidence given them concerning the first.

Wednesday, January 2d, Mr. Burgess was at Danielsonville, and was told that a package was at the express office for him. He immediately spoke to two or three of the persons to whom he had told the promise of the spirit, saying he thought the package might have come, and if he could find Mr. Burdick, who was a decided doubter of the truth of the fulfillment of these predictions, he would open it in that store, and test the matter. He accordingly found the gentleman, and opening the package before all, showed that every identical part was given as she had promised. The velvet roll, the long pendants in her ears, the brown dress, and in the very style of make; the yellow-backed wooden chair in which she sat, the finished shoes hanging upon one of its posts, and the ones in her hands, were all perfectly represented. Her hair is so near the actual color, that a piece of her own, taken from her head at death, and placed against it, fails to show any difference.

There was nothing written to Mr. F. concerning her dress or appearance, only the request to send whatever he got upon a particular day. There never was a picture taken of her before death, and this one must be remarkably gratifying to her friends. The neighbors crowd in to see the wonderful production; and those who have staid away from the house through scorn of Spiritualism—even when death had laid its children low, are now seeking all ways and excuses to get a glimpse of the features of one whom they really loved as a relation and a friend.

There is a spirit, styling herself Nettie—a child—who controls Mrs. M., and who said she was going to have her picture, too. Coming afterward, she said she "had it taken," and that she stood on her white dress, and ribbons on the sleeves and waist, and that she had a rose in her hand. The picture fulfills this exactly, and is recognized by Mrs. M., who has often seen her dancing around her. The test of this, to others, lies, of course, merely in the fact of a pre-description.

Mr. Fayette is young as a medium, and has refused, I am told, to take remuneration for his pictures unless satisfaction is given. They are oil-pictures, and are executed in two sittings of about thirty minutes each. This last fact I have from the authority of his own pen. They cannot, of course, be very remarkable for finish—and still they are so, when we remember the short time used; but the chief merit lies in the truthfulness of the likeness. How oil-colors can be laid on so rapidly and not mingle, is more than I can understand. Mr. J. B. Fayette's address is Oswego, N. Y.; and all the instructions he wishes are, to know the day on which an arrangement is made on the part of the spirit to sit for him. LETA H. BARNES. Providence, R. I., Jan., 1861.

MANIFESTATION IN CHICAGO.

Seeing an article in the BANNER of No. 12, with regard to Spirit Likenesses, I would like to corroborate the statement by also adding my mite. Three years ago, while living in the city of Detroit, I had a deguerreotype taken of a spirit at my house. The spirits promised they would make an effort to have a likeness taken, and accordingly I invited a well-known artist, a Mr. Miller, to come and take the picture. The camera was brought the evening previous, and the hour appointed was three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon; but, owing to other calls, he was delayed till five, consequently we did not expect to get anything, knowing that the disappointment had changed our conditions. However, we thought, we would try. My daughter being the medium, took her seat at the usual distance from the camera. If we obtained anything, we expected to get it near her head or shoulders; but judge of our surprise when, upon examination, we discovered a face on the right hand side of the plate, with the left side down toward the bottom of the plate, about half an inch across. It was the likeness of a man, with long beard, very much like the picture of Melancton. It was explained that the spirit was peeping in the camera standing near. He never having seen such a thing

in his earth-life, his curiosity was excited, and, by gratifying it, he had his likeness taken.

Yours for the truth, Mrs. J. S. FULLER.

POTENTIAL IMPRESSIONS.

Speaking of characteristic poems dictated by the spirit of Poe and others, I have a few specimens written through me some years since; though I was not aware that there was much interest in the subject, as I find that in the publication of such articles in the papers, the name of the spirit is almost invariably omitted, and that of the medium only given. "Dream Land," published in the BANNER about a year ago, is an instance. I will give you a specimen of poetry purporting to be dictated by Poe, though I cannot know his identity, and cannot give it as more than an imitation. I think it a good one, however, and one that I could not make, as I have no sympathy with his state of mind. This is an extract from "The Silent Land":

"I have lately found it In my wintry night; And the sky that bound it We warn and white; And the glow that made it The land of light. Was the limpid wave That met my sight From the land of light Beyond the stars. That I lately wept. But the God that bars Me not from his light Will surely share A little with him Who is weeping there. For the light of his years Was o'ercast with clouds And the gloom of his fears Was like armed shrouds; That stand apart In life's highway. And will not depart At the coming of day. For they stand there still, And mock him sore; For they laugh and fill Their sides with lore Got from his brier And lonely story; That set in gloom Instead of glory. And laugh and fill Their skirts with such A giggle, that still They seem to burst. And still they sew them Again with a thread Got from the fates. Answer me, spirit of the dead, Of what the great And now them again. And when they burst, The fates that made them Are lively cursed."

The vision of "armed shrouds," standing like guide-posts in the journey of life, may not be appreciated by all; but it will be by all who understand and appreciate Edgar A. Poe.

To show the contrast between different articles purporting to have been dictated by Wordsworth:

"Invoke me, powers of the midnight wind, For I have swept among you like the mist That curls the mid-enclosure of the gap Opened by all the westerling winds that sweep The clouds in masses from the lofty top Of high Ben-vern in his towering pride. And amidst a few of the mightiest winds Have you not seen the ghost of Wordsworth sweep Through the enclosure of the midnight gap That opens to the sunlight all the day, And when deep night has swept her pall around The vast encircling monument of mist That towers a pillar like the Israelite His God, that led him forth—have you not seen Him sweep a mist like other mists that grow And cannot, a few moments, be blown away? At evening sunsets lighting all the East With castle-kets and towers of high emprise, Robed in the splendor of the setting sun?"

In addition to this, I will give you an extract from another poem, the authorship of which will be sufficiently evident to literateurs and others who are familiar with the American literature of the last twenty years. The author is deceased.

"In the grave of my mystical dreams I have laid my love to rest; And the shadow above her seems The darkest on Luna's crest. And the light of the glory that lay On the upland in summer's sheen, Is sunk in the sullen, low, And baleful light of the stars That wink on the wizard path Where I went with my dying love To the vale of the winter's wrath. And the snow is smothered and brown With the footprints I made in the path Where I laid my loved burden down In the valley of winter's wrath. And the snow that encompassed the place Has trickled away like the tears That went, with the light of my face, In the vale of my gloomy fears: For the ghostly burden I bore Was stolen away by the stars. Who light up the nebulous shores Where the terror of Godhead abides My sight from the dying love That I laid, with my burden of grief, In the valley of wintry tears. And only found my relief In the here love and her beauty together. And the light of the diamond eyes Of the stars that are kind and true To the love of truth and duty. Are stricken with sad surprise At the sorrows of one with a soul That was not all of ice. And the silence and lonely weather Have sunk with a stern repose Where her love and her beauty together Are laid in the wintry snows. And the stars that took her away From the sorrowing lover's sight, Shall come at the judgment day To the sentence of dark-robbed Night."

Yours, etc., G. L. BURNSIDE.

RUINS.

I inquired of Time: "To whom," said I, "was erected this building, which thou hast leveled with the ground?" Time made no answer; but spreading his awful wings, he hastened his flight away. I then spoke to Fame: "Oh, thou the parent of everything that lives! thou who—" She bent her gaze, troubled and sorrowing, upon the ground, in the attitude of one whose heart is too full to utter words. Wondering and confused at what I had seen, I was turning away from the ruins, when I saw Oblivion stepping from stone to stone. "Thou," exclaimed I, "thou must be acquainted with it! Thou show me." He interrupted me, with a voice like the dying peal of distant thunder, "I care not what it has been—it now is mine." J. ROLIN M. SQUIRE.

EARLY LOVE IN WOMAN.—A young girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea, when a high tide is about coming in.

Biographical.

JOEL TIFFANY.

"Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who mingled in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life. A friendless warfare, lingering long Through weary day and weary year; A wild and many weaponed throng Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear. Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof, And blench not at thy chosen lot; The timid good may stand aloof, The ego may frown, yet faint thou not."

Among the prominent and distinguished actors in the great conflict of our age between truth and falsehood, knowledge and belief, rationalism and superstition, stands out, in bold relief, the name of Joel Tiffany, one of the three first public speakers whose voices were heard on the rostrum proclaiming aloud the important truth that we had heard news from our friends "over the river." A voice in New York, his in Ohio, and one in Wisconsin, of which it is now difficult to decide which first "cried aloud" to the people.

Early in the contest, Mr. Tiffany also published a volume of his lectures—the best of his works, and one of the best books that has appeared in defence of Spiritualism. By organization Mr. Tiffany is a natural thinker and talker, possessed of considerable egotism, his great powers of ratiocination, quick of wit and apprehension, keen in argument, sarcastic in expression, and yet gentlemanly in deportment. He has engaged in many personal encounters with the enemy, but has never left an enemy standing, or unstripped of his armor; he has always borne off the trophies in triumph; he could never be captured or conquered in battle; he is a Hannibal in the field, and very much of one in the tent and city; the luxuries of the latter have done what could never be accomplished by the former—slackened his arm, shortened his march, and softened his voice. Not that Mr. Tiffany has "got rich," for he is still poor; and, like all who have devoted their time and talents to this great work, has been poorly fed and scantily clad, except when he dined with the friends or wore their gift garments, of which "manifold blessings" we have all more or less partaken.

Mr. T. seems of late to have been somewhat weakened, not by defeat, but by victories, and to have leaned gently toward a very liberal system of Congregationalism, with somewhat of Christian proclivities, some of his friends think. Finding no sectarian able to sustain himself against him, he had concluded to turn to one himself; but he has not done it. Although the mere tendency toward conservatism and sectarianism withdrew much support and many friends from his excellent Monthly, which was, at last, for want of support from those who were able, and want of even a reasonable reward to Mr. T. for his long and arduous services, driven to the wall.

The enemies of Spiritualism have long since discovered that this champion could never be conquered in battle. They have also found that "envy, malice, spite, and lies," cannot do it. Two other modes are left: to starve him out—drive him to a fortress, and lay siege to it, and force him to capitulate for bread for his family; or hire him with the luxuries of ease, respectability, salaries and religious influences. Whether they will succeed with either, remains for the sequel, and can only be told.

"When the hurly-burly's done— When the battle's lost or won."

The eloquent voice and sound reasoning of Mr. T. have brought many a mind out of the mire of superstition, and placed it on the rock of reason and nature's religion. The effects of his sound reasoning will be felt in Northern Ohio when the sectarian forms of worship now popular there will be abandoned forever; and thousands further East will remember him while they live as an able and eloquent advocate of truths when they were new and unpopular.

Often in my travels across the country I hear the question, "Where is Joel Tiffany?" Sometimes I reply, he is resting; and sometimes, he is teaching school; and sometimes, he has married a wife, and cannot come. Sometimes I am asked if he has recently joined the Catholic or any other church. To the latter I can promptly answer, no; nor is he likely to join one, unless he first makes the church himself. That he has wearied of long and arduous labor for very small pay, no one wonders; but that he should, like so many of our able and eloquent female speakers, marry into silence, is somewhat of a wonder. They can hardly believe that the happy union with a kindred soul need silence the voice of such a man, or confine him to one locality in this world, when, like many bold advocates of reform, his only home is in the other world. That he is teaching a few students, when his voice ought to reach thousands, is not a satisfactory excuse, when the constantly increasing demand for speakers is calling for the ablest and best, and offering better pay and stronger inducements constantly.

Mr. T. has borne the heat and burden of the day, has been a noble and able champion of unpopular truth, and for one I am not willing the enemy shall silence him while living, nor bury him when dead. A living soldier is loudly calling from the field of battle, "Joel—Joel, where art thou? Come forth—and bring off the gates of Gaza, and slay the lion in thy path, that the bees may deposit honey in his carcass. Do not turn to a pillar of salt in that great national 'salt lick' (Syracuse). Keep hold of the plow-handles and follow the furrow."

"After hands shall sow the seed— After hands, from hill and mead— Reap the harvest yellow."

All history has borne testimony to us that discoverers and promulgators of truths in advance of their age could not be rewarded in their life-time—abuse and hatred are what they must expect. Socrates, Jesus and Faust could not be even respected in their life-time. Even those worshiped as Gods were murdered by fanatical men; and we have not entirely outgrown the errors of our ancestors. Religion has been the sacred name in which the most cruel persecutions have been performed.

To remove the false and wicked, and establish the natural and true, is the object of this great battle of Spiritualism, and we do not like to lose one valiant soldier from our ranks till the victory is won. Those who leave their bodies do not leave the contest, nor their interest in it, as I have good reason to know; and I hope none here will "weary in well doing," nor be trapped in the enemies' chaff of popularity, respectability, religion, or ease, and thus led to retirement and silence before we are in possession of the field and the camp.

WARREN CHASE. Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 13, 1860.

Those who think that money will do anything, will do anything for money.

Correspondence.

Prof. Anderson and Spiritualism in California.

Some months since, I received a line from a friend residing in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., enclosing a paragraph on a printed slip out from some Eastern paper and taken from the N. Y. World, and hereto attached, which will explain itself:

"During the recent entertainment at Winter Garden, Professor Anderson stated that he had visited every one of the insane asylums in this country, and he found that nearly nine-tenths of the inmates were the victims of Spiritualism. The last asylum that he visited was in Stockton, California, where there were not less than thirty-three persons who were crazed by this delusion. He went on at some length to prove the impossibility of the spirits of the dead communicating with their friends who are living, and said that no spirit will return to rap on a table; and furthermore, no table will rap without the necessary machinery to produce it. He said that give him six hours' notice, and he would give \$1,000 for every rap produced by a spirit. He warned the people against believing in such a doctrine, as it was totally inconsistent with the teachings of the Bible. He acknowledged that his tricks were wrought by the means of complicated and well-regulated machinery, aided by the quickness of his movements and the assistance of his family. His remarks were listened to with much attention, and at the conclusion he was enthusiastically applauded."

I was solicited to examine the Annual Reports of the California Insane Asylum, and ascertain the truth of the assertion made by Prof. Anderson, as reported in the paragraph, with reference to the number of Spiritualists in that institution. I was further requested to report the result through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT and the New York World, which I now hasten to do. I have made a careful examination of the Reports from 1851 to 1859 inclusive, and find the following result: Spiritualists for the year 1851, none; 1852, none; 1853, 4; 1854, 5; 1855, 7; 1856, 4; 1857, 1; 1858, 4; 1859, 1. Total Spiritualists insane, 26.

The Report for 1860 will not be made until January, 1861, at the meeting of the State Legislature, I will forward it to you, as soon as obtained.

I give a correct Report also of other religionists confined during the same period in the same Asylum: 1851, none; 1852, 3; 1853, 5; 1854, 4; 1855, 10; 1856, 6; 1857, 15; 1858, 4; 1859, 16. Total, 62. Total Spiritualists and other religionists for the full term of nine years, 88. Other religionists over Spiritualists during that period, 36. The truth of these figures may be easily tested by reference made to the Journals and Appendix of the California Legislature, to be found, no doubt, in your State Library. The greatest number of Spiritualists at one time in our Asylum, as appears by the Report, is 7; of other religionists, 15.

Now, my most worthy "Wizard of the North," you stand convicted by the record, of having stated an untruth to your admiring and enthusiastic audience at Winter Garden, at some time during the past few months. What have you to say to this charge? Are you guilty, or not guilty? The last Insane Asylum that you had visited, was "at Stockton, California, and that contained thirty-three persons who were crazed by this delusion." Who gave you that important information? I am positive that you did not obtain it from the gentlemanly physicians of that institution, for I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintances with them, and I know that they never gave you any such statement, for they are truthful men. As you are a Professor of the art of deception, and as you have practiced it with some success, you may not have intended the assertion as a truth, but as a slight play upon the credulity of your auditors, just to see how far you could carry the joke; not expecting, however, that an outsider at least would expose the trick. You detect those who are insane upon any subject, as well by their talk, as their actions, I suppose—do you not? Well, if that be a correct criterion, then I think I may with propriety ask if you are not a little luna on the subject of Spiritualism? I have a right to measure you by the same rule that you measure others. You must then be pronounced one of the poor deluded persons that you so often and so unreasonably speak of. But, my good Professor of Humberg, what have you to say of our Orthodox friends, whose professions, practices, and tenets have sent to our Asylum in this State, two to one "who were crazed by these delusions?" Will you be consistent, and hurl your anathemas from your throne of black art, at the devoted heads of these equally poor, deluded, but unfortunate creatures? You object to Spiritualism, because it leads to insanity. Does not the popular religion of the day lead to the same result? What denominations or professions of religion, art or science, have not occasionally turned out a crazed devotee? None, your own peculiar profession not excepted. Let me prove it.

Who, but an insane man would at this day of intelligence and moral progression, practice low trickery on the stage, even with "well-regulated machinery," assisted by his infant children and the partner of his bosom? Who but an insane man would mix up religious criticisms with sleight-of-hand performances? Who but an insane man, who styles himself a "Professor" of deceit, would publicly warn others to beware of the deceit of ten millions of professors in the spiritual faith? Who but an insane man, at this intelligent and enlightened age, would unblushingly declare to his auditors that the "doctrine of spiritual intercourse" was "inconsistent with the teachings of the Bible?" Why, man, that assertion alone will obtain for you a ticket of admission into any of the insane asylums in the States of our Union. I venture the assertion, that you never made that statement in the presence of any of the superintending physicians of the many asylums that you claim to have visited in this country. If you had, your skillful practice of the black art would have been of little avail toward obtaining your release from their enclosures. What interests have you to subserv by traveling about the country, falsifying the record, and proclaiming to the world that spirit intercourse is a delusion? If you are a mountebank by profession, why not make that your business, and not constantly vilify a large class of your fellow citizens? If you really believe that by so doing you subserve the interest of the public, then why not with propriety get up a prayer meeting at the close of each of your entertainments, for the conversion of Spiritualists, and the wicked and profligate sinners, who generally make up an audience for sleight-of-hand performances? If you are sincerely opposed to Spiritualism, and act not from disinterested motives, why not quit your disgraceful profession and practices, and deliver a course of intelligent lectures in opposition to it, from some more respectable rostrum than that of a "professor" of tricks? When you do that, people will give you credit for sincerity, and then you will occupy a position of some responsibility, when believers and defenders of the spiritual faith will not have to stoop to give you a passing notice. San Jose, Cal., Dec. 5, 1861. R. B. HALL.

FREE THOUGHTS.

NUMBER ONE.

It is a circumstance somewhat curious, that by the now established intercourse with the spirit-world, communications are not received from the disembodied of the distant past, to say nothing of the very far distant. All the communications seem to come from within the purview of a few years, or rather months.

Now, believing that these revelations are real, and not simulated—for, in this case, how would it be possible for Mrs. Conant to so vary the style and form of the alleged communications? To say nothing of the subject-matter as it occupies a range greatly beyond all the powers of the Italian Improvisatore—wonderful as they are. These are only the perfection of stump oratory, divested of its coarseness—dealing in general, with some strongly-emphasized specifics as to characters and circumstances well known. But what merely human power is able to delineate in appropriate language, and in good keeping otherwise, the drunkard and the rake, the transcendental philosopher and the theologian? The phrase, *aut Cesar aut nullus*, will not apply in her case. She must be the Cesar she alleges, or she is much more—transcending all others of her race in mental power and versatility of talent. The *nullus* in her case cannot apply; for if not Cesar, she is more than Cesar.

Amidst all these weekly communications, I would respectfully ask why none are ever reported from our ancestors—from the forefathers of the hamlet, or from the ancestors of our country? Nay, more: from the ancestors of those ancestors—from the English race? or, beyond that, from some Saxon, Dane, Norman or Celt, from some of whom we must be all descended? For myself, I would much like to have a communication from my first American ancestor, who, as the account goes, landed in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1636, at the first settlement of that town; and, as the record adds, built two or three ships (they must have been whale-boats!) for the King. Charles the First must have had other matters to attend to just at that time than whale-boat building in Hampton. But Judge Edmonds professes to have held intercourse with Lord Bacon, who was but little precedent to that time; so that there is hope for me. Besides, many mediums give account of keeping company with deceased Indians, who are not, of course, of any date very recent, if their earth-abode was New England. But other than these instances that now occur, there seems to be nothing from the past communicated to us of the present.

Now, do the disembodied, who die only to us, hover about only for a time, and then enter into new relations to the universe? or, which is the same, do they slowly and by degrees get further and further distant, conjoining with other spheres of being more distant from the earth-sphere, and thus lose by degrees all sympathy for earth? This is an interesting question, which, if resolvable at all, it would be pleasant to have resolved on more accounts than one; for we can know nothing of our future condition after death but simply what is revealed to us *ab extra*. In this respect we can determine nothing either from introspection of our own souls, or from the observation of the ordinary phenomena without us. And yet all that purport to be revelations of the future of man are abundantly vague and unprofitable toward the formation of a specific idea properly rounded off in all its details and sequences. What do the Vedas, that most ancient Indian Scripture, or their junior, the Hebrew Scriptures, define to us of the condition of man in that disembodied state which to each and all of us is, within a few brief years, inevitable? Absolutely nothing. Nothing but a gilded moonshine in the Vedas, and nothing at all in the Hebrew Scriptures—unless we except a special and very comforting communication from the Book of Ecclesiastes, wherein it is said there is no difference between a man and a beast. Doubtless very true as to vast numbers of our fellow citizens of earth, but somewhat unsatisfactory to those who set up a claim to possessing a soul.

And in the Christian Scriptures, where we find the unparalleled teachings of Jesus, there is little more—a vagueness quite unsatisfactory to an inquisitive mind, and even puzzling and distracting to an anxious one. Nothing in the record is made definite as to the condition of man after this life. It is only the kingdom—life of the ages—and death of the ages—twelve thrones upon which the disciples were promised to be seated as judges—a Jewish idea of the time.

There are, indeed, two expressions that imply a little more, and but a little more. The thief, suffering upon the cross, was told that he should be with Jesus on that day in Paradise—a Greek form of an old Persian word that signified a garden or park. This to Spiritualists would be plain enough, but to the world of that time, and to the world at large, how very vague! An hereafter is the intimation of man. The thief did not believe that he was to die like a beast. He had a vague consciousness that he would survive those tortures, and still live. He was only anxious to know how he was to live. The Jews had hell and heavens, as we have; he was only anxious to get into the best place—little knowing, as we do now, that death would make no change in him, except the simple process (painful in his case) of casting off his carcase; and that he would be the same Barabbas still, until his emotional nature had come to abhor all wrongdoing. Jesus knew more; and his reserve implies something that might be considered; for let my reader reflect upon the course of history since, if he had disclosed all that he knew.

The other instance is more significant, and, from its consonance with the ordinary talk of Jesus, is probably genuine. "In my Father's house are many mansions," is so far as it goes, direct and to the point—but still metaphorical and indistinct. Jesus said he had no place to lay his head. The expression, then, amounts to no more than if you should say to an oppressed Italian or Hungarian, "There is ample room and certain hospitality for you in America." Well enough for faith, but not well enough for knowledge; for the refugee knows not that he shall like his new home, however kind may be his reception, or however delightful to any other may be the circumstances of scenery and condition—as the "reminiscitur dulces Argos" is a consideration to be always taken into account in every change of place, condition or scene.

This is all: for I do not think St. Paul, before his death, knew any more about the circumstance and condition of his future being, than I do now of my own. Heathen Cicero is much more definite than he. In his celebrated and very able discourse upon the resurrection, he very plainly implies that we all lose our personal identity—which turns out not to be true, unless what has an interior spiritual essence which survives the mill. St. Paul's ideas were material. He looked for a bodily appearance of Jesus Christ, and a resurrection of the mere matter of the human body, and this very soon from his time. Both his speculations and Cicero's are, at the bottom, all guess-work—it is true the guess-work of men of genius and strong intuitive energies.

One does not wish to believe only in immortality—he wishes to know it. He does not wish to believe only in a flowery land beyond this vale of tears; he wants to know it in all its details, if the Supreme God permits such knowledge, and there is no evidence that he forbids it. Hence the eagerness of inquiring minds for such knowledge.

ORTHODOX DELIGHTS.

"Why, Mrs. —" I asked of an old lady, a short time since, "do you feel so opposed to Spiritualism and its unfoldings? Surely it is more consoling to think of a Spiritualist heaven than an Orthodox hell."

"No, Mr. Pry," said the old lady Christian; "there is nothing to me so consoling and beautiful as the Orthodox heaven and hell!" and her eyes twinkled with delight, doubtless in the humble belief that her home would be with the damned. PAUL PAX.

A LECTURE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

In attempting to address my fellow-countrymen on the Philosophy of Language, I am aware of the importance of the subject and of the limited interest it generally excites, and of my want of learning and ability to do justice to the subject; but if I do not exceed the expectations of my auditors, it will not be for the want of a beautiful and elegant subject, inherently interesting in itself—for the Philosophy of Language is one of the most abstract, intricate and beautiful sciences that have engaged the attention of the human understanding. Language not only opens and maintains commerce—an interchange of commodities, with an increase of ideas and useful knowledge, but it is the bond of union, the vehicle of our own thoughts and feelings in all the tender and interesting relations in life—it is the medium by which the parchment and tablet transmit our rights, privileges, arts, sciences, and our sublimest poetical effusions and all our most wonderful events, to posterity, for the benefit of future ages. And it should be the pride, as it is the duty of every American to hand over to posterity, with as little alteration as possible, this glorious language, which now prevails over a greater extent of territory than any other.

Language may be divided into instinctive, or animal and articulate or human—for articulate languages, in some degree, a mark of distinction between man and the brute creation, and as articulate language is divided into oral and written, it is in the same measure a mark of distinction between barbarous and civilized nations. Instinctive language consists in the appropriation of certain signs, tones and gestures by the animal, to express certain feelings and emotions which influence their minds, and is common to all birds, quadrupeds, and insects, &c. It is not necessary to show that puppies, kittens, &c., have a tacit knowledge of each other's intentions, whether playing or fighting; because the tones, cries, gestures and accents of dogs, horses, &c., are so very different when playing or fighting, or calling their young, or when actuated by rage, desire, or fear, as to be obvious to the common observation of every one. So the fly, the bee, or wasp, when taken, utter cries of fear and distress very different from their ordinary social tones when at their usual occupations.

As to the origin of articulate language, Philosophers are not entirely agreed, some contending that it was originally a science invented by a few superior intellects, at a very early period in the history of the human race, and by them taught to the multitude—while others assert that it has gradually grown out of the natural language, as the increasing knowledge and growing wants of mankind naturally called for a greater number of terms to express them. Pythagoras started the first of these ingenious theories, which was afterwards defended by the learned and able Epicurus, and the Epicurean Greek and Laetantius the Roman poet, believed it impossible for a few or even for any rational number of individuals, originally and without the aid of example, to invent the most difficult and abstract of all the sciences, with the paucity of ideas and limited means with which they could at that time avail themselves, and teach it successfully to a barbarous multitude, and all the Philosophers believe that speech, and articulate language, with all its grammatical beauty and logical accuracy, but the gradual improvement of the instinctive oral language of mankind, produced by its general use and long continued experience, which improves and polishes whatever it touches and it is also inferred; that language, either written or oral, or by signs, is the spontaneous result of man's organization, as plainly as reason is—and that the language of intonations is formed by impressions made on the brain through the medium of the organ of hearing—just as the language of gestures is formed on the brain through the medium of the eye—though speech is undoubtedly the most natural and easiest to be acquired, and most convenient of the two rival modes of thought and feeling; and this is our opinion, and is also the popular opinion of our time, and especially of those who confine themselves to facts and the Phenomena of Nature. Of this number are Buffon, Linnæus, Johnson, and Webster.

From what has been said, you will probably infer that the improvement of the language of any people will correspond to and keep pace with the march of civilization, and that the oldest and most refined nations will possess the most complete grammars and the most extensive vocabularies; and this is precisely what is found to be the facts everywhere. Philologists are generally agreed that at first there was but one, or at most but two original languages—the Sanscrit and the Chaldaic; and that all the others are dialects or derivatives from them. This Chaldaic, or Egyptian-Chaldaic, prevailed in Babylonia, Arabia, European Turkey, and all the south western parts of Asia, and is known to have been in use, both as oral and written, long before the time of Moses, and the Hebrew dialect was the language of Abraham, for he migrated from Chaldea, and must have used that language, and of the Israelites, because they learned of their masters, the Egyptians, to whom they were slaves four hundred and thirty years. Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or five first books of the Bible, in this Egyptian-Chaldaic.

Much has been said and written to prove that the Hebrew is the oldest language; but that would be impossible, because Babylon, Egypt and Syria, were large and populous nations centuries before the progenitor of the Hebrews had been born, and he lived so far as is distinct from the Chaldaic, grew up after Heber and Abraham founded the Jewish nation. These Syrian, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Coptic dialects, were not so different at first as to be unintelligible to the inhabitants of their several countries; but as time rolled on, the separation from the parent stock becoming more or less complete, the divergence increased, modified by the genius, capacities, wants and circumstances of the people and location, till these dialects had become quite distinct, and each other in the time of Ezekiel; and when the Jews returned from the Babylonian captivity, so great was the difference, that Ezra re-wrote and revised the whole Bible, and this was the copy which several hundred years afterward was translated by the seventy under Ptolemy into Greek, which had at that time superseded this Chaldaic, or Hebrew as it is now called. The oldest evidence we have of the existence of this Syrian-Phœnician Chaldaic, is the Hebrew Bible, and a few scraps and passages preserved by the historians in other authors from the lost works of Sanchoniatho, who was a Phœnician, and wrote the history of that country. He places the origin of the human race in Phœnicia. He calls the first man Protogonus, and gives nearly the same number of generations from Protogonus to Menes, first king of Egypt, as the Bible does from the Creation to the birth of Moses, and gives in many instances the same names; in fact, the resemblances between the writings of Moses and of Sanchoniatho are so numerous and striking, that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that they were actually written by the same person, or by persons of the same name, generations and knowledge contained in their respective works; and we know from other sources that similar ethical, theological and cosmological ideas were common in Egypt, Syria, and the surrounding countries, which proves that these records, as a general thing, contain the commonly received opinions of matters and things at the time they were written. Sanchoniatho wrote about twelve hundred years before our era, and is frequently quoted by Eusebius, the historian of the three first centuries of the Christian era, and by Lucian and by Cæsar, in a general manner, as if he had been a writer of great truth and merit. He says Uranus, king of Phœnicia, first invented picture writing, and that Misor abbreviated this picture writing, and that his son Xant, king of Egypt, afterward invented alphabetical characters, and then ordered the priests to compile a history from the pictured records in the archives of the nation. At that time Phœnicia was the greatest commercial nation in the world, and embraced a large territory. But the oldest piece of purely alphabetical writing which has been discovered, is that of the moderns, and was found by Layan at Nineveh, dating back from 600 to seven hundred and three years before our era, and in the reign of Sennacherib, and it was in the Babylonian Chaldaic, the same as that in which Ezra re-wrote the Bible, and older than the inscriptions on the Rabinal bowls—though the art of writing was known 2400 years before that time, as is proved by the pens, ink-bottle, and the art of making papyrus, found in the Pyramids by the Prussian mission; and we know that writing and the surrounding country long before the time of Moses, for he was learned to write there, and says nothing about its being a new art. But the ancient Sanscrit is undoubtedly the oldest language of which we have any knowledge, for we find Sir William Jones, who was Governor-General of India, and a scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman, admits in his Asiatic Researches, the Yajur Veda, or latest of the holy books of the Hindus, to have been written at least fifteen or a hundred and eighty years before the birth of Christ, and that the Rig Veda was of very great antiquity even at that time, so as to require a translator to make it understood then. The very great antiquity of these Hindu writings is proved by reference to their astronomical tables and records. For instance, to many eclipses, and to two very noted ones in particular, which make their astronomical records nearly six thousand years old; and to the heliacal rising of Canopus, a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Argonavis. These calculations rest on fixed principles, and have been repeatedly verified, and found to agree with the records, and must of course be true; besides, it is a well-known fact that our great astronomers have always, (till within a few years, been obliged to use these Chinese and Hindu tables of observations to calculate the orbits of our comets.

But to give an example which you will all be able to verify by reference to ancient history: Thucydides says, in his Athenian Wars, finding the Syracusans, who were himself in danger, determined to leave Syracuse; but, everything being ready for sailing, the moon was full and eclipsed just at that time; and the superstitious soldiers besought Nicias, their commander, to remain; in consequence of which these Athenians perished almost to a man. And this is said to have happened four hundred and thirteen years before our era. And it has been proved by Sir Isaac Newton that the moon was full and eclipsed on the 27th day of August, four hundred and thirteen years before our era; and this confirms the account of Thucydides to all future ages. In the same way the record of Argonavis is proved in Ptolemy's Almagest to have been seven hundred and forty-seven years B. C. So the date of the Argonautic expedition is proved by a reference to the heliacal rising of Arcturus a star of the first magnitude in the Constellation Bootes; for Hesiod says that star rose at sunset sixty days after the sun entered the winter solstice. Now the equinoctial points were fixed for that time at the middle of the signs, and his companions to take with them; and this calculation allowing a degree for seventy-two years—which we know to be the variation of the equinoxes—would fix the era for the Argonautic Expedition nine hundred and fifteen years before our era, which agrees with ancient writers on this subject.

So the great conjunction between Jupiter and Saturn occurs regularly in the same part of the Zodiac, only once in about eight hundred years, and has been observed only once in the last century, the circumstances of the conjunction, the conjunction of the late conjunction of this kind occurred in August, 1523, between these two great

planets, when they were exactly south on the same meridian at midnight; and I sat up two nights to see them pass, well knowing I would never have the chance to do so again.

Though the Sanscrit is doubtless the oldest language of which we have any knowledge, Sir Wm. Jones thinks that a still older language once existed in India; but it is more than probable that the vernacular or undeveloped state of this Sanscrit—a kind of hieroglyphical or picture writing, addressed chiefly to the eye, which was superseded by the Sanscrit.

Hieroglyphics, or picture writing, is emblematic, and uses the pictures of animals and things to represent the original and catenating ideas addressed to the eye, as articulate and written language is to the ear. In picture-writing a feather or a wing represents a bird; a picture of the finger the hand; the head of a horse stands for the animal, etc.; and this kind of writing prevails in most barbarous nations, and is always superseded by the introduction of alphabetical characters, and the gradual transfer of language from the eye to the ear, as civilization advances.

The Chinese language, says Plancher, can be traced further back than the hieroglyphics, or any other, except the Egyptian Coptic. Symbolic, or hieroglyphical writing, was in use in the Chinese record books three hundred and sixty years before our era; and the earliest Chinese record goes back two thousand seven hundred years before our era; but in Egypt the oldest hieroglyphics on the monuments are five thousand four hundred years old—about three hundred years older than the Chinese. Although it is believed by many investigators that China and Hindostan are the oldest and first populated countries on the globe, yet in the absence of a reliable chronology—a systematic chain of monumental evidences—it is impossible to prove their claim to a greater antiquity than Egypt beyond the power of contradiction. But the Bible says the sons of Noah journeyed from the East and settled in Chaldea, or, as the Bible calls it, the plains of Shinar; and this idea seems to correspond with all the late investigations, which go to show that the human race and the first language originated in Birmah, Cashmere, or somewhere on the southern slopes of the Hindoo loosh, and that Chaldea or Egypt were slightly populated from the East, and that their language, or the vernacular dialect, were brought with them, or derived from this most ancient Sanscrit.

Thus it is more than probable there was but one original language, and that writing is by no means a modern invention. But articulate and written languages address themselves principally to the ear. You see nothing in speech, but you hear certain articulate sounds. The word bird, finger, or horse, pronounced, conveying to your mind, through the organ of hearing, the same ideas you obtain through the medium of picture writing, by looking at their pictures. You hear a man tell a story by uttering certain articulate sounds, which give you a complete idea of some intricate and important transaction that could not well be represented by hieroglyphical writing; and you obtain the same ideas by reading the story in print, by impressions made on the brain through the organ of sight. And here you see clearly how much richer, more numerous and varied, the ideas obtained by articulate and written languages are than those obtained by hieroglyphics, or picture writing, and the reason why, as civilization advances picture writing, or any other, is superseded by written language. Yet it must be admitted—and that is deeply to be regretted—that wars with their horrid barbarous and Gothic part their manners, customs and rude dialects on the people, destroying their records and monuments, and greatly disturbing the regular, progressive development of language, as well as every other art and science, and in many cases materially changing its character; but as a general thing the electric messages of our time, and most complete systems of grammar, and the most refined and elegant languages among the most cultivated and highly civilized nations.

This ancient Sanscrit prevailed in Persia, Hindostan, and is the mother of all the languages now prevailing throughout the vast Peninsula of India. It is the parent of the Greek and Latin—the evidence on this point is clear and conclusive. It is likewise the language of the Teutonic or Indo-Germanic, and of all the modern languages of Europe. It is quite certain that there was at first but one great primitive language, and that it gradually branched out into the results of different appetites, tastes, wants, fancies, originating in the difference of climate, commercial intercourse, wars, knowledge, arts, sciences and degrees of civilization and refinement; and this idea is strongly corroborated by the fact that the natural or instinctive language of man is as uniform as that of birds or of any race of animals—for all children cry nearly alike and utter similar tones and cries in distress, and manifest joy and sorrow by similar sounds, and in all circumstances in favor of the unity of the origin of the human race, and of the truth of the Bible, where it says, "In the beginning God made them male and female of one flesh."

We will now endeavor to exhibit a few of these resemblances above alluded to, to prove the original roots or vernacular words; at least a great many of them are derived from some one or two of these most ancient languages through the intermediate ones, down to the present day. Papa is a Chaldaic word, signifying the Greek, Latin and French, the English, the German, the Italian, through Greek, Latin, Saxon, Danish, to the English. Sir is from the Sanscrit, through Chaldaic, German, to the English. Man is from the Sanscrit—manas—signifying mind, will, and is nearly the same in Chaldaic, Saxon and German. Adam is a generic term for the human species, and is from the Chaldaic, through the Syriac, and Hebrew; and damah, to form, or assimilate, is from the same root. Bread is from the Chaldaic, Syriac, Saxon, to the English. Hall is from the Sanscrit, through the Syriac, German, to the English. The Mother is from the Sanscrit—made mata—through the Persian, Saxon, to the English. Red is from the Sanscrit, through the Chaldaic, Greek, Saxon, to the English. The words mens and menos, signifying mind, are from the Sanscrit, and are the same in Chaldaic, Greek and Latin, and probably furnish a key to explain the reason why Menes was the first king in Egypt—Moses, the first legislator among the Jews, and Moses, the first judge of the Greeks. Angel is from the Arabic—kawl—through the Greek, Latin, French, to the English, or first signifying a messenger, or angel, and in time made to indicate only celestial messengers. Demon is from the Arabic, to fall, to blacken, through the Greek, Latin, French, to the English. This word is in three cases out of four translated devil in the New Testament, when it ought to be demon. Devil is from the Greek, diabolus, nor can it be traced further back, signifying to calumniate, and it has gradually grown to its present enormous dimensions like a rolling snowball. These and a hundred other more appropriate illustrations, that might be brought forward, almost prove the unity of the origin of all these languages, and show most conclusively how the one grew out of the other by migrations, wars, and trade, as the naturally increasing business and wants of the Colonies required.

This part of the subject might be pursued much further, if I had time and learning suited to the task. Nothing is more arrogant or silly, than the bigoted efforts of many quite learned writers, who every day are to be met with, who are in the most ignorant of languages, when very antiquarian know that Babylonia, Egypt and Syria were large and populous nations, hundreds of years before the progenitor of the Hebrews had a being, and that the Hebrew language was formed from the Chaldaic, by Abraham's migration from Chaldea to Canaan, where he and Heber became the fathers of the Hebrew nation, and where their language ultimately became perceptibly different from the Chaldaic or parent stock. But the Hebrews never had a language of their own. In what country did they ever have a language, but the use of their master's? The language so arrogantly claimed as Hebrew, is the ancient Chaldaic and no other. The natural proneness of the human mind to imitation gives to any living language a tendency to change, which added to silly fashions and a fondness for novelty, make great alterations in a few generations. I need only mention one or two instances to illustrate this tendency to change. About fifty years ago the Duke of York had a hostler who had lost the palate of the mouth, or by some means came to be unable to utter the letter h, and with him a horse was kept, and a house was set up on. Many of the common people with whom he associated, knowing him to be daily in the company of great folks, supposed him to be better informed on these points, and began to imitate him in the omission of the letter h, till it became quite common with them. Soon after it made its appearance with the actors on the stage, and in a few years preachers in the pulpits and orators at the bar began to omit the sound of the letter h, and to speak as if a hat was at, and a hat was and, to attract attention, they would choose any of these English words, and use them, however trifling, and this contemptible fashion—which began in ignorance, as most of these fashions do, and which introduces great confusion by giving the same sound or pronunciation to a multitude of words which are differently spelled, and have an entirely different signification, nor could any one tell which of the words was used unless he understood the catenating chain of ideas conveyed in the discourse—has become general in England, and is fast becoming here; and though it will choke any of these English words, and though they carry any wild Hinnjuns, the damned Hirsch, and the Hindoo-pendent Horder of Hoddifollows, as quick as anybody, because that would cause as great confusion by adding the h, as omitting it does in the cases before alluded to.

Nothing is more common in the South and West, if you inquire the way to any place, than to hear one say, "The right hand road is a heap the best, but the left hand road is a heap the nearest." Here the word heap, which signifies a pile of apples or lumber, is used to represent the quality of an object in one instance, and the distance in another. If you ask one if there is any grapes or fruit in his orchard, he will reply "Yes, a pretty smart chance," and here the word chance, which denotes a fortuitous event, which may or may not occur, is used to denote the quantity of a known article. All these innovations should be cautiously avoided, because in time they materially change the character of language; for we see that similar changes, added by barbarous invasions and a degrading mixture of races, have in eighteen hundred years converted the noble, the glorious language of the Catos and Ciceros into the sensuous singling, siddling dialect of Italy.

The great object of this discourse is to impress the public mind with the necessity and importance of a uniform system of school books. Allowing, for argument's sake, that novelty is pleasing and variety the spice of life; yet in the education of a community designed for the individual and public welfare, this idea of novelty should be discarded, and we should adhere to the most simple, and the most to well known axioms and sciences favorable to progress and civilization; because the human mind doubtless has its limits—at least the time for education is limited; and when the mind is divided and distracted with a multiplicity of books, it becomes fully master of and capable of using none of them to advantage, and the time and expense of education is thus uselessly prolonged and increased. There is no part of the habitable globe where a man can travel over so large a territory, and see so many different languages, as in our own country. This is the natural result of our uniform system of school books, Webster's Spellers, Definers and Dictionaries, and Murray's Grammars—distributed and used throughout the whole country, aided by the very general use of the Bible. Though unprincipled, avaricious demagogues, who never have but one idea, and that is, to get money and office by any means in their power, without regard to consequences, have done all they could to divide and distract public opinion; and to introduce new and incongruous, fanciful works and theories on education, to supersede the laboriously constructed, scientific works of Webster and Murray; they have not as yet succeeded, to any great extent, for the principles of Murray prevail in

the successful new grammars; but if some of them were to succeed, we should in fifty years require a translator for Lavo and Addison, as much as the Italian do for Horace and Virgil. And is not our noble dialect in danger from similar causes? Are not our lawning demagogues, who will do anything, without regard to consequences, to secure favor, pandering to ignorance and prejudice of a foreign element, by publishing the legislative and judicial proceedings, and by encouraging schools and newspapers in a foreign language?

Hundreds are clamoring for the establishment of German professors in our public schools; but in our humble opinion, nothing disastrous would befall our German brethren than the establishment of German schools, which would double the time and expense of education, by compelling the cities to learn two languages instead of one; besides, the people do not come here to be Germans or Irishmen, to establish their language, manners, customs and social organizations, to set up an *imperium in imperio*, but to obtain for themselves a part of our unoccupied territory; to get a living, a quiet home, and enjoy the blessings which our free government confers, and to be Americans. If both parties should learn and use the two languages together, they would become so mixed and incorporated in one hundred years, that neither party could read the present mother tongue without a translator. We know it would be so, because it was so in Italy after the Vandal and Gothic conquests; and it was so in Spain, after the Moorish conquests; and it was so in England, after the Norman conquest; but in that case it was advantageous to the English, which was but a crude, barbarous dialect; but it would not be so now, because the English is now by far the most natural, complete and classical of the two languages, and more time would be lost in learning to spell German than would be required to learn to read and write English or French. It is most clearly the duty and the interest of our own population, to lay aside their language, to forget the partialities and predilections of their native land as soon as possible, and strive to acquaint and to familiarize themselves with our language, laws and institutions, that they may soon become Americanized, and form an integral part of one entire nationality.

The vast advantage of our uniform system of school-books cannot be overestimated. Our common Christian, the patriot, the scholar, or by the statesman. Our common language is one of the strongest ties that bind these States together, and it is the duty and the pride, as it is the duty and interest of every American citizen, native or adopted, to learn, to use, and to practice no other, till he understands fairly our native mother tongue, and to use his best endeavors to preserve a uniform system of school-books, that he may hand over to posterity the great, the inconceivable advantages of a uniform language, as perfect as possible, throughout our whole country.

But I must refer again for a moment, to the ancient Hindoo Sanscrit, and to the Greek and Latin, as a proof of the inestimable advantages of a uniform system of school-books and teaching to the language and people of any country who adopt it. "The Sanscrit," says J. M. Good and Sir William Jones, "is unsurpassed for beauty, elegance and copiousness by any language in the world, and is approached only by the ineffable Greek. Its grammatical arrangements are so simple, and its alphabet has fifty letters, sixteen of which are vowels, and it is claimed by the learned Bionnins, with no small show of reason, to be the oldest language in the world, in the wonderful finish and perfection attest its long continued use and great antiquity."

The languages of the Greeks and Latins also, by means of their happy location, fine climate, native genius, delicate turn of mind, and free institutions, became greatly more perfect and polished than any of the modern languages; and their long continued use, with their uniform system of school books, continued to command the reason why these Greek and Latin languages became the medium of handing down to posterity some of the finest poems, the purest and the noblest thoughts on many subjects, and the sublimest and most beautiful philosophy the world has ever yet seen, and which has exercised a magic power over all the foreign nations with which these Hellenic races came in contact.

The far extended range of the modern sciences demand and should receive a larger portion of the time devoted to educational purposes now, than they did in former ages, and it is our duty to study and polish our language, poetry and oratory. But the study of the Greek and Roman classics should be preferred to any German, because they more effectually strengthen and discipline the mind, and give us a more perfect and masterly knowledge of our own language than can be acquired by any other possible means. It enables us to compare our language with another, and thus to see and decide upon their merits and demerits.

The nomenclature of all the arts and sciences is mainly derived from these languages, and on that account a knowledge of them is invaluable to the professional man; and it is with regret that we see a growing dislike to the study of these dead languages, and a disposition to prefer German, for the bare prospect of dollars and cents, without regard to ulterior consequences. This seems to us, in part, to arise from the fact that, like other valuable acquisitions, a knowledge of these languages is not to be obtained by persevering industry, accompanied by a reasonable share of talents, and that many coddled boys are continued at the Universities to obtain a degree, and who are too rich for discipline and too idle for study. Even time-honored Cambridge, the wealthiest and most beloved of all our old institutions, has modified its internal police regulations to meet these extraordinary cases, and now graduates those who choose it, without a knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics.

Formerly, a diploma from any one of our legally chartered colleges was a passport to respect and honor, and to the most liberal and useful professions. It has been aptly called the American Goliath, (See Liebt, Sildell before the Spanish Judge.) It still carries great weight with it in the higher walks of life, but I fear with a lessening influence. It is undoubtedly of the highest importance, not only to the *liberal*, but to all good men, that great respect should attach to these literary credentials, and that they should be the reward only of actual merit and scholarship; for, let every dunce or dishonest candidate, who is not worthy of the name, and who is in emulation in the breast of the nobles, and who is in the confidence of an Intelligent public opinion, and by thus rendering nugatory this copyright of scholarship, you take away the hope of praise, the hope of literary fame—one of the noblest impulses that ever swayed the human heart. We all know, and feel, too, that in our great country, where there is nothing to guard society but a well regulated public opinion—where such wholesale systems of patronage and party spirit are so prevalent, and such literary is given to Disunionism, Mormonism, Satanism, and should form a leading feature in the education of every one. There is likewise something truly charming in a smooth, agreeable voice, and this is probably one reason of the wonderful influence which the poets and orators of antiquity exercised over their auditors. The various tones of the voice, as exemplified in proper emphasis and cadence, greatly increase the effect of common reading and speaking, and these, aided by proper enunciation, constitute the art of oratory.

In conclusion, allow me to say, in the language of another, that few indeed were the days allotted to me for classical studies, and I was constrained by circumstances, a devoted but immature scholar, to forego them for the duties of an active and laborious profession. They have ever since been amusements only, however delightful or improving. Far am I from pretending to comprehend all their advantages, all their beauty, all their power, yet I can profoundly feel their immeasurable superiority over all we call modern. I would not hope that many of my auditors who can now, or will hereafter, after sympathize with this ardent expression of my opinion. The Sanscrit and Greek in particular were the shrine of the genius of the old world, as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves, of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the combination and distinctness of Nature herself, to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded, speaking to the eye like French, to the mind like English, with words like pictures, like the mild radiance of summer, or the variety and grandeur of Homer, with the gloom and intensity of Eschylus. And Latin—the voice of Empire and War, of Law and of State, inferior to its Greek and Sanscrit parents in the array of passion and in the distinguishing of thoughts, but equal to them in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to them in the indignant declaration of moral satire, stamped with the marks of an imperial and despising Republic, right in its constructions, parsimonious in its syntax, following unfiled in the flowery verse of Horace, in exhibiting glimpses of Greek-like splendor in Lucretius, proved indeed to the uttermost by Cicero, majestic in its conciseness, the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals, breathing the maxims of the world with the tenets of the schools, one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, or by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus. These inestimable advantages, which no modern skill can rival, will radiate within the range of his school by the scholar alone. He has not fallen in the sweet and silent studies of his youth, to drink deep at these sacred fountains of all that is just and beautiful in human language.

The thoughts and the words of the master spirits of Greece and Rome are inseparably blended in his memory, and their exalted fitness and consummate polish are associated forever in his heart, and thence throws out light and fragrance upon the gloomy cares and annoyances of his matured life, and makes his professional labor worth while, and his whole soul study. In the midst of a thousand cares he will find an hour to recur to his boyish lessons, and re-peruse them in the pleasurable consciousness of old associations; and in the clearness of manly judgment apply them to himself and to the world with superior profit. The more extended his sphere of learning in the literature of modern Europe, the more deeply, the more wisely will he reverence the classical antiquity, and in declining years he will radiate within the range of his school, and warm the heart, which is to be formed a thousand years hence, with the same sympathies, and kindle in it the same love of honor, of kindred, and of home and country, that glows in the author's mind while writing.

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THE TRINITY OF LIFE.

There would seem to be something in the number Three that, from the commencement of history, has impressed itself with strange power upon the human mind. And with reason. The Magi, as well as the early Fathers, gave great importance to the mystic idea they felt to be divinely implied in this number, and either readily associated it with their own notions on matters that involved the element of superstition, or subordinated it to many of their leading instincts, respecting the All Power and its relations to their being.

The theologians have displayed not less glacially in adopting and adapting the same idea, however they may have caught it; the doctrine of a Trinity in the "Godhead" soon took the proportions it has been made to assume throughout Christendom. It was all natural enough, too, and therefore it was proper and right; for the man has, in thus attempting to express his conception of God, only betrayed the hieroglyphics that are written on the walls of his own nature. He merely defines himself, in attempting to define his Creator. In thus dividing up the divine principle into its elements, he does but confess that this self-same division is the one that exists in his own creation. It is but the chalking out of the lesser, by its own hand, too, on the background of the greater—the infinitely greater.

And this slight betrayal of his inner self by man, is the very idea which we have meant to bring to attention more prominently in the caption set at the head of this present article. The actual trinity of man's life he apprehends and confesses, when he seeks to grasp by an effort of his limited faculties a power that is infinitely beyond the range of his conceptions. He declares that there is in God what corresponds to himself; since none of his conceptions can range beyond himself and the internal experience he may have acquired.

Above all, back of all, giving life and energy to all, sits enthroned the Spirit; that truly and purely divine principle, that element which eludes all attempts to analyze or describe it, which can be known by the laws of its operation, rather than abstractly and after the forms of definition, and draws up into itself all the riches of a working energy and a growing experience.

Next, the Soul, or that grand combination of faculties and qualities, of mysterious complexity, which, on the one hand, receives its commands and suggestions instantaneously from the Spirit, and aims to execute and realize them through the material organs; and, on the other, is appealed to through these dumb organs themselves, and more or less influenced by their natural operations and tendencies.

And, thirdly, the physical man, which, as we have just said, exerts in turn his own individual influences, and, even while catering to the desires of the Spirit by obeying directly the commands of the Soul, acts with a reflex influence on the latter, and oftentimes produces results not to be looked for, if we were even searching for them.

This, then, is the wonderful Human Trinity: Spirit, which is the essence, the actual being; Soul, which is the faculties through which the Spirit learns and gains experience and education; and the Senses, which are the Soul's agents, subordinates and translators.

As for the Spirit, that is intangible and eternal. The things of Time and Sense cannot affect it, only as they are made to realize the conceptions that are mysteriously folded away in the immortal being. It knows already, and therefore it does but seek, in the present sphere, to prove. And the means have been provided for its experiments. Faculties are placed at its command, that may be combined in almost endless ways, over which the Spirit sits lord and master. It is this principle of the pure and immortal Spirit of man that we call a spark struck off from Divinity itself, when and how we know not, and never may; and its existence on this planet may be called the schoolhouse in which it is disciplined and developed, where it learns practically what it before knew intuitively.

The Soul is, in a sense, its servant. It serves as a go-between, or translator, for both Spirit and Sense. It sets about the execution of the Spirit's behests, and at the same time receives tuition—what it passes along upward—from constant contact with the physical forces. While it is only the Spirit that vitalizes and energizes all, it is the Soul through which that same subtle force is made reality and experience, which alone is Life. Here is a combination of all the active working powers of man. In this realm abide all the forces that act for the formation and development of character. Through this organization, as through a denser medium, the Spirit passes like a ray of light through water, and is of course turned more or less out of its direct line in a passage through; the faculties of the learning Soul continually asking questions and answering them, and the Spirit waiting, as it were, for the benefit of their final solution.

The Senses, finally, are the lowest organs of man, through which the Spirit indirectly, and the Soul directly performs its offices. They are by nature low and ignorant; groveling; unenlightened with life or power even, until the spiritual lightning has been made to flash across the wires that are set up to reach them. They are as much necessities, too, as the Soul itself is. They are none of them to be crucified, trampled upon, or denounced; each one of the human passions has its own peculiar office, and must needs do its work; and it is a limping system of morals that calls for the destruction, rather than the harmonizing, of even the basest of our human possessions. All of them must grow, and have a

chance; they may do mischief unless they are subordinated to high spiritual forces, and it is just the object of this earthly existence and experience of ours to make them subordinate and, in their place, useful.

The scheme of this trinity in man is all we are able to allude to, in the way of statement; its mysteries are what all of us are continually striving, blindly and stumblingly, to find out. The pursuit of their knowledge must fill up the circle of the eternities. In truth, this pursuit is all there is to life either here or hereafter, and it cannot end until the Spirit of man shall have come to the last analysis and final grasping of all there is to be known.

The silent working of influences, both from below upward and downward from above, may be likened to the beautiful flow of the life-giving sap in trees; from root and fiber to the crown, and from the tip of the green leaf down through sprays, branches, and stem to the ground. While this combination, this trinity, continues to last, so long the flow will be kept up; perhaps sluggishly at times, and in some natures, yet always kept up. The senses send up what they have taken up and elaborated, and the spirit sends down its own high and heaven-derived qualities to enrich and energize, through the soul, the senses again. Hence no one can say that the physical is not essential in this present existence, nor can any one say that, the spiritual is the whole. The being that is most thoroughly energized by the continual flow of power from its one extreme to the other, is the being clearly designed by Beneficence for our present and permanent growth and happiness.

FORCE.

Circumstances do alter cases. Theoretically, the idea of what is now called Coercion properly belongs to and goes with Government; but practically, it is not going to be attempted by any considerable portion of our people. Not that Secession is right, any more than Coercion is wrong; but the Spirit of the Age, which makes and unmake at its own high and rational pleasure, is in open hostility to the doctrine.

As it relates to our common Constitution, the whole question whittles itself down to nearly this point: if the spirit and life of civilization are for the moment gone, who is going to bring a loaded musket to his shoulder to fight for the poor old body of the concern? If men cannot talk and reason about essentials, what is the sense or humanity in their fighting about matters not essential? Has it at length come to this, that they who have all along been parading their progress and advancement, are the readiest to disprove their professions by taking the sword and gun in hand?

This age and time were sent for better things. All this trouble in public matters shall at least make true one thing—that peace and forbearance are more powerful in composing differences than force and gunpowder; that there is more living and lasting power in kindness than in law; that charity tells a better story for the world's advancement than curses; and that love—in the highest and largest and broadest sense—can do more than constitutions, and can repair hurts and damages to which the latter bear no healing relation. This is the great lesson of this age and crisis. We know that men had very extensively confessed their belief in the same doctrine; but there was needed some great event, or crisis, to put it to the practical and final test. What has been found true by experience, is generally true indeed.

But still it will be said—What is the use of a Constitution, any way? Very true. An extremely pertinent question. They who need to be coerced to their duty by legal forms, that bristle all over with penalties, will be better able to answer that question than ourselves. At any rate, it has been proved clearly enough that the body of a Constitution is of no worth after the spirit is dead, and that the very penalties affixed to certain civil acts are insufficient to protect the community from their commission. But one spirit has any power now; and that is the spirit of peace, and forbearance, and love to all around us. It is not thought to be the duty of a politician to practice after this, but it certainly is the wisdom of statesmanship.

Swindling.

If one quarter part of the pains was taken to earn an honest and honorable living that short-sighted men take to secure what is not legitimately theirs, we should see better men, and see them better off even than now. The talent and courage and perseverance brought into activity for purposes of roguery and rascality, would, if applied to proper ends and aims, secure a much larger success than dishonesty ever can bring, at the best. How little thought people give to these things. We believe that there are two primal causes for wickedness: one is ignorance, and the other is laziness. The former is the fruit, generally, of unfavorable circumstances, which the sufferer could not well provide against; the latter proceeds chiefly from temperament, though it may be modified or even conquered altogether. It is idle, therefore, to do nothing but denounce those who do wrong; their peculiarities are to be taken into account, and allowed in their favor. Yet that does not absolve them from doing what they can to become better.

What it has done.

It is our fixed belief that, but for the spread of ideas and sentiments of a spiritual nature over the country, for the past ten or twelve years, the present state of public affairs could not exist and thirty odd million of people remain together in peace. Under nothing but the old preaching of the old doctrines, we believe that blood would have been shed to appease the excited passions of the hour; but under the preaching of the doctrines of peace and forbearance and good will one toward another, it seems almost impossible to bring men into conflict, while they grow more and more desirous of leaving all to reason. This fact cannot be dwelt upon too much, if unbelievers and scoffers are in quest of proof that Spiritualism is a power, and has performed a work, and is destined to go forward with still larger works, they have it in this single fact—the condition of matters over the country to-day. Let nothing that has been done be forgotten or overlooked; and let us hope for still greater things in the future.

Atlantic for February.

We have received the February number of the above popular magazine. Its contents are, "Our Artists in Italy," "Knitting Sale-Socks," "Cobbler Keazar's Vision," "The First Atlantic Telegraph," "Lady Byron," "Getting Home Again," "A Dry Goods Jobber in 1861," "The Old Homestead," "The Great Lakes," etc. "The Professor's Story" is continued, and the usual Review and Literary Notices make up an interesting series of articles.

Magnificent Phenomenon.

In the Lake City, (Minnesota) Tribune of Jan. 5th we find the following interesting account of a very singular phenomenon beheld there a few evenings previous: "It was our privilege to witness on Saturday evening last the most beautiful and wonderful lunar phenomenon imaginable—greatly surpassing any celestial scenery we had ever before witnessed or read of. From seven to eleven o'clock the spectacle was grand—grand beyond description. In a direct horizontal line with the moon, at about ten degrees distance, on each side, she was attended by what some would term 'moon moons.' These were as brilliant as possible, resembling great gas-burners. The moon was surrounded with a clear and well-defined halo, the periphery of which just reached the inside lines of the 'moon moons.' Then passing directly across the face of the moon was a large and perfect cross, the head, foot and arms of which reached the inner edges of the halo, presenting to some minds the spokes of a great wheel, the moon forming the hub, the halo the rim. Directly above the moon was a beautiful rainbow. Up in the zenith was the form of a crescent, which slowly faded away before the advancing Queen of Night. Then from the north to the south, skirting the horizon, was a zone of light, forming a complete semi-circle of the heavens, and at each terminus a well-defined cross. Altogether this was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. And we do not remember to have read of anything concerning such phenomena equal to this. Was it a purely natural phenomenon? We were reminded by this wonderful scenic display of the inspired descriptions of Ezekiel and John concerning the 'Glorious One,' (Ezek. 1st chap., and John's Rev. 4th chap.) It also strongly reminded us of the words of Christ: 'There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, with distress of Nations, and the hearts of men failing them for fear of the things that are coming to pass.' Is this superstition? Is it superstition to believe the words of Jesus Christ? We believe that every such thing that can properly be ascribed to the ordinary operations of nature, should be so interpreted. But are not these extraordinary operations of nature? Who ever saw them or their like before?"

The New York World publishes the following, from the pen of its facetious Paris correspondent, in reference to "Our Jupiter": "A young man, named Squire, from Boston—one of the editors of a Spiritual journal called the Banner or Light—is puzzling the Parisians, and promises to create as great an excitement in the circles of the curious as Hume did two years ago. Most of the newspaper itemizers have been to see him, and have published descriptions of the performances of his wonderful table, which he has had made expressly from solid oak, for the purpose of testing the strength of the spirits, which, he says, raise it from the floor, and carrying it over his head, land it upon a bed in the rear of him. The table weighs about a hundred pounds, and being placed in the centre of a room, Squire, with his legs tied to a chair, sits just far enough away from it to be able to reach it by extending his left arm to its full length; and his left hand rests upon the edge of the table, while the other is held by a person who sits behind him. While the room remains lighted, nothing remarkable occurs; but, upon the lamps being removed, a creaking noise is heard, the table gives signs of agitation, and the lights being introduced, it is found upon the bed, having by some means been carried eight or ten feet. The Russians seem to be particularly delighted with these feats, and, as they did Hume, they have taken up Squire, and he has given several seances at the houses of prominent Russian noblemen. Hume, as the reward for his endeavors in the Spiritual line, married a Russian lady of great wealth; and it is not impossible that Squire, who, like Pyramus, is a 'sweet youth and tall,' may be equally fortunate. At any rate, he has become one of the celebrities of Paris, and has, it is said, been already requested to appear before the Emperor, who, when Hume was here, invited him quite frequently to the Tuilleries. While in England, Squire and his table had the honor of appearing before the Queen and royal family."

Mr. Squire in Europe.

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Prophecies by Mediums.

Spiritualists have been much interested—and the rest of the community as well—by certain prophecies which have been given by mediums, predicting the future of America and the world. We publish the following, given by Mr. E. V. Wilson, at Milwaukee, on the 23d of September, 1860. We have kept the manuscript on hand until the first two prophecies have been fulfilled, and now give the rest for what they are worth: 1. Within forty days from last Sabbath, (16th of September,) we shall hear of a terrible battle in which Garibaldi shall succeed. We believe this battle already to have taken place. This is to be construed mentally and physically. 2. By the 6th day of January next, there will be shedding of blood, with wailing and woe, in a war in which France and England and China are now engaged, in which we hold that England and France shall only hold their own, each party claiming the victory. 3. Before the 6th of March, 1862, France, England, Austria, Russia and Prussia will be in a perfect blaze of fire for the balance of power in Europe. 4. Before the present administration shall pass out, the United States will be called upon to interpose in the adjustment of matters between Spain and Mexico, and out of this shall grow a great struggle of nations for the satisfactory adjustment of this difficulty; and inside of five years, England and the United States will be allied for the purpose of protecting civil and religious liberty in the world. 5. Before the 1st day of June, 1861, three leading prominent men of the nation will pass from this sphere of action—one from the West, one from the South, and one from the Middle States.

Charles Hovey.

Messrs. Editors—I read a communication in your paper of the 19th inst., purporting to come from Mr. Charles Hovey. This communication contains the peculiar views, which he was well known by all his friends to entertain in regard to religious matters, particularly to the priests, as he calls them. He has expressed the same sentiments to me and many others during his life while in the body. It is a well known fact that he gave express directions before he died, that no clergyman should officiate at his funeral. And no prayers was made at that time. Rev. T. Starr King was present, but made no prayer. W. S. A.

Mrs. E. J. French, the Drawing Medium, in Boston.

We are pleased to announce to our readers, that Mrs. French, the celebrated drawing medium of New York, will visit this city, and give three seances at the BANNER OF LIGHT OCEAN ROOMS, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 29th, 30th, and 31st, commencing at half-past seven o'clock. Terms of admission \$1. Tickets for sale at this office, and Dr. H. F. Gardner, 46 Essex street.

The Wildfire Club.

We call attention to an advertisement of the above new book, from the pen of Miss Emma Harding. Orders sent early will insure prompt attention.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. A. W. SPRAGUE AT ALLSTON HALL, Sunday, Jan. 20, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The lecturers said: The word has gone forth that philosophy never should assail religion, though it may touch everything else; and that Christians must not be philosophers. But some men think, and cannot help thinking; and the moment any one begins to reason on the subject of Spiritualism, he is led to one conclusion or the other—that the manifestations of the present are a continuation of those of the past; or that they never existed if they do not now.

The beauty of God's laws is that they are continually producing something better and better. We are all prone to look back to the time angels walked with men, to the Garden of Eden, or the living Christ—for all nations have them, in one form or another. But, after all, the world is better and stronger today than it ever was before, and the souls of the past have left with us the monument their lives builded. We are all born a generation ahead, in intellect and strength, of our fathers, and the religion of man has, instead of being a collection of degrading doctrines, got to be the pure outgushing of his own nature. We seem all to be satellites revolving around the great Central Sun, and so we must have the bright side and the dark side of life—there must be summer and winter, revivals and death, following each other continually.

Devotional gatherings have an effect, and a good one. When a whole nation is in prayer at once, the atmosphere is cleared by their efforts—if their efforts be in good faith and earnest. So a natural warfare plunges a people in clouds and murk. There is a great natural law which regulates these things. When men and women become passive to the angels, voices, that they may receive them, and bring their powers to work to carry them out, the world shall be made better for it; but craven, sensual minds will have a corresponding effect, to drag the world down and debas it.

The world has looked back and mourned that the things of the past are no longer with us, because it has not been receptive of God's latest messages; but there have, in all ages, been those who could receive and speak them.

Shall it be that the mighty sculptor of the beautiful, who works so proudly in nature, shall leave man to work out his poor and miserable existence alone? If the fruitful earth is given a new revelation every year, worthy of the Giver, it is strange that man alone should have meted out to him a little, insignificant life of three score and ten years? Why, if this were so, we should say everything in nature is superior to you, in the bounty of God. But sooner or later the warm summer noon will come, and man will have the materiality he has been frozen within, melted away, and be brought forth crowned with garlands and flowers. But water, atmosphere, everything, is no less a part of God than the human soul, and there is a bond of brotherhood between them all, as there is between the harmonious stars of heaven; and the power that extends its power over one, does over all, as though immensity were one atom.

Every one has his own inspiration, each according to his capacities—just as the tiny flower has power to give off its fragrance and beauty according to its sphere of existence.

Instead of its being blasphemy and heresy to speak of inspiration, it is rather blasphemy and heresy to dispute the existence of inspiration in the present time. And men's minds receive this according to their largeness and growth of soul.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

Freedom is a word easily spoken, but a free, true life is a mightier thing; and though one can chant songs in its worship, it is hard, indeed, to live and embody it. It is easy to talk of monarchies, and of chains on the outraged people, but the same principle that made kings and tyrants is seen to-day. All the difference between the past and present is this: Some of the chains on human souls are gone, but there are others left. There has been an advancement of mind; and there must be an advancement in everything else, or man will be more a slave than ever; for by breaking away from one tyrant they often rush into the keeping of another—into a closer subjection. Tyranny is that which claims of the human soul what it is not willing to give. So when we pity any one, we pity the tyrant and then the oppressed—for no tyrant over thrusters others into chains not first prepared for himself.

There never was anything that did so much to degrade the human soul as impure thoughts; and not only the tyrants of the world are brought to the judgment seat, but all who ever conceived an impure thought or did an unjust act. Whether those thoughts are become words or deeds, it matters not, for the telegraphic wires of your souls are so sensitive, that the thought makes as bold a scar as words or deeds. And so deeds, words and thoughts of a noble nature have a corresponding effect on the soul.

Every noble action is only the good thoughts and deeds of the past, grown into a principle, to act. The powers of the past live in the present. We talk of the lost arts. There are none, in reality, for all the good of the past lives in the present, as indelible as the immortal soul. Men have begun to talk of liberty, without dreading a sword hung over their heads; and rejoice that they did not live in the bigoted past.

Whoever thinks an evil thought, let him speak it, that we may know where and how to meet it; for better is the panoplied and gorgeous enemy, coming to meet us face to face, than the sneaking, insidious foe. Let everything bear its own colors, and go under its own name—but do not have a color you are ashamed of. Such as you are, be yourself. If a poor self, better be so, than a second self of another—better a man than an image of a man. If you have faults, have courage enough to tell your worst one, and the world will be the better for it. Men will be guarded rather than tempted.

The sins the sun never shines upon, are the ones that rankle in the soul the most. It is the unseen sins that cannot be healed so long as they remain so. It is better to be known as you are—then you can be cured. When your disease is understood only, can it be healed.

License is sometimes called freedom. But they are nothing alike. They who are apt to hurra the loudest for freedom, are the surest to bear the heaviest chains without knowing it. The only way for one to be free is to get control of his own selfhood—not ignoring any of the faculties of the mind or body, for all are for use; but cultivating and understanding them. Let the wisest faculties rule the others, and the boldest won't out their results. When you understand the laws that govern yourselves, you may make laws for others; but until you understand to govern yourselves, you are poor

lawmakers for others. The reason men make and unmake so many laws is, because they do not understand the science they claim to practice. Some people make so many laws for others that they do not understand to govern themselves; and the baneful influence of such men is felt all over the earth. But there are, in reality, no lawmakers—only discerners and appliers of laws. Men make educational laws, social laws and religious laws, and then speak of a higher law in such a way that we are almost afraid to obey it; for men endorse the lower laws, and only God the higher.

Then they that would be free must plant the tree of freedom in each heart—to bloom not over capitals, but over family hearths. Followers will go to the very death to save a King, and it seems sometimes there is no craven heart among them. Let King Truth have such followers, and shackles shall exist no longer, and church and state be purified by the great spirit of individual freedom.

We say no one is a true statesman, a true worker, unless a true Christian; and while God's meetings must begin and close with prayer, and the meetings of rulers be scenes of discord and ill-feeling, Church and State can never be blended in freedom. There is still a need of earnest effort. There was never a sterner demand than now. A few years ago men would be hanged for things expected of them now. Every thought goes from the mint of your own soul, and bears the stamp of your own mind. Be careful, then, that you issue none you will not wish to have returned to you in some time to come.

True freedom is a thing not to be lightly spoken of. We celebrate great victories, though we may not know but that which we thought the greatest victory may result, at the end, in our greatest defeat. Noble actions are the best way to celebrate the brave deeds of the past. National, religious and personal freedom are all one, and can never come save through true nobility of character. There never need be standing armies when all men and women are soldiers over on the lookout. There will be no need of forts when every soul is a fort. Noble men and women are a nation's greatest bulwarks.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1861.

QUESTION.—"What is Prayer, and what its uses?"

JAMES TULLIS, Esq., Chairman.

JACOB EDSON.—This has been an interesting question to me. It seems to be a thing to be practised upon rather than preached. There are times when we feel an aspirational demand, and our nature goes Godward. It is not reasonable to suppose that the finite mind can instruct or persuade the Infinite. But as God the Creator is spirit, and exists in spirit, being immensity, permeating all conditions of mentality, in proportion to their individual receptivity, it is reasonable to suppose that aspiring souls may come into such relations in spirit, as to move the more external departments of the divine being, and permit a more divine expression of his will. Is not prayer, or the expression of spiritual desires, the natural condition of the growing soul? Is not God so unfulfilled in his creation, that he feels for and sympathizes with all his creations? Is he not dependent upon us, as receptive instrumentalities or mediums, to execute his will on earth, and reveal his love to man, as it exists in, or is done in heaven? Can his kingdom come to the individual soul except through aspirational receptivity? The Lord's Prayer seems to me a beautiful form—a carriage in which our aspirations may be conveyed to Almighty. It seems to me the embodied form of those things every one feels the need of, and by which each soul is connected with every other, and all to the great Soul of Life.

MISS BALL.—The vortex of spirit and of matter create continual motion. Prayer creates that vortex. Prayer is the magnet of will, as perfect in the atom as the infinite whole. Nature, of course, is perfect. Every breath is a prayer to death for new life and joy. All nature arms itself to destroy a vacuum, and in nature there is an infinite fulness to supply every want, and no want but has its supply. The going forth of my will acts upon the universal will. Faith is the power of prayer, and through its being we receive our inspirations. Through prayer the soul is re-born—continually re-born in God.

MR. HUNTER.—Last week every speaker declared that prayer without a corresponding desire was useless. I wish to ask if desires are proportionate to the destiny of prayer?

MR. EDSON.—Cause and effect are closely related. As the child is prepared for food, so soon food is prepared for the child. As the times progress, men ripen, to correspond. The thing we need is the spiritual or divine capacity to make the demand.

MISS BALL.—As our friend says, destiny involves the answer to all prayer. We are destined to pray, destined to pray aright, and destined to have our prayers answered.

DR. GARDNER.—I have little faith in prayer. Supposing a universal prayer-meeting should be held at the same time, what a conglomeration of utterances there would be! And if all were sincere, as they are, of course, supposed to be, God would have his hands full, in answering them. I don't believe all the prayers in the universe can alter God's purposes; but I have no doubt the utterance of prayer benefits the prayer, by elevation and spiritualization. But I don't believe prayers will be answered in conflict with the elements of nature and the laws of God. Those who have faith in prayer will find an example of prayer's fulfillment in the case of the Park Street Society, whose united prayers for the death of Theodore Parker were followed by that result.

MR. RICHARDSON.—I believe prayer is nothing but speaking the truth before all men, and doing justice to all.

DR. GARDNER.—When I was a boy, I remember of reading a story of a ship being cast away on a heathen shore, where those on board, if they went ashore, would have been killed by wild Arabs. They went to praying, and while doing so, a space as large as the ship cleared away, and through it the ship passed out into safety. This is a matter of history, and a case of the answering of prayer.

MR. EDSON.—I will state a fact. My wife is acquainted with a praying woman, who after a prayer for relief was influenced to go out, and she met a man in the street who gave her a dollar. An Orthodox clergyman was last summer influenced, while in his study writing his sermon, to go to East Boston, and relieve a family's distresses, which he did not know of till he had gone there. A man of my acquaintance was in need of twenty-eight dollars to pay a bill he owed. He did not know how to get it. I told him to go to a certain place—corner of Essex and Washington streets—and wait for something to turn up. A few days after I met the man again, and he told me he found on the corner, where I had

old him to go, just the amount rolled up, in a piece of paper, and with it he was enabled to pay his debt.

Mr. AVENS.—I suppose the question to mean vocal prayer. But we all have desires, and some call them prayers; but whether every one should stand up and ask God for the things he needs, is the question.

Dr. GARDNER.—I wish to disclaim any sourness on this subject, for extremes are always wrong; but I am disgusted with so much lip service offered to God.

Mr. AVENS.—The Doctor agrees with the rest of us, then, for I don't know that any of us believe in hypocritical prayer.

Mr. TULLIS.—I do believe much may be accomplished by individuals with their minds bent in a certain direction, resolved upon the accomplishment of a particular purpose.

Mr. AVENS.—The Doctor agrees with the rest of us, then, for I don't know that any of us believe in hypocritical prayer.

Mr. HAVOCOCK.—I believe in the threefold aspect of prayer—mental, public and private. I view it as the question of questions whether we have any existence beyond the grave, and everything which throws light upon it is for our advantage.

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ERRATUM.—In the article published in our last number, headed "Spiritual Phenomena—Experience and Observation," read *Jonius Fabulus* instead of *Jonius Fabulus*, as misprinted. Chapter III will appear in our next issue.

A letter from Mrs. Spence to the Spiritualists and Mediums of the United States, our readers will do well to read, on our seventh page.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will speak at Allston Hall next Sunday.

Our readers will bear in mind that the second party of the course, given by the Ladies' Relief Society, will be held at Concert Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 29. A pleasant time is anticipated.

On our third page our readers will find the first of an interesting course of lectures, by Dr. Lawton, of St. Louis. They cover an immense ground of research, and our friend the Doctor has been faithful to the task. If encouragement enough is offered, the sermons will be republished in book form, as soon as they are all published in the BANNER.

Owing to the great press of other matter, we are obliged to curtail our list of lecturers this week.

What Haytian list is like the language of abolitionists addressed to the seceding States? Ans.—Gonatives.

Messrs. Redding & Co. have just published a chart showing the position of the forts and fortifications in Charleston harbor, S. C. It should be in the hands of every one desirous of keeping posted in these exciting times.

"The world," says Channing, "is to be carried forward by truth, which at first offends, which wins its way by degrees, which the many hate and would be rejoiced to crush. The right of free discussion is therefore to be guarded by the friends of mankind with peculiar jealousy. It is at once the most sacred and the most endangered of all our rights. He who would rob his neighbor of it should have a mark set on him as the worst enemy of freedom."

There is a young woman in the Detroit jail, who was imprisoned for stealing five dollars from an lover, to pay a minister for marrying her to another.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

The tear of a loving girl is like a dew-drop on a rose, but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

Virtue is the continued effort of an individual to make his life correspond with the well-being of society around him, whether that society be savage or civilized; and its reward will be in proportion, not so much to its success, as to the effort put forth for its accomplishment.—Herald of Progress.

In 1784, the year after the close of the Revolutionary war, a vessel that carried eight bales of cotton to Liverpool from the United States, was seized in that port, on the ground that so large a quantity of cotton could not be the product of the United States.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN. As some rare jewel, sealed within a rock, Would ne'er have glittered in the sunny air, Had not the lightning or an earthquake's shock Crumbled the ledge, and laid its splendor bare— So do the souls lie lurking in the earth, Until some mighty tumult leaves them forth.

Men of this land and lovers of these States! What master-spirit from the dark shall rise, And, with a will inviolate as fate's, Godlike and prudent, merciful and wise, Do battle in God's name, and for his right, Ere on our glory ruin, mischief and night? [T. B. ALDRICH—Independent.]

P. Stephenson, one of the best sculptors in America, died in an insane asylum in Boston last week. He was the designer and artist of the great Wellington Monument, in England, and his "Wounded Indian," made of American marble, and which excited so much praise at the World's Fair, is now in the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, in this city.

Rev. George Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than eighteen thousand sermons.

The wearers of the Palm-tree cockades at Washington, on finding that they were mistaken for footmen of the Foreign Ministers, soon dropped them, and they are decidedly at a discount now.

LAW.—The day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity in things, to the omnipresence of law; sees that what is must be, and ought to be, or is the best. This beatitude dips from on high down on us, and we see. It is not in us so much as we are in it. If the air come to our lungs, we breathe and live; if the light come to our eyes, we see; else not. And if truth come to our mind, we suddenly expand to its dimensions, as if we grew to worlds. We are as lawgivers; we speak for nature; we prophecy and divine.—Emerson.

Among the curiosities of London life may be mentioned the appearance of Lord Catmough in the metropolis, guiding his steam carriage. He is said to have driven through the most crowded streets without frightening women or horses.

The way to make yourselves pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause.

There is a Turkish law that a man, for every falsehood he utters, shall have a red mark set on his house. If such a law were in force in the United States, we fear that some people who build fine houses, might have their painting without expense, except to their characters and conscience.

Slanders issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

Brad says acrobats must be an unprincipled set of fellows, because they try to *poise* on each other!

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.—The following emphatic language is copied from the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, author of "About Ben Adhem": "If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment, I would not do it, for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion, than God monstrous; and we make him monstrous when we make him the author of eternal punishment, though we have not the courage to think him so. For God's sake, let us have pity to believe better. I speak thus boldly, not to shock anybody, which it would distress me to think I did, but because opinions so shocking distress myself, and because they ought, I think, to distress everybody else, and so to be put an end to. Of my readers whom I may shock, I beg their forgiveness. Only I would entreat them to reflect how far that creed can be in the right, which renders it shocking in God's children to think the best of their Father."

GEORGINA. She is a quietly mourner, and In sable garments yet not sad; She smiles, she laughs, she speaks, she walks; Methinks she sings when she but talks; And eye and ear pursue her long, As praisers do her purple song; Hers is the form which artists weave Into their counterparts of Eve; She fills the world of home, and lends Her grace to the hearts of friends; The reverent heart as once obeys Her soft, sweet, self-assured gaze, As if therein were understood The eloquence of womanhood. My foot, unbidden, may never come Across the threshold of her home; For I am neither known to her As lover, friend, or worthy guest; And to my name she never gave So much of thought as to a slave; Yet more to none than her belongs The inspiration of my songs; And I would yield to her alone All the fair women I have known, A maiden's heart, with sorrows crowned, A maiden's heart, with sorrows crowned.—M. FOR.

A NOVEL IMPORTATION.—The ship Albion, from London, which arrived last week, brings on freight 300 kegs of white gunpowder, a new invention.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. 5c Dec. 20.

Conference of Speakers—National Convention. A fraternal Conference of Spiritualist Lecturers and Teachers will be held in the City of Worcester, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, the 10th day of April, 1861, and continuing four days.

The object of the Conference is, to further the good work so well begun at the late Quincy Convention—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform; the securing of greater unity of heart and purpose; and thus greater fitness for the work devolving on us.

The present disturbed and distracted state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious and theological ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history, of no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be spiritual teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a New Age of Wisdom and of Harmony—to the inauguration of both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization.

Anything less than this will fail to meet the demand of the times, and the promise of the opening Era.

All Lecturers and Teachers (including Mediums and Editors) identified with or interested in the Modern Spiritual Reformation, who recognize the desirableness of the object above named, and who may be at the time within convenient distance, are cordially invited to be present.

It is proposed that the first two days of this Conference be devoted exclusively to the benefit of Lecturers and Teachers—that the sessions be spent in free, conversational interchanges of opinions and experiences, and such other methods of acquiring the desired ends as may be deemed suitable.

The remaining days (Thursday and Friday, April 18th and 19th,) will be mainly appropriated to public meetings, for addresses and for the consideration of the general interests and claims of Spiritualism. To these meetings all Spiritualists and the public generally are invited.

The friends in Worcester have generously offered the hospitalities of their hearts and homes to all Lecturers who may attend. The place of meeting will be announced in due time.

The Conference is designed as preliminary to a National Convention, which the Committee, in pursuance of the duty assigned them, intend to convene in the month of August next, (14th to 18th,) and in the city of Oswego, N. Y. The purposes of this National Meeting will be more definitely stated in a Call, to be hereafter issued.

In view of the profitable results which may be expected from such gatherings, the undersigned (fraternally) recommend to their co-workers in the Western States the holding of a similar Conference at some central point in that section, and at or about the same time, as preparatory to the General Convention in August. One of our number (P. L. Wadsworth) whose field labor is at present in the West, will gladly co-operate with them in carrying out this suggestion.

A. E. NEWTON, AMANDA M. SPENCE, H. L. STONES, P. L. WADSWORTH, LEO MILLER, M. S. TOWNSHEND, Members of Committee appointed at Quincy, January 15, 1861.

CONVENTION. The friends of Freedom and Reform are requested to meet at West Roxbury, Vermont, on Saturday and Sunday, 2d and 3d days of February, 1861, to consult and compare minds as to the present crisis, and a proper course to be pursued.

No party lines are to be recognized, but freedom of expression is to be tolerated. Our patriotic fathers will address us through such instruments as may be present. We extend a cordial invitation to all people who have a desire for freedom of speech for themselves or a willingness to grant it to others. The accommodations will be good at the hotel and at our fare. The church is cheerfully tendered by liberal minds of the town, and many will feel it a duty to entertain those from a distance. No hired speakers are expected, but freedom of expression is expected. Assemble then as a common duty, and give rise to a public sentiment that shall elevate humanity and serve to harmonize the discordant elements of the religious and political atmosphere. Do not be afraid of meeting in collision with us, as truth cannot suffer by comparison with error, or by agitation. The above is a call dictated by many. N. B. It is expected that test mediums will be present to give personal communications and tests. West Roxbury, Vt., Jan. 22, 1861.

A Card of Thanks. At the recent Spiritual meeting in Bradley, Me., fourteen of the friends of Blockton, who attended the same, (a distance of thirty-four miles,) wish to express through the Banner of Light their hearty thanks to the friends in Bradley and other townships on the route, for their kindness; especially would they remember with gratitude, Mrs. Smart and family, of Brewer, for their interest in their happiness while on their way home. May the dews of Heaven and the fancies of the earth, together with their attending angels, return them a thousand fold of bliss and prosperity for their warm-hearted kindness. Is the prayer of fourteen grateful hearts in Blockton.

Notice to Mediums and Spiritualists. As we are opening a New Hall, in New York, and desirous of procuring from time to time, the best talent in the field, both as speaking, healing and test mediums of every description, we hope all such will forward their addresses as early as possible.

In connection with the Lecture Hall, we shall hold Conferences and Circles daily; furnish Baths and medical treatment; receive orders for all Spiritual Publications; act as Agents, and give general information in every way to advance the cause, to all those seeking the Light of Heaven. Address: R. D. GOODWIN & CO., Banner of Light Office, 145 Fulton street, New York. 21 Feb. 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Terms.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO INVALIDS. ABSOLUTE REMOVAL OF CHRONIC DISEASES FROM THE HUMAN SYSTEM. DR. GREGORIE LAMONT, FROM EUROPE, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases, NO. 18 PINCKNEY STREET, BOSTON, MS.

CHRONIC DISEASES positively removed from the system without pain; and what may seem strange and marvelous, in the most instantaneous and efficacious manner, is that Diseases like Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Internal Ulcers, Spinal Curvatures, Hip Diseases, Weak Eyes, &c. are frequently cured with one operation. It may be well, however, for patients coming from a distance to have a second operation. Terms for operating, moderate in all cases, and no extra charge will be made when a second or even a third operation is required.

During a tour throughout the United States, I have been instrumental in restoring to a state of perfect health hundreds of invalids, most of whom had been given up by every other practice, as incurable. My mode of treatment I conclude not to explain, or make known at present. Let it suffice, that no pain is caused, but little or no medicine is given, and no surgical operations performed, and that it takes but from thirty minutes to one hour for innumerable cases of almost every chronic disease, and so sure is the effect that but few diseases require a second operation—excepting Deafness, Epilepsy, Consumption, &c. Exceptions are also made to these almost instantaneous cures, (to broken bones, dislocations, but curatives of type, and uncurated tumors,)—even these will be most benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully restored.

Dr. L. gives special attention to Spermatrophia, or Seminal Weakness, Also, Self-Abuse, &c. Likewise, Diseases of Women and Children, and all other complaints peculiar to the female sex.

Dr. Lamont's wonderful power in the healing art can be transmitted to patients in any part of the country, who cannot visit Boston, by sending a minute description of their disease, stating symptoms, age, sex, temperament, occupation, if any—also a likeness, if convenient. For advice by letter, the fee is \$1, which must be inclosed with a stamp for return postage.

Consultations at the Office daily, gratis, from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. P. S.—Hundreds of certificates of cures can be seen at the office, in the patients' own handwriting, that have been cured by the Doctor. 49c

PHONOGRAPHER WANTED. WANTED—a smart, active Phonographer, for a scribe and correspondent. Good encouragement will be given persons who apply to DR. DREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 2.

MRS. SUSAN P. TARBELL, Medical Clinician, has taken rooms at the corner of Jackson and Division sts., MILWAUKEE, Wis. Examinations, \$1. Feb. 2.

THEODORE PARKER AND HENRY CLAY ON THE CRISIS!

Being two characteristic and able LECTURES, given by Mr. PARKER, on Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1860. Printed and sent by mail, Price 20 cts., or \$20 per hundred. Sent anywhere by the single copy free of postage. Published at the Banner office, 143 Fulton street, by Dec. 20. B. T. MUNSON, Agent.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the N. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person by letter, from any part of the country. His restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. Oct. 1.

SIX LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE. THE AUTHOR with the outline of a Plan for a Humane, Terrific and an Auto-biographical Introduction and Portrait. Price, in paper 60c.; cloth, 75c. For sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. St. Jan. 12.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Causes of Early Physical Decline of American People; and the Cause of Nervous Debility, Consumption and Marasmus. This work is one of high moral tone, written in chat, yet thrilling language, and appeals directly to the moral consciences of ALL FATHERS and GUARDIANS especially, doating children and the young, and is a most important contribution to the knowledge of the human mind.

It will be sent by mail on receipt of two cent stamps. Parents and Guardians, fall not to send and obtain this book. Young Men! fall not to send and get this book. Ladies! you too, should at once secure a copy of this book.

A Word of Solace, Conscientious Advice to those who will reflect! A class of malades present to a fearful extent in community, dooming 100,000 youth of both sexes, annually to an early grave. Those diseases are very imperfectly understood. Their external manifestations or symptoms, are Nervous Debility, Relaxation and Exhaustion; Marasmus or a wasting and consumption of the tissues of the whole body; shortness of breathing, or hurried breathing on ascending a hill or a flight of stairs; great palpitation of the heart; asthma, bronchitis and sore throat; shaking of the hands and limbs, aversion to the heat of the sun, and a general loss of energy; loss of memory; dizziness of the head, neuralgic pains in various parts of the body; patus in the back or limbs; lumbago, dyspepsia or indigestion; irregularity of bowels; deranged secretion of the kidneys and other glands of the body, as leucorrhoea, and gonorrhoea, &c. Likewise, epilepsy, hysteria and nervous spasms.

Now, in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred, all the above named disorders, and a host of others not named, as the first cause of their origin, is the use of opium, and the form of Consumption of the Spinal Nerves, known as Tubercular Disease, and Tubercular meningitis, have their seat and origin in diseases of the Pelvic Region. Hence the want of success in the treatment of these diseases, and the necessity of Dr. Andrew Stone, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, is now engaged in treating this class of modern malades with the most astonishing success. The treatment adopted by the Institution is new; it is based upon scientific principles, and is entirely free from all the use of minerals or poisons. The facilities of cure are such that patients can be cured at their homes, in any part of the country, from accurate descriptions of their cases, by letter; and have the medicines sent by express. Printed interrogatories will be forwarded on application.

Consumption, Catarrh and diseases of the throat, cured as well at the homes of patients as at the Institution, by sending the Cold Medicated Inhalant Balsamic Vapors, with Inhaler, and simple directions for their use, and direct correspondence.

The system of treatment which has been found so universally efficacious, practiced by this Institution for Consumption and Throat Disease, is the Cold Balsamic Medicated Vapors—one of the new developments of the age.

Patients applying for interrogatories or advice, must inclose return address, to meet attention. The attending Physician will be found at the Institution for consultation, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day, Sundays, in the forenoon. Address: DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 96 Fulton St., Troy, N. Y.

TO FEMALES—MRS. DOCTRINE STONE, THE MATRON OF THE INSTITUTION. Who is thoroughly read and posted in the pathology of the many afflicting and prostrating maladies of more modern origin, will devote special attention to this class of diseases, peculiar to her sex. Among the many diseases dealt with, and which she treats with unheard of success, are chronic inflammation and ulceration of the womb. The Medicated Ascending Douche; a most important curative in these cases. Price, \$4 and \$8. Females can consult Mrs. Doctrine Stone, confidentially, by letter or personally. Address: MRS. N. O. STONE, M. D., Feb. 2. 17 Matron to the Institution, Troy, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe LUNGS AFFECTION, and that remedy will devote special attention to this class of diseases, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted; and he hopes every sufferer may try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address: EDWARD A. WILSON, Feb. 2. 17 Williamsburg, King's County, N. Y.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.—144 propositions, stated affirmatively and negatively, by quotations from Scripture, without comment. Says a correspondent of the Herald of Progress: "The most studious reader of the Bible will be amazed and overwhelmed at every stop in going through this book, and at the numerous and pointed self-contradictions." Fourth edition. Price 15 cents, post paid—light for a dollar. Sold by the publishers, A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal Street, N. Y., and by all liberal Booksellers. 166m Oct. 27.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Wheeler & Wilson's SEWING-MACHINES. NEW IMPROVEMENTS—REDUCED PRICES! THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, beg to state that in the reduction of the prices of their Sewing Machines, the public shall have the benefit of the decisions of the U. S. Courts in favor of their patents. This reduction is made in the belief that they will hereafter have no litigation expenses in defence of their rights. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines will now be sold at rates that will pay fair profits on the capital invested, cost of manufacture, and expense of making sales—such prices as will enable the Company, as heretofore, to sell first-class machines, and warrant them in every particular.

They are adapted to every want that can be supplied by a Sewing Machine, and approved alike by Families, Dress Makers, Corset Makers, Garter Fitters, Shoe Binders, Vest Makers and Tailors generally.

Each Machine complete with a Hemmer. OFFICE No. 553 BROADWAY, N. Y. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. Dec. 8. 1860.

M. MUN. DEAN, LIFE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE AGENT, Office—Old State House, (basement), 1st Dec. 29.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM. OR JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.—312 pages 12 mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Also, THE END OF CONJUGAL SATISFACTION—a small gilt-bound volume—is sent by mail for nine letter-stamps. Address: GEORGE STEARNS, Dec. 15. West Acton, Mass.

HUTCHINSON'S REPUBLICAN SONGSTER, EDITED BY JOHN W. HUTCHINSON, one of the well-known family songsters, embracing also a \$25 price songster of 100 ballads. A liberal discount to Dealers and Clubs by the hundred or thousand. Just published by H. O. HUTCHINSON, 67 Nassau street, New York, June 18.

P. P. COBB, HEALING MEDIUM, Hannibal, Missouri, Sept. 22. A. B. CHILDS, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

NEW BOOK

BY: EMMA HARDINGE! IN PRESS, and will be published about the middle of February next—

THE WILDFIRE CLUB. BY EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth." Vido "Baselce."—Dr. Johnson.

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung The beads or words of life. It may be here. It may be there that I shall live again. But live again I shall where'er I live.—Fatus.

BOSTON: BERRY COLBY & COMPANY, 81-2 Brattle street, 1861.

Price \$1. Bookellers, and controllers of public meetings, are requested to send in their orders early. Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free on receipt of \$1. Jan. 28.

TO THE AFFLICTED! CHARLES H. CROWELL, Medical Medium, Rooms, No. 81-2 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON, (Banner of Light Building).

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing. Terms.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given. August 18.

SIX LECTURES DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE, ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE, ALSO, AN AUTOGRAPH AND STEEL ENGRAVING OF MISS HARDINGE, AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF HER LIFE.

Published in Pamphlet form. Price, postage paid, 50 cts. For sale wholesale and retail, by MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Jan. 12. 288 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.

Are universally acknowledged superior to all others now before the public; being composed of Barbary, Spiknard, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Gentian, Solomon's Seal and Comfrey. They are the best remedy known for Indigestion, Constipation, Weak Lungs, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Debility, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Piles, and all cases requiring a Tonic.

So common among the clergy and other public speakers, it acts like a charm. As a beverage it is pure, wholesome and delicious to the taste. Physicians throughout the United States use it in their practice. CHARLES WIDFIELD & CO., Proprietors, 78 William Street, New York. Sold by Druggists generally, Jan. 12. 15w

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING CO.

EXTENSIVE ORNAMENTAL IRON MANUFACTURERS. Their works embrace all kinds of IRON RAILING, IRON VERANDAHS, IRON GRATES, WIRE RAILING, WIRE FENCES, IRON FURNITURE, IRON BEDSTEADS, Iron Works for Stores and Houses, Iron Castings, &c., &c. Also, the exclusive manufacturers of the celebrated Composite Iron Railing.

A Catalogue containing several hundred designs of Iron Work, mailed to any part of the United States, on receipt of four three-cent Postage Stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERHAM, 312 Broadway, New York. Jan. 12.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1861. CARPETS AT PANIC PRICES!

JUST RECEIVED for cash, and for sale at much below their value: 150 Pieces TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 90 Pieces ROYAL VELVET, 200 Rolls KIDDERMINSTER, 100 Rolls OIL CLOTHS.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by a spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. H. W. A. ...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 81-2 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at nine o'clock, after which time there will be no admittance. ...

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. ...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Friday, Jan. 11.—Invocation: What's Thought, and does it travel? Wm. Shipley, Boston; Rebecca Collins; T. Bolcher, N. Y.

Saturday, Jan. 12.—How are we to understand Biblical History which refers to the Creation of the World and the Origin of Man? Charles French, Fall River; Chas. Herbert, Boston; Mother Underhill, Boston.

Sunday, Jan. 13.—Is it possible to educate certain animals up to the standard of man?—Is not all life immortal? John Derby; Harriet Abby Phillips; Edward Hooper.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.—Is it possible for a dead body to be reanimated—and by what power? Isaac Barrows, Boston; Thomas Spooner, Boston; Mary Driscoll, Providence; Louis Bridgeman.

Thursday, Jan. 17.—Do not all souls differ one from another—as for instance, does the soul of a Webster differ from the soul of an idiot? Nath'l Hazleton, Boston; Dennis Claffin, Boston; Clara Theresa Stevens, Cincinnati.

Friday, Jan. 18.—Are the qualities of the soul inherited? Charles L. Wholley; Pulo Chickering; Moses Peters; Invocation.

Saturday, Jan. 19.—Did not the human soul begin its existence in the human body? Charles Todd; Isaac Graves Darling; Abigail Lunt; Matthew Robinson.

Sunday, Jan. 20.—Are the souls of female souls—and do not the souls in male and female differ? David Parker Hyde; Mary Ann Arns; Jeremiah Capen.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.—Is the soul ever tempted—and if so, does heaven stand by temptation? Thos. Dall, Boston; Walter Robes, New York; Mary Frances Moody, South Berwick.

Reasoning with the Lord.

We are called upon to give our views respecting the eighteenth verse of the first chapter of Isaiah the Prophet:—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.

Man lives in two spheres of existence, always. He dwells in the human and the divine. Through these two avenues he progresses; he passes out of the lower condition and enters the higher.

Now who is the Lord as spoken of in the text? Who but man's divinity—man's reasoning capacity—that divine power that dwells in the internal of things, ever teaching the human how to become divine? Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.

God our Father did not only speak to Isaiah and the prophets in this wise, but he speaks thus to all his children. He constantly calls upon them to reason with him, to come and lay aside the human for a time, and enter the divine. Come and lay before your reasoning faculties all that seems dark to you. And, lo! you shall go out happier and better and wiser. You shall have ascended one more step in the stairway of progress.

Men are too apt to go out to humanity asking for light, for a something by which to divine the future. But what has led them, from their God? What but false education? If man had no other power to go to, to ask for light, save that within himself you call reason, would he not consult that? And how much better the result, how much nearer he would have to God! But instead of reasoning with his divine intelligence, he goes out and asks the world what to do, when God is always asking him to come home and ask of his own God what he shall do.

The common theological definition of the subject before us, is not that we can give. Man as a human cannot comprehend anything outside of self. If God would have him understand himself, he must plant a germ of the divine within the human. God must come down to the capacity of the lower; and he can only do this by dwelling within the human, by setting up his throne in the heart of every human.

God gives to each all the knowledge he needs. You may ask for the knowledge of the far-off future; but it comes not to you, except through your own reasoning faculties. You may seek to understand what you style Spiritualism; but unless you weigh it in the balance of your reason, it will be of no avail to you. Whosoever closes the door of reason or divinity, ceases to walk with God—ceases to be guided by that intelligence that is ever seeking to draw the human to the divine. Man would suffer less, if he would use his reason to its fullest extent. Man would enjoy more if he would do this.

When a new light is presented to him, if he would take it into his reason, and analyze it, instead of taking it into the external world, he would be better by it. But poor, foolish man, instead of reasoning with the Lord his God, he takes it to an unknown God—one that dwells only in the fancy, and that a far-off fancy, too. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.

Now all sin and error, weighed in the balance of reason, lose their darkness. Death loses its terrors, for you see it is not as dark as it seems. But lay sin at the foot of the cross of public opinion, and it will be sin to you forever and ever. Unless you bring it under the power of your own thought, and there read it by the light of your own reason, it will be a devil to all eternity.

Come, oh son of the Living God! who hath called upon us to answer your question—come and reason with your own God—come and lay every portion of the book so precious to you within the scope of your own reason. That which will not stand its test, cast aside; that which shines with the light of the diamond, take to yourself.

When war and discord rise up between nations, if they would but pause and be silent for a time, and listen to the voice of reason, they would soon see that their differences would not be so dark and dense as they seem to be. But the nations go to the external to learn of God, as individuals do. Nations seek for wisdom where it cannot be found; they are striving to know a God they cannot comprehend; and can we expect individuals can do less? Will they commune with their God, when the great family is going astray?

But, notwithstanding the seeming error and sin that hangs over you as a nation, as individuals, we behold God sitting upon the throne of each soul. We see him continually calling you to come and reason with him. And, lo! in time you who are living in the grasp of externality, shall be aroused by the voice of wisdom, and when you are aroused, you will turn within and reason with God. And lo! he shall walk with you to the end of time.

Come, our questioner, from the gilded temples of the external, and enter into the plain and unfashionable temple of the internal, and you will cease to call upon us to elucidate that which is dark and mysterious to you.

Francis T. Whitton, Troy, N. Y. I've no right or place among the dead or the living, it would seem. Rest I cannot—that is certain. I seem to have been, but the power is not in me here. I started for another place. Then, again, I was dead, but found out my mistake. I then, again, I thought I was alive, and I found out I was mistaken in that. I have been resting place here—none anywhere. I want to know what is the reason we go where we do not want to?

Six years insane I was—so they say. I've got a word to say about that; they say so. I want to say something. I left my body in the hospital in Utica, New York State. It's now four years ago, and I ought not to have left it. I ought to have it now. Instead of being rightly treated, I was abused and shoved out of my body; and when I got where I thought folks would be free, I was not free. I was not wanted here, nor there, nor anywhere.

They said the cause of my death was a disease of the brain; but I think it was a disease of the mind. In the first place, I lost my property; in the next place, I lost my reputation, and then I lost my friends, and then I was shoved into a mad-house, and the next shovelled out—turning up nowhere.

I've a wife in the city of Troy, and I've thought, or rather I have tried to think, I might go to her, and tell her something about myself, and about my son—for I have one. If he should ever manifest anything like the turn of mind I manifested, I beg of her not to put him where I was put. I wanted to speak there, but a strange fortune has brought me here. I find myself in a strange body, and am told I am to tell my story here, and that it will reach my wife. How much of this proves true remains to be seen.

I have been so egregiously swindled in my life that I do not know how much to believe of what they tell me. Is it true that I am insane now? I do not think so; but it is true that I do not comprehend this thing. I do not understand why, when I asked to be taken to one place, I am taken to another.

Is this letter to be published? Will it go to my wife? Can it not go elsewhere—to that d-d institution, too? I am glad to have been sent here. I fear they have such hard natures it will be difficult to reach them. You may protest your sanity as much as you please; but the more sane you are, the more they protest you are mad.

Once said, "If you will bring me under the influence of some calm mind, and keep me thus for a time, I shall be cured." The reply I got was, "You do not know what you are talking about—go to your room." I did know I told the truth then, and now I know it; but when I think of what I suffered, I doubt my sanity.

I know my body was not an imperfect body; there was no trouble with the brain—the trouble was with my spirit. I was desponding, sometimes. I was very melancholy. I had lost my money, my friends, my reputation, my liberty, my all.

Now I think of it, too, I believe I said to some one of the attendants, "I shall meet you again, and we will see who is the most sane—you, or I?" I should like to meet them all; but I should like to learn how to control a body I do not own a little better. It is new to me, and I am often obliged to stop for strength before I can go on.

You want my name, I suppose. It was Francis T. Whitton. I suppose you might call me a wheelwright. I learned the trade in my youth. I was speculating at the time of my losses, in railroad stocks and a variety of things I should have let alone, and which I should not have gone into except for bad advisers. I was fifty-three years old.

They say it is a long road that has no turning. If I have been insane all these years, I cannot be so forever. If I have been deprived of my liberty, it will not be so forever.

I protest against the Institutions for the Insane, and if I had the power I'd burn everyone of them as fast as they were built. In the first place, they gather together all classes of minds, and each one has a direct influence on the other, and each for evil. It is an inharmonious community, that is constantly boiling up in wrath one against the other.

The proper way to treat certain classes of insane people is to take them away from those affected, put them with sound minds, and they will gather strength. I could have done it.

But you may take any sane man and put him into an institution of that kind, with the insane, and tell him hourly he is so, and he will be insane. God told me so every night—and he told me the truth.

I don't blame my wife; she, like me, had bad advisers; she listened to them, and the consequence is, she is very unhappy, and I am neither dead nor alive. But she has got to be happy sometime, and so have I. The only way to gain it is to seek it. And I swear by the Living God I am going to find it. If I have leaned on others, I shall lean on myself now, and I shall not be far from right.

About my son; I see he is like myself, and unless his mind is placed in a proper channel for development, he is to suffer as I did. Now if there is the least sign of insanity about the boy, for God's sake and his own, do not tell him of it. Place him where there are strong minds, and by the law of his nature, he will gather strength. In our cases, the trouble is only weakness.

His name is Francis. I have no other children—no other one I wish to talk to, unless some one desires to talk with me; but if any one desires to talk to me, I can throw some light upon the subject of insanity. Better let a company of insane ones control your Institutions for the Insane, than those who now do so. It will be far better for the afflicted ones in them. Jan. 2.

Laura Wood. My name used to be Laura Wood. I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. My father's name is Stephen. I was eight years old. I was born in Springfield, Mass. I was killed by falling out of the school-house window. That was five years ago. My little brother died just before that, with scarlet fever; his name was Walter—he was most a year old, and he has come here to-day with our grandmother, to tell our mother we can come.

I've been learning to come for sometime. I never had any chance to say "Good-by" to my mother, and I want to say so now. I always used to say so before I went to school; but she was out, so I could not say anything, and then I was brought home dead.

If you'll ask my father and my mother to let us come home and say "good-by," then I shall feel happier.

I've seen a good many things since I left my father and mother, and if there were not so many folks here, I could tell what I've seen. I want to go home—this is the most of all things I want, and it's the hardest to get.

My grandmother died in Springfield, Mass.; it is where I was born, and where my father and mother were married—so grandmother says. She died of cancer.

My grandfather died when my mother was small. She don't remember him; but he is here. His name is Parks. My grandmother's name is Simonds. She was married twice. I went to the May School. Good-by. Jan. 5.

Patrick Riley, Lawrence. I think one year lying still is long enough for anybody. I lost my body one year ago. I was what was called a card-stripper in the Pemberton Mills, Lawrence, Mass., and my name was Patrick Riley. Faith, I feel my stomach all crushed in like as it was when the beams fell on me. It's hard work for me to breathe here. I want to tell the folks I can come, so that I may get a chance to talk. I've been just about where I started from. I was told my body was buried, except a piece of my head and shoulders. I wasn't killed instantly. I saw the fire coming. Just about four or five steps from me was a lot of waste pretty well filled with oil, and I see the sparks dropping down through on that, and I knew when it came where I was I'd be burnt up. I tried to get something to kill myself with, but I could not, and I died the most horrible death ever was heard of.

I keep myself all round here these two years. Isn't it two years ago? Faith I think it must be two years—it is long enough for him. [It was only one year ago; time seems long to him.]

I have cousins and other friends I'd like to talk to. Religion is all humbug. I see none of it now. My age? I was going on for twenty-three years. I left a sister, uncles and aunts, and other folks I'd like to talk to. I've cousins in Boston. Since you spoke about being married, there is somebody I'd like to talk with. Her name is Hannah Donnelly. Her cousin was killed in the mill. She was making a terrible time about her children here. If they've any grudge of the mother they will come. I'd like to talk to Hannah.

That was a hard time, I'd just been up in the weaving room, before lighting up, and it was after lighting up I came down. I didn't think to do so quick. I've been looking round to find out something here that I have heard of. Teachers all tell you to come back, when you can, for to learn. If I can get a chance to talk where I want to, I'll be happier.

I don't want to say anything bad about the priests; but I got so disappointed since I came here, that I don't know what to think about them. Jan. 9.

Cause and Effect of Sin. I, Lewis Howard, purpose to speak this afternoon upon the cause and effect of sin. But before I proceed, I will make a statement due to myself and to the form which I control. The position of the planets will prevent lengthy abnormal control this afternoon, consequently I shall be brief.

The commonly accepted definition of sin, any reasonable man or woman would not accept. Old theology gives you that definition, and old theology gives you many fables. You believe in them partly on account of their mystery, and partly because you do not dare to do otherwise, for they bear what is called the seal of God. But, in my opinion, God had no more to do with what is written in that old book, the Bible, than you of to-day had to do with it. I would not for a moment cause any one to throw aside his religious faith and take up one I shall throw out on the sea of humanity. I simply give you my opinion, and I, and I alone, am accountable to my God for this.

We will consider first what sin is; then from whence it came, and next to what it will lead. Some tell you sin is a child of the devil, which comes in consequence of the apostasy of Adam. We do not believe it—we have no faith in it. We know it to be false, and science will teach you it is false, if you will become acquainted with the highest law among you—the law of self.

Sin is of human origin—it does not belong to the spirit, although the spirit is almost always deformed in consequence of sin being incorporated in its growth. But it is not a child of the spirit, but belongs to the human. It comes by and through disobedience to the law of animal economy. If you do not want to disobey this law, you must understand it. You cannot escape punishment because you know not the law, but will receive it as though you transgressed wilfully. The first thing, then, is to understand the law of your being, the next to obey it. If sin has its origin in the human, how necessary is it that you should thrust it out of the human in the most natural way. Sin is handed down to you by reason of the disobedience to law. The child suffers in consequence of the sin of the parent, and indeed it goes down through a long line of generations. It shows itself in one generation in one form, and in another in a different form, but it is always clothed in sorrow, always giving you evil fruits. The cause is a non-understanding and non-conformity to the laws of the animal economy. Poor old Adam, if he ever existed, had no more to do with it than I have. The original sin came from an original trespass of law, and when you cease to disobey, you cease to sin and consequently to suffer. We have shown what the cause of sin is—let us proceed to show you in a more clear and definite way how you shall get rid of it.

In the first place let the sword of sound reason be laid at the foot of your matrimonial alliances. Instead of rushing heedlessly and willfully into the midst of hell, open your eyes in regard to these matrimonial alliances, and see to it that they are formed in wisdom. See to it that the Infinite God sanctions the alliance. If he does not, stand seceder. Give nothing to the world that is not better than yourself; let your children be wiser than you are; let their physical forms bear a higher alliance to God and perfection than yours do.

It may take generations to do this, and a vast amount of good judgment; but it can, and will, and shall be done.

When men complain of sin and sorrow and moral death how to get rid of it. Instead of praying to your God, and the God of the Universe to take sin from you, go to work in a natural and scientific way to get rid of it yourself. In the first place let no union be formed between a male and female that shall not give to the world a higher type of God than the past. Let the physical form be free from disease; let reason and judgment sit upon the throne, and the connection will be such as God will smile upon. You do not look at these things, but you are very anxious to give a something better than your neighbor as regards the brute creation. You are anxious to elevate and beautify your horses, your stock, your cattle. The beasts of the field you look after, but the human form you let take care of itself—in other words, you let the devil take care of it, and sow the seeds of sin in your souls.

The physiology of sin! What a vast problem to solve, and yet it comes within the sphere of every one's comprehension, that is possessed of sound reason. If you sow a seed, and it is imperfect, it produces a diseased fruit, and all who come in contact with it are contaminated by it. You, and those who have passed over the sea of time before you, have given rude products of the animal man.

The spirit of man, his soul, suffers in consequence of imperfect forms. The soul of the drunkard suffers in consequence of the sins of the animal form, and such an one may live for ages in suffering, by and through the diseases taken to the spirit through a diseased physical form. Sin never comes through the spirit—it comes through the physical. Seek to elevate it, and hell shall lose her subjects. Instead of your being thronged and obsessed by spirits of the dead, they shall come to you living lights, giving you the glorious perfection of their living lights.

Your theological teachers are constantly telling you how you may be saved; constantly telling you of a hell, and how to avoid it. But if you bring your reason to bear upon their teachings, you can see they do not know the first letter of the alphabet of salvation. They tell you sin comes from the spirit or disobedience of the laws of God, allied to the spiritual. They are beginning at the wrong end. Sin comes from a disobedience to the laws of God as pertaining to the physical. See to it, then, that your children are brought forth with perfect forms.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." This is well if you understand it. But who is God? Your minister? Your magistrate? We say not, but the highest reasoning faculty in the individual. Man is capable of becoming elevated to the highest pinnacle of glory; instead of this we find him a dwarf, morally and physically. Now in God's name, seek to elevate the physical form of man, and you will find in a few generations that sin will pass from your midst; your bodies will know little of disease. Your spirits will be capable of reaching out into the far distant future, and holding communion with God at all times, but never capable of sinking into a moral or physical hell.

I have sometimes wondered that men and women were so careless in regard to the question before us. Instead of sowing seeds of honor and glory, to spring up to the glory of the Great Author of Life, they sow those which spring up in dishonor. Oh, why is it that men are so blind to their own interests? It is because they have never understood themselves or sin; never taken the first look at the reality of things. They have ever been seeking to elevate all things beneath them, but the human family is left to the care of the devil; and he sanctions nine tenths of our marriages. And he goes further; he gives you inharmonious products. They go about with sin wrapped about them as a mantle, and the light of God's truth can hardly penetrate it.

In God's name, before I leave this mortal organism, let me beg of you to take the first look at the subject; and I think the first look will beget the second, and I cannot think you will let the subject die upon your hands, when a careful understanding of it will beget so mighty consequences. Jan. 16.

John Coffin. I do not know how all spirits feel when they come to this place; but I confess I am at a loss what to say. I have been requested to come here. It seems to me it would be full as well for our friends to take us home, and let us commune there. If it is not convenient, I for one am willing to do what is best

for the friends on earth. I do not object to coming here; but I should like to be received at the home circle.

My name was John Coffin. I hailed from New Bedford, and followed the sea. I think I could answer the questions put to me; but it does not seem to be exactly right to answer them here. I think the friends have overlooked some important points; however, if they will give me to understand that they have not overlooked them, I will come here and answer them. The questions asked me were of a domestic nature. I do not think the parties they concern will be well pleased to have the matter discussed in public. I will let the matter rest here until I hear from those friends.

I died at New Bedford. I suppose my disease was fever; my age was fifty-two. I have been dead just about nine years. Dead! That word do not seem to be just the thing to use, for I am not dead, but it is the one most commonly in use.

Say to my friends I will come again if I do not obtain a private interview. Jan. 10.

Josiah Murdoch. Skipper, is this the shipping office? I know not what I started for; but I do not know what I am here for.

I have got a mother and sister round here, and I want to let them know I am dead. They do not know it, I think. Oh, no; how should they? I have been dead only a fortnight. I want to tell them how I died; but I am not used to talking in this way. I shipped for a run down to the Sandwich Islands, from San Francisco.

In the first place, in Liverpool, I wrote home to the folks that I was to sail next day for San Francisco. I meant to write them at San Francisco, but I did not get a chance, owing to sickness there, and I did not get over being sick until after I got to Honolulu. I suppose I took a bit too much liquor, and it went to my head; but I do not think it was the fall I got that killed me. I was weak and sick, and the drop I took got into my head; I did not get drunk. I do not think the folks have heard of it.

I know of this coming back five or six years ago, and I thought it would be capital to come here and let them know of my death.

My name was Josiah Murdoch. I was born in Bangor, but didn't live there. My folks are now living in Phillips, Maine, and there is where I started from. I have been dead about a fortnight. I was hard up to twenty-five. I have been to sea since I was sixteen years old. I did get to be second mate once, but I was promoted by the death of the second mate. I didn't care to be second officer, for he has the hardest work on board ship. If anything is wrong, it is thrown on to him. If I could jump over that for the first officer's berth I'd have liked it. I suppose my things will be sent home. I was on board the bark Almira. I took her at Liverpool. The captain's name was Higgins.

There are many other things I'd like to say, but not here. My mother's name is Nancy, and my sister's name is Lucy Maria. I expect they are in Phillips—they were when I heard of them last. It is hard up to two years and three months since I left home. I shipped first in New York for Calcutta.

I've got some folks down here at Hyannis, Cape Cod, by the same name as mine. They may stand a better chance to hear from me than my mother or sister.

I don't want the folks to think that rum was the cause of my death. I know that rum might have been the cause of the fall, and that might have hastened my death; but I think I should have died if it had not been for that, for I was not over my sickness.

Do you know Taylor, the shipping master here? I should like to see him. He came from Bangor. Jan. 10.

Betsey Howins. My grand children have expressed a desire to hear from some one of their friends in the spirit-world. I thought I might do as well as any one. I am Betsey Howins, of Sharon, Mass. If I knew the exact wants of the dear children, I would do all in my power to give them all they ask for; but I do not know what it is right for me to give.

I know they desire to ascertain the right method of worshipping God. I tell them to worship him according to the dictates of each heart. That is the only true method. You may seek to find a true method of worship in the church, but you will not find a system. Eighty odd years' experience I had, but I did not get the true lesson until I had laid aside my body. Then I learned that I had worshipped for naught. They are stumbling over the same blocks. They have said, if some intelligence would come and tell in regard to that they are thinking of, they would believe. Perhaps they desire some nearer of kin than I to come; but I happen to be the only one who can come to them at this time, and I hope they will thank God for this blessing, and open their eyes that they may see his love. Jan. 11.

Richard Crowninshield. At a certain house on the Fifth Avenue, New York, there is a document that I claim to have written. The occupant of the house will tell you it was found on the dining room table, one Thursday morning, about one month ago. The occupants of this house are not believers in the modern Spiritual theory; but for reasons best known to themselves and to a party of spirits, this document was given them. They understand it; but they claim it must have been put there by some one in mortal. Nevertheless, they are generous enough to inform us if we will come to this place and give the name attached to this document, they will believe it originated outside of mortality. I placed the name there by means of a pencil I found on the mantel opposite the table. I placed both document and pencil on the table, and they were found there the next morning. The name attached to the document was Richard Crowninshield.

The State of Massachusetts has thrown an uncomely garment on our pathway and over our name. I bear the State no malice, but think it would be well for the people to look with a little more discretion, and act with more honor in regard to their public institutions.

I will add, if the family desire to open correspondence—free correspondence—with their unknown friends, they can do so by simply signifying their desire in secret, and we will come here and answer such call at any time. If they desire me to give the contents of that document, I can do so. Jan. 10.

The Old Melodeon. Our readers who attended the Spiritual meetings in Boston three or four years ago, when they were held in the old Melodeon—which has since given place to a beautiful edifice which bears the same old name around which so many recollections cluster—will appreciate the following paragraph, from a sermon preached by Theodore Parker on his society's leaving the Melodeon to hold their future meetings in Music Hall, in November, 1852:

"We must bid farewell to these old walls. They have not been very comfortable. All the elements have been hostile. The winter's cold has chilled us; the summer's heat has burned us; the air has often been poisoned with contaminations, a whole week in collecting; and the element of earth, the dirt, that was everywhere. As I have stood here, I have often seen the spangles of opera dancers, who beguiled the time the night before, lying on the floor beside me; and have picked them up in imagination, and woven them into my sermon and psalm and prayer. The associations commonly connected with this hall have not been of the most agreeable character. Dancing monkeys, and Ethiopian Serenaders' making vulgar merriment out of the ignorance and the wretchedness of the American slave, have occupied this spot during the week, and left their marks, their instruments, and their breath, behind them on the Sunday. Could we complain of such things? I have thought we were very well provided for, and have given God thanks for these old, but spacious walls. The early Christians worshipped in caverns of the ground. In the tombs of dead men did the only life religion find its dwelling place at Rome. The star of Christianity's first dwelling still over a stable!" These old walls will always be

Dear and sacred to me. Even the weather-stains thereon are to me more sacred than the pictures which the genius of Angelo painted in the Sistine Chapel, or those with which Raphael adorned the Vatican. As to me they are associated with some of the holiest aspirations and devoutest hours of my mortal life, and with the faces which welcomed every noble word I ever learned to speak.

Well, we must bid them farewell. Yonder clock will no more remind me how long I have trespassed on your patience, when your faces tell no such tale. We will bid these old walls, these dusty lights, farewell."

Written for the Banner of Light. INVOCATION TO THE STARS. BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Tell me, ye brilliant gems above, The language of thy spheres; Tell me the measure of thy time, And if ye count by years? Thy pathway is a hallowed glow, Thy lustre all divine, Marked by the hand of Deity, With an unvaried line.

Tell me, ye Planets, Stars and all, How came ye thus to be? Know'st thou the cause that brought thee forth, In wondrous mystery! Humbly with reverence I gaze Upon thy starry throng, And feel within my soul the stir Of gratitude's deep song.

Tell me, ye quenchless orbs afar, Whose scintillating rays Despeak thy Maker's holy care— And yield him silent praise— Tell me if Death hath ever been Upon thy sparkling shore? Answer me, sacred realms of light, And I will ask no more.

Prophecy, Destiny, Theism, Immortality, and Right, in a Nutsell.

If there is such a thing in the economy of the Universe as reliable prophecy, prediction based upon actual foreknowledge, there must obviously be a pre-established order of affairs. To illustrate this, it is only necessary to allude to the doctrine of eclipses, and other astronomical phenomena, to the regular succession of the seasons, tides and periodical winds, and even to the constant alternation of night and day. So accurate are the periodical revolutions of the earth and moon, so exactly do they annually complete their circuits, that a lunar or a solar eclipse which transpired ten thousand years ago and one which will transpire ten thousand years hence, may be computed with precision. Were there no systematic arrangement of the planets, and no regular law governing their motions, all computations of their places and phenomena would be vain, unreliable. So with everything belonging to the constitution of the Universe; and what item, however trivial or momentous, does not? Were no limit prescribed to the life of a tree, animal, or man, they might continue forever; and so choke the space on the globe, that the succession of generations would soon become stagnated for want of room to occupy. The present moving panorama of nature would be clamped, solidified, stationary as the lifeless forms in subterranean Heroulineum and Pompeii.

Now, as none of these objects, animate or inanimate, could produce themselves, or limit their own duration, or extend it, any more than they could, before their advent, vote themselves to belong to different departments of Nature from those they actually first appeared in, a man to become a tree, or a tree to be an animal—some other power must have placed them here, and surrounded them with the conditions they observe on all sides. They are stationed at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean, as the halibut is upon the bottom of the sea, and they cannot float away up on the tenuous summit or surface of that ocean while the dense air is necessary for respiration, and the law of gravitation chains them to the earth. This creative power must be intelligent, if that principle is intelligent whereby we recognize the prescribed conditions of our existence and welfare; for ours is derived from that, as water from a fountain. It cannot be otherwise than homogeneous.

When therefore we come to the prophetic dictum of a dream, like that of the Lydian Croesus or the Egyptian Pharaoh, or the broad awake prediction of Oliver Evans respecting the railway cars, and that of Fulton concerning the steamboat, or even the sagacious prophecies of Swedenborg the mystic, and Humboldt the materialist, touching the time of their own demise, and perceive all these, as specimens of many others in the world, accurately verified, we cannot but suspect at least that these events had been pre-established to take place in an regular order and as certainly as the calculated eclipse.

There may be many obstacles to the belief that every human action and thought are moulded, and thrust upon man to perform and entertain, reject, or utter, without his conscious knowledge that they are thus imposed upon him; that every individual of his race must die at some particular age, proscribed by nature, though we may know not when, until the individual is dead, and the fact itself notifies us, and identifies itself as the very criterion whereof we were before ignorant, however much we may be astonished at the notification, and however difficult we may find the task to reconcile it with the standard of our reason or judgment—which, by the way, we detect in so many blunders as to convince us that, for its evident lack of perfect adaptation to this sphere, as all other physical appearances are, for its expanding dimensions or progressive capacity as opposed to the rigidly-stationary instinct of matter, plant and animal, it must belong to another and wider sphere, as the eyes of the fetus and the web-foot of the unatched duck indicate their destination to a broader theatre than the womb or the egg; yet, there are many more obstacles in the way of a denial of the fact, and these obstacles are more obstinate in removal than the others.

Thus may we be warranted to conclude not only that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul," but to declare

"All chance, direction which we cannot see, All discord harmony not understood, All partial evil, universal good."

"This reminds us of that significant passage, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.'" (Matt. xxiv., 36.)

One of the strangest phenomena in nature has recently developed itself near the Horse Lake, Polk County, Wisconsin. Flames of fire came up

Written for the Banner of Light. AOROSTO.

Aspire to lead a true harmonious life— Strive to advance in all that's good and pure— Press on! press on! through Error's darksome strife Into that state where angels dwell secure.

which may be entrusted to me, either orally or by letter, will be deemed strictly confidential, and, as such, will be kept inviolate. It is hardly necessary, yet, lest there should be any misunderstanding about it, I will here state that I make no pecuniary charges for my time and labor, either in conversing with or in writing to those who desire to commune with me upon the subjects referred to, or upon any other. It will be expected, however, that those who address me by letter, besides paying the postage on their own letters, will each enclose a three cent stamp to pay the postage on the reply, if a reply is desired.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FRIENDS AND CO-LABORERS.—Spiritualism in the United States has, in the main, completed its first work; it has demonstrated the fact that there is an existence after the present. The general mind, in this country, after a somewhat protracted struggle, has at last yielded, and become negative to and consequently receptive of this fact. The primary labor of the interior, to make us negative to, and receptive of, the fundamental truth that there are invisible intelligences who are somehow related to us, has prepared us for the investigation, and for the final acceptance or rejection of the interior operators in the next capacity in which they will present themselves to us—that is, not merely as demonstrators of fact, nor even as teachers of theories or systems, but as cultivators of humanity. This ultimate work of the interior has already dawned upon us. Here and there, scattered all over the United States, are to be found many minds who feel the shadows of coming events; and while some are totally ignorant of their meaning, and unconcerned as to the future results, others are appalled by the faint glimpses which they get of terrible things that threaten to trample in the dust all the most approved methods and systems and morals of the age in which we live; and others, again, rejoice at the sight of the advancing shadows, which, to them, are assurances that the interior operators have undertaken the purification and regeneration of man according to their own methods and systems. The work of the angel-world is the regeneration of man—the maturing of man's divine nature. Toward this result all their future labors, in this country, at least, will soon be more obviously directed; and for this, all that they have already accomplished has been merely preparatory and initiatory. This ultimate work of spirits will, as I have said, be accomplished by methods and systems which are peculiarly their own—differing radically from those of our sphere, and destined to supersede all those opinions and practices, systems and methods, which, overlooking the divine nature in man, have reference to his human nature only.

Some ten years ago I became first a seer and then a subject of a power calling itself spirits. After a close and thorough study of it, I felt fully convinced that it was just what it professed to be. Giving up, therefore, all my timidity and my fears, I became a constant and unreserved co-operator with it.

Spirits are cultivators of humanity. Their system of cultivation is based upon the laws of growth. There can be no growth without favorable conditions and suitable elements; therefore, we observe that spirits interfere with the surroundings of mediums, and of all those whom they can influence either directly or indirectly. Old associations are broken up, and new ones are established; old habits are arrested, and new ones encouraged; dead forms are made to give way to others more vitalizing; slumbering passions, feelings, emotions and affections are awakened and called upon to fill their mission in the onward march of life; the creeds and faiths and formulas that bind the aspirations of humanity are taken from them; the living are severed from the dead and the dying; and thus life is really made a living thing, filling its mission, and moving steadily into a higher form of life. This is the kind of work which is now going on in the ranks of Spiritualism—silently so far as the public is concerned, yet none the less surely. But, although the work is, to a great extent, still and noiseless, yet it is a work which generally causes a terrible internal agitation and commotion, accompanied with agony and suffering which seem almost beyond endurance; and not until the subjects of this species of discipline have passed through this refining process—this process of purification and regeneration—and have at last found peace and rest from all agitation in the supremacy of the divinity over the humanity of their natures, do they feel fully assured that they have been in the hands, not of demons, but of angelic saviors.

The histories of many such experiences have been communicated to me by the parties themselves who have passed through them. I myself have been taken through a severe discipline. I am also aware that mediums have experiences which they divulge to no living soul; I am aware, too, that many have refused to be mediums any longer, because such strange and trying experiences were brought upon them; and I am, moreover, satisfied that there are many, now, scattered all over the country, who are going through the severe discipline of spirit culture, and who hardly dare trust either themselves, or their guardian spirits, to lead them any further along the dark and untrodden path upon which they seem blindly wandering. All such need strength and encouragement, and therefore I am made to say to them: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavily laden, and if rest is given me for you, I will freely and willingly be a servant to the interior in your behalf."

As my labors are mainly directed to the mortal ripening of the outer man, and to the cultivation of man's inner or divine nature, I take this method of inviting all mediums, and all others who have had, or are having experiences of the character referred to, to meet me in any of the places which I may hereafter visit, in order that we may converse together freely in relation to those experiences. Those who live in other parts of the United States, or who, from any other cause, cannot visit me, and who, nevertheless, desire to commune with me in reference to the peculiar spiritual discipline which they have undergone, or are undergoing, are earnestly requested to write to me, giving me an account of such discipline, or of those parts of it which wish me to explain; and I will most cheerfully answer their letters, giving them the benefit of the results of my own experience and observation, so far as they will apply to themselves; and, moreover, giving them such other information, strength and encouragement, as may be given me, for them, by the angel world. I would further remark, that the private histories

BALTIMORE, MD.

No doubt many of your readers would like to know the progress and prospects of our gospel in this border city of the Slave States, and during the great political crisis which rocks our whole country like an earthquake, and which has already shaken off the credit and confidence, in several of the Gulf States, Baltimore is at this time under the best municipal discipline and police regulations of any large city I have ever visited in our nation, being the exact opposite of what it was on my first visit to the city. Persons and property here are safe in the streets night and day, and riots are as rare as snow-storms within the tropics. It is fortunate for the city that this was accomplished before the present crisis, otherwise this city and State would have been precipitated into the ditch of secession, and the noble Governor (Hicks) would not have been able to save his State, as now, from disgrace or destruction. It is evident, from both public and private expressions here, that there is much Southern feeling, and some sympathy with the Gulf States, but very little with their hasty action in secession. Maryland will no doubt require Constitutional guarantees, and concessional securities from the north, and then she will be found as true and loyal to the Union as any State in the confederacy, and as prompt as any in enforcing obedience to national law, both South and North. Eminent conservative, she has thus far certainly acted wisely, by holding herself aloof from the seceding movement, waiting to see if concession and compromise cannot settle the strife.

In the midst of this agitating and all-absorbing subject, my meetings are largely attended, both when I speak on the state of the Union, or on our philosophy, which I contend would in one settle our troubles by inducing every one to do as he or she would be done by, the first step toward which would be to treat each other with gentlemanly courtesy and kindness, and to reason with each other on all questions of controversy, but never resort to fighting to settle them. The candor and intelligence of the large audiences that assemble at my meetings, give me assurances that our philosophy is doing its work faithfully, and already calming the feelings, warming the hearts, and fraternizing the affections of those who partake of it. Our worthy brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Danskin, have done, and are doing a great work in this city and in our cause; both of them mediums—each superior in the sphere of each, and not alike, and yet as near one in soul and sentiment as two forms can be, they ever work mutually to the same great end. Several other good mediums are also busy in the field here, and doing good work; and many circles are organized, and every evening is marked by from one to ten circles in different parts of the city. The pulpit and the press stand aloof; but the people are seeking and finding that "the kingdom of heaven (spirit-world) is at hand." More earnest and honest inquirers after the truth on this subject I have not found anywhere than in Baltimore. Brother Foster has done a good work here in his labors for October, and I am glad there is an effort making to secure his services again soon. It is a ripe field for the strong, earnest, true and devoted speakers or mediums, but poor soil for fanatics or gossipping rivals.

Jan. 14, 1861. WARREN CHASE.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing hours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb., and 4 Sundays in March. Cambridgeport, 4 Sundays in Feb., 4 do in May. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Mrs. L. E. A. DEFORCE will lecture at Cleveland, Ohio, during the month of February—address care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; at La Crosse, Wis., in March; at Decatur, Ga., in April; at New Haven, Conn., in May; at Providence, R. I., in July; Quincy, Mass., Aug. 4th, 11th and 18th; Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 25th, and Sept. 1st; Putnam, Conn., Sep. 8th and 15th; Concord, N. H., Sept. 22nd and 29th; Portland, Me., in Oct. Applications for week evening lectures, addressed as above, will be received.

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak in Cambridgeport, first Sunday in Feb.; at Willimantic, Conn., second and third Sundays in Feb.; at New Haven, first and second Sundays in April. She will travel in the West next season, commencing at Oswego, N. Y., first Sunday in August, and is now making engagements for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be included in the route will please write as soon as convenient.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture the two first Sundays in February in Brookfield, Ill., the two last at Detroit, Wisconsin; the five Sundays of March at Elkhart, Ind.; the two first Sundays of April at Battle Creek, Mich.; the two last at Toledo, O.; the four Sundays of May at Detroit, Mich.; the five Sundays of June at Oswego, N. Y. Address, through July, at Seymour, Conn. Applications from the east should be addressed as above.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks in Terre Haute, Ia., Feb. 3d, 10th, 17th, and 24th; Evansville, Ia., March 3d and 10th; Atchita, Ia., March 17th and 24th; Rensselaer, Ia., March 31st; Atchita, Ia., April 7th and 14th; Sturgis, Mich., April 11th and 18th; Adrian, Mich., May 5th and 12th; Toledo, O., May 10th and 17th; Detroit, Mich., five Sundays of June; Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. Address accordingly.

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in February in Chicago, (care of Russell Green, Esp. Chicago) Post Office address, care of H. A. Marsh, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. For the ensuing year Mrs. Hardinge will lecture in the east.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBER will lecture first two Sundays in March in Putnam, Ct., and the third and fourth in Cambridgeport, Mass.; the last Sunday in March and first two Sundays in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me. She has no engagements for February.

Mrs. LEZZIE DORR will speak first Sunday in Feb. in Plymouth, Mass. in Cambridgeport, and the two last in Boston; the five Sundays in March, in Providence; last two in April, in Willimantic, Ct.; four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

third Sunday at Myrtle, Conn.; fourth Sunday at Westbury, N. Y.—also as above in March. H. D. BRONAN will lecture four Sundays in Feb., at Bangor, Me., and vicinity; through March, at Putnam, Ct., and the first two Sundays of April at Providence, R. I. On three occasions of each week, at towns in the vicinity of the above places.

Mrs. F. O. HYREN will lecture in February and March, in Western New York; during Jan., in Cleveland, Ohio; through April, in Vermont; during May, in Lowell, Mass.; during June, in Providence, R. I.; in Quincy, Mass. Address through April, Spencerport, N. Y.

Mrs. S. E. WARNER will lecture in February in Lyons, Mich. Those who wish her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the towns named above, or care of Mrs. J. H. G. Weston, 107 North Main street, Boston.

Prof. J. E. GUNNELL starts for the West, Jan. 21, 1861 to lecture on the subjects of Phrenology, Psychology, Magnetism and Clairvoyance. Will speak for the brethren on route.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. She will return to the east in April. Applications for evenings should be made early. Address Box 315, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Prof. Wm. DAILEY POTTER will attend to all calls to give lectures (without charge), on or within ten miles of the railroad from Hudson, N. Y., or Worcester, Mass., that may be received at Hudson before Feb. 15th.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, trance speaker, will lecture in Willimantic, Conn., Feb. 28; in Berlin, Mass., March 3d; in Portsmouth, N. H., March 17th and 24th. Post Office address, Lowell, Mass.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Philadelphia, four Sundays of Feb. in Oswego, N. Y., five Sundays of March. May be addressed as above. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, trance speaker, of Livermore Falls, Me., will speak in Quincy, Mass., first two Sundays in Feb., in Lowell, Mass., the third Sunday in Feb., in Cambridgeport, Me. He will also lecture in New York City. Geo. W. BROWN, will receive calls to lecture, addressed "Split Guardian," Bangor, Me.

FOR BOTH SEXES, entitled, "The Medical Companion," prepared by an experienced Physician of this city. It contains, first, a complete general; second, of Diseases of the Sexual System; both sexes; their symptoms and remedies; third, the Abuse of the Reproductive Organs, and an exposure of advertising quacks. Sold by W. V. SPENCER, Bookeller and Stationer, No. 94 Washington street. Price, 25 cents. Free stamps extra, if sent by mail.

Mrs. J. M. FORESTER, of Providence, R. I., Independent Clairvoyant, Healing, Sealing, Test and Developing Medium, has engaged rooms at No. 8 Emerald street—a few doors from Castle street, Boston, where she will sit for the cure of diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains relieved by Spiritual power. Will also cure Spinal diseases and Liver complaints. Contracted limbs, Nervous prostration, Neuralgia and Nervous headache cured. Rheumatism, Gout, Scurvy, Scalding eruptions skilfully performed. Terms—For prescription and advice where the case is stated, \$1; Clairvoyant examination from letter, \$2. Prescription and advice sent by letter to any address. All remittances to be made to Mrs. J. M. FORESTER, 94 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. A. O. LATHAM, of New York, Physician and Medium, Clairvoyant Examinations and Communications, Healing and Prophecy, Descriptions of Development, Spiritual Surroundings, Prospects, etc. Her power to relieve distress and cure disease is well tested. All diseases treated with magnetism and light natural remedies. Be sure and avail yourself of her peculiar talent to see those things which is for your good and happiness to know. Terms of treatment, by personal or interview, \$1. No. 14 Oliver Place, leading from Essex street, Boston, Jan. 5.

NOTICE.—Prof. A. H. HUSE, the Prophetic Medium, may be found at his residence, No. 12 Osborn Place, leading from Essex street, Boston, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 155 Court street, Boston, Mass.

PUBLIC ORacles.—There will be Oracles held by Mrs. M. LULL and Mrs. S. J. YOON, Healing, Developing and Test Mediums, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, at 7 1/2 o'clock, at No. 25 Becho street. Admittance 25 cents. Mrs. Lull and Mrs. Yoon will attend to those who may desire their services for healing and communications, every day from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms for sittings, \$1 per hour. Nov. 17.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.—By Mrs. M. LULL and Mrs. S. J. YOON, Test and Developing Mediums, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 155 Court street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 3.

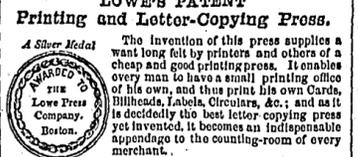
Mrs. E. K. LITTLE, Test Medium and Medical Clairvoyant, will sit at No. 35 Beach street, two doors from Albany street, Boston, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms for sittings, \$1 per hour. Written examinations, by mail, \$2. Nov. 17.

Mrs. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tupper) Clairvoyant Physician, 49 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, \$1 each. 3m Nov. 17.

SAMUEL H. PAIST, a blind Medium, having been developed as a Healing and Clairvoyant Medium, is prepared to examine and cure all kinds of disease. Address for the present, 634 Race street, Philadelphia. Nov. 17.

Mrs. L. F. HYDE, Writing, Trance and Test Medium, will be found at 48 Wall street, Boston. August 23.

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And quoted odes, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time, Sparkle forever.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She rose from her delicious sleep And put away her soft brown hair, And in a tone as low and deep...

THE UNION AS IT IS.

And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.—Job xxxvii: 21. A dark cloud of sorrow hath spread o'er the nation.

VOICES FROM THE SOUTH.

The world is rife with nobles thought That trembles on the tongue; The world is full of melody Unwritten and unsung.

THE FUNNY TYPES.

Prentice says machinery, like kings and thieves, sometimes travels around. "Why, is n't my shirt clean?" quoth one Bohemian to another.

MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE ON SECESSION, BY ANDREW JACKSON.

Delivered at Dodsworth's Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 20, 1861.—CORA L. V. HATCH, Medium.

Ladies and gentlemen, friends, brothers, patriots—I address you this evening in behalf of my country and of yours. A government which has its foundation in the highest inspiration and the holiest ordinances of heaven, is, I am told, about to be destroyed.

It will be remembered that my administration was always characterized by justice and a firm consciousness of right, that nothing could ever move me from my principles of right, nor from the strict tenor and text of the Constitution, which I believed to be founded in right.

When the Constitution of your United States was formed, and sought to be ratified by the various States which then composed the Colonies—afterward called the United States of America—there existed precisely the same elements, and many more subjects of diverse opinion and controversy than now.

And those of you who are at all familiar with the political history of that time, are very well aware that the question that is now the hobby and the bone of contention among your politicians, was as formidable then as now.

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, what a struggle I had to maintain the fidelity of this government; and those who condemned me for that act, might now thank me for their prosperity, peace and happiness.

rebellion and treason, and made that unruled child acknowledge her allegiance to the General Government, I at the same time removed the cause of her complaint.

He then goes into an elaborate argument in reference to the course pursued with the United States Bank, to show that the overthrow of that institution has injured to the public good.

South Carolina has no more right to separate herself from the Union because the States of the North have performed acts that are not in accordance with her wishes or interests, than has one member of a family because another does a wrong act, to deny the parental authority.

Why does she seek to establish such a financial resource as will enable her successfully to carry out her projected scheme of Individual Sovereignty? She cannot do it; it is impossible; and all this bullying and threatening is simply an attempt to upset and overthrow the Federal Government.

I would say to you of the North, repeal those acts which are wrong and unconstitutional. The nation requires it. Your government requires it; the children that are coming forth to represent your government, require it; all your future welfare and glory among men, require it.

Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 22, 1861.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 22, 1861.

DR. HALLOCK in the chair. DR. YOUNG.—Human Rights, as I have before said, are human things and needs—are those elements of domestic, social and spiritual growth, to be deprived of which, dwarfs both the body and the spirit of man.

DR. HALLOCK.—Our object is to get at the genuine foundation of human rights, as well as to define what they are. The proper business of the age is to translate the precepts into principles. A truth, when presented to the mind in the form of a precept, never gratifies or benefits it.

DR. YOUNG.—The Spiritual Theory concerning Human Rights. DR. HALLOCK in the chair. DR. YOUNG.—Human Rights, as I have before said, are human things and needs—are those elements of domestic, social and spiritual growth, to be deprived of which, dwarfs both the body and the spirit of man.

rights, as a Spiritualist 's, to use the powers given to man, to obtain every where human rights, and every where to know both that I may do as I may do, and that I may do as I may do.

J. K. INGALLS.—The question is a very broad one. It comprehends the relation of human rights to the great principles of Spiritualism, and if we mean by Spiritualism that system which aims to throw light on all the relations of the human spirit, then it must include a theory of human rights which will enable us to see and understand what human rights are—what human spirits are entitled to.

DR. GOUIN.—It seems to be considered that whatever has a right to be. This is plausible; but, as a materialistic standpoint. We do not say, nor does nature, that everything which exists has a right to continue its existence.

DR. HALLOCK.—Our object is to get at the genuine foundation of human rights, as well as to define what they are. The proper business of the age is to translate the precepts into principles. A truth, when presented to the mind in the form of a precept, never gratifies or benefits it.

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the preceding, as man, in the scale of being, outranks vegetables and brutes. In his efforts, it is necessary to know both that I may do as I may do, and that I may do as I may do.

DR. WEALES.—Every man, in so far as he lives out himself, is perfect, and therefore I do not think that man is lost, so that we have to get out of ourselves to be with God, but that man is most with God when most himself.

DR. GRAY, after some remarks, offered a subject for the next meeting of the Conference—whichever, after some discussion, was adopted, as follows:—

Written for the Banner of Light. HEAVEN. BY JOANNA GRANT.

The Heavenly city is not far away From those who truly work and truly pray; Its crystal ramparts like a fortress rise.

LECTURERS. H. B. STORER will speak in Bangor, Me., and vicinity, during February; first two Sundays in March in Portland, Me.; three last in Putnam, Conn.; first two of April in Providence, R. I., and during the month of May in Oswego, N. Y.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. All Spiritual Lecturers, Mediums, Believers and Inquirers are hereby cordially invited to attend a Convention to be held in the Universalist Church, Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 8th, 9th and 10th, 1861.

PEN-YAN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. There will be a meeting of Spiritualists in Pen-Yan, Yates county, New York, on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of Feb., 1861, which all speakers and friends of Progress are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. ALLEGANY HALL, BURESTON PLACE, DORCHESTER.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2:30, and at 7:15 o'clock in the evening.

PROVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers in this city.—Mrs. A. M. Spence in February; Miss Lizzie Doten in March; H. B. Storer, two first, and Warren Chase two last Sundays in April; Miss Emma Harding in June; Mrs. F. O. Hizer in June; Laura E. DeForce in July.