

the boy! And now the poor misguided creature must act so! I never would have thought that so much trouble would visit me in my old age."

Herr Breitenbach was silent awhile; then a deep

flush stole over his face and his eye flamed. With deep indignation he thought of the unworthy Ulrich; and he rose from his seat, clenched his hand, and cried:

"Martin, he was a wretch! a hypocrite! a liar! a thief and a deceiver! He was an ungrateful serpent that fostered at our hearthstone! I now tear his idea from my heart and my memory; and never, while I live, shall his name be mentioned! He silent, Martin; I will not curse him; but he is as dead to my love and remembrance!"

"Oh, sir!" entreated Martin, and he lifted up his supplicating hands toward the master; "perhaps he is innocent; we may have unjustly condemned him. Shall we not at least listen to his defence?"

"He is guilty!" sternly replied Herr Brettenbach; "all the witnesses are against him!"

"We have not his own testimony," said Martin; "Oh, sir, appearances deceive; how often have we experienced this in life!"

"But we have the certainty here as well as the appearances," replied the saddened master. "Not another word, Martin, or you incur my displeasure! I will never hear from him or of him again; never will I behold him! he is dead and buried for me unto all time!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a knock was heard at the door, which immediately after opened, and there entered hastily— But hold! we will not now explain who the new comer was, leaving our readers the pleasant task of guessing the problem, while we return to other scenes and persons of our story.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
COME TO ME, GUARDIANS.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Come to me, guardians,
With your love-light,
Open my eyelids with
Radiance bright:
Let it pierce through my brain
Into my heart,
Checking my waywardness
With wisdom-dart.

Come to me, guardians,
When I am sad;
Point me to happy times
Which I have had;
Push back the cloud of gloom
From my poor brow—
Yes, dear, dear guardians,
Come to me now!

Come to me, guardians,
When I am glad;
Come to me when the hours
No more are sad:
Come in your angelhood,
Come in your might,
Guide my weak steps from the
Pathways of night.

Come to me, guardians—
Step 'cross the shore,
'Tween earth and heaven-land,
With your love-love:
Read to my aching heart,
Draw me to thee—
Whether I'm gay or sad,
Come, come to me.

Boston, Oct. 2, 1861.

Notes by the Way.

Backed out from the spindles and looms of Lowell, and the cold walls and noisy pavements of Boston, I am, again, among the mountains whose rocky slopes, partially covered with dwarfed trees, furnish, at this season of deep autumn most magnificent scenery, in the varied foliage with every tinge and hue, from the fadeless evergreens, to the bright red sumac, the golden birch and the variegated maple. To me this is the most delightful season of the year, when nature is changing and disrobing her forests and plants for a winter of rest. It does correspond with age and declining years in us, which, to those who have lived natural lives, done their duties and fulfilled their missions, is over the most pleasant and hopeful, calm and serene; the season to which I have long been looking forward, as I often have in a busy summer day toward the evening shades of a gilding sunset. I feel it approaching in my system, and I welcome it as I near the meridian line of a century, and watch the autumn tinges on my hair and feel them in my eyes and nerves; but I know there is a spring nearer to me, when the death chill comes over the body, than there is to these trees, when the blasts of November strip them of foliage, and the silent tread of winter seals up the circulation.

This little village of Holderness, on the Concord and Montreal railroad, about forty miles from Concord, is planted, and grows, in a valley or grove between the hills, on a little stream which affords water power for making paper, weaving stockings, &c.; has about one thousand living souls cased and domiciled, a respectable share of which are insured in different societies against fire in the other world. Some, however, have let their insurance run out, and have not renewed, and some have resisted all entreaties to insure in this life against contingencies in the next.

Spiritualism has found its way in here, and is slowly enlightening the churches and the people, creeping over their hearts and feelings as autumn does over the forests, and coloring the outer expressions with the language and beauties of our philosophy, even when they are not aware of it. Everywhere I go, and especially in the country, I see and hear and feel the influence our teachings have produced on the people, and especially on the churches. Universalism and Unitarianism (except the colleges) are about ready to cast off the shells, spread their wings, and soar in a more ethereal element, breathe in an upper atmosphere, and converse with friends from the other homes. Even old orthodox begins to tremble and quake and crack, and it, too, must soon open and let out its millions to the sunshine of a higher life.

WARREN CHASE.

Holderness, N. H., Oct. 3, 1861.

The types are the men-of-arms of the world's later and greatest generals, and when they receive the leader's command, their columns make the world's heart tremble with enthusiasm and beat time to their marches.

Some people care little for curious objects. If they had the apple that Eve tasted in Eden, the apple that revealed to Newton the law of gravitation, and the apple that Tell shot from his son's head, they would give them to the cooks to make dumplings.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT AUSTON HALL, BOSTON, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF THEODORE PARKER,
August 23, 1861.

BY CHARLES H. BRINARD.

It would be folly and presumption in me to attempt anything like an elaborate dissertation upon the character of Mr. Parker. To do this would tax the highest powers of any mind. One of his eulogists has truly said, "That friend praises him best who paints him just as he seemed. To depict him as he was must be the work of many men, and no single observer, however intimate, need attempt it!" I propose to give you a few personal reminiscences of Mr. Parker, whose acquaintance I first sought as a matter of pecuniary interest. I wished him to lend his countenance to an enterprise in which I had just embarked. Notwithstanding his great popularity, there was at that time no portrait of him in the market. He cheerfully accepted of my invitation to sit for his picture, and accompanied me to a gallery near the Old South Church, where we passed an hour, which was one of the shortest I ever knew. Mr. Parker was, as usual, in excellent spirits, and entertained me as I was never entertained before, with sketches of character, anecdotes of public men, and almost perfect imitations of some of the popular orators of the day. Such a genius for wit and humor I have rarely seen developed in any man, and I then thought that had he adopted the vocation of an actor, he would have stood at the very head of his profession.

Mr. Parker's magnetic influence over every sympathetic friend who came within his sphere was most wonderful. He had a power of fascination which but few men possess. It was my good fortune to visit him often in his study, and at such times I completely lost sight of the vast intellectual distance between him and myself.

The moment I entered his presence, all fear and all reserve were instantly banished. I saw, not the sage, not the philosopher, not the stern iconoclast, but the warm-hearted genial friend, who manifested the deepest interest in everything that for the moment interested me, and who seemed to throw around me the arms of his spirit, and lift me up until I could almost feel the throbbings of his mighty heart against my own! Those were golden moments, and I treasure them in my memory as amongst the happiest and most profitable of my life. I always left his presence with throbbing heart and quickly beating pulse, and as I hurried homeward, with rapid and elastic footsteps, my spirit refreshed by the benediction of his presence, I have sometimes thought I knew something of the emotions that filled the heart of the prophet.

"When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God."

For some months it was my privilege to listen to the sermons of Mr. Parker at Music Hall. The impression made on my mind by these sermons was so deep that I found it easy to report their outlines from memory, and, in some instances, to give literal quotations. Two of these sketches, from memory, I published in a weekly journal of this city, and as they have not, to my knowledge, been published elsewhere, a few extracts may not be uninteresting. These sermons were delivered in the fall of 1855. The first was "A Sermon of Social and Personal Integrity."

"Men," said Mr. Parker, "are honored more for their integrity than for their mental endowments. Webster, Everett and Choate are celebrated for their great oratorical powers, but the three Adamsses, Washington and Franklin, are beloved, the world over, for their unflinching integrity and their conscientious discharge of every public and private duty. Neither Washington nor Franklin were brilliant men, and neither were able to address an audience in those tones that find their way to the heart. Yet their integrity will be the theme of praise in after ages, when men, famous only for their eloquence, shall be forgotten."

Integrity is the finely chiseled statue of marble that survives the sacking of a city; but eloquence is like the chalk figures that ornament the floor of a ball-room, which, on the morning after the dance, are obliterated by the servants' mop and broom. Integrity is a noble mother, faithfully discharging all the duties she owes to her family and to society; but eloquence is the stage dancer, who, tricked out in all the dazzling array of gauze and tinsel, wins the cheap applause of the audience.

There is no condition in life in which the integrity of the soul may not be preserved! Even the broom of the street-sweeper may become a sceptre of his integrity, and with it he may make clean a pathway on which his soul shall travel to God!

The other discourse, delivered in October, 1855, was upon the "Religious Faculties."

"Formal worship," said the preacher, "is often mistaken for the natural service of God. The exercise of the religious emotions—shouting, praying and singing—is, at best, but a cheap enjoyment. In the name of religion, men make shipwreck of religion, when they cultivate this faculty by itself. Let no man deceive himself and mistake the disposition to verbal prayer for the whole of true piety. This devout disposition, attending meeting, partaking of the sacrament, and observing other rites and ceremonies, may be united with great immorality. When united with ignorance and dullness, man becomes a bigot, a devil-dance. A devout miser maintains all the forms of family worship, says grace before and after meat, yet cheats all day, lies in his shop, and devours widows' households. A man of this stamp was engaged in the African slave trade. He was in the habit of reading a sermon to his sailors every Sunday, yet he robbed hamlet after hamlet, and sold his captives into hopeless bondage in Cuba."

This devout disposition may also be united to great meanness. A Methodist preacher was once expatiating upon the advantages of Methodism, which he said was a cheap religion, as the preachers were paid from a general fund, thus rendering the tax upon individual members a very light one, whereupon a rich man, a great Methodist, arose and said this was a fact, for before he joined the Methodist church it cost him from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a year to support preaching, but now it only cost him twenty-five cents a year. "Then," said the preacher, "may God have mercy on your miserable, mean soul!"

A Calvinist, full of this devout disposition, believes in a devil who goes about seeking whom he may devour.

This devout disposition may be united with great cunning and shrewdness. It may also be united to great vanity and worldliness. Here is a woman full of formal worship which she delights in, yet her outward life is a Vanity Fair, and she would as soon give up her hope of heaven as the respectability of her worship. But her piety produces no holy aspirations. It is like the Arctic moon shining upon a field of ice, producing a glitter, but no warmth.

The devout sects of America are the most cruel. It is they who write "South Side Views of Slavery," who think it wicked to abolish capital punishment, and wicked to kill a man without prayer."

Whenever I heard Mr. Parker converse upon any subject in which he took a deep interest, it seemed to me that to that subject he had devoted the highest powers of his life. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with everything that had been written and published concerning it. During the early part of the year 1857,

• Higginson.

I met a gentleman who had passed several years of his life in the East Indian Archipelago, where he saw specimens of a race of men who seemed to be but connecting links between the human and the brute creation. When I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Parker, he was deeply interested, and requested me to bring the Oriental traveler to his residence. I did so, and then discovered that in addition to his other vast and varied attainments, he had become a perfect master of the science of Ethnology. How many works have been written on this subject! I have no means of knowing, yet I confidently believe that Mr. Parker knew the name and was familiar with the contents of every one that had ever been published in any language. This circumstance made a deep impression upon my mind, and when, a year afterwards, a friend, who during his travels in Oregon had visited an Indian burial place and brought away two skulls, sent me copies of them in photograph, I took them to Mr. Parker's study and laid them before him. I never before bestowed a gift that seemed to confer so much pleasure upon the recipient. He was perfectly delighted, and had I covered his desk with the choicest specimens of gold that ever came from the soil of California, I believe he would have deemed them worthless in comparison. He proposed making pencil copies of them for a friend in Germany, but I spared him the trouble by sending to Philadelphia for duplicate prints.

He, as you are all aware, was deeply interested in everything that related to humanity, and the lower the scale, the more intense his interest. He truly "condescended to men of low estate." Take him for all in all he was the most intense and grandly human being I ever knew.

Mr. Parker was eminently practical in all his tastes and pursuits; although keenly alive to the perception of beauty in all its forms. He seemed to have no veneration whatever for relics, save the Revolutionary firearms in his study, one of which did good service at the taking of Quebec, and afterwards at Lexington.

I once discovered at the house of a friend in a neighboring town, a large collection of manuscript letters, including several from George Whitefield, Isaac Watts, Cotton Mather, and many other celebrated characters. Thinking that these letters would interest Mr. Parker, I offered to borrow them for his entertainment, when he frankly told me that they would hardly repay him for the time he should expend in their perusal. A friend once read to him in his hearing a newspaper paragraph, stating that the pulpit from which John Wesley once preached was to be brought to America. "Yes," replied he, "and I presume it will be followed by the tub of the Dairymaid's daughter."

Some of his admirers and disciples were as practical as himself. I once met a rough looking man from the country, who wished to purchase a full set of his works. After he had completed his purchase, I endeavored to sell him a portrait of his favorite author, but found it hard to induce him even to look at it, and I doubt if he would have taken it away had I presented it to him. When I related this circumstance to Mr. Parker, he laughed heartily, and commended what he called the good taste of his admirer.

During the last interview I ever had with Mr. Parker, I requested him to make a contribution to an album which I kept for the autographs of friends of universal freedom. A few days before his departure for Europe it was returned to me with the following sentence, which is dated January 7, 1859, two days before he was attacked with that bleeding of the lungs which hastened his departure for Europe, and finally terminated his earthly career. It is probably one of the last things that he ever wrote on this side of the Atlantic.

"There is a God of infinite perfection, perfect wisdom, perfect justice and perfect love. The universe is the revelation of him—the world of matter is one part, the world of spirit the other; immanent in each he transcends both. True religion is service of him by the normal development, use and enjoyment of every limb of our body, and every faculty of our spirit. But all forms of religion among honest men are efforts to obtain the true—the child stumbles and babbles in learning to walk and speak."

The crowds that attended Mr. Parker's ministrations at Music Hall, formed but a small part of his congregation. From Maine to Louisiana, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the borders of the Pacific, his living words were borne as on the wings of the wind, and influenced more minds than those of almost any other American author. No matter how great the opposition to his views and sentiments upon religion, the popular reforms of the day, and his estimate of character—whatever he wrote, all earnest men and seekers after truth were obliged to read. His written words were almost as magnetic as the tones of his voice. A few years since I traveled through what are now sometimes called the "Confederate States of America." During a brief stay in Savannah, I visited the study of some Methodist clergymen, where I found a copy of "Ten Sermons of Religion," which was nearly worn out by constant use. I met many clergymen during my tour, scarcely one of whom omitted to make inquiries about Theodore Parker. Last winter as I sat one evening in my room in Kansas, I was visited by a man of giant frame, who, after conversing for a few minutes, discovered one of Mr. Parker's sermons lying upon my table. He halted the discovery with an exclamation of delight, and informed me that he had long been an admirer of Mr. Parker, and had read everything from his pen that he could procure. I need not tell you that this was an earnest and philanthropic man. He had traveled with an ox team from the southern part of Kansas, nearly two hundred miles, and in many instances through snow drifts ten feet in depth, to obtain food for his starving neighbors.

My friends, it will be many years before we shall find another to stand in the place of Theodore Parker. Now that he has passed from earth and entered upon a state of endless progression, the world begins to see how much it has lost. No man ever lived in Massachusetts, or in this broad expanse of country, to whose fearless and truthful utterances in all times of peril and excitement, the great mass of the people so attentively listened. There were times when it seemed to be his special province to give expression to the emotions of the great heart of the people. When the streets of Boston were full of armed men, and your Court House was surrounded by chains and guarded by cannon and bristling bayonets, lest a poor fugitive slave who had fled from the blood-hounds of the South to encounter the no less formidable and merciless hounds of Boston, should make his escape and enjoy the blessings of Freedom—Theodore Parker stood in Faneuil Hall, and spoke in denunciation of this new crime against humanity, until the old cradle of Liberty rocked, as it had never rocked before, since the days of the Revolution!

When Charles Sumner was stricken down by the hand of a cowardly assassin, and every gallant heart in Massachusetts was nearly crushed by the blow, Mr. Parker stood in his place in your hall and spoke what everybody felt, but what he alone had power to utter. He had coined the emotions of the public heart into words, which went forth all over the land upon wings of lightning. Upon all occasions he was ready to speak the needed word, and the people always heard him gladly. "As he sat in his library during his life-time, he was not only the awakener of a thousand intellects, but the centre of a thousand hearts."

Undismayed by fear, unterrified by threats, unworried by exertions that would have prostrated almost any other man, and reckless of his own life, even, he pursued the even tenor of his way, and boldly spoke

• Higginson.

the honest convictions of his heart, regardless of consequences. It was easy to pursue him with the cry of infidel, scold, and blasphemer; yet while some of his clerical defamers were counseling obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, and dragging the word of God into the service of Satan, he stood in a conference of Unitarian ministers and uttered such brave and noble words as these:

"For my own part, I would rather see my own house burnt to the ground, and my family thrown one by one amid the blazing rafters of my own roof, and I myself be thrown in last of all, rather than have a single slave sent back as Thomas Sims was sent back. Nay, I should rather see this Union dissolved till there was not a territory so large as the county of Suffolk. Let us lose everything but fidelity to God!" A man capable of uttering from the depths of his heart, such sentiments as these, could not be crushed by all the opposing influences that hatred and malignity could array against him. "He who unites himself to any great idea or truth which God has established, may be sure that he will go on conquering and to conquer, not by reason of any might or skill in himself, but because he is united to God and is a laborer together with him. The man that adopts any divinely appointed truth, no matter what the world thinks of it, rides in God's chariot, and has God for his charioteer. No man rides so high and in such good company as the man that allies himself to a truth that God loves and men hate."

I have sometimes thought that Mr. Parker might properly quote, as peculiarly applicable to his own case, these lines of Dr. Watts:

"Well, let them fight and rage and rave!
I can perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar."

Regardless of the opposing influences that surrounded him, he labored with earnestness and diligence to accomplish the work it seemed to be his special mission to perform, and gathered strength from opposition.

So stands the Lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, whose foundation is embedded in the solid rock! Amid the swelling waves and foaming billows of the Atlantic stands the structure of massive granite, as firm as the giant oak of the forest, whose deeply-rooted trunk has withstood the storms of a century. From every point of the compass come blasts that lash into fury the ocean, whose waters sometimes dash over it and menace it with utter destruction. Yet there it stands unshaken and unshakable; while from its lofty summit streams forth a brilliant light, whose rays extend far and wide over the surrounding waters, to cheer the heart of the wave-rocked mariner, to warn him of the dangers that threaten him, and guide him in safety to his destined port.

No one who ever listened to the voice of Mr. Parker when he poured forth his soul in prayer to the Great Father and Mother of us all, could doubt the sincerity and depth of his devotion. His devotional tendencies were, also, illustrated by the hymns he was accustomed to read at the Sunday services, in Music Hall. Who that heard him can ever forget the tenderness and pathos with which he read that beautiful hymn—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Or—
"While thou I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."
Or that noble hymn of Sir John Bowring—
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness—
Forgive its weakness."

These were his favorite hymns, which he read oftener than any others, and as he read them, his heart seemed to respond to every sentiment that fell from his lips.

Mr. Parker's life was measured by deeds, and not by years. It was therefore long, although he had scarcely reached the age of fifty, when, like a worn and weary sentinel, he laid his armor off, to rest in heaven.

In his death American literature has lost one of its brightest ornaments; Truth, Justice and Humanity, one of their ablest and bravest champions, and all who came within his social sphere an affectionate and devoted friend. He has exchanged earth for heaven;

"He has passed through golden portals
Upward to the blest immortals,
To behold the saints and sages
Who outshone their several ages."

He will be mourned with that love which speaks in the still, sad music of humanity, with that truthful tone to which the deepest sympathies of the heart alone can give perfect utterance. The flowers that bloom on his grave at Florence, will be watered by the tears of affection, and future generations will tread with honor and delight in the bright pathway marked out by his footsteps.

Lo! the waking up of nations
From Slavery's fatal sleep;
The murmur of a Universe—
Deep calling unto deep!
Joy to thy spirit brother!
On every wing of heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of Freedom's voice is given!

Glory to God forever!
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of Freedom liveth
Impishable still!
The words which thou hast uttered
Are of that soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scattered
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come—
In the shadow of the prison,
Or the cruel martyrdom—
We will think of thee, O brother!
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive
And the anthem of the Free!

† H. W. Beecher.
‡ J. G. Whitlitt.

A PECULIAR CASE.—In our marine miscellany an incident is related, which is a striking proof of the peculiar hazards that are created by civil war, particularly among commercial men. Two brothers, one living in Portsmouth, N. H., the other in New Orleans, owned four ships. The Southern brother hoisted on two of the ships the rebel flag, and the vessels thus disgraced were captured by the United States navy. The Northern brother hoisted on two of the ships the Stars and Stripes, and these vessels, thus adorned, were captured by the Southern privateers.

FALSE TEACHING.—"The best is the cheapest." How many have involved themselves in expenses beyond their means, and in consequent misery, by practicing from this pernicious fallacy? The best is the dearest; good may be cheaper than poor, but between good and the best is the difference between economy and extravagance, with those of limited means.

PAUL PAX.

Turn a man away from one question that he conceives it his right to examine, and you embarrass all the working of his whole intellectual constitution. Place him in a house, and debar him from but one apartment in it, and you tell him in vain that he is free to all the others. It is a Bluebeard mansion to him; the door of the forbidden chamber haunts him wherever he treads.

"OUR PRESENT STRUGGLE—ITS MORAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECT."

A Lecture by Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Oct. 6th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In the morning discourse, we presented a synopsis of the various causes which have led to the existing situation of affairs in our country. The present war we showed to be the result, not simply of slavery, but of sectional difficulties entirely remote from that subject, whether as respect moral, intellectual or material considerations. Properly regarded, this is a war between mind and matter—between free-labor and slave-labor—between intelligence and ignorance—we may even say, between aristocracy and democracy, republicanism and anarchy. It is also to be considered that a Republic founded on a Federal Union among separate States, has never yet prospered, and, in the nature of things, never can long exist. A Republic, to be permanent, must be a unit: all its constituent parts must yield to the control of a central ruling power. But hitherto, among ourselves, each State has had its separate Government and individually distinct from the General Administration, and frequently in opposition to it. This should not be. There should be no North, no South, no East, no West, no sovereign State called Florida, to contend on equal terms with another called Indiana, or Massachusetts—but our whole country should constitute but one nation—one America, whose citizens should be American citizens only; and no republican experiment can anywhere be successful until this spirit of unity pervades the minds of the people, their Constitution and their laws. History shows that a departure from this principle has always been the cause of disruption and failure, whatever might have been the immediate pretext for the quarrel. So with ourselves; slavery, nullification—whatever may be assigned as the *casus belli*—is but the secondary cause of the rebellion.

In discussing the moral and physical effects of the war, itself, we remark, that the issue of the conflict, whichever side may be successful, will be the final settlement of the question. By the law and usage of mankind, the vanquished must submit implicitly to the will of the conquerors, whose right all other nations must recognize as paramount—no matter what may be their views of the moral questions involved. Therefore, in a moral sense, War is the only supreme arbiter of the destiny of nations, in all difficulties which are incapable of peaceful solution, and all nations have had to contend with such difficulties; and the question as respects ourselves, is only whether it was our proper policy to wait until all other means of adjustment were exhausted, or to resort at once to the arbitrament of the sword, and crush the danger by force, in its incipient stage. In our humble opinion this question might have been far better settled by an appeal to arms, one year, or six months ago, than now. All resources of moral suasion and concession, either failed in their employment, or failed of being employed at all; and the only true remedy at any time, was that we are now using. In all cases of rebellion, and in its earliest stages, the right is conceded to the lawful government of enforcing martial law; and had this been done at the first outbreak of the Secession heresy, the loss of valuable lives, the prostration of commerce, and the sacrifice of our national prestige, would have been averted. Had any one in power adopted the motto of Jackson, and dared to "take the responsibility," just when the crisis arose, we should not now be witnessing the unprecedented spectacle of two mighty armies inactively confronting each other for months, on opposite banks of the same river, and draining the treasure of the country for a purpose which no man can conjecture. No Bull Run or Lexington would have stained the annals of the North, nor would weeping mothers, relatives and friends, be now lamenting lives uselessly, ingloriously sacrificed. We should be looking round on a land of prosperity and peace. All that we are now deploring, arose from a lack of energy in "taking the responsibility," even by measures not warranted by the strict letter of the Constitution—a Constitution in reality sufficiently elastic for the requirements of any emergency.

The physical effects of war, unlike its moral results, are almost unmitigated evil. Even the full flush of martial renown carries no compensation for the misfortunes by which it is conformed. What victory can atone for the prostration of material interests, for the gloom of fear which falls like a pall over the hearts of men, for the desolation which blasts the fruits of honest industry? Even the wreath of fame, so wildly coveted, is but an idle consolation, for where one hero is immortalized, thousands with hearts as brave, and arms as stalwart, sink into unnumbered graves. A protracted, offensive war is certain destruction, even to a righteous cause. A nation which is physically prepared for war, can better afford to stand on the offensive against a worse provided enemy until the resources of the latter are exhausted—for war, after all, is but a contest of endurance—in which the last dollar wins. But if the blow must be struck, let it fall quickly and powerfully. A little delay may sometimes be politic, but so long a pause as now keeps us in suspense, is the sure sign of hidden corruption in the sources of command—where no lack of men or money can be pleaded in excuse.

Again, the effect of war must be the final settlement of the dispute, by the adjustment of sectional differences. The question of slavery will be decided—as well as other less important causes of contention—and the whole subject will receive a final quietus, whichever section wins the day. There will, at the same time, be a reconstruction of our form of government, on such a basis as we have before said is necessary to the peaceful existence of a Republic. The mistakes of our forefathers will be corrected, by which minor governments were allowed to interfere with the general welfare, and to sow the seeds of strife and jealousy.

Among the physical effects of war is *scarcity*. This will yet press upon us more heavily than now. It will be felt in the palaces of our great cities, although New York, as the grand centre of exchange for all products, must, in a commercial sense, be greatly prospered. Especially in the South will all the horrors of famine and slaughter be experienced, until every hearth will be a seat of desolation; and the outcry of suffering millions, if the war be not speedily ended, will rise above the din of battle. But, still, the end will be glorious, for out of darkness shall come light—from the utmost disaster, the greatest victory.

We may be confident that the next great encounter will determine the question. Another Bull Run would bring European recognition of the Southern

Confederacy, and the North, still unbroken, would be forced to come to terms. In such case, we could do nothing better than to await, patient and united, the necessary process of dissolution in a society founded on slave-labor. But this must not be. As surely as a Divine Providence rules, so surely among men will the right triumph and the wrong be forced to succumb, though, it may be, after a long and arduous struggle. For each one of the adverse parties forgets his own errors and accuses those of his neighbor—not he sufficiently mindful that he, in part, to decide the national destiny—and that his voice and influence, timely exerted, might have aided in destroying the germs of our present calamities. We should consider that this state of things is almost hereditary among us, for, always, the interests of sections, not of the people at large, has been the rallying cry of political factions; whereby even these selfish, limited interests are ultimately endangered, for he who neglects to protect the common government, whatever its form may be, will, in turn, seek its protection in vain amidst the disastrous consequences of his folly and the wreck of all his cherished institutions. But a speedy peace will be far from at once healing all our troubles. There must be a gradual overcoming of sectional differences by the united voice of a people unanimously determined for the perpetuation of their country. There must be a union of hearts—mutual concession—closer acquaintanceship; for the North and the South, as to social, moral and intellectual life, have virtually been two distinct nations, with no accurate knowledge of each other's character or dispositions.

This conflict is not merely to decide whether Slavery shall be extended. It is the result of long animosities, growing out of distorted views derived from imperfect knowledge. The result of the last Presidential election was waited for as a formal protest and a signal to open the strife, but the pretended apprehension on the part of the South that her interests in the Union would be forgotten, was a mere subterfuge, for it is an evident fallacy to suppose the President could take any important action without the consent of his constituents.

You, of the North, to whatever side your sympathies may incline, must now remember that War is actually upon you, and that you are bound by every consideration to defend against destruction the Government which guarantees you liberty and justice. By turning traitors, you would gain no respect, confidence or sympathy from the rebels you would assist. It is no time now to bemoan the damage to your pecuniary interests—the result, partly, of your own supineness. Your pockets will not again be filled until the war is decided—so that you had better put your shoulders to the wheel and help your side to gain the victory.

In conclusion, permit us to say, that however protracted may be the period of our trials—though from every fireside may be heard the voice of mourning still let us remember that for every life thus sacrificed, an immortal victory will be gained, another soldier added to those unseen hosts, which, more powerful than earthly armies, shall aid the cause of the survivors and urge them on to victory! For, beyond the veil which separates them from our physical companionship, are not unnumbered hosts marshaling their shining ranks in the good cause, and pressing forward to the rescue with relentless strength? Who can believe that a Washington, a Clay, and a Webster, could now stand idle in their refulgent abodes—that they would not even, if necessary, burst open the portals of heaven, and haste to our support?—or that the subtle spirit of Calhoun, thirsting to complete the treason which he was forced, by superior vigilance and activity, to leave unfinished here, is not now aiding the cause of rebellion? Those who fall on the battle-field, but take up the sword again in another sphere, and march under the command of higher intelligences. Then let not your hearts be desolate. Endure, and wait, and supplicate, and the victory will yet be yours.

Spiritualism in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Through the public prints we hear but little in reference to the progress of the principles of our philosophy in this section of Pennsylvania. I would not have your readers suppose that they have no advocates in this region, though it is but recently that anything has been done in the way of public lectures. There have been a number of circles in successful operation in different portions of the county, and these meetings are blessed by the presence of some, though unknown to the public, very excellent mediums, and that there is a deep interest felt in this subject is evident from the following, which is a brief account of a visit paid by the writer to the town of Falsington, in the county aforesaid.

Through the invitation of E. Hance, I visited this place on the last Saturday of August, and was kindly entertained by him during my sojourn in the place. Mr. Hance is among the first who embraced the principles of Spiritualism, after their introduction to the world, through the agency of the Rochester Knockings, and since that time has been an earnest and able advocate of our cause, as may be well attested by a number of articles written by him for the Spiritual Telegraph.

At his house, in the evening of the day to which we allude, we held a circle, at which was a young man who has been acting as main medium in that portion of the country for some time. The spirits seemed to have perfect control of his organism, and gave their ideas with considerable clearness through him. The name of this young man is J. Bunting, and he is doing a good work.

The next day I lectured, by appointment, to a small, though apparently appreciative audience, in Tollytown, a small village about three miles from the one at which I was staying. There was a manifest desire for more light on this interesting subject, and a lecturer or test medium who could make it convenient to spend a day or two in this vicinity, would, in my opinion, be well satisfied with the result of his or her visit.

We returned to Falsington, and in the evening held a circle for tests and development, at the house of Mr. Comfort, who is another of the few, who, having an opinion, dare maintain it in spite of opposition. This circle was, so far as we are able to learn, satisfactory to those meeting with us; several gave evidence that they were possessed of mediumistic powers, by the manner in which they were handled by those out of the form who had met with us. The following evening, by request, I suffered the spirits to address the citizens of Oxford through my organism. Here we were enabled to obtain the public school-house, and a large and attentive audience favored us with their presence at this meeting. Considerable desire was manifested for more light on this subject at the close of the exercises.

I returned to Falsington in company with my

friend Hance. On the next morning, after taking leave of the inmates of his house, I was conveyed by him to the residence of a sick relative, from which place I returned to Philadelphia, much pleased with the aspect of things in that portion of the moral vineyard. I hope lecturers who may visit our city will bear Falsington, Tollytown and Oxford in mind, and not fail, if an invitation should be extended, to give the inhabitants of these places the benefit of a visit.

Yours, for the extension of truth,
S. H. P.

The child on whom Heaven has bestowed the gift of genius, wanders forth into the fields and woods, an embodied imagination; an elemental being, yearning for something high, but knowing not its mission. A powerful destiny heaves for development in its bosom; it feels the prophetic wave surging to and fro; but all is indistinct and vast—caverned, spell-bound, aimless, and rife with sighs.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, October 1, 1861.

QUESTION.—What are the obstacles to the more rapid and harmonious spread and development of Spiritualism?

Mr. PARTRIDGE.—The obstacles I will mention this evening are the following:

I. The prevailing want of faith in the future existence of man.—True, everybody affirms their belief in the fashionable Orthodox creed respecting immortality—which consists of simple assertion, without a particle of evidence—but this is the mere parrot-like repetition of phraseology, from which we cannot infer the existence of any real faith. This is shown by the fact that another proposition is just as popular and just as often declared, viz.: that there is, and can be, no sensible evidence of a life beyond the grave; and no doctrinal position involves so speedy and entire a loss of caste, as does a declaration of belief in such evidence.

II. The false ideas entertained among the Orthodox themselves, respecting disembodied spirits.—The vulgar notion is that the soul takes a long journey into some unknown country, from which "no traveler returns;" and that its existence there, (if it exists at all), is a kind of moonshine—an utterly unsubstantial state—which our conceptions cannot grasp, and which, indeed, is not worth grasping; so that when we inform the everyday Christian that spirits are something, and that they are actively engaged in various useful occupations, he is unable to accept and comprehend the fact.

III. Ignorance and false views concerning human life, its needs, purposes, and ends.—Human beings at large know nothing, and care nothing, about each other's origin, destiny, or trials; any more than they sprang up and withered, like mushrooms.

IV. The pride and folly of our Spiritualist writers and speakers, who, in order to display the extent of their acquired knowledge, are continually treating us to the vamped-up ideas of old poets or philosophers; as if because these were well-informed in their day, nobody now could be more enlightened.

V. Spiritualism is necessarily revolutionary.—Its principles are at war with all the popular ideas already spoken of; and it sends its student into an entirely new sphere of thought. Hence it must offend the pride, and disturb the repose, of the timid and unreasoning mass of society.

Dr. HALLOCK.—I think we may find the cause of the retarded growth of what seems to us so good and true in the inherent tendencies of the human mind, which are centrifugal and centrifugal, radial and conservative. These are both alike necessary, though about the universe; but, when they are out of equilibrium, the result must be either inertia or destruction. The influence of the centralizing, conservative tendency is seen in the formation and growth of religious sects, and in the history of science and of mechanical invention. Everywhere, when any important improvement was proposed, the cry has been, "Stop that!" "The world is not ready for it." Is it possible for us, in one generation, to overcome this tendency? Our difficulty is the greater, because, while the intelligent worker always thinks ahead in what relates to the circumstances of this life, as respects the spiritual world and its future, he has, from the earliest period, been accustomed to sink back upon the past for support and guidance. Jesus, it is true, endeavored to counteract this, and to turn back people from old-time science to the living experience of the day; but the experiment was substantially a failure. Only a few are now following his example, and we are that few. We occupy very much the same relative position with the first independent thinkers in astronomy. Like theirs, the doctrines we hold are diametrically opposed to the common sense and daily observation of mankind; and but few are bold enough even to take a look through our telescope. Nor are we ourselves entirely emancipated from ancestral errors. We will speak of having a spirit within us—as if it were stowed away or imprisoned—and are unable to rise to the conception that each one of us is now a veritable spirit, or denizen of eternity. The obstacle is in the difficulty the mind has in accommodating its vision to this sudden accession of new light.

We are trying to form compounds from elements so unlike, that they refuse to unite chemically, and we can only get a clumsy mechanical junction of our philosophy with our creeds. If we move on at all, we ought to be satisfied—and we certainly do move on. The little candle we have lighted will one day illumine the world; and, even as ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, so one true, accepted by one man, in the love of his kind, and founded on the principles of Spiritualism, has power to save the race. [Applause.]

Mr. FRANKLIN.—The main obstacle in the onward path of Spiritualism is not to be found by confining our attention to its intellectual aspect. The old Hebrews in the Desert were enjoined not to gather more of the miraculous manna at a time than was required for one day, for by being kept the surplus would surely breed worms. In like manner, if we lay up larger intellectual stores than can be converted into wholesome moral nutriment, the superfluity will breed us falsities and errors. The moral and the intellectual part of our nature are like man and wife; they must go together, or both will be useless as to the great objects they were created for. At the time of the first introduction of Spiritualism into New York, it was shown to me, in a dream, that it would fall into the hands of those who would run away with it—would drag it in the mire, and daub it all over, until persons with clean hands and consciences would very much dislike to take hold of it. The foreboding, I am sorry to say, has been realized. I do not intend to cast any reflection on those prominent supporters of the movement, who are honest and honorable, and whose efforts have resulted in good to the community; but you know, as well as I, that there are those among Spiritual mediums who are guilty of some of the most horrible abominations it is possible to conceive of—of utter falseness—of acts which cannot even be named—in addition to thieving, lying, and every form of deception, in order to get the money of the dupes who patronize them. When the careless, or the curious, in the community catch a glimpse of these nefarious doings, their report circulates among the orthodox and people of the world, and, indeed, all alike, and our very name becomes a stench in the nostrils of society. All this you know—and how can you expect Spiritualism to stand, if you utter not a word of reprobation? Our doctrine has made many people better, but I know, too, it has made many worse, by depriving them of faith and moral restraints, and substituting the sophisms of "Whatever is, is Right." True, Spiritualism is not accountable for this. On the contrary, there is some-

thing in this light from the spiritual world, which is able to regenerate the race by being brought to bear upon the hearts of men. Spiritualism will regenerate the churches the good, old, childlike faith in the Communion of the Saints, which prevailed when the names of the dead as well as living communicants used to be read at the altar; for, when our philosophy and phenomena are so applied, morally, as to remove justly aroused prejudices, this thing is going to prevail all over the world.

Miss. SENECA.—I am glad our friend has brought up this subject. If ever Truth needs a friend, it is when it has fallen into bad hands. It is among those of pure life that we find the real traitors to our cause. I grant there are ten thousand things done by spiritual mediums which are offensive to moralists. I grant they are guilty of all that has just been charged upon them. But Spiritualism originated in no human intelligence and was added by no human advice. It has introduced itself, and in its own form—has chosen its own instruments, and pursued its own course. As to the phenomena, they are our teachers, and, if you have any confidence, you should bring no charges until you have seen the end of their purposes. I am a medium, and I consider no medium unworthy of assistance and defence. Do you understand what are the experiences, the trials of mediumship? You know that all classes of spirits communicate, and that death makes no changes in human nature. Therefore, how can you be surprised or shocked at any communications? Mediums are very peculiarly circumstanced, and need moral aid from those professed Spiritualists who rid them of their distressing trials and temptations as relics of old-time delusions. When a medium is perpetually being tempted to commit suicide; or, being temperate, is forced by the spirit of one who died of delirium tremens, to drink to excess; or is even made permanently insane by the transfer of spiritual influence from a maniac—are we to ridicule and shun, or to help and pity? Again, are you prepared to draw the line between the doings of spirits and those of mediums in such cases of moral delinquency as have been alluded to?

The world is not to be reformed by covering up and smoothing over the hidden depths of iniquity. No! They must be stirred up and brought to light to their very bottom before they can be cleansed; and therefore I do not regret the course which spirits are disposed to take, nor have I a word of condemnation for any mediums. We are in the hands of those who know what they have to do with us, and how to do it.

THE THREE DAYS' FESTIVAL AT ST. CHARLES, ILL.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE EXERCISES, REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY L. K. COONLEY.

Second Day's Session, Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8 1/2 A. M.

President JONES in the chair, but soon yielded it to Vice President MANN.

L. K. COONLEY spoke of obsessions, and the query, "Upon what do spirits live?" Thought they often times (when not acquainted with the higher powers of spirit), lived on the spirit, or essence, of food eaten by mortals, and cited cases in proof thereof. Thought it impossible for any medium, (if having power to avert it,) to allow any one particular spirit to control at all times, as it tended to assimilate the medium to the idiosyncrasies of the spirit's earth-life, and thereby weakened the medium's own individuality.

J. ROBINSON related many cases in support of the power that spirits do so possess mediums. He thought he had been the means of relieving many spirits' errors, and caused them to rejoice in discovering new light and truth for their advancement.

Mr. DUTTON.—As we were commanded to "feed the hungry," it would not be right to "cast out those poor devils." He had many doubts about clairvoyants ever seeing spirits, but gave accounts of many views of his own, and said he lost the power of vision some time, from sickness. When he was considered about to die, then his vision became suddenly opened, and he saw hundreds of beings about him that were not in the earth-body.

L. K. COONLEY claimed that our cooks infuse their magnetism into the food we eat, and make it more or less digestible according to the affinity of that affinity. Spirits must obtain their food according to adaptation. We select our food by the power mind possesses of controlling and compounding elements. Spirits do the same. Mind advanced hath power to compound wine, without the tedious process of earth-growing vines. Such is spirit-life.

A. J. HIGGINS, of Chicago, gave many illustrations of the magnetic effect of the human mind, and indigestible by the psychological effect of unhealthy magnetism. Almost any article in a room will take on the soul, or spirit, of every touch or move; so that when a Psychometrist comes in contact with it, he is enabled to reveal the whole history of the beings and doings of the time, though the events transpired thousands of years since.

Regular Lecture, by S. P. Leland, of Ohio.—The speaker stated that he belonged to the athletic school of reasoners, which ignores any philosophy not deducible to fact, recognized by one or more of the external senses. The central idea was, mind was the result of organized matter. Destroy the organization, and the mind ceases. That we know nothing of the nature of future organizations. We wonder at the monstrosities found in former geological eras; and, some time in the vast future the crudities of our fossils will appear as terribly ugly to those ultimate perceptions, as the ungainly forms, wrought in the millions of ages past, do to us now. The same great law that shapes the crystal, shapes the brain, and mind is the cause of that organization. Lime and iron produce heat; but the heat was the result of the union. Life exists because from the operation of the same natural law. The brain becomes the organ of the organized spirit. He takes hashish, and then becomes two distinct entities; recognizes the two realms in which pleasure and pain reside, distinctively. He gains a different view of the world, and when organized spirits had left the body, and had been seen at a distance, from their external tabernacle, to perform the works ordinarily wrought by human beings in the earth-known forms.

It is impossible to give even a faint idea of some of Mr. Leland's lectures. The one in question created intense excitement in the midst of many thinkers. The proper hour having arrived, the President declared the session adjourned to 1 P. M.

Afternoon Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

Mr. A. J. HIGGINS wished to talk of the war. Because there is to be a free platform, he came here to treat of the condition of the country, and to unveil some of the enormous robberies of the people by the Illinois demagogues. An encampment is established in this place. The former Congressman from this district has the appointment of Colonel, with authority to raise a regiment of Cavalry. One thousand horses are to be obtained, for which Government agrees to pay \$127 apiece. Farmers get from \$30 to \$50 each, and some go-between-speculator pockets the balance. Such is the case all over the country. Those who have to labor hard, have to pay the taxes to meet the requirements of this nefarious scheme. The war thus far had developed no object for war. Slavery is to be upheld, and he thought the no object policy must eventuate in the rebels taking possession of the Capitol, before the people of the North will be aroused to the importance of declaring for the entire abolition of slavery. Chaplains could receive \$150 a month, and the soldiers, who do the work, get but \$13 to \$20 a month. He continued his criticisms to some length, showing the great corruptions of the times.

Mr. COONLEY called attention to the fact that Government allows about thirty cents a day for rations to the enlisted men and non-commissioned officers in the army, which rations have been let and sublet, until the persons who really supply the soldiers, get but four cents per day; and thus is the roughly treated volunteer for our country's salvation robbed of his just rewards.

Mr. BREWSTER continued on the same subject. Said our Government proclaims to the world the equality of rights to all the citizens, and yet carries on a policy of discrimination, even rights to maintain the unalienable privilege to buy and sell our citizens in bondage. But he had hopes for a better future.

Mr. DUTTON liked to see people have high hopes. Talk of Freedom! Where is it to be found? Why, the people sustain a religion which holds up a God as

the great slave owner, the Devil his chief driver, and Hell the plantation. There is but just one dime's difference between the schemes of the North and the South; but he goes the dime on the North! He had much to say of the slavery of woman.

Regular Lecture, by Mrs. L. G. Barnes, of Regular Lecture Co., Ill. She is a young speaker in the field of much promise. Her chief theme was gentleness and loving kindness from angels to mortals. Every atom of earth seemed to smile under the mild influence of her happy control. She would have all nature cultivated. No part can be spared. She could see the flowers digest the angel love from the glistering dew of heaven. She could feel the heavenly influence ascending from the pure white robes of the city of the spirits should caress the lonely and desponding of earth. Thoughts are like buds growing on the stems of life, to be unfolded in grace and beauty. Full of the fire of love, she addressed encouraging words to mediums.

Mr. A. J. HIGGINS sang a beautiful song, the burden of which was,

"There is no such word as fail."

Mr. H. then made some further remarks against slavery. Alluding to the remarks previously made, about the women of the North being in bondage, he thought the men were as much in slavery as the women. He spoke again, at considerable length, on the War question, urging great and energetic measures.

Mrs. JUD, of Antioch, McHenry Co., Ill., spoke under the influence of an Indian spirit, in broken English. Her remarks were full of native pathos. Referred to the paleness of the white women; counselled them to go to work, and health would come and restore beauty to their cheeks, making the hand hard and the heart soft. You pale faces have made us suffer, but we come to help and bless you.

Mrs. DUNLAP, of Crystal Lake, McHenry Co., (said to be an excellent test medium) spoke a few minutes in some unknown tongue, with occasional translations.

The President declared the session adjourned to 6 o'clock P. M.

Evening Session.

President JONES in the chair.

Mr. LELAND thought public sentiment never so plastic as at present. He had been through hell and in a state of great agitation. The social relations are swaying to and fro like mighty waves of the ocean. Now is the time to cleanse the "Aegean stable," to remove corruption. If there was a rotting diamond in the crown of God, he would help pluck it out. He believed in fidelity to our vows. If he had ever loved a woman, and given her a vow of love, he would suffer the pangs of a thousand deaths before he would defame her character. He thought the marriage laws should be reformed.

JUDGE BOARDMAN thought it best to speak plainly. You cannot frighten him. He had been through hell and the devil. Thought we were yet living in the old Mosaic dispensation. Quoted from the laws of Illinois, that if a man marries a woman, he is bound to support her, and to be faithful to her in bed and in board. Referred to services in the army and hospitals. Chaplains received \$1,500 a year, while nurses received only about \$150. Why this great disparity in the pay of the sexes?

Mrs. S. A. COONLEY gave a stirring Poem, entitled "Southward Ho!" Many volunteers were present, and the poem elicited much applause.

L. K. COONLEY (entranced) announced as his theme on this occasion, "Reform and Reformers," which lecture, by agreement with the editors of "The Rising Tide," published monthly at Independence, Iowa, was phonetically reported by S. P. Leland for said paper. The lecture is a review of Reforms of Ancient and Modern times, compared with reference to the moral character of those claiming to be reformers, down through the Ages, from the Christian assumption of God's (priests) efforts for the salvation of man, to the efforts of modern reformers for bettering the condition of the human race. [This was the regular evening lecture.]

Mrs. S. A. COONLEY gave another poem, entitled "Onward and Upward."

JUDGE BOARDMAN spoke briefly of Principles and Unitary Laws, the tendency of which was to sustain the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right," which elicited many questions.

President JONES again sustained that doctrine, and illustrated by the growth of the peach, or any other fruit tree, and the full fruition thereof, showing that from the first process of gestation, through every stage of development to the completion of the beautiful and luscious fruit, it was right that the principle equally applies to every kind of animal and man.

Mr. HOWARD asked if it would be right for some unruly boy to girdle that "right" growing tree, as it began to blossom, and teach his (Jones's) boy to serve other trees in the same way, if he happened to take a dislike to the owner?

President JONES maintained that kind of philosophy with much ability.

The President then declared the session adjourned to 8 1/2 o'clock, Sunday morning.

Third Day, Sunday Morning Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

Mr. J. ROBINSON continued from his former remarks in support of the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right."

Mr. DUTTON, of Dundee, Ill., advocated the doctrine of "free love," as defined in its objectionable form as received by the public; but the matter of the remarks generally the reporter deems unfit to publish.

Mr. DUTTON talked much of a wonderful dream that he had about the mode of the eagle, in building its nest, and inuring its young to flight and daring. The moral of which was, as I gathered it, that the more you are thrown upon *thorns*, and have to endure suffering, the stronger will be your spirit to contend with the roughs of life. In his dream he had a favorite young eagle, which he wrapped up in "buckskin," to keep off the *thorns*. The old eagle refused to feed it, and so he had given it artificial food; and he found that the bird grew fat, got fat and big; but never helped itself. The buckskin had to be removed; the *thorns* then pierced deeper, and the bird "squealed" louder than the others that were accustomed to the *thorns* from infancy. He thought the evils of the present marriage system would do for those who wanted it. He used to oppose it—but he had reformed. He had split himself, and he showed his nature in visions. He told a long tale about the tadpole getting to be a frog. Thought it time for the women to make a Declaration of Independence. Thought a medium going about affinity-seeking, was a fool. He made many capital hits, which seemed to be appreciated.

Mr. LELAND made a few remarks on the laws of Development, and the influence of the human destiny.

Regular Lecture, Sunday morning, by Judge Boardman.—I will not attempt to report any of the language of the lecturer. His discourse was principally written, and occupied about one and a half hours in delivery.

The object of the argument, as my notes indicate, was to prove the truth of the ancient religion of Buddhism—the eternity of spirit individuality through circles of transmigration.

S. P. LELAND asked the Judge if he intended to argue that the human spirit was living in the identity of the sheep, and the sheep transgressed by getting over the fence into the cornfield, the spirit must return back to the hog plane of identity?

The JUDGE answered in the affirmative. That spirits were ready to take on bodies whenever the earth is prepared for them.

President JONES announced S. P. Leland as the regular lecturer, at 2 P. M., and then declared the session adjourned to one o'clock.

Afternoon Session.

Vice President Mrs. TOWN in the chair.

Mr. A. J. HIGGINS thinks that man, being a microcosm of all things above and below, therefore in the true marriage relations union would take place without direct reference to bodily procreation; that men and women are equally responsible for the happiness or unhappiness of life. But his general remarks were, against carrying on the war to the subduing the slavery propagandists.

Regular Sunday afternoon Lecture, by S. P. Leland.—I will not attempt to give much of the flowery inspiration of this lecture. It was one continued flow of poetic prose. His (the speaker's) expletive sentences are overflowing with allegory; full dressed in adjectives and adverbs, with sparsely scattered nouns and pronouns, barely sufficient to chain the attenuated thoughts. Sometimes like our well known and very eloquent Dr. P. Ambler, Mr. Leland, when he deigns to take his audience "cap-a-pie" off from earth so high that the observer from the earth plane can fancy he sees only the lower extremities of the gone up listeners dangling through "the blue etherial vault," bespangled with star-thought worlds, rolling in majesty

the splendor up the highways, through heaven's gold-clad arches, to perch on the dome of celestial glory!" In the prophecy of the future, we "harnessed the thunderstorm to the glided chariot, and sped over the mountains and through the valleys of the air, as angel-glided messengers of love, in the resurrection of a progressive humanity." When the speaker closed, the audience unanimously "aroused" and he again wrapped the listeners, for another half-hour, in the "garments of celestiality," to close with rapturous applause.

Mr. BREWSTER again argued for the freedom of woman.

Mr. JACOB WICKISER, of Aurora, Ill., gave some of his experience after he "had a call from God to preach the gospel." He urged the people to live like Christ.

S. P. LELAND thought we could not live like Christ, and do our duty. We would have to give up all attempts at business, and we should have a miserable state of society.

President JONES announced Mrs. Streeter as the regular lecturer for the evening, and then adjourned to 6 P. M.

Evening Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

Mr. A. J. HIGGINS again spoke of the war and the condition of the country. Thought if our Constitution was not adequate to the wants of the time, it was best to make a new one.

Mr. BREWSTER called attention to the "tricks of trade," and the enormous deceptions practiced by our merchants and others in the sale of goods and chattels.

Mr. DUTTON thought if this war continued the women would have to labor in the field. Said they ought to take off their hoops and dress for the work.

Mr. LELAND thought it a practical question. If the woman had an object, they would adapt themselves to the requirements.

By request, Mr. Leland recited a beautiful poem, entitled "The Poet's Dream."

Mrs. STREETER (regular evening lecturer) commenced, as is her custom, with a prayer. Her text was, "Comfort ye my people." &c. She spoke of our duties to aid each other—often repeated the text. Wanted to aid in "taking the padlock off the lips and throwing away the key." Thought there was good in everything, and that we should be cautious how we render judgment. To do good, and comfort one another, must always be right, yet she thought that the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right," was pernicious. Thought you could not give comfort by condemnation. We should practice what we preach, and teach what is practicable. There were no bigger devils than could be found in human form. No hell but that found in the human conscience. She spoke against the infatuation of affinity-seeking. Referred to the beauties of a true marriage. Said you would notice those trees clustered most where the benevolent grew. There were many soldiers present, and also closed with advice and encouraging words to "Young America." She was much applauded, and an invitation extended by the volunteers for her to address them on next Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, on the camp-ground, was accepted.

Mr. LELAND again (by request) read an original poem, entitled "The Slave Mother's Appeal."

Mrs. L. G. BATES (entranced) took the stand and gave encouraging words to the young soldiers. She was much applauded, and was invited to address the volunteers on the camp-ground, Monday afternoon, at four o'clock.

Mr. J. G. STEARNS, an eccentric psychological lecturer, having been a soldier in the Mexican war, wanted to address those present. He spoke of his experiences, and said "a pack of cards was used by the soldiers more than the Bible." His remarks caused much excitement. Mutual and satisfactory explanations were exchanged, and President JONES declared the sessions of this Festival closed, and the audience slowly dispersed.

The house was generally well filled through all the different sessions. Collections were taken up, the proceeds of which were equally divided with the "regular lecturers" present.

Owing to the stringency of the Orthodox sentiment in St. Charles, none but Spiritualists or those favorable, were invited to entertain the friends from a distance. As a consequence, the accommodations were not so pleasant in all cases as was desired, and I regretted to hear some few complaints on that account. President JONES alone furnished lodgings to over forty persons. A generous table was provided by the citizens, in a convenient hall, and was kept standing during the whole three days, free of access to everybody that was an hungered. Thus passed this great social gathering. [We tender our thanks to Bro. Coonley for his able report. His powers of condensation are remarkable.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY CHARLES F. RICKER.

An old man sat by the glowing fire,
Dreaming of scenes in the past,
As radiant forms with a golden lyre
Stole in at the lattice fast.

His face was bright with a pleasant smile,
And his heart beat high with joy,
While his leaping pulses told full well
That he thought himself a boy.

The hours were gay, and his heart was light,
While his laugh was bold and free
And bright hours lent a rainbow bright,
He hoped, perpetually.

The wine was poured at the marriage feast;
And a kiss on the maiden's brow,
As he pressed her to his manly breast,
Betokened their nuptial vow.

The bitter tears from the old man's eyes,
Like the rain, were falling fast,
For his bridal hopes and brilliant skies,
Long faded in the past.

And he sighed and murmured, "The world is cold;
It robbed me of all I love—
My light went out like a tale that's told,
To shine in the land above."

And the old man had a vivid dream,
That shadows through the lattice came,
And thought of heaven he'd caught a gleam,
To revive his weary frame.

In a listening mood he bowed to hear
The brooklike murmuring song,
Whose cadences fell on his spirit's ear
From the ever radiant throng—

From the home of love, in the realms above,
Where love-light knows no

1 Oct 5. 4W

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by the spirit whose name is borne, through the medium of the spirit who is in possession of the BANNER. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than disembodied spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: "Is the death of the mortal body a necessity, and if so, why?" Edward B. Richards, Bristol, Conn.; Silas Wall, Boston; Mary Murray Boston. Monday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: "Progress of Infants;" Samuel Kimball, Derry, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carleton Ala.; Ida Main, Brooklyn, N. Y. Tuesday, Sept. 10.—"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?" Daniel Meagher, Liverpool, Eng.; Francis Leadore Staples, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Pierce, liquor dealer, New York. Thursday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: "What is the right?" Joe Forbush, Wells, Me.; Alfred Bundeit, to his brother James, Portsmouth, N. H.; Susan Brown, Lowell; Caleb French, Sanborn, N. H. Monday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Page, Boston. Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: "How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGlinch, Washington Village; Addie Wilson, Augusta, Maine. Monday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: "Are any of the planets of our solar system inhabited by human beings, and if so, what is their condition?" Geo. A. Redman, New York City; Aunt Milly, (a slave), Carleton, Miss.; Mike Fagin, Battery-march street, Boston; Eunice P. Flores, South Danvers, Mass. Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: "Memory and its laws in a Spiritual state?" Jessie Cook, Troy, N. Y., and Harriet Page, East Cambridge, Mass.; Jack Collins, N. Y. Zouaves; Chas. Walker. Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: "Are the communications in the Scriptures of Translation true—or did ever any one depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?" Simon Connor, Belfast, Me.; Nancy Bullard, Medford, N. H.; Maria Thompson, San Francisco, Cal.; Augusta Walton. Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: "Marriage Affinity: Obstacle of unbelt;" James H. Davis, to his father; Isaac Rich, Cincinnati; Emily Shores, Kennonhookport, Me.; Little Ida Carter, Canton, Mass. Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marietta Barrott, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hobbs.

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, (up stairs), every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

James H. Davis, to Jefferson Davis.

Yes, I can speak. I've a message to my father. My name is James H. Davis. He is not here, sir—in Virginia. I left your earth too young to think of evil or of good. I was most four years old when I left earth. I am one of my father's guardian spirits, and wish to warn him; but they told me after I came here that I was too late. Will you send my message to my father? Tell him not to leave Richmond for four weeks, for if he does, he dies—he comes to me. Will you tell him? Jefferson Davis is my father.

I have been from earth most twelve years. He will be assassinated! If he comes to us by violence, he will be exceedingly unhappy. If he comes by disease, he will not be so unhappy. We would not have him come to us as we see he must if he leaves Richmond within three weeks. Tell him so. I'll never trouble you again, if you will. Oct. 7.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who has created everything—thou who art the Source of all life—our Father and our Mother, to thee again we come. We find thee ever dwelling in the midst of the shadow and also in the sunbeam. In hell thou hast taken up thy abode, and in heaven there thou art also. Everywhere in Nature we find thee—around, above, beneath us, and within us. Thy love sustains us. Thy mighty power is all ways around us, shielding us from all evil, and drawing us continually nearer and nearer unto thee.

Need we ask thee to bestow thy blessing upon us? Need we ask thee to bless those nations in communion and discord? No; for every hour conveys a blessing, and every moment of time is fraught with some glorious gift dropped from thy hand; and for this condition of things we can but offer our soul's worship unto thee. We know thou wilt receive it, for thou hast formed us in thy image—called us into being by thy great law—drawn every function of our nature in accordance with thy will.

Oh, Father, as the sun worships thee, so we, Great Creative Spirit, give unto thee that worship that comes from the inmost depths of our being; and as it is wasted up to thee, we are made to feel that thou hast done all things in wisdom, and thus we know thee better.

Indian Spirits and our War.

We are now ready to hear and answer what questions may be propounded to us.

The following was read: "Does not the red man's spirit possess more power to day over this continent than the white man's, in the manner of this warfare—such as the concealed battery, the ambuscade of musketry, cruelty to foes, hidden unknown among civilized nations—and if so, for what purpose?"

The sons of America in the past have dealt unjustly with the red man; and so sure as day follows night, and night follows day, so sure there must be a time of retribution. Each and all must receive their natural allowance; if they do not receive it at one time, they surely must at another.

When your forefathers first planted foot upon American soil, instead of looking up to and obeying the natural God, they obeyed the unnatural God; and there are certain seeds which they planted upon the American continent, that you of to-day reap the fruits of. They came with their souls fully freighted with selfishness and bigotry, and because of this unnatural condition of things, their descendants reap the long hoarded reward of vengeance from those they wronged. They wished to become possessed of the soil upon which they landed as easily as possible, and that, too, without rendering back a just equivalent. "How can we get possession of so much of their land?" was a question often asked among themselves. "How shall we extinguish the red man?" How shall we bargain with him? We will give him this toy and that toy, and in the simplicity of his nature, we will receive in return for them something of value. We will take his lands—his broad hunting-grounds, and give for them "a mere song." But they knew not how their injustice to the wild children of the forest was hoarded up in the hearts of that race, to be poured out upon the heads of their children's children in coming time.

The credulity and native honesty of the red man made him an easy prey for the shrewd, designing, calculating pale faces. Their moral and intellectual organs were small, and their weak nature betrayed them. But now the red men have grown strong in spirit-life—have perceived the wrong that their white brothers have done them, and so sure as the day follows the night, so surely will the red man return and take care of that which was his own by God-given right.

If you sit against any atom of life in God's universe, that atom will, some time or other, bring back to you your fitting condemnation. Indeed, this is a mighty law which follows you even to the spirit-life. The sins of your fathers in the past are now being visited upon you of this day and generation. The thousands of spirits of the red men whom your fathers wronged, are coming back with all the power of their spiritual existence, to fight against you of the North who are endeavoring to sustain the American Government, for they desire to see it overthrown, because they see its foundation was evil. They see

it as the foundation of the seeds of wrong against them, and their whole strength is in consequence leagued with the enemies of the Union. The feeling your ancestors planted in the bosom of the red man, by their selfishness and avarice, will receive its law of compensation, and the result is unavoidable. You cannot change the red man's hatred by outward education. You may cover it over and hide it, but the same power is there, and it always will seek its freedom. It is their guide, and they are as fully governed by it as you are by your God—by your consciousness of right; and the red men, acting naturally through your material mediums in a thousand ways you do not know, upon the faculties of man susceptible of use, are exulting in the coming of the hour when their souls may be sated with revenge.

Severe will be the struggle you must pass through; but when the lesson of war is once learned, and its experiences profited by, you will know that the Great Eternal forever guides all things aright, and his hand is seen in all the affairs of mortality. Then your nation will again enjoy the sunshine of peace and prosperity. Sept. 2.

Nathaniel Faxon.

This spirit manifested himself through the medium, but could not speak. He wrote his name through the medium's hand. He recognized an old acquaintance at the circle, and asked for his assistance. He wrote "Blanchard helps me," and, when asked how old he was, wrote eighty-six. He shook hands with his friend and left. Sept. 2.

David Reardon.

By Solomon, I don't understand this. What's all this mean? I hardly know who I am—I thought I knew who I was. I ha'n't learned about these places yet. I thought if I came back, any way, I—well, I thought I would n't be a woman! That is about as near as I can get.

I'll tell you of my business here. I was told I'd see General Lyon here, if I came. I'd go fifty thousand miles to see him, and now I'm most infernally disappointed. He was shot about twenty minutes before I was. I belonged to the Second Iowa Regiment. I saw him die—the noblest man in the army. I'd give up my seat in heaven to see him. I am disappointed. I am tired—most worn out; but I'd walk as far as two legs would carry me to see him.

We all liked him, because he was good—he was brave—he was a Washington! I was told I'd see him here. I was told he'd be here, and I got a pass to come. I had to fight like hell—I mean I had to work hard to get here. I don't care for myself, about leaving my body, but I do want to go home, to be getting along. He must be a noble soul. His last words to me, have been with me ever since—they have always stuck to me. I'll tell you. You see he was sort of gloomy—had been for some hours. Kind of a cloud was over him, but still his great heart didn't get under a bit—not after his death. He was shot three different times before he gave up. First, right down by the ankle. He didn't mind that at all. But the last one went right to his heart.

My name was David Reardon. He says to me, "Reardon, come forward!" and then he looked us all on, and said, "God's on our side—be brave." I was n't quailing any, but perhaps he thought I would. I was second lieutenant. I felt there was something like a death-knell in his words. I felt he knew he was about to go away himself, and he cheered us on, and he was cheering us on when he was shot.

He's a brave soul. I'd go to hell to find him, if he was there. I am disappointed. I've got folks, but I don't care for them now. I want to find him. I haven't any more to say, sir. Yes, find him. He was brave, but he was n't like Lyon. He had a soul—a soul. Some of them don't have, you know. Sept. 2.

Nathaniel Lyon.

Friends, I am pleased to be with you to-day. 'Tis true, I labor under great disadvantages; but if the Almighty has seen fit to bestow this blessed boon upon me, I feel I can do no less than accept and use it to the best of my poor powers. I am conscious that I deserve no eulogy such as I have been an unwilling listener to—as coming from one of my dear comrades—conscious I do not deserve it. 'Tis only the outpouring of a most generous nature, that is willing to lay such a laurel at the feet of one he loved.

I feel I lacked that faith in the Almighty that I should not have lost in the most trying hour of my existence—I lost my faith in God. I had ascertained that the enemy had outnumbered me—that their force was far superior to my own. I perceived they had planned well, and all their schemes were admirably laid, and I found mine were useless, at the same time. Notwithstanding all this unfortunate condition of things, when I should more than ever have looked to God for strength, I lost faith in the Almighty. I could not feel that day as I would. I felt certain evil would come to me, and I lost my faith; and it was high time I should pass out of my earthly body when I lost that all must have in order to conquer—faith in God.

My brother soldiers and dear friends mourn my loss. I have few words for them. I commend them to God, and ask that they may ever be supplied with that I lost at the last most trying hour of my life. I would ask that they keep faith in their right hand continually. There may be times in their lives when that may be requisite to surmount obstacles in their way. To my enemies I extend nothing but kindness, poor and unwelcome as the gift may be.

When I may be able to do the least for the help of my beloved country, I shall most certainly do so. Most certainly I cannot speak for all; but I must attribute my own fall to the loss of the jewel of faith. I cannot explain faith in God, save it is that which is found within your own souls—that confidence in the Almighty's power. You all need it.

A word to Gen. Sigel. A Washington led on his armies to conquest, by having faith in God, and by going frequently to commune with God in private. Let each and every officer in the American army have but the faith of Washington, and there will be no defeat—nothing like defeat of their ranks. Farewell. Sept. 2.

George Carruth.

I was told by coming here I should find a way open to talk with my folks. I don't care to very much, for I don't feel in a condition to talk much. If I saw any other way by which I could throw off the difficulties that seem to be in my way, I don't think I would take this one; but they say it's the most direct way, and my friends here do n't know of any other one. The fact is, I ought to have been here now. I was unfortunate in some respects—was in the habit sometimes of taking too much liquor. Well, I made a practice of drinking regularly. I'm hard off here—hard enough off, in consequence; but there's no use to mourn about what you can't help. I would like to commune with some of my friends, and tell them they'd better avoid such things, if they can. Oh, I was n't what you call a hard drinker—was n't anything of the sort; but I drank too much, and it injured me, and shortened my life; and that's enough, I suppose, to make me miserable; and they say all these things here are no different from what I experienced before I died; and there's no reason why I should n't feel little out of sorts; and if I can better myself by coming here, I want to. I've heard of this place before; I've read the paper, not a long time before I died. I was no believer—wish I had been. Then I should n't have had to ask so many questions when I got here—and you can't always find those here to set you right.

Well, if any of the folks want to talk to me, I'd like to meet them. I hardly know what my condition is here, yet. I have n't been here long enough to find out. Of one thing I am sure—I died before I ought to, and feel as though this was not the place for me, and they tell me about coming back here to

do what I ought to have done in the body; and it's hard to find out what's right, and what you've got to do. They tell us we have got to work out what we have got to do through other folks' organs; and as we can't always find a body fit for our use, we are sometimes lost what to do. I hardly know how to manage this one. I don't like it. It may suit you a few coaches, but it don't suit me. Folks like me are apt to be impatient. I was told to keep up a direct thought, till I had got into the medium; but I felt strangely. I don't know how the spirit governs this body, and if I don't, I ain't to blame.

I died here—in Boston. I'd rather say nothing about my death; it would only make things worse for me. My name was George Carruth, tobaccoist, opposite the American House, Hallowell street. I've been dead only a short time. Sept. 2.

Invocation.

Oh, thou spirit of the mighty past, thou spirit of the glorious present, thou spirit of the Great Eternal future—thou who art ever with us—thou who art also with those who oppose us—unto thee do we come by prayer. Unto thy most holy self do we lift our offerings to-day. Oh, our Father, we have entered thy presence this day, to give thee worship; and Oh God of the past, present and future, we feel that thou wilt accept our offerings. Though the blood of thousands flows around us, because of darkness and evil—though death seems to have clouded us in gloom, we feel assured that thou wilt ever teach thy children to look up to thee and bless thee, and to learn thy lessons of adversity. We thank thee, oh Father, for this great and beautiful earth—for the golden sun, for the planets that roll forever; and oh Father, again we praise thee in behalf of those souls upon earth who every day and every moment enjoy thy bounty, and yet who know thee not. In behalf of the sorrowing ones of earth, we thank thee—for they who cannot see that out of sorrow is born greater joy. Oh, Father, may the doors of their souls be ever open to receive the angels of thy love and wisdom, that they may be soothed and pointed beyond the present to the future ages, where we shall know fully that which we now know in part. Open their souls to the loved ones who come back trying to whisper peace to those in the troubled sphere of earth, that they may be brought to know and love thee in all the manifestations by which thou appearest unto them. In behalf of them we praise thee, at this hour. For each and every subject of earth, whether abiding in sorrow or exulting in joy, we thank thee, feeling thy wisdom guideth, governeth, and controlleth all things. Sept. 3.

The Second Death.

We are now ready to speak upon whatever question may be propounded to us.

A visitor asked: "Is there such a condition as the Second Death?—if so, what is it?"

The book called the Holy Bible speaks of such a condition. We are told that one said that those on whom the second death had no power, are indeed blessed. But, like all the sayings of that good and true brother of ours, it had its double meaning. That there is such a condition as the second death, we know. It is no belief with us, but positive knowledge. Blessed are those on whom the second death hath no power.

But what is this second death? We may define it in a variety of ways, but that which is the most plain to us we will give to you. In the first place, all conditions of matter and degrees of life about you are continually dying. As death is but another name for change, and you are constantly changing, so you are constantly dying. There is not a moment of your lives when you are not changing—passing out from one sphere or phase of life into another; but since you have direct reference to the great change, that which appears to be death to your conception, we will speak of that, and that only.

The first death you recognize is the change that takes place between the spiritual and the material, when the spiritual has no longer need of a material form, or when, by the force of conditions, the material body can no longer contain it. This, we say, is the first death apparent to your consciousness. Then what is the second death? During man's natural life, or his existence here in the natural body, he gathers to himself a great portion of all that is floating in the atmosphere of earth—material, spiritual, political, moral and religious. All these different conditions he gathers to himself, more or less; and thus, each and all, when they come to the spirit-world, are for a time unable to judge for themselves—to stretch out their hands in recognition of the world and its laws, further than the material sphere. They naturally form some idea as to what condition they are to be in after they leave the body, which nature has taught them they must leave.

Through all the lower order of things he has been taught the lesson that existing forms are all more or less rapidly undergoing change—that the higher or more refined particles are continually coming out from, leaving or casting off the lower. So he knows to a positive certainty that his spirit cannot always control his physical form. Hence he desires to know what will become of himself after he has lost his body. Shall he continue to exist?—and, if so, in what condition? So the mind is prone to inquire of the church, and the other oracles the world has set up as givers of wisdom unto the people.

But the church does not agree within itself. "Come," says one teacher, "and I will show you the only way to heaven." "Come," says another, "and I will guide you upon the only true road—everywhere or nowhere the one I walk in, leadeth straightway to perdition." The human mind cannot be otherwise than besieged with unbelief, because of these conflicting influences; and he often becomes spiritually unhappy, and his ideas become vague also, because of his desire for the truth. Indeed, these ideas become so impressed into his mortal being, that to set them aside requires another death, terrible as that which characterized the sundering of the spiritual from the physical form. When he passes into the spirit-world, and finds he has been taught a doctrine almost wholly devoid of truth, there comes with terrible effect the feeling that characterized the change called death, for he must die out of these ideas, just as his spirit died out of his body. Now can any of you conceive of that most terrible condition of existence that must be passed through? Oh, our Divine Brother spoke no small thought, when he said, "Blessed are those upon whom the second death hath no power!" And who are they? We find few indeed who are unbound—unfettered—free; who have cramped themselves by no special religion, but have been looking around through nature, instead of artificial structures, and hence taking into the soul things of spiritual freshness, instead of musty ignorance and superstition.

The past has given but a limited knowledge of the spirit-world; but the glorious present, the morning of the millennium, marked as it is by the coming back of the spirits of the departed, laden with the wisdom of two spheres, has thrown a new light upon the condition of the departed than you have yet received. Modern Spiritualism, in this glorious present, has given you a new light than you have. It comes in accordance with nature's law, and at the direction of the Almighty. You are ready for the influx. You are prepared to talk with angels. Let the world receive it, and seek to understand and profit by its teachings, and there will be no necessity for the second death—death from the blind creeds of ignorance and prejudice have interwoven with their spirit-life. Oh, what a terrible order of things exists in the spirit-world in regard to these things. Blessed, thrice blessed are ye upon whom the second death hath no power. You who enter the spirit-life free-minded and ready to receive truth when it comes to you, are among the blessed ones. Oh, with what a liberal hand nature bestows her gifts upon her children! Yet but few receive them as they should, because few are so perfected in spirit as to be receptive of the disembodied spirits' love and care.

You need no more go into the dead past to attain wisdom, than you need to carry your dead

bodies to the spirit-world with you. Nature is so vast in her resources, and so liberal in her benefactions, that all may, if they will, be free from the bondage of the second death. Oh, may the Great Eternal, in his wisdom and loving kindness, spare all from the horrors of the second death! Sept. 3.

Thomas Gurnoy.

I suppose I am in Massachusetts? I am sorry that my own home furnishes no such opportunities for us who have lost our bodies, to return, as are offered here. It's exceedingly hard for me to so far command myself as to be enabled to speak clearly here to-day.

I have before me still very fresh remembrance of the last scenes I witnessed on earth. I may be wrong, and I may be right; that's a matter that will be settled some time, I suppose, but now I think you at the North are in the wrong. I believe still I did my duty when on earth, and if I have got to suffer on that account, I am ready to receive all that may be imposed upon me by suffering. I lost my life at Moultrie. I am not sorry for anything that's past, except that I came here so badly off with regard to a knowledge of these things.

They tell me here that you allow free speech. I am not disposed to lay anything unjust upon you of the North, or your institutions. I care nothing about them. Previous to this present outbreak, I took but very little active part in political affairs. I was a private man—lived in a little heaven of my own, and had no desire to interfere with the institutions of government, and especially of you at the North. I used you all well, and supposed you could take care of your affairs as we could of ours, and everything always went on very well with me, till I was crowded into political things; and when my portion of the country divided partnership with you, I felt in duty bound to sustain it against you of the North, who, instead of taking care of your own poor slaves, neglected them, and interfered with our institutions—interfered with what you had nothing to do. After I got once into the strife, I was fully aroused against you, and when I left my body, I blamed you; but I've got over that now, though I still feel I was right in the course I pursued, and it was right for the South to set herself against you.

I do not know how many were killed at Moultrie, but should judge from one to two hundred. If none were reported killed, it was not right, for I am fully acquainted with nearly a hundred who left at the same time I did.

I have a brother here at the North, from whom I have received no intelligence for some time. Up to the time of the outbreak, we were on the best of terms, but since that time I have not been able to know his whereabouts or his views. I presume he styles us spirit-life. I feel this to be so. There are sometimes words spoken that have greater effect than that of throwing cannon balls. I believe some writer says the pen is more potent than the sword, and I believe it.

You have done much here at the North, to create this war. To a great extent you are accountable for the condition of those you send here by this war, and for the things that brought the war about. You ask us to live peacefully with you, and then, instead of looking upon us as brothers, you are coolly waging warfare against us and our institutions. If you'd hanged the traitors long ago, you'd have less to hang on our side now. If there's justice in heaven, I believe it will be meted out at some time. Your Northern traitors have deluged the land in blood, and robbed parents of their children and children of their parents. They're in ecstasies now. If you knew your place, you'd hang them all. You'd hang Jeff. Davis if you could get him, would n't you? You'd better hang those who stirred him up to this rebellion; instead of cutting off the branches of the tree, you'd better dig it up by the roots.

My name was Thomas Gurnoy, Montanant. I was born here in Massachusetts, but moved South early in life. I was my adopted country, in one sense—my home. I expect I was born in Boston; but, on some accounts, I'm ashamed to own it. I was near sixty when I was killed. When I last heard from my brother, he was in New York City. He is now in Washington. I should be pleased if I could speak with him.

I am, at present, in rather an undecided and unhappy condition. I wish to come as often to earth and commune as I can. I seem bound to come. I am under obligations to you for coming here, but I cannot as yet feel I am among friends in coming here. I may be put up with as a spirit, but should I come here with my body and my views, would you receive me?

I do not know that I did not fight against my own brother. I believe he is in the Federal army. Something tells me this. He was not at Sumter, but in one great sense I fought against him. I have done what little I was able to do, to the friends I left at home, and consider that all settled. I wish I had my own body, instead of this. I see no such mighty difference between mortality and spirit—not so much as I expected to see.

I hope you'll not be disappointed in your President—so far as you are concerned, I hope not; but I fear you will be. He may be an honest man. We hope he is.

[To-day the rumor was circulated in the papers that Jefferson Davis had just died at Richmond. A visitor asked if the news was correct.]

I think not. If he had been dead, we should have been informed of it before now. News files with us as well as with you.

Well, before I go, if my brother will favor me with a hearing, I wish to speak with him. I do not care to come here. I wish to meet him where I can speak privately. Sept. 3.

Samuel Davis.

I used to think death silenced everything; but I see now it's not so, and some folks stand on their dignity as much as ever. Talk about death being something to throw off the body—I tell you it ain't so, by hovey. I thought all things would be righted pretty quick, for I thought it would all be heaven or hell. Well, 'tis—'tis, it is, but it's all mixed up together.

I'm pretty kind of happy, considering how I got kicked out of my body—my home. There's no use crying about what you can't help, so I made up my mind to push ahead as well as I could, same as I always did. I don't know much about this way of coming, but I saw others doing it, and I did. If I'd had any body, as I've got now, I'd whipped that fellow out of this soon he would n't have known it. There 'tis again. We can only fight with ideas now, and if I can kick his ideas out of him, it's all right, ain't it? If I'd had my body I'd whipped him if I's smart enough. How old is he? Well, if I's going to guess, I should say he's about forty-five or so. Did he say he's older? Well, I hope he don't lie, but darned if it don't look like it, anyway.

Folks do n't believe anything about this—I don't know what the devil to call it. They seem to be fire-proof, water-proof, spirit-proof, and everything else. My folks are Presbyterians—not in Boston. They're in Vermont. Nice place, that, but 'tain't Boston. Were you ever in Northfield? Well, there's where the folks are.

I don't like fighting much, but it's best to fight after you get into it. I's killed in the last battle, I guess. I was n't scared, but it makes a fellow feel funny to hear the shot whistling around his head. By golly, it's exciting, though.

I was twenty-three, sir. I ain't got much learning, can't talk much—can't suit myself, though—that's all I can do. I was in the third regiment. Spencer was the name of my captain, I spect, unless he took one that died n't belong to him.

By thunder, I don't want to come here in this woman's rig and talk. Can't I get anything else to talk with? I want to find some way to talk with my friends. I want to come right straight home. I can see them, and I want them to see me. But they'd sooner think of the Angel Gabriel's coming, than me. They're religious. Now as to this religion business, it's an infernal humbug, the whole of it. Now, then, all my folks who are religious are getting awfully humbugged. I don't believe anything.

They thought I was bound for the devil, sure. The fact is, I used to drink some—didn't belong to the church, and I couldn't n't stick to the Bible, so of course they thought I was going to the devil. But I want to tell them it's all a humbug. I'd like to tell just how I'm situated here, and what I see; but I can't talk as well as I want to.

I ha'n't seen God nor the Devil. Oh, they're humbugs, too. There ain't any. It's all a lie. They say you'll be called into the presence of God when you die. Well, I died, but I ha'n't seen him, and I ha'n't seen any hell to speak of; and what's more, I ha'n't seen anybody that has, and I've seen some who've been here a long time. I'd like to make the folks believe this—I know they want. They'll say I'm tied to the Devil, sure; but I'd as lief be tied to the Devil as tied to God, let me tell them. I told them so before I went off, and they thought I was going into hell with my eyes wide open. I tell you there ain't any true religion.

You may tell the folks I'm pretty well off, and feeling pretty well, too. Tell them I ain't in hell yet, and do n't believe I shall get there. There's more hell on earth than anywhere else—at any rate, there's more poor devils here. I pity those folks who died religious, for everything here is so strange to them they do n't know what to believe. I've seen them darned humbug ministers that do all the mischief. I'd like to give them a snuff of their own hell.

Well, I'm done for it, as far as this world goes, ain't I? I's going to say, tell the folks I'll come home sometime; but then I got nipped in the bud, for they are of that kind who do n't believe anything that ain't in the Bible, and they'd as soon welcome the devil as me. Well, I'll keep cool about it.

I suppose you want to know who I am, do n't you? Well, in the first place I want to tell you I'm no relation to Jeff. Davis, though my name is Davis. It's Sam. If I was his relation, I'd cut him, darned quick.

Are there mediums there in Northfield—folks like this? Well, I heard of them, but I thought they were witches. I heard some of them once, and I thought it was kind of witchery. Wonder if the folks know of it? Oh, I'd like to get into a nest of ministers—I'd shake 'em up! If there is any Satan, I'd like to be in his place a little while. They say he served old Job a darned unwholesome trick; but if I's in his place, I'd serve them a darned sight worse.

Well, have you got anything to drink? I'd rather have Scotch whiskey or Santa Cruz. I'm sorry you can't afford to treat a fellow. I'm around where anything of that kind is going on.

Well, what's to pay for that letter? Well, by "all right," I suppose you mean you don't charge anything.

I used to want liquor for my stomach's sake, but I remember I ha'n't got any stomach now. I feel dressed up awful queerly. If I's dressed in the Sandwich Islands, I'd know what to do just as well. Well, I'm going, then. Good day. Sept. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FISHING FOR LEAVES.

TO EMMA'S ALBUM, WITH A FROST-LEAF.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

So you're fishing for leaves, petite Emma, my friend, And friendship's bright leaves, may you find, to the end! But where are so many all shining and rare, Why ask of a stranger to add to the fair? Mine no longer are verdant with youth's dewy morn, But have lived out their summer, their freshness is gone; Look abroad o'er the mountain, the valley, and glen, As Autumn comes, ripening the harvests of men; See the changes since Summer her mantle withdrew, And Autumn, the glorious, has come into view! The woods, once becoming, neatly attired, Have thrown off that quiet, and seem all a-fired; The maple, the sumac, the chestnut, the elm, Have placed bold Confusion as queen of the helm, Who, taking advantage of Nature's decay, Has gathered her forests in splendid bouquet! Deney has stamped every leaf with its glow, But shall teach you rare lessons that youth cannot know; And these I have likened, sweet Emma, to me—For my Summer is passing, my Autumn I see. The lessons that I and these leaflets would teach, Are: Gain all the wisdom that lies in their reach; Care not for life's bubbles—they rise but a day; Look pretty on eddies that swirl their way; But look at them only, and strive not to grasp—They crash but to ashes, like poisonous spray! Set high thy life's standard—shoot cannot too high, And strive to attain it, and reach it—or die; For dying shall gain thee one step toward the goal That fond aspiration hath set for thy soul!

When, among the fresh leaves you have garnered up here, My frost-leaf of Autumn shall duly appear, If through all this poetry you care not to run, Catch the one little point, that, to fame, I begun, And gathering it home to your soul, in a trice, Think of Lita H. Barnes's small bit of advice.

Cardinals, Pa., Sept. 6, 1861.

Notes from the West.

DEAR BANNER—My former notes closed with the Grove Meeting at Euclid. Our next meeting was at Richfield, Summit county, Ohio. It was the first spiritual meeting ever held in the place. There are quite a number of Spiritualists in the vicinity, all of which seem to be in earnest and bound to do something for the inauguration of a better condition of the race. Our meeting was a complete success. Thoughts were uttered there that will not soon be forgotten, and mental seeds sown that will take root and bear a hundred fold.

The Spiritualists are making preparations for regular Sunday lectures during the winter. Richfield is twelve miles from Hudson, on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad. Speakers wishing to make engagements there can address S. E. Phelps.

At East Norwalk, Ohio, our three days' Convention was such an one as would do any soul

Pearls.

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

GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my soul in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him, and suffer still.

Julius Sturm.

We wish to close our eyes on the world in the places
we love best; the child in its mother's bosom, the
patriot in his country."

MORNING AND EVENING.

When first the glorious god of day
Flings wide his orient gates of gold,
And striding on his kingly way,
Bids earth her varied charms unfold;
When flower-cups brim with fairy wine,
And dew-pearls catch a ruddy glow,
And song-birds wake their notes divine,
And balmy breezes softly blow:
Meads, woods, and dell I love to pace,
And greet dear Nature face to face.

When western skies are royal red,
And even spreads her dusky veil,
When love-lorn Luna overhead
Brings forth the tuneful nightingale;
When shepherds fold their fleecy care,
And gaily chirp the green-grass choir,
When bat and moth whirl through the air,
And glow-worms light their elfin fires—
I love to roam o'er mead, or hill,
And let my fancy sport at will.

John G. Watt.

The deepest sorrow is noiseless. There is no grief
like that which does not speak.

ASLEEP.

She sleeps among her pillows soft,
(A dove, now warbled with her flight.)
And all around, and all aloft,
Hang fates and folds of virgin white:
Her hair out-darkens the dark night;
Her glance out-shines the starry sky;
But now her looks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye.

Harry Cornwall.

Faith is the angel that leads Religion through the
dark by the light of her wings.

DEDICATION OF A SPIRITUAL HALL IN
MARLBOROUGH, MASS.

As I see no notice of the above named occasion
from the pen of any one more immediately concerned
in it than myself, I beg to tender to the readers of
the BANNER a few lines in very substantial evidence
that Spiritualism is neither slain by the war, nor
extinguished as the charm of novelty wears off,
from the hearts of the faithful.

On the evening of Friday, September the 27th, a
large concourse of persons assembled round the
building known as the shoe manufactory of Mr. Bas-
sett, one of the most liberal and enterprising inhab-
itants of Marlborough, for the purpose of assisting
in the dedication of the entire of the upper part of
the establishment to the use of those spirits in and
out of the mortal tenement, whose commission and
privilege it is to instruct the world in the noble and
reformatory philosophy of Spiritualism. It will be
remembered by those who have visited Marlborough
since the advent of Spiritualism, that a building
erected by Mr. Bassett for a similar purpose, was re-
cently destroyed by fire, and notwithstanding this
severe loss of property, and at the very culminating
point of hard times, panics, national and war crises,
&c.; &c., which now beset the distrustful minds
of the age, the proprietor of the present building, at
his own expense, has fitted up in excellent taste and
handsome fashion, the largest part of his own man-
ufactory into a commodious hall, where, free of
charge, the public may listen, and the spirits dis-
course of the sublime themes of eternity.

Although no pressure of financial difficulties, either
at this period or during the former money crisis,
has induced Mr. Bassett to suspend operations with
his happy, well-remunerated work people, he, like
the rest of the American world, has felt severely the
pressure of the times, but, in strange contradistinction
to the popular mode of economizing which our
spiritual friends are generally adopting, (to wit,
laying up the ten and five cents formerly so lavishly
invested in spiritual banks, in the seven per cent.
national loan), Mr. Bassett cherishes the strange delu-
sion that funds invested in the Treasury of hu-
manity's welfare, though due at longer dates than
American Government stock, are somewhat more
permanent, and pay better interest, and that, as the
treasures of earth take to themselves wings and fly
away, they point, with unmistakable signs, to the
riches of a land whose leases are granted for eterni-
ty; and so with the sting of each new affliction,
came the yearning for spiritual strength and com-
fort, until, finding his appeals for aid to sustain spiri-
tual meetings too coldly responded to, to make their
continuance possible, he set about proving his char-
acter of a true Reformer, by doing the work himself.
Gave the building, planned its arrangement, and car-
ried his plans into execution, until on the above
named evening of the 27th of September, he assem-
bled together a large and most respectable audience,
whom he conducted up a short and handsome flight
of steps into a well lighted, well furnished, flower-
decked hall, lent his kind voice to the aid of a sweet
and most harmonious choir, and, doubtless, would
have spoken the inaugural address, had he not mod-
estly concluded I could perform this part of the cere-
mony in more experienced hands.

As the idea was not original, either with me or
my spirit guides, it is no egotism to mention that
the first and last words of the address was the quo-
tation from Revelations, so highly appropriate as
the Spiritualists' motto: "And there shall be no
more death." I was about to recommend the inscrip-
tion of this noble prophecy (whose fulfillment is so
amply realized in Spiritualism) over the platform or

rostrum of every Spiritual Hall. As the number of
these edifices among Uriah Clark's five million spiri-
tualists does not exceed four or five, the hint thus
publicly expressed may be better reserved for my
private correspondence with the proprietors.

Of the rest of the evening's programme it is un-
necessary to speak. Good feeling, amounting to en-
thusiasm, seasoned the hour. A promise was made
by those who have never deceived me, nor will I be-
lieve, fall the good man in whose behalf they spoke,
that "the spirits" would ever meet him there, ever
come and inhabit the house he had reared for them
—the temple dedicated to their honor; that though
the benches may be deserted by human forms, and
the cold, scathing tread of humanity no more re-echo
on the floor, spirits ever loving and true would never
desert him, or his hall; ever assemble there to wor-
ship with him, (even if he stood alone) the Father, who
prefers the devotion of one faithful human heart to the
empty halleluhalahs of multitudes; and that when the
mouldering hand of decay had swept the visible
form of the temple into oblivion, the spirit of devotion
and love that had erected it, should preserve it in the
archives of eternity, and open its gates to worship-
ping angels, in the land where truth erects her halls
of imperishable beauty.

N. B.—If "the world's people" feel disposed to
sneer at the Spiritualists, who after drawing out the
elite of mind, in the largest cities, halls, and audi-
ences of the States, have nothing more to boast of
than the dedication of two halls, in two small villages
of Massachusetts and Indiana, and whilst St. Louis,
Cincinnati, Chicago and Columbus in the West, Boston
New York, Philadelphia and Providence in the East,
cannot, in the language of Joel Tiffany, build even a
barn for the spirits, and scarcely now sustain
meetings in hired halls, let the aforesaid sneering
world take heed that though Seth Hinshaw in Green-
boro', and Mr. Bassett in Marlborough, are but two, of
Uriah Clark's five millions—let them take notice, I
repeat—what kind of two they are; that within a
fortnight of each other, in the most calamitous and
panic-stricken days that have ever fallen on this
glorious land, they have given of their earthly treas-
ure, to build temples for the world's progress, im-
provement and comfort; have reared up monuments
to an unpopular cause, in an hour when all besides
are fondly clinging to their wealth as their Saviour,
and alone, out of the cold millions of lookers on, are
dedicating temples to the benefit of others, without
one single selfish aim or hope of earthly reward, fame,
or even appreciation.

My beloved and revered friend Seth Hinshaw and
kind Mr. Bassett, I have written of you both as ut-
terly unselfish; perhaps I am wrong, for verily you
both know where and when you will have your re-
ward. Perhaps the best conclusion the world can
come to of the whole matter, is, "to go and do like-
wise."

EMMA HARDINGE.

The English Church.

Good old "Mother Church" of England—as all
the attentive readers of the BANNER for some time
have known—has at last run upon a rock; and al-
though we entertain no such great fears that she
will founder or go to pieces, we are pretty certain
that the useless portion of her load will have to be
thrown overboard, in spite of the serious and re-
peated protestations of original owners, so that she
may finally float off at high tide, and bear away
under winds still more auspicious for all on board.
There have been written several Essays and Reviews
by some of the most progressed minds of the Eng-
lish Church, on the prominent points of Church doc-
trine and belief; these productions excited both re-
flection and comment to an unwonted degree, on the
occasion of their first appearance, and led to a dis-
cussion throughout the body of the Church, that has
fairly compelled individuals to pronounce for this
side or that, according to the tendency of their minds
and the largeness of their faith. Some time ago, we
took occasion to speak of the re-appearance of these
Essays and Reviews in volume form in this country,
under the editorial auspices of Rev. Dr. Hodge, of
Brookline. They form certainly a body of extremely
liberal divinity, and are far in advance of any posi-
tion hitherto taken by the Church, either in England
or America. The discussions contained in them
have fairly shaken the Church to its centre, and
provoked in many instances, a spirit of opposition
that refused to be satisfied with anything short of
the utter and complete subjugation of those who
dared to raise these new questions and problems.

Not to enter any more at length, however, upon
the history of these Essays and Reviews, we merely
desire to place before the readers of the BANNER the
result that has recently been reached concerning
them in the highest court known to the English
Church, namely, the Convocation of Canterbury.
They have had the Essays on trial before this high
Court of Admiralty for some weeks; during which
time, committees and sub-committees have been ap-
pointed, and entrusted with the critical examina-
tion of these heretic discussions, with power to re-
port progress and bring in judgment upon them.
And this is the conclusion of the whole matter.

Archdeacon Denison, of the Lower House of Con-
vocation, presented and read the following report of
the Committee on the Essays and Reviews:

We have carefully examined the book, and we
consider the following to be its leading principles:—

First. That the present advanced knowledge pos-
sessed by the world in its "manhood," is the stand-
ard whereby the educated intellect of the individual
man, guided and governed by conscience, is to mea-
sure and determine the truth of the Bible.

Second. That where the Bible is assumed to be at
variance with the conclusions of such educated in-
tellect, the Bible must be taken in such cases to
have no divine authority, but to be only a "human
utterance."

Third. That the principles of interpretation of the
Bible hitherto universally received in the Christian
Church, are untenable; and that new principles of
interpretation must now be substituted, if the credit
and authority of the Holy Scriptures are to be main-
tained.

Further than this, the aforesaid Committee found
that—

First. In many parts of the volume, statements
and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are denied
called in question, or disparaged. For example:—
The reality of miracles, including the idea of crea-
tion, as presented to us in the Bible; Predictive
prophecy, especially predictions concerning the in-
carnation, Person and Offices of our Lord; The De-
cent of all mankind from Adam; The Fall of Man
and Original Sin; The Divine command to Sacrifice
Isaac; The Incarnation of our Lord; Salvation
through the blood of Christ; The Personality of the
Holy Spirit; Special Inspiration; Historical facts of
the Old Testament, including some referred to by
our blessed Lord himself.

Second. It is urged that many passages of the
Scriptures may be understood and explained upon
the principle called ideology; by which is meant,
that the reader is at liberty to accept the idea of

character and facts described in the Holy Scriptures,
instead of believing in the reality of these charac-
ters and facts.

Third. It is maintained that the Creeds of the
Church, whether regarded as confessions of faith, or
as "instruments for the interpretation of Scripture,"
may now be put aside, as no longer suitable to the
present advanced intellectual condition of the world.

Fourth. Liberty is claimed for the clergy and
candidates for the holy orders, to subscribe articles
of Religion, and to use formularies in public worship,
without believing them according to their plain and
natural meaning.

Fifth. Attempts are made to separate Christian
holiness of life from Christian Doctrine.

These, therefore, constitute the hardest and truest
things that can be uttered against this new body of
liberal and progressive divinity. We are all glad to
know the worst at once.

After giving in this report on behalf of the Com-
mittee, the Archdeacon deliberately proceeded to ask
that what is styled a "Synodical Judgment" be pro-
nounced on the book—something like a bull, or a
decree of condemnation fulminated at times against
innocent pages of print, such as "Uncle Tom," and
other works of the human brain and human inspi-
ration. This was the exact form of the resolution
introduced by the Archdeacon, which, resolution—it
may be as well to state—was finally passed by a
vote of thirty-one to eight.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, there
are sufficient grounds for proceeding to a Synodical
judgment on the book entitled Essays and Reviews;
and that the above resolution be communicated to the
Upper House, together with a copy of the Report of
the Committee.

And now the Essays and Reviews will be read and
discussed, and studied, more than ever. People, both
in the Church and out, will desire to acquaint them-
selves with any new interpretation of the Bible, that
recommends it more fully to their higher sense and
reason. The good work of freeing the human mind
will go steadily forward, while all the old supersti-
tions are laid away in their own mouldiness, to be
known of men no more.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1861.

QUESTION.—Temptation.

DR. GARDNER made the opening speech with re-
marks pertinent to the subject, viewing temptation
as being a useful means of development. There are
two conditions necessary to temptation, viz., attrac-
tion within and attraction without. We are all
tempted. Christ, as perfect man as ever lived on
earth, was tempted. He was subject to passions
like other men, and was consequently tempted to do
wrong, as other men are. There is a devil within
and allurements without that tempt us to do wrong.
If we yield to temptation, there must be a selfish de-
sire within that is wrong. If our better natures pre-
dominate, we resist the temptation, and are made
better thereby. Money, it may be, offers the great-
est temptations to the world, but all its temptations
may be overcome by the exercise of our justice.
There is a power dwelling in man that ever admon-
ishes him to resist temptation. If he heed the ad-
monitions of this power, and obey it, the struggles
that he will experience will bring him above the evils
of temptation. Temptation has its use; we are all
tempted; and notwithstanding our resolutions to
the contrary, we all, in a greater or less degree, yield
to its influence. But by the troubles that tempta-
tion brings, we gain a victory over the conflicts of
life, and are made better.

Rev. Mr. THAYER said, that temptation was, what-
ever tried and tested us. If we manfully resist, it
gives us moral strength and power to overcome the
difficulties that we encounter in life. The three He-
brew young men, and Daniel and Christ, are examples
for us to imitate, in the resistance of this influence,
that is to us an evil, if we yield to it.

Rev. SILLAS TYRRELL spoke elaborately and inter-
estingly—showing how temptation had been viewed,
and how it was now viewed; and that both views
were right, though they differed. He took their ground
that temptation was a glorious means of the soul's
advancement to happiness.

Mr. WETTERHED made some shrewd onslaughts upon
the speakers that had preceded him; thought that
"Whatever is, is Right," was common nonsense;
thought that there was a difference in things,
such as heat and cold, white and black, good
and bad. I do not rise to abuse, but to instruct.
I think that we are still in darkness; that we
have only seen the shadow of God yet; only his
dark side; not his bright side; and it is in this
darkness that we are tempted. I don't know
whether God and the devil are principles or person-
alities, and I do not care. I believe that we make our-
selves strong by being drawn through the fires of
temptation. Temptation is a sort of attraction that
draws us to do that which is bad for us. Men are
tempted in various ways. Nineteen years ago I was
a Sabbath-breaker, when I was tempted by Sally
Holland, a charming lady. She walked along the
street and I followed her. She led me to the church,
where I heard the Bible read and the word of God
preached. This temptation was good for me. Another
may be tempted in another way, and find use and
goodness in it.

Mr. PARDEE—It is useless for a man to repeat
himself. Last week I spoke on this subject. I an-
swered the question, What is temptation? and how
does it manifest itself? Now the question suggests
itself to me—What are the uses of temptation? The
answer to this question must touch upon the doc-
trine—"Whatever is, is Right," for temptation has
a use, and every useful thing is right, though it may
seem wrong. There is much in the idea, "Whatever
is, is Right," to befog and delude the mind. Man
has a lower nature, and this nature is the basis of
the attraction that we may call temptation. With
the grosser nature that we possess, there is a finer,
higher nature; in these two natures we have the
lower and the higher notes of life. Shall we prefer
the baser notes—the lower life? It will not do to
call influences that draw us down, "bubbles,"—they
are injurious and demoralizing to our better natures.
We must contend with opposing forces to build up
the divine manhood.

Mr. ENSON—I rise to say amen to what Mr. Par-
dee has said. I admit that there is truth in "What-
ever is, is Right," but I think if one is influenced
to yield to temptation by it, he is cursed by his quick-
ening conscience.

[A voice.—No one is influenced to do wrong who
sees that whatever is, is right.]
But we are blessed and quickened in our interior
life by seeing and shunning that which is wrong and
evil. "Blessed be the man that is tempted and
falls," says one; this hurts my feelings as much as
that reckless utterance: "God damn the Common-
wealth." I prefer the paths of goodness, peace and
blessedness.

Prof. BUTLER.—The prophetic, oracular seal ac-
cepts unconsciously the doctrine "Whatever is, is
Right," and could we see things in their finalities
—could we view existence with the telescopic eye of
God—we should doubtless agree with Dr. Child's the-
ory of intimations, from the suggestions of the soul.
But we get only *disjecta membra* of men and of crea-
tion. And we know there are antagonistic forces at
work within us and around us, making agony, and
seeming havoc. To be sure it is true that

"The cry wrung from our spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again."

Nevertheless, I cannot feel otherwise than that all
willing surrender to the downward drawing of my
nature is hateful, abhorrent, wrong. But I do not

think our immortality is at all influenced by tempta-
tion; believing its subjugation to be only a question
of time, not of fact. But all violation of conscien-
tious conviction casts me into a hell of torture,
which is the antipodes of heaven and God.

Dr. CHILD.—Admitting what we call God to be in-
finite, will you explain how there can be any antipodes
to infinitude?

Prof. BUTLER.—I know nothing about God. Vast
as the Universe, filling up all the spaces of the Heav-
ens, there is no background against which God can
stand relieved, whereby we may measure or define
him. Everything to me is as good as infinite, which,
seeing, I cannot see over, it hides the beyond.
The God I speak of is that which is within, not with-
out, me.

Dr. CHILD.—Then I understand you to imply that
there are as many Gods as there are men and women?

Prof. BUTLER.—I do not believe in any personal
God; but in order to express ourselves with any ap-
proximation toward clearness, we must belittle God
to the measure of our human comprehension. Thus,
then, because we are hemmed in by the limitations
of form, and because every man's conception of God
is an enlarged projection of his own special ideal of
Goodness, Truth, and Wisdom, there are (in a sense)
as many Gods as there are men and women; which
does not mean that each is an individual part of the
universal whole.

Rev. Mr. TYRRELL.—I understood Prof. Butler to
just now say, that, could we see as God sees, we
should see all things right—which implies a God
outside of ourselves; and also implies, if God does
not see wrong, that all things are right.

Prof. BUTLER.—Maugre all the beautiful inten-
tions of my friends, Dr. Child and Mr. Tyrrell, I can-
not agree with them in thinking temptation to be "a
fiction to the soul." The divine nebulous possibili-
ties of man do not crystallize themselves into divine
actualities, without spiritual struggle and effort of his
own. The ideal never itself to the Real, until it
has been fairly wooed and fully won. We must
shiver in the service of Goodness before she
consents to crown us with her garlands.

The transfiguration of our life occurs after the Getse-
mane hour. Every soul has within itself the
splendors of God struggling to be born, and the birth
does not come without the travail and pain. Christ
and Judas stand, respectively, as representatives of
temptation overcome, and of overthrow by tempta-
tion. The new-born glory shot out at every pore of
Jesús' face, altering the fashion thereof; while the
vilest angel in Judas uttered such solemn protest
that it broke the man's heart asunder, and spurned
his flesh into the grave. But I do not condemn nor
excoriate Judas. Every nature must run its orbit;
and all planets have their deflections and diverg-
ences from their exact circular action, as a whole,
into ellipses, in which each part of the whole expres-
ses its partiality, and acknowledges its special char-
acter.

I do not deprecate temptation. It often serves as
a rock on which to break the shell of some hard-en-
closed faculty; and it is upon stepping stones of our
knaveselves that we mount to higher things. We
gain good through evil. The first use a child makes
of a knife is to cut his fingers; yet edged tools are
useful. The dawning of the age of manhood is marked
by approaches of licentious feeling, yet it is only
through the affectional nature that a man can be
affectionally enabled. If there could be a world
without temptation, it would be a mere dim, twilight
world. Wherever light is deepened, the blackness is
brought into more fixed and definite outline. If a
man falls, he will rise again, for Truth is heaviest,
and will at last reach the centre.

Only that which is excellent is permanent, and sin
is burned to ashes in hell; and spiritual knowledge
enters by the gateways of spiritual suffering, with its
alternate victories and defeats. Thus, in the ab-
solute and impersonal sense, the views of the think-
ers of Dr. Child's school are correct, while in the
limited and personal sense, it is no less true that
temptation, instead of being "a fiction," is an awful
and stupendous "fact," which, like the riddle of the
Sphinx, each soul must solve wisely and well, or be
well-nigh devoured thereby.

Question, Wednesday evening, Oct. 16th: Why are
Spiritual communications contradictory?

The conference will hereafter be held on Wednes-
day, instead of Tuesday evening. This change is
made on account of the Fraternity Lectures, which
are to be on Tuesday evenings.

Why are the Manifestations through Mr. Fos-
ter so Certain and so True?

Mr. Foster's development is, without doubt, spon-
taneous. It is not a development of efforts that re-
strain or indulge; it is not a development over which
human effort did have, or can have, any control.
Mediums are not made mediums in nurseries, schools,
or colleges—neither are they made by what are
called religious or devotional exercises; but they
come forth in defiance of these influences, with or
without them, just the same, by natural, spontaneous
growth.

I would define Mr. Foster's mediumship to be a
natural waking up of the soul's sensation to the per-
ception of his outward consciousness; by which he
sees the realities of the spiritual world, and sees the
material world as being but the shadow of the spiri-
tual world. The spiritual world is the real world to
his perception, and the sensuous world seems like a
dissolving vision. His life is now, chiefly, like the
life of one who has dropped the physical body and
really become a spirit. His affections for the glo-
ries of earthly things, for the falling actions and un-
certain sayings of men, hold him but feebly; but his
affections for the un fading and enduring beauties
the spirit world hold and draw him with a master
power, over which he has no control, and he desires
none. He recognizes the beautiful truth that there
is a power and wisdom that made him, sustains him
and continues his being—and that all his life is
right—exactly right, even in its minutest workings.
I asked Mr. Foster if he ever acted naughtily? In a
very childlike manner, he said: "No; I act right;
I cannot act wrong; I cannot possibly be untrue to
myself." I asked him if he blamed others for ac-
tions that were called naughtily? He said that he
could blame no one, for he "could find no cause ex-
isting in spirit for any blame, for anybody." I was
much pleased with this answer, that was so full of
peace and heaven, and thought that in this answer
I had almost found the key that would unlock the
mystery of his wonderful medium powers, for I
thought blame of self and others was but the shad-
ow of materialism that obscured the bright light,
for a while, of the spiritual world from us; which
obscurity is the darkness that covers our medium
powers. While the shadows of matter and the love
of matter envelop us, we see faults, wrongs and evils
everywhere rife. This view is of our earlier vision;
it has its place, and is right; but this is a darkened
vision, and will grow dim and cease to be. Then
the vision of the soul will be opened to see in the
bright light of the real world that has produced the
darkness that we have wandered in. The develop-
ment of the soul's vision is the development of me-
dium powers.

A. B. CHURCH.

They who carry nothing but the firebrand and the
sword, imprint deep marks of their existence for a
period in the burning and bloody furrows of their
course; but healing time closes them up and covers

them with verdure; men keep no memory of those
who brought them only evil; the exterminators per-
ish in as deep oblivion as their victims.

Notice to Spiritual Committees.

Please to leave my name off the Cambridgeport list
of meetings, Mr. Editor, as my services have been de-
clined there upon the ground that the meetings were
not to be continued. There is an injustice to the
speaker, where their services are dispensed with, as is
often the case in these distressful times, and the Com-
mittees neglect to omit the name from the published list,
as, of course, no one would write to them for a month
that was advertised elsewhere. I wish to say, to all
places where I am engaged, that if you wish to suspend
your meetings at the time that the arrangement pro-
posedly made would bring me to you, that it is an act
of simple justice for you to send me word as soon as
your minds are resolved upon it. M. M. MACAUBER.
West Killingly, Ct., Sept., 1861.

Special Notice.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, and thank-
ing his friends and the public for their patronage,
would inform them that he has removed from No. 2
Jefferson Place, to No. 15 Bennett street, (corner of Jef-
ferson Place, near Washington street, Boston,) where
he will be happy to meet all that are seeking for health
or to visit families, wherever a Healing Medium may
be wanted, (on reasonable terms,) hoping, by being at-
tentive and faithful to his spirit guides, to be able to
relieve the suffering and distressed. Hours at his
Rooms, from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 6 P. M.
SAMUEL GREEN, Healing Medium.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for
answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for
the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a
sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us
two dollars, for the BANNER one year. Each letter
to be answered must accompany the subscription
money, and also three 3 cent postage stamps to pre-
pay return letters. Mr. Mansfield offers this solely to
aid us in extending the circulation of our paper,
which is the best way to benefit the cause.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the
best scientific books of the present age. Did a read-
ing public understand this fact fully, they would have
the work without delay. By reference to the seventh
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found
its way into Germany, been translated into the Ger-
man language by a gentleman well known to the spiri-
tualistic world, and has been extensively sold in that
country. We will send the book by mail to any part
of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with
the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER
or LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of
either, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, by Dr. Child, THE
ARCANA OF NATURE, by Hudson Tuttle, or TWELVE
LECTURES, by Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch, with a splendid
steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all
published for one dollar each, and this is an offer
worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for
we shall continue it in force only two months.

Friends of Progress in Indiana.

The next annual meeting of the Friends of Progress
will be held in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sun-
day, October 19 and 20.

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speak-
ers from a distance who may journey in this direction
will be welcomed to our meeting.
By order of the Committee of Arrangements,
OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.

Notice.

The friends in Montpelier, Vt., will please make
arrangements for me to speak there two or three times,
on Sunday, October 20th, on the Cause and Cure of the
Present Rebellion, and write me at Holderness, N. H.
WARREN CHASE.

Obituary Notices.

Passed from his earthly dwelling, in Lynn, to his
home in the better land, Oct. 6, 1861, GEORGE K. LANE,
formerly of Maine, aged 68 years. For many months
he was a great and patient sufferer from a most pain-
ful disease, (cancerous affection of the jaw bone),
which deprived him of the food which nature craved,
and the pleasure of conversing with his friends, yet
he ever welcomed them with a pleasant smile, and a
warm grasp of the hand. He was a warm friend to
a faithful husband, a fond and indulgent parent, and an
"honest man." For several years he has enjoyed the
comforts of our better faith, and in his last hours, his
spiritual vision was opened, and he saw his spirit
friends beckoning him on, and thus