



Literary Department

THE STEP-MOTHER

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

Written for the Banner of Light. CHAPTER I. The sun, just going down behind the hills...

"Not so," replied George; "my promise is sacred, and by heaven, it shall ever be kept by me." "Very well," said the partner; "do just as you please..."

at the bedside has existed between the orphan and the guardian, his ward, strong and holy, and today the ceremony at the altar, and the blessing of the angels...

reverent pastor invoked a blessing upon the newly-wedded pair, many of the company were prophesying in regard to their future. "I tell you what it is," said an old lady to her young female companion...

and inwardly resolved to clothe up his business and remove with his daughter to a distant clime, and leave forever the being who had caused him so much unhappiness. One month later, and Annie is walking the street at her father's house, wringing her hands in despair...

they did not think about being called on to love the world, to treat every one whom they should meet as a brother or sister. Patience is no virtue. We do not wait for purity, love, and wisdom. That measure of love in which we have fallen, we possess. With our patience waiting for some new revelation of power and glory, waiting for some new philosophy or religion that shall carry conviction everywhere, waiting for some new directing power from Heaven to remodel society, so that there may be peace and peace, how are we different from the ancient multitude, who were looking for the Son of Man, and when he came would not receive him? There is nothing in the heavens or earth that we need to wait for. Let us try and love our brother who hates us; let us try and wash the feet of those who would betray us into the hands of our enemies; let us tell unknown and unseen; till without letting the left hand know what the right hand does; till where we are called, and where humanity comes before our pathway to be improved, and we shall cease our waiting—we shall have no need of patience. The doubts we are expecting some signal to take from us, will be driven away without foreign aid—the disappointed hope of worldly privileges will give place to contentment, and we will reverently see our God, who is love; who numbers the hairs of our heads, and does not permit a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

Our rest is for us. But we need not wait for it. There is a virtue beyond patience. Let us wait in patience, if that is the best we can do; but let us seek for that condition in which we do not feel that we are waiting; in which we do not feel under the necessity of exercising our patience. That full fruition of heaven, that communion with the angels, in which we see and are seen as we are, we know not the hour in which it shall come. It may be in the fifth, twentieth, or one hundredth year of our striving; it may be while we walk in our earthly tenements, or in our spiritual tabernacle in the future life; but however near or remote it may be, we need not wait, we need not be under the necessity of exercising our patience. When we are waiting, let us examine ourselves to see if we are in our striving life. In the exercise of patience there is evidence that we are expecting heaven to be given to us as a foreign good, instead of expecting that we shall reach it through our own striving. It is the experience of many a pilgrim, that after years of seeking for a higher state of rest, through an endeavor to love the world, and through an inward purifying of the thoughts and affections, that there comes an hour of buoyant hope in which he supposes that his rest is drawing near, and he is shown by the new light into which he is drawn, an old selfish way he had not thought of; and he is then not only satisfied that the many years shall pass before the joyous day shall come, but he calls in his prayers for a lengthened era of his striving, lest he shall enter into his rest, and in the light and beauty of his heaven feel shame and disgrace.

Patience is no virtue. Through eternity there will be the to-morrow of our existence. To-morrow is the anticipated brighter day. But there is something for us to-day, something in the present hour of life. The present hour is the golden moment of existence, and although we may not have abundant rest and peace now, let us commence and do, asking God for faith and strength, and see if some new endeavor for a better life will not give us contentment and rest. A new faith in our way, and a new strength for each day's endeavor, shall be ours. If we will commence and continue our striving life, we shall not need to consult the great prophets in the future world about the future of the New Dispensation. We shall testify to ourselves. Our own faith will go with us, strong through the conviction, which arises from the triumph of a successful inward endeavor, in the heavens and earth there is no better faith than this. We cannot walk by sight, for we shall always be imperfect. While striving in the present moment for a purer life, we have contentment and rest, and a faith which nothing can take away of a brighter to-morrow. In our striving, we shall become more satisfied with the present, for the present shall be welcome, as we love and have faith in the work which we find necessary to do, in order to perfect our life.

South Hartford, N. Y.

ANIMALS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

HUBERT TUTTLE, Esq.: Dear Brother—The perusal of your books has given me much pleasure, more particularly, "Life in the Spheres." As I perused each page, and learned the lesson therein taught, I could not suppress the feeling of sorrow that arises in every philanthropic heart, when contemplating the ignorance and superstition that reigns supreme in the Orthodox world. Narrowed down by the prison-house of creeds; besmeared by a selfish hope that they are the favored ones of God, they are to enjoy heaven while their unfortunate brethren must be consigned to Gehenna; while they will sing songs throughout the unending ages of eternity, we must be confined in the blackest and most horrid pit that the infinite God of Orthodoxy could invent. Such profound obtuseness in regard to the life to come is only surpassed by the death-like tenacity with which they cling to the rotten spars and hulk of that rickety old ship of Church.

But while my soul is uplifted, and my heart grows big within me when I read the experiences of unseen intelligences who love and teach us, yet so blinded is my mind, that in reading the thoughts of wisdom as they come from the pen of the philosopher, I am confused, and stand stumbling and halting like a drunken man in the dark.

This latter reflection arises from the statements made in "The Arcana," that the "plant is an animal without a nervous system" that "no animal is immortal" from the fact that the animal has not, nor will, become individualized enough to retain its identity in the spirit-land; but "Leon and Hero" I find feasting upon fruits in the vineyard of the most worthy sages. From this, I am led to infer that the vegetable retains its identity in the spirit-land, while no organism intervening, the plant and man retains its form throughout the unending cycle of eternity. This arrangement of Nature to me seems inharmonious; it seems that if the types of vegetable formation are perpetuated, that the higher order of animal would eternally exist in order to fill the interim between the lower and the higher order, and make the links of progression perfectly hold together.

Again, the mind of man, lower to dwell upon the secrets of death. From them he learns the destination of the first great cause. He beholds the immortal rearing their peaks toward heaven; his mind is ag-

gitated by the sublime view his soul expands as the faint glimmer of the snowy peak impresses his vision; but how stripped of its grandeur would this mountain be, should the swift-footed eagle cease his leaping from rock to rock, should the wild scream of the eagle be heard no more. The valleys beneath are covered with forests, whose foliage is beautiful. The flower blooms on the margin of the meandering stream; clusters of fruit meet the eye here and there; the brook gurgles sweetly over a pebbly bottom—but what would all of these be stripped of their attendant songsters of the wood? of their bright gazelles of their noble herd of horses? of their lovely cattle? and lastly, of man—the ultimate of earth's offspring?

To me, a spirit-land without the attendant adornments of the animal formation, would be a barren solitude. So it seems now. But my mind may change in this regard, and my views be enlarged when I have experienced the realities of that, by me, unexplored country.

I have been unable to give the "Arcana" a thorough reading. The little I did read impressed me very favorably. But dropping the above theme, I would like to turn your attention to the subject of what are Spiritualists going to do? Are they going to remain as they are, disintegrated, unorganized, to all future time? Are their teachers to be shut from public schools, and their honorable men from position? Though war distracts the brain of the nation, it seems to me those friends who are not otherwise employed, could do a good thing by laying some concerted plan of organization, which shall in part take place when the war is over, and as far as practicable, have it commence now.

MR. TUTTLE'S REPLY.

The darkness which you observe enveloping the "Arcana" and "Life in the Spheres," I think is more apparent than real. It is true that it is taught by both those works that the spiritual essence of plants and animals passes away "like a cloud" at death, into the vast ocean of unindividualized spiritual substance. They lose their individuality. Man alone is an immortal identity. I cannot see, however, as the existence of plants, or even animals, in the spheres, conflicts with this fact. The spiritual plant never existed as an individual before. For instance: the tree which shades your house will not be transplanted to the spheres at its death, but whatever refined substance it contains will ascend there. The spiritual particles from a thousand other like trees ascend. These particles aggregate in similar trees, rather than any other. These particles ascending from grapes take the form of the grape rather than that of the pear; particles from orange groves that of the orange rather than of the apple. You can readily extend this reasoning, applying it to animate and inanimate objects, and will perceive that it is the key which unravels the mysterious similarity between the two worlds.

I have always been taught that animals do not exist in the spheres. Others have been taught differently. Such a discrepancy should cause us to use our reason always, and receive communications with care. Whether they—animals—exist in the spheres, or not, is of little moment. We shall know when we become one of the unseen assemblage. If they do not, be assured they will not be missed. I have always thought we loved animals for want of something better. We love them because never false and ignoble. Perhaps the sublime love of the angels will make us forget the mute friends of our earth-life.

The plan of Nature seems to be to drop her imperfect and early forms, as an architect tears away the staging from the completed structure. The staging was made only that the building might be reared; and when no longer needed is torn down. So the lower forms of life being but stages by which the perfect human was formed, are not destined to be perpetuated. On this ground, reason would lean to the idea of there not being animals in the spirit-spheres.

This is only suggestive. The little I know of the misty Beyond I have learned from my unseen guides, and I advance it with hesitation—not because I do not believe it; but because you cannot receive the proof that I receive.

You say a break exists in the chain of progress; while plants and men are immortal, the intermediate links are obliterated. The spiritual existence of plants depends on different laws from those of immortality, and if the spiritual essence of animals is prevented from following the same law, it is the result of organization, some subtle difference which we do not, perhaps cannot, at present understand.

That Spiritualists should organize, and thus concentrate their power for good, no one can reasonably doubt. The desire is growing, stronger, and has already sought expression in Boston and many other places. That we should have a regular assemblage, and our children liberal schools, must be the demand of all. The little "Spiritual Sunday School Class Book" is a pioneer in this direction. It is a most extraordinary book, and contains more moral strength and heart food suitable for the mental digestion of the young, than perhaps any other book ever printed, the Bible not excepted. We want a library of such books; we want Sunday Schools, and schools low and high, instructing on liberal principles; we want, above all, a glorious organization, truly republican, free from creed, from creeds, from creeds, shall make us a sect, extending into every town in our land, and lastly, able exponents of the spiritual philosophy, the noblest system the world ever saw.

Written for the Banner of Light. A VISION. One eve, when sleep had hushed the busy hum of life, And Nature with her thousand tongues Alope now ruled the hour— When her voice, soft, like angels' breath, Had lulled the weary organ to rest, With music like to that of dew-drops, As it is welcomed by the lily's snowy cup; I had listened long and patiently To hear some warning of the presence Of my calm, holy, Heavenly guide, At length a song so pure, and breathed in accents So filled with soul and Heaven That methought it would pollute be To come in contact with the human ear; And though I could have listened And drunk with deep draughts the harmonious melody, I feared it would partake of my own low thoughts; So, instinctively I placed my hand upon my ear; But soon I learned the glorious sound Did penetrate the hind, and still the same Undying notes re-echoed on my mental ear And filled my soul with bliss! The voice, indeed, had driven away All selfish aspirations (for the while) And gradually partook of the nature of my guide. The strain had ceased, a halo burst upon my mental vision;

'T was like the halo I dreamed had shone about the walks of Heaven! It soon was dazzling—and in a moment A form divine methought had sprung from out the mist And stood pointing toward the Heavens. Upward I cast my eyes, and there beheld six forms; All bore the semblance of him who stood before me So noble in his beauty— All were alike, I say, and still unlike, for each was robed In halos, but each was of a different hue. Some were nigh to gold, so dazzling, while others were of virgin whiteness. They caught the notes that had so charmed my ear, And all the air seemed filled with the cadence of an angelic host.

All bore a book within their shining fingers— And the first who came opened his for me to read; And I did read of childhood's faith, of the trusting child-heart That had no bitter thoughts within the pale that bounded in its little world. I read there of naught but truth and love; No seeking to hide from public eye the simple, guileless heart.

O, that you in mortal hand could trace the glowing words of simplicity That there I saw! But no, the task is hopeless; and as page by page The great book of child-life was shown to me, I raised my hands in thankfulness to Heaven That I had read. "Life, now, is a bright reality," I cried; "O, I would read the book for aye!" But smilingly the angel shook his head and passed him on.

The book that next my longing eyes did meet Was filled with thoughts less buoyant and more sad. "Life is a drama," said the book; "the child hath found it so. For tears, smiles or are given, to hide the anguish of the heart; For open candor ye must exchange Smooth-tongued, cunning hypocrisy." I will no longer read therein, but turn me to the next. Ah! there I found what chilled my soul with horror! The child had learned his lesson— He had learned the world is full of dreams. That burst like bubbles in his grasp; That the mad, surging waves of sin were covered by a calm exterior.

Thus did I read. Each book was opened for my perusal. And I could but think it well when the last book said: "Old age hath wrought a rehearsal of the youth— There is the same that you so much admired Of the childlike confidence, but alas, the mind hath lost its way!" "T is well," I said, "it is better thus than if the soul Had still remained polluted to the last: 'T was bright at first, and then it learned the way of others, And then it followed in the same old track; But now 't is all forgotten, and is as Nature formed it!" And then I wept that I had gained such bitter knowledge.

As the books had taught, "Ye judge too soon. Read again," said those who stood about. Again I read, and lo! I found the books had changed. For now they told of one who never learned the fearful truths: Who saw the world about him and could read their hearts. But would not stoop to the ignoble ways of those who crossed his path. Ah, that is better. Are there other pages still that I may read?"

"Yes, there are many such; the world is full of them! Some there are whom thou couldst ill comprehend, So complex are their thoughts; others are not for thee to read. But look! I one more soul for thee to scan. Which should be thy every aim. In order that the pages may be fair to look upon." I looked, and there I saw the impress of my soul. Oh, Heaven, the sight was more than I could bear; So gleamed the mind that I in anguish cried, "Is there not one pure thought, not one redeeming gem?"

And eagerly I sought for such. But ah, the thought never drives me mad— I looked in vain. "Tell me, ye pure and holy ones, How can I look my brow with one bright frowet That thou canst say, 'Well done.'"

CONJUGIOUS MARRIAGES.—The dangers of conjugious marriages, and their influence in multiplying deaf and dumb cases among children, is the subject of a paper presented to the French Academy by M. Bouillie. It supplies matter for grave consideration. Taking the whole number of marriages in France, the conjugious represent 2 per cent, while the proportion of deaf and dumb children; those conjugious marriages is to the whole number of deaf and dumb births at Lyons, as 22 per cent. to 100; at Paris, 28 per cent.; at Bordeaux, 30 per cent. The nearer the conjugious of parents, the more does the proportion increase; and if we represent the danger of begetting a deaf and dumb child from an ordinary marriage, it would have to be represented by 28 in marriages between conjugious persons; by 37 in marriages between consanguineous unions; and by 70 in marriages between consanguineous unions. It will surprise some readers to hear that the subject of the paper which the relations alluded to involved Protestantism is more favorable to conjugious marriages than Roman Catholicism is, and it appears by a return from Orleans, that the proportion of deaf and dumb children, 10,000 Catholics in this city was 31; in 10,000 other (Protestant) was 27 in 10,000. A similar result is given by other circumstances. By a return from Lyons, the proportion of deaf and dumb was 28 in 10,000 Catholics, and 23 in 10,000 Protestants; and from Lyons, the proportion of deaf and dumb was 31 in 10,000 Catholics, and 23 in 10,000 Protestants. The statistics of the deaf and dumb were furnished to the Academy by M. Bouillie, who is a physician at Lyons.

position, there is an immense increase in the proportion of deaf and dumb births. For the whole of France, the proportion is 8 in 10,000; in Corsica, it rises to 14 in 10,000; in the High Alps, to 23; in the canton of Bern, to 28. In Iceland, it is 11. The whole number of the deaf and dumb in Europe is estimated at 220,000; and when we consider that other infirmities of a very serious character, including idiocy, are directly traceable to conjugious marriages, we are led to inquire, what are the means by which relatives may be persuaded not to marry one another? Is it not a question which the Social Science Association might take up and discuss with advantage?

Correspondence.

Notes of Travel in New York.

DEAR BANNER—Since writing you last we have been too actively employed in the public field to permit of communicating to you until now. But you have a large class of correspondents, and they cannot all receive attention at once; besides, your columns have been as well, or better, occupied by others than a portion could have been by the writer. Yet the many inquiries of our friends, who read your paper, require an occasional response; and it has been their earnest sollicitations, with the hope of giving some information to others, which has induced me to write, occasionally, a few hurried notes of our travels.

We wrote you last from our friends' Hillside Home, in Afton; on leaving which, we returned to Chenango Valley, one of the most fertile sections of this State, and in my opinion, superior in several respects to that portion of her Sister Valley, the Susquehanna, which lies but a few miles off across the hills by her side. It is one of the best grazing portions of New York, and second to none, unless to Orange county, in butter making; while it is excellent for grain, fruit, &c., &c. The people are industrious, and very worldly-minded; church edifices are numerous, and the faces of their supporters are strongly set against anything new which will turn their steps from the old beaten paths of superstition, tradition and mythology. As a whole, religiously, Chenango is one of the most bigoted, sectarian, conservative and creed-bound sections I have ever visited.

We gave a course of three lectures in East Greene, all of which were exceedingly well attended, notwithstanding we had short evenings and were obliged to go some two miles out of the village to get a church to speak in, as the new (Secession Baptist) Free Church, was "dedicated to God" expressly for "religious meetings." Large carriage loads of persons came six and eight miles to hear the Gospel of Light and Life dispensed. Three or four Christians, among whom was the clergyman of the old Baptist society, did more toward circulating our notice than all our coadjutors, by ranting against our views and scandalously traducing what they supposed Spiritualism to be. The Reverend prayed distinctly and fervently in my presence against "that class of vile impostors among us, who attempt to overthrow the Bible by their claims of modern inspiration, which we know are untrue, as all inspiration ceased with the existence of the Apostles; and those who live in defiance of all law, thwarting God in his plans or ways and means to save a sinful world;" and much more "small talk" too numerous to mention, which was a better advertisement of our appointment, (notice of which he refused to read before his congregation, "because," said he, "I don't believe in the doctrine") than reading the notice would have been. I ask no better advertisement than to have them talk, preach and pray against us. It excites a spirit of inquiry we cannot awaken in any other way. And "God speed the plow" of all, is my fervent desire. All have their own missions and capacities to fulfill those to which they are assigned. We trust these negative friends will do their part of our work well, for which let us render them all due gratitude and kind consideration.

These lectures were the first of our stamp, delivered here. We found a fair proportion of good soil to sow upon, but some fell upon "stony places." One man told his wife (the second time by her request our vehicle called for her) if she went again to those meetings, she should "never step into his house to live with him again." Abject slavery! He is a slave to his own prejudiced conditions; she a slave to his cruel tyranny. Oh for the penetrating spirit of Spiritualism to pierce his shroud of darkness and flood his turbulent soul with brighter light and purer feelings, that he may allow the hungry soul to feed upon the bread of life, instead of giving it a stone.

Thanks are due a few worthy minds here, (who have sprung up and dared maintain their position) for their kindnesses to us. Next, a course of lectures in Oxford, attended by less than a hundred hearers, but by a fair delegation of the best minds. These were the thinnest meetings we have had in a place of the size in our travels. Mrs. Felton was here three years since, and gave the first lectures; ours were the second effort. Assisted by the very few friends, we made a fair impression, and left, to give a third course in Greene, where, also, Mrs. Felton had been once, which was all that preceded our labors, only the salutary influences of the BANNER and HERALD, and a few failures at "exposing Spiritualism." Dr. Moran had tried, and failed to satisfy even the Christians, with his lectures on "Popular Orthodox Subjects," in exposition of Spiritualism. This gave a balance in our favor. The course was well attended. Thine for light, H. M. MILLER. Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y. Aug. 30, 1862.

Martin Van Buren.

Mr. William Allen Butler—the author of "Nothing to Fear," and son of the late Benj. F. Butler, of New York, who was the lifelong friend of Mr. Van Buren—has been furnishing the New York Independent with a somewhat analytical sketch of the life of the late ex-President, and weaving in many most interesting personal reminiscences. Mr. Van Buren was no common man, viewed in any light. He, like many others, had the misfortune to obtain a reputation for traits which he did not possess; but time, happily, proves all things at last. He says that the ex-President possessed no wit, but he had a large fund of humor. He was a gentleman by instinct. What Mr. Butler says of his style of manners and dress is too neatly and cleverly said to give again, except by literal repetition. It is as follows:

"He was a gentleman, and he cultivated the society of gentlemen." He never had any associates who were vulgar or vulgar. He studied the companionship of men of letters, though I think his conclusion was that they are apt to make poor politicians and not the best of friends. Where he acquired that pe-

culiar neatness and polish of manner, which he wore so lightly, and which served every turn of domestic, social, and public intercourse, I do not know. As far as my early recollections go it was not intelligent in the social circles of Kinderhook. I do not think it was essentially Dutch. It could hardly be called natural, although it seemed so natural in him. It was not put on, for it was never put off. As you saw him once you saw him always—always punctilious, always polite, always cheerful, always self-possessed. It seemed to any one who studied this phase of his character as if, in some early moment of destiny, his whole nature had been bathed in a cool, clear and untroubled depth, from which it drew this lifelong serenity and self-control. It was another of the changes against him that he was no Democrat. He dressed too well, he lived too well, the company he kept was too good, his tastes were too refined, his tone was too elegant. So far as Democracy is supposed to have an elective affinity for dirt, this was all true; he was no Democrat, in taste or feeling, and he never pretended to be."

DYING OUT.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Since the rebellion has taken up so much of the time and attention of Spiritualists, we often hear the grown and ungrown children of the churches, who are not acquainted with the subject of which they speak, exclaim that Spiritualism is dying out. Some with equal evidence have so exclaimed since it begun, and while it has been growing from scores of adherents to millions.

For a few weeks, I have been feeling its pulse along my way to New England, and can speak from actual knowledge of the cause where I have been. On the early morn of July 7th, I left the quiet home of Bro. A. B. French, at Clyde, Ohio, quite rested from the labors at our big meeting the day before, and came passed hundreds of friends without stopping, to the great salt lick of New York, (Syracuse), thence by stage to Hastings, where our friends had recently held a convention, the glowing embers of which were still burning in celestial sparks of intellect and affection. Our excellent and indefatigable sister, Sophia L. Chappell, was still there, but had been laboring in and around Binghampton, and reports very favorably from that section.

Sunday, 13th, we had excellent meetings and interest greater than I ever knew there before, by which and the report of the Convention, I found it is not dying out, but the reverse.

July 16th, spoke at Colosse, on the war, a good audience in the church, but some were afraid to attend lest they should be fed on spiritual food, which their feelings would not bear, having been long accustomed to theological husks.

July 20th, at Mexico, but the windows of heaven were open, and the rain fell almost in streams, so even those who fear hell fire could not go to church, and all my many friends from the country were deprived of the visit and discourses, and only a few from the village heard me discourse, and early next morning I departed with the men who came thirty miles in the rain after me, to attend the call from Henderson, Jefferson County. Four evenings in succession, the large hall was filled to listen to my words, and my large pile of books was reduced, so I am sure the cause has not and will not die out there this year; at least, while Bro. and Sister Simmons and a few others stay in the form, nor while our medium sister and co-laborer, Miss Mary G. Ballard, can write and talk.

July 26th, reached Watertown, and on Sunday, 27th, met a very intelligent crowd in a grove near this village, and when I left, my words and books were gone to many homes, where I am sure some of them will stay till I come again with more of such. I have seldom found more interest in any place, nor the interest less concentrated, or more divided; they are sadly in need of an organization that could take them all into cooperation of effort to advance the great work, but it is anything but dying out even with its scattered interests.

Early Monday morning left for North Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., where Brother J. G. Reed had made extensive arrangements for a Grove meeting on the 29th and 30th, and although in the midst of haying, I have never enjoyed a better treat, or met a more honest, earnest, and intelligent audience in any of the groves of our country, although I have in former years met larger ones when we have held for several days, and closed on Sunday. But I cannot say what this would have been had it reached to Sunday, for it was much larger than I supposed it could be at such time. Elder Francis, an independent preacher of his own truths, and a deep reasoner, assisted me to feed the hungry multitude, and a Mr. Hemmenway spoke, prayed and sang in some unknown tongue, as the apostles of old did, and a Methodist clergyman listened to all, without public comment, but no doubt he will preach us to perdition on Sunday.

Thus ends July, in which I have delivered seven-teen lectures; fourteen in New York, and six of them in groves to large audiences, without a single sign of rowdiness or rudeness, at any of the meetings. I am sure Spiritualism has rescued Grove meetings from the rowdiness that always accompanied the camp meetings of Methodists, perhaps partly by always leaving the groves before dark, and spending the night at the homes of the citizens.

Our Grove meetings have proved a success, and never more so than this year. In the section I have visited of New York, especially in Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties, the people seemed nearly all to be ready for the new Gospel, and never have I found more earnest and honest inquiry, or more dissatisfaction with the popular forms of Christianity. We are surely on the eve of great theological changes, as well as political, and whoever thinks Spiritualism is dying out, is truly ignorant of the public feeling of the country on the subject.

Bro. J. G. Reed of North Stockholm, has been developed (changed out of the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, meat, &c.) and through his system, many sick neighbors have been healed, and thus he is preaching his gospel, and earnestly laboring to bring the light to the eyes of others.

North Stockholm, N. Y. July 31, 1862.

[Bro. Chase will pardon us for not printing the above until this late date. It got mislaid, in the hurry of business, is the only apology we dare to offer for our remissness. It is never too late, however, to inform the skeptical world that Spiritualism is not dying out.]—Ed.

Share.—Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old of the venerable lady, who sat on the piazza lately.

Spiritualism in Toronto, C. W.

DEAR BANNER—Once more my pioneer feet have been planted on British ground in obedience to the commands of the invisible, and the cry of "come over and help us" from the faithful few of the above named Canadian city. I found "the cause" like the country in general, and progress in particular, discovered from the United States by a much wider line of demarcation than the broad waters of Ontario; indeed, it would scarcely seem possible to realize the extent of the mental ocean that rolls between these countries by any comparison of the physical barriers of separation. Whatever these differences may be, I leave the visitor of both sections to find out for himself.

Spiritualism in its usual mobile and wondrous adaptation to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of each people is in their midst, and though I left my heart on the western shore, I found ample gratification for my head on the other side, being received with warm welcome and generous appreciation, by as intellectual an audience as it has ever been my good fortune to address. My engagement was "to cross the lake (from Oswego), and give a lecture on Tuesday evening, August 26, in Toronto. This arrangement extended however to the two following days, and had not prior engagements compelled my return before the following Sunday, would not even then have terminated, for, willing as I am to impart of the glorious truth that has illumined my own pathway, I found many an anxious listener yet more ready to receive, and pressing my continuance amongst them with an earnestness that nothing but duty could have enabled me to resist.

My last lecture was chosen by a committee of the audience, consisting of three gentlemen remarkable, as I was informed, for their high standing in society, and their legal attainments, and if the warmest expressions of interest, astonishment, and satisfaction on the part of my audiences were evidence of appreciation, my brow would now be covered with spiritual laurels. There is, however, to my mind, a deeper significance in their kindness than personal appreciation, and it is not to my vanity, but to my reason that this spirit appeals.

I find in modern Spiritualism a key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of science; a clue that guides us through the most intricate realms of analysis; a plummet line that sounds the depths of mind, and infringes upon the hitherto unfathomable realms of eternity. It is impossible to open up the stores of spiritual philosophy without displaying the riches of kindred sciences, and calling in the witness of tenderest emotions and sublimest aspirations, and as the blessed masters who commissioned their mediums to go forth and proclaim this mighty dispensation to the world, never fail to arm us with the credentials of inspiration and "the gift of tongues" to express their noble ideas withal, so it requires appreciative minds, cultivated intellects, and brains sharpened by logical exercises and polished by education, most fully to apprehend the scope, beauty and truth of Spiritualism.

Not only to my noble spirit masters, than of whom I am little more than the material mouthpiece, but also to my intellectual and educated audiences themselves, do I owe the success that for the second time has gladdened the spiritual missionary in Canada, and I cannot resist the conclusion that when heads and hearts are equally balanced in spiritual audiences, and both invite the hands to help the spirits work the telegraph, Spiritualism will indeed be "the Lyceum Church" of the world.

In Toronto, then, my graceful and highly gratifying welcome was mainly attributable to the polished surfaces on which the great light of the noble truth fell, and whilst I cannot forbear expressing my delight in addressing such audiences, and lamenting that I do not more frequently realize such a gratification, do not suppose, my American friends, that for all this intellectual appreciation, I am ready to forego the precious, warm hearts and outstretched hands that have ever nobly welcomed me on the American side. Next week, between the Sundays of my engagement in Buffalo, I revisit Canada, lecturing in London, C. W., a place I have never as yet visited.

There are many mediums, I find, in Canada, and vast interest ready to spring up into life and light beneath the missionary labors of competent and well developed mediums. The material is there, but neither the experience or knowledge to shape and use it. I deeply regret that engagements in distant localities compel me to abandon this field of effort; and I earnestly commend it to the attention of good lecturers, or test mediums laboring in this section of the country, especially such as are not developed beyond the test which "the Lyceum Church" requires of its employees, namely, that quality, "on which the voice of humanity sets the seal of virtue." To judge by the horror and disgust which some of the reformers of the day express of this class in the Boston gentlemen's "Declaration of Principles," virtue is not only an old fogey, who should be peremptorily ordered off a modern reform platform, but even that very latitudinarian species of virtue, which is, in its widest sense, public opinion, or the broad, universal "voice of humanity;" even this, hitherto irresistible and noble defense against vice, outrage and license, is a bugbear, too narrow to be tolerated on a spiritual platform.

As I fear poor little Canada is still in her swaddling clothes on this, as on other points of locomotive progress, I offer these suggestions for the especial benefit of those who consider virtue a nuisance, and "their neighbors" wiles the common property of the race.

To such I would respectfully suggest, "assume a virtue if you have it not," or else, do not go to Toronto, or what is better yet, go to Salt Lake City, or join some "secret society," the more secret the better, where the impertinent voice of humanity will have no chance to pronounce upon you, and you will never be found out until—the day of transfiguration.

Spiritualism in Oswego is still occupying at least one seventh of the people's time, for whilst the deadly war fever is raging in every vein during the six days of the week, my friends have not failed in their kind greeting each Sabbath, in the immense Doublet Hall.

of the world's Saviour, and the spread of its precious and humanizing doctrines.

I must not forget to notice that the Banner of Light and the Herald of Progress have unfolded their eagle pinions in Toronto—thanks to the zealous efforts of a faithful brother. In the cause, there located; and though our locomotive American ideas pertaining these brave sheets are still in advance of the more cautious pedestrians of Canada, I have hopes that the number of readers will increase even under the pressure of the dropping shot I have been privileged to aim at conservatism in this locality.

With constant good wishes, and ever faithful service, I am, dear BANNER, yours for the truth,
EMMA HARDINGE.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1862.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, 5th Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

A New Story.

It is with pleasure we announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with Mrs. A. E. PORTER, the author of "BERTHA LEE" (which story was published in this paper several years since, and had a great run,) to furnish a New Story expressly for the BANNER, entitled

"My Husband's Secret."

It will be commenced in the first number of Volume Twelve, which will be issued for the week ending September 27th, and continued every week thereafter until completed.

Those, therefore, who would secure the numbers containing this magnificent story, should subscribe immediately.

Theodore Parker.

We who ought certainly to know all about such a man as was Theodore Parker while he lived among us, nevertheless find ourselves much instructed and entertained by a brief running memorial of him, which we find in the columns of the Revue des deux Mondes. It embodies many anecdotes and reminiscences that are well worthy of being presented to our thousands of eager readers in this place. Such a man can never die; his memory seems to grow greener with each advancing year. The foreign writer remarks in a strain of religious enthusiasm, on setting out: "For us, as well as the Americans, for us also, at the moment when all the traditions of the ages are crumbling around us, when we ask with anxiety whether they will not crush under their ruins alike those who defend and those who destroy them, for us, also, Parker is a prophet of hope and consolation."

The account is made up both of a criticism on Mr. Parker's writings and a touching memorial of his life and labors. It sets him down as a worker even more than he was; a reformer and philanthropist as much as a scholar and philosopher. There was a rare and wonderful unity in Parker's life and works. The great lessons he taught of the absolute religion, had beforehand penetrated his whole being. He seemed to live always in the light of love, and to be able to work for his fellows with the unwavering faith and tireless energy of one who actually beheld in vision the foregleams of the great world of light that lies beyond and behind all human destinies. "In America," says the writer and critic—"the land where, beyond others, the privacy of domestic life is invaded by public inquisition, this man lived out his allotted time—a mark for thousands of inimical eyes, yet beyond the arrows of calumny; and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed as if intended for him—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The lilies, which were his favorite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon.

A reviewer of the critic, in a number of the London Inquirer, thinks that there were several points of interest in this great reformer's and philanthropist's character, which the critic himself has failed to notice. For example, he avers that Mr. Parker's noble intellect was even surpassed by the warmth of his affections; the great head was second to the great heart. He loved his friends with a devotion of which men rarely give an example; and his tenderness to his wife and all around him broke out in a thousand little cares and thoughtfulness continually. And, again, pure joyous wit and humor overflowed in him. The writer says he has seen letters from him to his intimate friends, as full of fun and playfulness as any which Sydney Smith could have penned. For example: there was one letter, in which he answered his correspondent's account of a journey from Rome to Naples by an account of his own remarkable (!) discoveries and antiquarian speculations on a trip down the railway, only two stations away from Boston. In another case—and this was remarkably so—he set to work and parodied some scollish, over-illustrated biography, by extracting all the little wood-outs of advertised houses, steamers, and so forth, from the newspapers, and solemnly introducing them into his letter as "the house he was born in," as "his Berceauette," as "his Perambulator," and, finally, as "his mother"—the latter being the well-known lady of the advertisements, with half her hair dyed and the rest of it grey! Was there ever more exquisite rally on one of the modern follies of literature?

The reviewer thinks the French writer has hardly measured, or conceived, the true ideas of Mr. Parker's "system." The key-note, he asserts, was struck in that memorable discourse in which he demonstrates—that God must be present and active, not only in all matter but in all spirit; that he is forever working in the souls of his creatures, his moral action being what we call Grace, and his intellectual action Inspiration. From this great doctrine there followed many necessary deductions: let the universality and normality of Divine Inspiration, in all times, and nations; subject to the natural limitations of the recipients and their faithfulness to the light afforded. 2d, The Truth of any idea, which is common to the whole human race, when under normal conditions of development; such as love for the

stance, as that of the soul's immortality. 3d, The fallibility which must go even with the highest instances of Inspiration given to fallible beings; a fallibility which corresponds in Inspiration to the probability which still remains in the highest instances of Grace. These cardinal truths result directly and distinctly from the originally stated doctrine—that God is forever working in the souls of his creatures. Of the only three bases of religion that are logically possible—a church, a book, or individual consciousness, corroborated by the consciousness of all the wise and good, Mr. Parker took his stand on the latter; leaving the Church of Rome on the first, Calvinism on the second, and all the intermediate churches shifting between the three.

He did not wish to die when he did. As he had said in his "Sermon of the Immortal Life"—"It is selfish to sigh for death, when there is so much need of us here." A little while before death came, he wrote—"I would fain remain a little longer—the world is so interesting, and friends so dear." The writer in the Inquirer says—"It was to the present writer, in a private conversation, he made the remark, 'You know I am not afraid to die,' and here a smile, the most beautiful we ever saw, broke over his face—'You know I am not afraid to die, but I would fain have lived a little longer, to finish my work. God gave me great powers, and I have but half used them.' Half used them! And he said this on his death-bed, whither he had been brought down in the prime of manhood by over use of them—by the utter sacrifice of his health and strength in the cause of truth and right!"

Mrs. Stowe reached Florence too late to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory—a respect that could not be kept back by any mere limitations of creed. The writer says that he gave that gifted woman all the details of his last hours, and proceeded to repeat the expression of his already quoted above; adding, with profound sadness—"To think that life is over—that work is stopped!" "And do you think," said Mrs. Stowe, raising her eyes with a flash of rebuke, "do you think—did he think, that Theodore Parker has no work to do for God now?"

Few men made so much of time or talents. With him, nothing was lost. He was an incessant worker, and happy in his work. He consecrated his life to heaven in his early boyhood, and his life was a consistent development of that simple act of consecration. Such profundity, yet simplicity; such greatness, yet such innocence; such muscular strength of character, yet such feminine tenderness; such robust, practical sense, yet such perfect transparency—in few men of any one age, or of many ages, is such a combination to be found.

A Sensible Speech.

We observe that our good friend and worthy brother, Hon. Frederick Robinson, of Marblehead, has openly offered himself a candidate for Congress to the people of the Fifth Congressional District of this State. We have a copy of the very earnest, able, and stirring Address which he has sent to the voters of his District, and do not see how it will fail to take hold of their hearts and consciences. The time has gone by to object to this mode of running for Congress; we should all have been a thousand times better off as it is, if our people had been obliged to select from self-proposed candidates for public office, instead of suffering their work to be done for them by corrupt knots of professional politicians, who very soon got into the way of running the machinery on their own hook entirely.

We have given friend Robinson's pamphlet a perusal, and find ourselves refreshed by it; that need not imply, by any means, that we agree with him at all points. No matter about that; it is the spirit and character of the man himself we would commend. To give our readers a better idea of his claims to a seat in the next Congress, we furnish herewith a taste of his quality:

"I said a peaceable secession might have been effected by a Constitutional Convention. But it is now too late; we must either conquer or be conquered. We cannot afford to let the traitors go. They have brought upon us the calamities of war without cause. They have therefore murdered our young men and imposed upon the nation a great burden of debt, and we must fight to the death, and to the death we will go, that the means of payment shall be drawn from the South, that the energies of the North may not be forever paralyzed with a national debt.

Now let us see how this can be done to the great benefit of both the North and the South. If the South succeed in this rebellion, the whole principal and interest must be paid by us; or if they come back again, with slavery, imposed as the system of slave labor upon the whole of the South, the aggregate products will be very small for many years, and the burden imposed upon us as the great burden of taxation. But if we are true to the occasion, and elevate the negro from the state of slavery to that of a hired laborer, his consumption of manufactured goods would greatly increase, as it has in the British West Indies since emancipation, and thus add vastly to the profits of our manufacturing labor. In this way remunerate us in part for increased taxation. If slavery were out of the way, degradation of labor would cease, and it would not be disgraceful for white men to work at the South. It is a false pretense that the climate of the South is too hot for white men to labor. A large portion of the cotton lands of the South has a climate more comfortable, equable, and healthy, than that of the North. It is not the climate, but the degradation and poverty involved in competing with slaves for subsistence, which repel the white men of the South from personal labor, and consequently make them the poor, ignorant, dependent tools of the slaveholders.

Do away with slavery and render labor honorable, instead of disgraceful, and white men enough would be glad to work in the cotton fields, the most profitable branch of agriculture in the world. Statistics show that not one-twentieth part of the cotton lands has yet been put under cultivation, and yet with the miserable, thriftless labor of slaves, the cotton crop of a single year has amounted to more than two hundred millions of dollars, averaging in some cases a thousand dollars a head for the slaves employed. But the hard-working farmers among us cannot earn upon an average so much as three hundred dollars per year. Now if slavery were out of the way, and it were honorable to work at the South, many of these hardy agriculturists would move there, and make these now so profitable cotton lands still more profitable, by a more efficient and more ingenious mode of cultivation, and by means of the hired labor of the enfranchised negro race, populous, intelligent, and rich communities would soon spring up, and contribute largely to the payment of our national debt.

contagion of hatred to the North, swelling the numbers of the blood-thirsty and plug-uglies among them, all ways ready to mob the men and women of the North that may come among them; while the good and liberty-loving portion of the army would come back to us to find their places in the labor market filled, and poverty and want the reward of their patriotism. But if slavery were out of the way, many would remain upon the fertile soil of the South, with arms in their hands, keeping peace and good order, with no need of a standing army, and constituting a nucleus around which the poor white trash would gather, and be educated in the honorable labor system of the North; and thus, and thus only, become loyal and good citizens. The mass of the white people of the South are ignorant and deluded. They have been led by slaveholders, and are now reaping the reward of a gross slavery. But inasmuch as the element of honorable and glorious labor from the liberty-loving and industrious portion of our army; and from idle loafers they will become a labor-loving people, and our resources will be so increased as to render our increased taxes no burden, and the Union will be restored in fact, and not simply in name. But leave slavery in existence, and we decrease our resources, throw the great burden of taxation upon the North, reinforce the secession element with the slavery-loving part of our armies, and bequeath to our children the shadow of a Union, a mockery and a delusion to all honest men."

Future Punishment.

It is a favorite argument with partialist preachers and exhorters, and believers, that it is absolutely necessary to set up the doctrine of future punishments in another life, if only to frighten men into their duty. So shallow, and unavailing an argument has answered its purpose, too, a great while longer than it ought, and to the complete astonishment of all reflecting minds. The truest way of testing its value, however, is to see for one's self how the dogma actually operates—what real value it has, and how much good it does. And to furnish us with just such an array of facts to this end as we needed, we have fallen in with a thin volume of lectures delivered by Robert Cooper in England, which have recently been re-published by Mr. J. P. Mendum, of the Investigator in this city.

Says Mr. Cooper, in one of his lectures on this very point, which serves to frighten off so many people from the exercise of their reason—"Surely, if the position of the theologian is true, that without the philosophy of a future state no order could be maintained in society, we may fairly presume that in those nations where this doctrine is most admired, the greatest morality will prevail. Is such the case? No. On the contrary, it is notorious that some of the most religious nations in the world are the most immoral. Look at our own country (Great Britain) where there are more churches, chapels, Bibles and priests, than in any other nation upon the face of the globe. Though we boast of the splendor of our churches, and the plenitude of our Bibles, we are compelled to complain of the prevalence of crime and demoralization." "Society in England at the present time is a paradoxical admixture of Bibles and blunderbusses—prayers and revivings—pulpits and beer-shops—churches and poor-houses—altars and prisons—black-coated soul-ourers, red-coated body-destroyers." Seventy-four thousand bastardy cases in the Parliamentary returns in one year! One woman out of every ten in London a prostitute! In Lancashire and Yorkshire, one child out of every thirteen illegitimate! One hundred and sixty-seven cases of false weights in two small villages! Out of six hundred and seventy-five prisoners in a county jail, six hundred and sixty-five were of some religious creed, and ten only of none! And so on till one tires of the melancholy account.

Mr. Willis and Spiritualism.

The true poet is really inspired, and he is no poet whose soul is not touched by some angel's hand. The man of undoubted genius realizes the presence of a spirit that hovers above the silent and fathomless deeps, or descends, from day to day, to move the waters of the river of his life. This spirit is most manifest when there is least of sensuous feeling in our hearts, and our minds are most illuminated and exalted. In seasons of trial—beneath the shadow of some solemn event, or under the refining influence of a great sorrow, when the selfish passions are nailed to the cross—the soul ascends the mountain of its transfiguration.

Such thoughts are naturally suggested by the perusal of some lines from the pen of N. P. Willis, written on the occasion of the death of the wife of Hon. JOSEPH GRIZZELL, which event occurred recently at New Bedford, Mass. In a personal tribute to the memory of the departed the post Editor of the Home Journal gives eloquent and forcible expression to the spiritual ideas of death, the resurrection to immortality, and the intimate relations and positive intercourse of the visible and invisible worlds. We extract the following:

Born in the sect of the Quakers, Mrs. Grizzell had always preserved their exceeding simplicity and directness of character and manner—traits which were seen in much more advantageous contrast by the eminent positions she was called upon to occupy. Her travels in Europe, and her husband's successive terms in Congress, endeared her to many of the most distinguished on both sides of the water; and what she was in her own hospitable home, all know who have had the happiness of seeing her in that abode of comfort. With no children of her own, the family of her niece and adopted daughter, Mrs. N. P. Willis, became the nearest and dearest to her affectionate heart; and by them her untiring love and devotion will be tearfully and tenderly remembered. Her death is everywhere sadly felt; but, if it were not for the feeling which we have ventured to express in the following lines, the grief of those who had called her "mother" would overshadow their hearts like a cloud difficult to dispel:

"She is not lost to us! The weary heart,
O'ercome beneath its burden, need not rest;
And lo! Death's angel, with the shadowy hand,
Unfastening the cords too closely drawn,
That for her better sleep, she might lay off
The robes it now enumbered her to wear,
And so she slumbered—lulled from all her pains
By the unerring ministry from heaven.
But, say not she is lost to us, who slept,
Thus from her sorrows, in a rest with God!
For, with the morning, she arose again—
No more apparel for life's week-day toils,
But clad in Sabbath purity, to walk
A spirit, all invisible to us.
While yet we feel the presence of her smile,
'Tis not by far removed from the earth.
The blessed tread the spirit-path unseen!
And she, whose features we behold no more,
Will not forget the loved ones who are left
To toil and suffer longer, but will be
The angel of the home she knew so well,
Her witness hand will minister to us.
Our best appportioning of smiles and tears,
She will be near us when our hearts grow dark,
And near us when our children give us joy,
Near when we toll, and nearer when we pray.
And oh, when life is ended, and the water,
On the bright threshold of the best, for us,
How like the sweet accompaniment will be
The far felt lustre of that look of love!
And how like our remembered, welcome home
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!

Our Paper.

The Eighth Volume of the BANNER closes with the present number. During the past six months we have passed through severe trials, but we feel that God, by His spirit, has sustained us in our arduous labors, and we have full faith that He will continue so to do, until the mission he has assigned us be fulfilled.

We hope those of our patrons whose subscriptions expire with this number will renew at once. We need their aid during these troublous times more than ever. We feel that we shall not appeal to them in vain.

Now is the time for those who have not taken the BANNER, to subscribe, as we shall endeavor to make it more interesting, if possible, than ever. The new Original Story, by Mrs. Porter, the publication of which will be commenced next week, is a production of great merit, and well worth a year's subscription to our journal.

While we appeal to our friends to strengthen us as much as possible in a material way, we wish it distinctly understood that the BANNER is established on a foundation sufficiently strong to enable it to wait for many years to come.

Our Spirit Messages.

We have from time to time received letters in corroboration of the truth of many of the spirit-messages which have appeared in the "Message Department" of this paper, from the friends of the parties who have communicated; but many of the best tests so received we are not allowed to make public, as the parties interested are not Spiritualists, and do not wish their names to appear in this connection, from fear, as they say, that they would be injured in their business in consequence. We are sorry to be obliged to make this statement—but so it is. The time will shortly come, however, when such a mighty influx of spirit-power will descend upon mortals, that the phantom Public Opinion will not interfere with the promulgation of the great truths we are endeavoring as humble instruments in the hands of Almighty God, to place before the world. In our next we shall publish several tests from parties who have no fear of public opinion.

To Our Subscribers.

We wish to call your particular attention to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew, if you intend to continue the paper. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XI, No. 26, (which is the number of this issue.) If the figures on the wrapper or paper opposite your name, read 11-26, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

To Lecturers.

Some weeks since, we gave notice that we should "prune" our "List of Lecturers." It will be seen by reference to the list in this issue of the BANNER that we have accordingly stricken out all names that we could gain no information of. We expect hereafter that all lecturers who wish notice to be given of their whereabouts, will keep us correctly informed thereof. It is due to committees and the public, that this list be correct. We hold ourselves in readiness to insert gratuitously the names and appointments of all competent lecturers, expecting that they will willingly favor us as much. Let it be understood, hereafter, that our list of appointments, &c., is reliable, and let lecturers strive to keep it so. We shall from time to time erase from the list the names of those who do not give prompt information of their engagements and change of residences.

Relics from Virginia.

Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, a member of Capt. Cook's (8th Mass.) Battery of Light Artillery, has sent us several documents that fell into his hands after the late battles in Virginia, among which are: A very antique looking pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled, "Acts passed at a General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia: begun and held at the Capitol, in the city of Richmond, the third day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight," original letters, in regard to court matters, from "Edw. Randolph" to "Robert Randolph, Esq." dated "Richmond, June 16, 1802," and a letter from "J. M. Mason," (Member of Congress) dated Washington, Sept. 18, 1837, to "Dr. B. Thinston Magill, Philadelphia," in reference to the appointment of a surgeon in the army, &c. These relics of other days are very interesting.

Massachusetts' War Contribution.

When the last quota (which is now about full) is completed, this State will have furnished eighty thousand, four hundred and sixty soldiers for the war. To this number should be added the fifteen thousand sailors and marines who have gone into the naval service, and the aggregate will foot up nearly one hundred thousand. Massachusetts surely cannot be accused of want of patriotism in assisting the country in its hour of peril. The above does not include the quota of an additional four hundred thousand men which the President has just called for. Massachusetts will respond to all the demands made upon her patriotism.

The Lyceum Church.

This society of Spiritualists, worshipping in Lyceum Hall, are to be regaled with a feast of reason and a flow of soul through the inspirational organs of Mrs. M. S. Townsend, on Sunday next. Mrs. Townsend's friends are numerous in this city, although she has not had opportunity publicly to offer them the "bread of life" furnished by teachers from the "Land of the Hereafter." These meetings are free, and all are invited to come, without money, and without price.

Personal.

We learn from a correspondent that Hon. Stephen A. Douglas spoke eloquently on the war, through Mr. (or Dr.) W. H. Hatch, at Milwaukee recently, and to a crowded house.

Bro. A. Harlow, M. D., informs us that he is about to change the rest and quiet of domestic life for the bustle and stir of the camp. He is attached as surgeon to one of the Ohio Volunteer Regiments. This gentleman has fallen of the late war in "Spiritualism," and goes to the war with the "Banner" of "Spiritualism" and "Banner" of "Spiritualism."

