

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 5.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. M. PORTER.

CHAPTER VI.

"And the tender grace of a day that is gone,
Will never come back to me."
"Now, Bettie, I want you to get up a nice little supper this evening, make some coffee and muffins, and have peaches and cream; Mr. Perry is very tired; he has been busy ever since five o'clock this morning, and he promised he would stay at home and rest this evening."

"I said this to my little domestic, who was never happier than when she could be thus employed. I had the papers and a new book to read, and Sidney was to lie upon the sofa and rest while I read. It was a cool but pleasant evening, just a little fire on the hearth, enough to make the old sitting-room cheerful."

"Our table was laid there, and I sat waiting—it was time for him to come. I threw on my shawl and went to meet him; he was not in sight. I walked on till I came to the factory. It was a pleasant spot, near a large brook, where the waters rushed over high rocks, between moss-covered banks, now in their greenest verdure. I stopped, as I always did, for the scene was picturesque; my husband said that he discovered new beauties every day. Indeed, I forgot my errand for awhile, till I heard the counting-room door shut with a heavy sound, and turning, saw the boy who had the care of the room. He came toward me with a note in his hand, saying, 'I was just going to your house with this; Mr. Sidney bade me take it to you, as he was called away suddenly.' I took the note, and read:

"Dear Mary—I shall not be at home till late this evening, as business will detain me. Do not wait supper, and go to bed at your usual hour. God bless you, my darling. Your affectionate husband, SIDNEY."

The note was hurriedly written, and I fancied in some agitation, caused, perhaps, by perplexity in business, but I was sadly disappointed, and walked home with a slow step, dreading the long, lonely evening that must follow. I had no desire for supper; but as I entered the house, the fragrance of Bettie's coffee tempted me, and I drank a cup before sitting down to my reading. [I went in the strength of that coffee many hours.]

Time passed, and in reading "The Old Curiosity Shop," I half forgot my disappointment; but when the clock struck ten, I began to feel lonely and tired. "Surely he will come soon," I said to myself, "for he was never away so late before." I thought of poor wives left alone at night, and husbands returning with reason half delirious by a midnight debauch. Thank heaven, I had no such sorrow to apprehend! Why, then, should I be impatient because of a few hours' delay? I thought I would go to bed and sleep, but something, perhaps the coffee, made me wakeful. I sat in the rocking-chair, looking out on the deep yard, with its large elms and stately poplars, watching the shimmer of the moonlight as it gleamed on the grass, sketching the form of the boles and boughs. It was very still, not a sound, not the rustling of a leaf, the note of a bird, or even the tinkling of the sheep-bells, a very common sound from the neighboring hills. The silence oppressed me; I became restless; my ear was sharpened, and every nerve excited; I even fancied poor Mrs. Smith gliding about among the trees, and I could not be mistaken—there was a sound now, a low, but articulate sigh near me, right under the old elm!

I could endure it no longer, and, snatching my shawl and bonnet, I threw them on and went out, hardly knowing or caring whether I went. It was near midnight, cool, as I have before said, but very pleasant; I walked on rapidly, and turned, I never could tell what prompted me, into the river road leading to Aunt Posey's.

I hurried till I had to stop a moment for breath, just at the entrance of the wood. That gloomy forest road suddenly felt terrible, and I went on as fearlessly as if it were midsummer noon, but if any one had stopped me, and asked me whether I was going, and what I wanted, I should have been puzzled how to reply. As I emerged from the wood and came in sight of Aunt Posey's house, I was astonished to see lights burning, and two or three men standing outside of the door. Their backs were toward me, and thinking to avoid them, I turned into a little path which led to the garden at the rear of the house; there was a little hill back of the garden, where Posey had erected a structure which she called her summer-house. The grape-vines trained over it were still green, and formed a canopy to shelter me. I entered, and sat down to gain breath and think a moment, for I was now thoroughly ashamed of the nervous haste which had driven me from home, and wished myself back again, but was too timid to retrace my steps. I forgot this, however, and everything else, the next moment, as the scene that presented itself to me. The door was led from the large kitchen to the garden, and as I sat, I could see all that was passing there.

What was my surprise and consternation at beholding in the centre of the room a woman, from which the lid was removed, and though I could not see the features, I perceived that the person was

young and fair, and laid out with much care, and taste. A white dress, but not a shroud; the dark hair which was very abundant, was wound in a sort of coronal about her head, while an abundance of white flowers lay in careless profusion around her.

The small white hands, were folded on the breast, beneath them, as if they still guarded it in death, lay something small and oval. I could not tell what, as it was partially concealed. I was so absorbed, that for some minutes I noticed nothing but the corpse, and the longer I gazed the more clearly I could see, for a small round stand was at the head of the coffin, on which were a number of lighted candles. I thought, the sleeper, there must have been very beautiful. What can this mean? I said to myself, and changed my position a little, that I might see who was in the room, when, leaning against the mantel shelf, near the head of the coffin, pale as the corpse itself, stood my husband! For a moment I was dizzy and faint, but an intense desire to solve the mystery, and fear lest I should be discovered, gave me strength, but I trembled violently, and had to sit down upon the floor and lean my head against the wooden bench. Soon an indistinct murmur of words reached my ear. I bent forward; there was our pastor, Mr. Harmon, in prayer.

My first impulse (it was a good angel's whisper,) was to walk quietly into the house and kneel by Sidney's side. He seemed much agitated. I was his wife. Ought he to conceal anything from me? I rose, went forward a step or two, but a feeling of pride detained me. He had concealed it from me; I will not pry into his secrets. O God! this is hard to bear; I have not one thought but he shares—no past secrets to hide from him. Can it be that he has built a cold, dead wall between my heart and his?

I crouched down again, overcome by a dull, heavy pain that never left me afterward. Still eye and ear were strained to the utmost. Now I could see all in the room, and there, in the very abandonment of grief, sat Nehah on the floor near the coffin. She was not noisy or violent, nor was she even weeping; but her attitude, her face, her whole figure expressed hopeless sorrow; no one would think of trying to comfort such a mourner—they could only pray and leave her with God.

So changed was the expression from that which I had always seen on her face before, that I forgot myself, and everything else in pity for her grief. When the prayer was over, some one, a stranger to me, removed the lid of the coffin from where it rested by the side of the table, evidently intending to show it down. Nehah perceived the intention, and sprang up, throwing her arms over the corpse, and bowing her head, as if determined to prevent anyone from bearing it away. The man hesitated and drew back, and every one in the room seemed afraid to disturb her. Just then her eyes fell on the treasure which was guarded by the hands of the dead. She drew it forth—I thought it was a miniature case—and, with angry gesture, flung it upon the floor. The motion opened the spring, and I saw then that it was a miniature, or rather two, and some tresses of hair. Aunt Posey gathered them up, and handed them to my husband; he laid the hair in its place, closed the spring, and going to Nehah, whispered something in her ear. She turned and looked at him fiercely for an instant, and then, as if feeling what, alas! my quickened sense of sight saw only too keenly, the pale, sad look, and falling tears, she raised herself and stood erect, but still close to the coffin.

Very gently Sidney removed her a little, then laid the miniature in its place, folded the hands again, and after one long and look, full of tenderness and love, turned away and went back to where he had stood leaning before. Nehah resumed her old place, and the same hopeless expression, as if life had no more joy for her.

Then came the last duties. Two men bore the coffin away, and my husband, as chief mourner, followed alone, then Nehah, and Aunt Posey. There was a burial-ground near, known as the "Old Hill," a very sweet retired spot. My eyes followed the little procession, and I was again half tempted to go and join my husband. I felt sure that he would be kind and gentle; it was not in his nature to repulse any one, surely no one who trusted him. Why did I not do this? I am sure now that an evil spirit led me to Aunt Posey's that night, but a loving, pitying angel suggested my joining the mourners, and mingling with the procession. My pride, nothing but that, and vexation that my husband should have any secret from me, held me back. I had been excited, and unconsciously heretofore how cold, the night had become. I shivered, and wrapping my shawl around me, went homeward, but with a burden of sorrow that I never again laid down.

My own room never looked so desolate before. Mechanically I moved about, first replenishing the fire, for I remembered that Sidney had neither overcoat nor shawl, and that cold night walk to the grave! The thought made me shudder. Then I made a cup of tea, and drawing an easy chair to the fire, and laying his dressing-gown and slippers near, I undressed and went to bed. I could not have drunk the tea myself, nor did I feel that I could lie up and moan; my husband's eyes, or talk, with him that night, I trembled violently when I heard his foot upon the stairs, but perhaps he will explain all, I said to myself, and the thought quieted me. I opened the door; I did not speak, but he came toward me, bent over and kissed me with more than his usual tenderness (he was never very demonstrative), and said: "I am glad you did not sit up with me that

had no idea I should be detained so long. How thoughtful you were to make this tea; I feel the need of it."

He then put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and sat down to warm himself and drink his tea. He was very cold and tired, and I could understand very well why he did not feel like talking. He was restless for some hours, but toward morning fell asleep. I wondered he could sleep at all; I could not, and rose early, leaving him still sleeping, but he looked pale and haggard.

I waited in silent suspense for some days, hoping for an explanation of that night scene. None came. To be sure, Sidney was unusually busy; that week, the water wheel in the mill gave way, and a new one of a peculiar structure and pattern that they had never needed before was to be put in; the workmen did not understand it very well, and my husband, who had great fondness for machinery, and understood readily the most complicated, was very active in assisting about the wheel. Twice within that week he came home so wet through that he had to change every garment. The exposure, and probably the excitement with it, soon brought on his cough, his appetite failed, and he became weak and dispirited. It was hard for me to be cheerful, for ever before me was the face of the dead, and my husband bending so fondly over it.

"One day he was so ill that he did not go to his business, and we remained in our room. Now, thought I, he will surely tell me all, for I sat by his side sewing many hours. But though kind and thoughtful as ever, he was more than usually reticent. One he took up my work, examined it curiously, and smiled as he laid it back, saying:

"Mary, I trust we have much happiness in store for us. I can't tell you with how much pleasure I look forward to another spring."

My eyes filled with tears. I could not answer him, and I rose on some slight pretext and went to the other side of the room. It is strange that when I had no cause whatever, I would joke and tease him about having loved, and express doubts of his own affection. But now, when I had such serious doubts and fears, and a foundation for them, I was fearful lest I should betray myself by one syllable of reproach. So, wayward as I was.

"How long since we have heard from Fanny," said Sidney, not taking any notice of my silence. "Surely," I said, "I wonder I did not think of it. We should have had a letter last Monday. I'll go to the post-office myself. I heard the coachman's horn an hour ago."

In five minutes I was at the office, and the post-mistress handed me letters, saying as she did so: "I have just seen you for a long time, Mrs. Perry. You do not come to the office as you used to do."

"No," I replied. "I have had so much gardening to do this summer that I find sufficient exercise at home."

"How beautifully your place is looking! Your husband will make a little paradise of it. It is quite changed now, and when the old house comes down we shall know the 'old Smith lot,' as it used to be called."

"Did you know Mrs. Smith?" I ventured to ask, for I saw she was inclined to gossip, and I for once departed from my usual reserve.

"Know her? Yes, quite well, for she was so often at the office—you know my husband has been post-master for twenty years. Now Mrs. Smith was very fond of writing letters, and seemed to be afraid to have her husband mail them. She was a sad, suspicious, unhappy woman; but we see a great many queer folks here at the office. That reminds me now of your meeting a strange woman here one day, a good many months ago; she had a letter in French, and you translated it for her. Do you remember her?"

"Did I remember her? I rather think I did, and the thought of her made me feel sick and turn pale, but I answered as a woman is very apt to do:

"I think I remember her."

"She was not any of our sort of folks, and my husband says she's part Indian, and he knows, because she's lived among them. At any rate there's something very strange in her conduct, and there's some mysterious reports round the village about her. Have you heard of them, Mrs. Perry?"

I confessed I had not, but I could have told the woman more than the reports had told her.

"Well, you know she disappeared from here about a week mysteriously as she came, and during the last week she returned, bringing with her the dead body of her daughter—at least so it was said. At any rate, there was a burial, and there is a new-made grave in the 'Old Hill.' But some folks think it is not all right, and threaten to open the grave. For my part, I think the matter ought to be looked into. To be sure, Aunt Posey is just one of the best creatures in this world, but she may be imposed upon, you know."

Has any one questioned Aunt Posey?"

"Yes, to be sure, and she says everything is all right, and that the dead was dear as a child to the strange woman, and wished to be buried here, and the poor, lone thing has had a world of trouble, and only longs for death, that she hopes will not annoy her any more."

"I think we may trust Aunt Posey," I said, turning to go.

"Yes, yes, to be sure, but I do not like these mysterious things, a dreadful thing to dig up a dead body, but I'm really afraid they'll do it."

"Oh, I hope not!" I replied, with more warmth than I intended.

The post-mistress eyed me closely, for an instant, but evidently thinking it was my horror at having

grave opened for such a purpose, she said in a soft, even tone:

"Well, it does seem bad; perhaps they'll not do it."

The least mysterious occurrence in a village spreads like wild-fire. Many whispered words were circulated that week, and reached us through Betty. I told her one day that I wished her to go to Aunt Posey and ask her to come and assist in a large washing the next day. I wanted all the curtains, bed-linen, &c., clean, preparatory to removal.

"If you please, ma'am, I'd like to go early, so as to return before sunset—there's strange stories about now days, of ghosts in the woods, and of coffins being seen there at midnight; indeed, ma'am, I'm most afraid to go at all."

My husband was present; he sat on the sofa reading his paper; he had not been out for some days. At another time he would have smiled and made sport of Betty for her fears, but now he looked up from his paper, and said quietly:

"If Betty is afraid, send John; he is at the mill."

I bade Betty go to the mill and ask John to do the errand. Sidney made no remark after she went out. It was evident to me now, that he never intended to reveal his secret. The reader will see that I was naturally suspicious. I am sorry to say it, but I now had cause, I thought, for unhappiness. Once or twice as we were sitting together, I thought I would break the ice that seemed forming harder and harder between us, and tell Sidney what I had seen. But I was weak just when I most needed strength. There is nothing weakens the marriage tie like want of confidence, and I excused myself because I thought my husband most guilty. How much suffering I should have saved myself had I spoken then and there. But we need one life's experience to teach us to live rightly.

A letter from Fanny this week diverted my thoughts somewhat:

"DEAR AUNTIE—I do think my teacher, poor sister Alice, has a good, kind heart beneath her plain black dress and little white cap. You will remember that I wrote you that they took Frank's letter from me. I am sorry to tell you that it made me sick; you will think me very weak, perhaps, but indeed I could not help it. I neither ate nor slept for some days, and I suppose I must have looked pale and wretched, for I wept most all the time. I had a great many bad marks for imperfect lessons, the first I have had since I came here; but I was very indifferent about the matter, for I had lost my ambition."

I was so weak at last, I could not go down stairs. I knew that Frank had joined the army, and that there was war with the Indians in Florida, and I knew, too, what a horrible war it must be following those savages through those everglades and swamps, and be left to die by the slow torture of starvation, or the more horrible suffering of scalping-knife or fire. Such might be Frank's fate, and yet his letter, the last perhaps he would ever write, perchance his farewell, was denied to me. Our Principal, Sister G., has never been married, though she is forty years of age. She is stern in her government, but conscientious and just, and would not wrong one of her pupils, but she seems to think marriage very foolish, and has no sympathy or mercy even for love affairs among her girls. We are watched with an Argus eye, and our school is as effectually guarded from young men, as Gibraltar by the English garrison from the assaults of the Africans.

She took no notice of my trouble, no doubt thinking it would pass away in a few days, but Sister Alice, though she never said one word to me on the subject, yet looked so kindly upon me, and was so gentle at my recitations, helping me through my geometry problems, or making the questions so easy, and sometimes when we passed from dinner throwing her arms round me, and helping me up stairs that I learned to love her, and would have told her all my troubles, if she had only opened the way for me. At last I could not go up and down stairs, and remained in my little room, and in bed to keep warm. Three times a day they brought me bread and milk, or some meat and vegetables; but, auntie, I could not eat it. Only once in awhile I took a little bread and water; but I thought if I were only here to fix me up something nice, perhaps I could eat a little. If I could have stolen away and walked home to you, I should have done it, but I was too weak, and then we had a teacher always with us, watching all our movements.

At last, one day as I lay there in my little cot, not wishing for death—no, I was afraid to die—but that they would send for you or Uncle Sidney, to come and take me away, (but thinking of you made the tears come,) Sister Alice entered the room and sat down by my side.

"My poor child," said she, "you are really ill," and she laid her cool hand on my hot head, and spoke so kindly that my heart warmed toward her as it has never done toward any one since I left Burnside. (Never tell me your trouble?) and she drew me toward herself, and added, "perhaps I can help you."

No, Sister Alice, you can't help me any, unless you can soften the heart of the Principal. She is very cruel, I think, and I cannot love her."

"You mistake, my dear, she is not cruel; she means to be just, and do her duty. Some time you will think differently."

"Never," I said, "never! She keeps my letters from me—letters from my dear brother. His farewell letter, perhaps, for he has gone to war, and it is a cruel, bloody war too, and he may never come back. It is too bad, it is wicked, and I don't love to stay with such people, and here I broke down utterly, and could say no more for my tears. She let

me weep, and sat there patiently for a few minutes; then, when I was calmer, she said:

"Fanny, did you say that letter was from your brother?"

"Yes, I call him brother, not my real brother; you knew that, didn't you? But dear to me as any brother can be." And then I told her all about Frank, and she listened so kindly, and once I thought I saw a tear in her eye, but only for an instant.

When I had finished, she kissed me, and as I looked into her face, I saw an expression which I never shall forget, but I tell you, auntie, it was a revelation, as one glance on a human face sometimes is; and I believe, as much as if she had told me in words, that Sister Alice has loved—loved as only a true, noble woman can love.

"There, now, be very quiet," she said, "and I will try and do you good. I have been watching you for some days, and am afraid you are making yourself really ill by this trouble, and I have begged Sister G. to let me at least read the letter to you. She has consented with the condition that it be returned to her for your father's inspection."

I can't tell you, auntie, how happy these words of Sister Alice made me. I sprang up in bed, and clasped her in my arms. I knew, though she would not say so, that she sympathized with me, because she, too, had known what it was to love.

"Stop, darling," said she, "I too, have a condition. We can't read the letter yet. You must get up and let me dress you neatly and comb your hair."

To this I submitted very willingly. Then she wheeled in a large arm-chair, antique and comfortable, and placing a footstool for my feet, wrapped me in a large shawl, and drew a little table near to me. Then she disappeared, and I wondered for some minutes what would come next; but soon a light step announced her approach, and she entered, bearing a little salver with some white bread, marmalade, and some wine in one of those little tapering glasses that must have seen many generations.

"There, now, my child, you are to eat this before the letter is produced."

Now, auntie, it is a fact that the joy had taken away my appetite as much as the sorrow, but I could have swallowed an onion (my mortal aversion, you know) then, if she had commanded, and surely would not refuse the delicate lunch before me. She smiled to see me eating, and then took out the letter and handed it to me.

"Read it yourself. I will trust to your honor to return it to me."

I could not help kissing her, and saying, "Dear Sister Alice, you are an angel!"

She drew back, and looked grieved. "No, no," I said, hastily, "I do not mean that. You are a woman yourself, and know what it is to love and be loved, and therefore pity me."

Oh dear! the look of sadness that followed made me feel worse than the first expression, and I said no more, but took the letter and I read it, and re-read it, so that I can remember every word in it. I have not studied so hard this year for nothing. I'd learned one volume through, word for word.

The letter was still sealed; it had evidently not been opened. It was evident 'Sister G.' had not the usual curiosity of our sex. And now, auntie, I am going to tell you all Frank said:

"ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

My Dear Sister Fanny—It is two minutes past four o'clock, P.M., just one year since I made that promise to your father—one year to a minute. He is surely mistaken in his judgment of us, and will perhaps be more lenient for the future. I am in the army, and shall now see active service; just what I wish, though, if I had my choice, I would rather not be employed in hunting down the Seminoles here. I know they are desperate and revengeful, but my childhood was passed with them, and I have learned to love some of the chiefs and their families very much. Do you remember my telling you about 'Tiger Tail'? He is a noble specimen of a man. When I was a little boy, I spent some years in my uncle's family at Waculla, where Tiger Tail lived. He was often at the house; his father was a chief, and owned the land where Tallahassee now stands, and his family still linger round the spot, loth to give it up to white men. He is six feet high, well proportioned, with very large features, and walks as if he felt himself lord of the soil by divine right. He talks English fluently. He came in under a flag of truce the other day, and seeing me, asked an interview. 'And you, my son,' said he, 'will you fight us and drive us from the graves of our fathers? We are few in number now, and we fall like the leaves of the forest. Will you scatter us as the north wind the leaves?' I told him that I wished we could close this war without fighting. That it would be better for the Indians to move quietly than to resist the white warriors.

He shook his head. 'Their word is false,' he cannot trust them. But my sister, he said, 'I come to ask about my sister. She is toward the North,' pointing in that direction. I remembered, then, that your mother knew this family, and that Tiger Tail had a sister, said to be beautiful when young, who was often with your mother. Your grandfather had a fine country-seat near Tallahassee, and Nehah was in the family like a sister. During these troubles she had disappeared, and her brother believed that she had gone to her old friends. He mourns for her, and I was sorry I could give him no information. Our interview was short, and I am afraid we will meet next in battle. I would almost as soon see a brother fall. We are at present in this quaint old town of St. Augustine. I wish you could be here, (for you like

Correspondence.

WAY-SIDE SKETCHINGS.—NO. 6.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

Vermont State Convention.—Bro. H. E. Emery, and A. B. Simmons, Sisters S. A. Horton, Wiley and Mathews, et al., stand, Marlow South Acworth, N. H.—Bro. Joseph H. Shepherd, Sister Laura L. Burdett—S. Foster—Concord, N. H.—Franklin, N. H.

In my last, I was on my way to attend the Vermont State Convention, held at Rockingham, Sept. 20th, 21st, and 22nd; but as a report has already appeared in the BANNER, I will only briefly allude to it. Good feeling seemed to pervade the Convention, and it is to be hoped that good results, and a new impetus was given to the cause in Vermont. The last day of the Convention (Sunday) there was a large attendance, and a deep harmony of feeling seemed to pervade all the meetings. In those meetings, during the last day especially, more than one sensibly felt the influence of those departed loved ones, Harriet F. Huntley, Achsa Sprague, and Rosa T. Amadey, who in earth-life felt such a deep interest for the spread of the truths of spirit-intercourse in that region. They came into that Convention on the wings of love, dispelling every feeling of inharmony and discord; and all felt that it was good to be there. Though they are removed beyond the scope of natural vision, their labors on earth are not ended, as some who were present and felt their presence and influence sensibly, can testify.

I have noticed in my former sketches several of the prominent mediums in Vermont, and in this it gives me pleasure to notice Bro. Henry E. Emery, of Chester, Vt., and Sister S. A. Horton, of Brandon, Vt., whom I met at the Convention for the first time. I was not present when Bro. Emery spoke, and indeed I have never seen him in the trance condition; but with Bro. Emery's reputation as a trance-medium, I am familiar, and there are but few who sustain a better reputation, or give greater evidence of genuine spirit-control. Brother Emery is struggling hard against many discouragements, and at times, feels like giving up; but he cannot, for his spirit-guides control him in such a way that he is forced to yield. I could give many interesting incidents which have been related to me connected with his mediumship if I had time and space, and in another place I hope to have the satisfaction of doing so.

Sister Horton I had the pleasure of hearing address the Convention several times in the conscious trance state. There is a deep earnestness in her manner which reaches every heart, and carries with it a conviction to the mind of the hearer of the truth of what she utters. If her speaking at the Convention was a sample, I regard her as among the best speakers in the field.

Bro. Simmons, of Woodstock, I also listened to for the first time. He was evidently in the unconscious trance condition, and spoke with great force. As he has taken the field again, it is to be hoped he will keep it.

Among the most interesting features of the Convention, were the circles held between the meetings. Sister Sarah Helen Matthews was present, and through her mediumship a large number of tests of the most convincing kind were given. Dr. Holt, father of Sister Townsend, received a test from Mrs. Townsend's first husband, which he had been trying to get for eight years. There were other speakers and mediums present, which would give me pleasure to notice, if I had time, and you had space to allow.

Leaving the Convention, I visited Alstead, Marlow, and South Acworth, N. H. At Alstead, I spent a few days with Bro. Henry T. Davis, and rested. Here I found a congenial home for Spiritualists and pilgrims; retired from the noise and turmoil of earth-life, and I found it good to rest. At South Acworth, I formed the acquaintance of Bro. James H. Shepherd, another trance-medium. Bro. Shepherd is a whole-souled Spiritualist, and is doing all he can in his section to advance the cause. At Marlow, I formed the acquaintance of Sister Laura L. Burdett, another excellent test and healing medium.

As I journeyed there over the rough, uneven hills of New Hampshire, I was feeling very despondent, and almost ready to dash the bright mirror which had so long gone before me, down upon the ground, and give up in despair. But my guide went before me. I was not allowed to dash in pieces a treasure more precious to my soul than silver and gold. When I reached there I found Sister Burdett at home, and she came into the room under influence, and the first thing she said to me was, "I knew you were coming!" Yes, she knew and gave me the most irrefragable proof of it, and of the source from whence the knowledge was received. Mary had control of her. She not only pronounced her name, but saw and described her in her spirit form, and repeated, almost verbatim, communications which had been given me through other mediums. This all transpired in less than twenty minutes after I entered the house, and the presence of the medium for the first time. My experience in this direction is peculiar. Some points pertaining to my future labors are given through every medium that can be controlled by my guiding spirits. At different points it has been repeated again and again: The dark cloud which overshadowed the soul's vision was dispelled, and again the bright rays of sunlight shone in from invisible life; but not without a shower, for the deep fountains of the soul were broken; and the tears shed were tears of gladness rather than of sorrow—tears of joy and glad recognition. Some mediums who have experienced this will know what is meant. After this I was controlled by Mrs. Huntley, who gave through my hand, in verse, a communication for Mrs. Burdett. Mrs. Burdett, I understood, has since been thrown from a carriage, and badly hurt.

Leaving Marlow, I went on to Concord, the capital of the State. It was Sunday, Sept. 14th, and attended a large meeting, about one mile out of the city, near the residence of Bro. John Chandler, a firm, zealous Spiritualist, whose soul is engaged in the work, and angels stand and bless him, although he does not share largely in worldly means or worldly honors. There are several excellent mediums at Concord. Mr. Oscar G. Ingalls, and Mrs. Hiram P. Robinson, are among the best I met. Mr. Ingalls is a trance-medium, and used for public speaking at some. I had the pleasure of listening to him several times, and gained a very favorable impression of his medium powers. He speaks with great deal of force and energy. The time may not be far distant when he will be forced to take a higher field, and will be able to become a useful laborer in the cause which his spirit loves. In his company, I met an efficient help. Mrs. Robinson is also a trance-medium,

and used for tests. As a test-medium, she stands high in this section of the State. I must not forget to mention in this connection, Bro. Samuel R. Foster, an artist, whose very nature flows out in human sympathy and human kindness. He is an active and efficient laborer, and his kindness to me will long be remembered after thisasket of earth is laid by and the spirit roars free to climes where I am better understood, and where my labors for the advancement of truth will be better appreciated. In his labors on canvas, Bro. Foster seems to be essentially aided by spirits, and the "Court of Death," which he is now painting, bids fair to rival all he has yet executed.

Sunday, September 21st, I lectured in the forenoon at Lyceum Hall, and in the afternoon, at the Town Hall in Franklin, N. H. There are but few Spiritualists here, and the few are suffering from outside pressure. Bro. D. G. Christ remains firm at his post. His evidence of spirit-intercourse is such, no amount of outward opposition will swerve him from his faith and purpose; but when anything is done there to give the evidence to others, it bears heavily upon his generosity, but he does not withhold the means where there is a prospect of doing good by it.

Sunday evening, Sept. 23rd, I lectured in Music Hall, Concord. Notwithstanding the rain, a fair audience assembled to listen to my lecture on "The Mission of Angels," which was prepared entirely under spirit control. The audience, though not large, was composed of intelligent and investigating minds.

In closing this sketch, I feel it my duty to say, that for the last ten years and upwards, all my leisure time has been devoted to the investigation and promulgation of the truths of spirit-intercourse. I at times place firm reliance on the powers which seem to control me; but at times, although in the midst of professed believers, the presence of invisible friends is my only comfort, my only solace; and the way often appears dark and hedged up. I find kind friends wherever I go, who bid me Goodspeed, and often speak words of encouragement concerning my lectures. But words of commendation do not clothe the body, or feed the hungry; and I often find the means wanting, after having suffered toll and privation for what seems to me the good of others. In consequence of this withholding of means, lecturers are leaving the field, and mediums are giving up in despair. I find this condition almost everywhere I go. There must be a change in this respect. The time is close at hand, when there will be a loud call for laborers; and laborers must not be suffered to leave the field for lack of proper encouragement to remain in it.

"SIN."

TO WARREN CHASE:

My Brother.—Not to argue points with you, but rather to make pertinent and prominent suggestion of different views, let me notice your article on "Sin," in the BANNER of October 4th. You say that "no word of these letters has caused more mistakes, cost more preaching, or produced more misery by being misapplied, or misunderstood, than 'sin.' God has done all these things more, a thousand, to one!—and all these same things of 'sin.' In addition! God is the sole origin of sin: 'the whole idea of 'sin' came from that prior idea of God—it was the fact of a supposed God that made 'sin.' Had the word God never existed, the word sin never would. So the word God is a far greater curse to the world than the word sin; and the idea of God is a far greater curse than the idea of sin."

No; the word God is the most terrible word of three letters, or any number of letters, in any language under the sun. Every other word, be it "sin," "devil," "damnation," or "hell," is as nothing compared with this; and all these other words derive their terrors from this. God is the great central horror round which all his horrors cling; and the word God is that which gives their fearful significance to all other words. God, word or thing, or both, whichever you will, is at last what plunges the whole world into an eternal abyss of misery! You speak of the word "sin" being misapplied, or misunderstood. But the word God, I must think, is misapplied by yourself, and will be "misunderstood" by your readers, nearly a dozen times in this very article; for you continually talk of God, he, though I am perfectly sure you do not believe in any God, *he*!

Give God up entirely, as you do when you are not "misunderstood"; give God up entirely, both *he*, *she*, and *it*; give God up entirely, and then you will never need the word; give the word up, and so make an end of it! Then you will no longer be "misunderstood," neither in using it, seeing you don't use it, nor yet in using sin, seeing you will then no longer use that. Once for all, I pray you give up God! You say that "sin" is a voluntary act of one finite being against himself or another." If by "voluntary act," you mean a free one, there is no such act, for every act is necessary. But if by "voluntary" you mean intentional, still, because that intentional act is necessary, therefore it is not "sin," and there is no sin! Again I tell you, that *no sin* came from God; and when men had there *no sin*, it will be instantaneous and inevitable to see that in philosophy and in fact men are never guilty of anything, for the transparent, omnipotent, and eternal reason that they cannot help themselves. Of course the investigation may not accept this, nor the BANNER or LIGHT; but I am responsible for it, always and everywhere. And I think Dr. A. B. Child is willing to stand sponsor for it, too; if he is, not the little of his book has no meaning.

No; the whole world, both of whole-length-going Christians (who ought therefore to be full of the doctrine of "sin," because they are also full of the doctrine of God), on the one hand, and of timid, conservative, half-way Infidels and Spiritualists on the other, has yet got to give up *sin*, and *any* *there* is none, and never was any. Once for all, outgrow this bugbear of *sin*. And even if it is no longer a bugbear, outgrow this *idea* of *sin*!

At last, what is *it*, and that's what kills God and *sin* both. Think that out, and see it, like the Universe of self-evidence, it is. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

U. S. Hospital, Bedloe's Island, N. Y., Oct. 4th, 1862.

Says Dr. BOWEN: "It unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done at once. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered, that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquility, and thus he is actually extending his life by providing against the results of his death."

THE NEW RELIGION.

A "Clearing Up" Discourse, delivered at the New Catholic Church, New York City, on Sunday, Oct. 12th, 1862.

BY EDWARD B. FREELAND.

Geology teaches us that the earth upon which we live is the growth of countless centuries. Age succeeded age of mineral formation and vegetation sprang up on the planet; and vast forests of now obsolete plants followed, and the earth became a life support. We are told that thousands of feet in the bowels of the earth to obtain fuel the remains of trees which millions of years ago drank in the heat of the same sun which now kisses with his morning beams the forest verdure of our America. We find on our passage through the skeletons of gigantic animals, who were the lords of earth and its highest inhabitants when man was a thing of the future, an uncreated impossibility.

At last, in the order of events, man appeared upon the scene, a crude, undeveloped humanity, a little above the brutes of whom he was the lord. The intellect, now the crowning glory of the human race, was still inactive, or, rather, ungrown, and an instinct, higher than that of the brutes, but partaking still of the same essential characteristics, was the loftiest guide of the new creation. The senses, which convey a knowledge of external nature, were in full play, but the reasoning faculties, by which we reflect on the impressions conveyed to the senses, were undeveloped, existing in their first, infantile, feeble state only.

With its senses then wide-opened, but with reflective powers yet dormant, was the race ushered into its home, and started upon its wondrous career. In what a world did it look out upon? Here stretched limitless tracts of sand, hot, arid, disappearing in the unknown, awful distance. Here tossed the equally limitless sea, beautiful, terrific, impassable, bending the senses with its grandeur and filling the ignorant beholder with vague undefined unrest. Aloft towered the stern mystery of the everlasting hills, and the great rivers swept on in their majesty, through forests whose gloom was impenetrable, the abode of savage beasts and hiding-places of hideous reptiles. The sun came daily up the east, dispelling the darkness with its numberless terrors, and shone, with burning light, a mystery and a joy the sun went daily to the west, carrying the light and the joy with it, and darkness enveloped the earth, coming none knew whence, and disappearing again with the same unerring and constant mystery. Nightly the glittering array wheeling overhead struck still deeper wonder into the mind of the bewildered beholder, and deepened the awful incomprehensibility which everywhere surrounded him.

What impression would be left upon such a race, surrounded by such a world? Science, which investigates the laws of phenomena and deigns to use the reason of the human mind in its quest to explain the things which corrects the seeming facts of observation and gives us the actual, had yet no existence. Astronomy had not yet discovered that the numberless points of beautiful, brilliant, glittering fire were worlds and systems of worlds, swinging in tremendous diapason through the realms of infinite space; nor unfolded the fact that the apparent procession of the heavens was in reality the rapid whirl of the earth upon its axis, and its still swifter flight around the central sun, and the atrocious swirl with its blinding breath over the desert, carrying destruction and death in its swift flight; when the lightning split the black tempest clouds with its flash of fire, and the sense was stunned with the noise of thunder, no science of meteorology explained the mystery, nor did the knowledge of the laws of electricity lift the veil of wonder and astonishment which enveloped the terror-stricken and ignorant inhabitants of earth. A pigmy mind of the infant race, a senseless, senseless, feeling, but with no power to reflect, hearing, without knowing what; oppressed by the grandeur of his habitation and awestruck by the magnitude of his surroundings, he felt the burden of his own littleness, and in abject humility bowed to the Gods of his imagination, the hurler of thunderbolts, the sender of storms, the angry scourger of man—the Omnipotent Maker of all things.

In this dreary ignorant age of the world, the race was created, and the voice of the voice of a well-defined knowledge, taking everything for truth which seemed so. And as the child listens breathlessly, and in full and trusting faith, to the stories of angels and devils, fairies and witches, and believes in their actual existence, so these children of the race peopled the Universe with Deities and their attending ministers. The stars which the eyes of the angelic host, watching the earth, saw, the sun, the moon, the very God of the Deity himself, who illuminated every corner of the world, that he might be cognizant of every human action; while the moon was left to watch the night, when the Great Deity himself slumbered, or was absent. The earth, too, was peopled with his assistants; some to give aid and comfort to the good, others to scourge and refine the wicked. The rivers swarmed with ravenous broods who devour the innocent, and the forest and the thicket, and the mountain made a home for these monsters, whose power so far succeeded his own, and in whose grasp he was crushed, as the mighty and intelligent embodiments of the wrath of the All-powerful. The storm of the desert prostrated him before its force, and in his puny helplessness he imagined it to be the angry breath of the nostrils of his God. The thunder—that sound which yet in our own enlightened day strikes terror to the souls of people, and which in that benighted age must have been regarded as the voice of the voice of his wrath. The lightning, the flash of his eye. All the operations of Nature, in fine, according as they were pleasant or disagreeable, were the signs of the delight or the disapprobation of the Deity or Deities, the supposed creator or creators of the world.

To appease and propitiate these, to gain their good will, became then the important thing of life. Hence arose, in various countries, the different forms of worship, determined, for the most part, by the character of the country, the soil, the aspect of Nature, the mode of her organization, the inhabitants, and more or less modified by various incidental and accidental circumstances. The religions of India, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Scandinavia—the prominent religions of the world—consisted almost wholly in the worship of supposititious superior Beings, who were but personifications of those aspects and forces of Nature which were predominant in the character of the country, or which peculiar happenings brought especially to the attention. The offering of such gifts to the Deities, as from the superstition of the characters were considered agreeable to them, and the request or prayer to them for favor and protection, were the methods of primitive worship. While men were yet isolated, and before there was any society, each individual man, or head of a family, was a priest. But as men gathered themselves into communities, they came together for the purpose of worship; individuals of superior endowments were recognized as leaders, the especially endowed instruments of the Great Deity, and the priesthood became a distinct class, a consecrated order, held in the highest reverence by the people. In the Jewish Religion the whole tribe of Levi were set apart and anointed to the priesthood, which then became an hereditary office.

Thus there arose an Order, whose sole and especial function it was to represent the nation before their God or Gods; to intercede in behalf of the people, that the anger of Omnipotence might be turned away from them; to offer sacrifices to propitiate the favor of the Deities; and to convey to men the purposes and decrees of *his* God. In the history of the Hebrews, the Holy of Holies was the place appointed by the Almighty in which he would commune with, and make known his wishes to his people, through the High Priest, who alone might enter there. So the Greeks received the will of the God through the priestesses of the oracle. Thus there accumulated traditions and records of man's dealings with God, expressed in all ages, and which, when man and these, when, in the course of time, direct communication ceased, became the Word of God; the expressed commands of the Deity in relation to the conduct of his people.

But who is this Mighty One, this God who is reported to have spoken through the mouths of prophets, who is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush, who purported to give laws to Mt. Sinai, and who, in the long ages, has been the object of the devotion of billions of men? The Israelites rejected the claims of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, and remanded the belief in him back to the ages of ignorance and superstition. What is the explanation of this universal testimony as to the existence of Deities, of their communication with man, and of this universal tradition as to their personality, power, wisdom, and goodness? A belief so general, existing in all ages, the whole world and among all peoples, must surely have some stable foundation, some meaning, yet hidden from the common mind. In order to answer this question we must first examine the nature of the mental development of the world in the earlier ages. We shall then unravel the mystery. For this purpose I extract the following

statement from a forthcoming publication of "Universalism," entitled "The Final Opening of the Apocalypse," by Andromeda:

"The solution of the seeming enigma of an undying faith among nations and generations of men in what they have intellectually understood is not to be wholly found in the tendency of the human mind to superstition, so readily suggested as the complete explanation, by skeptical reasoners on the subject. It is in major part due, on the contrary, to the existence of a faculty in the human mind; of which little account has hitherto been made by the intellectual and scientific, and the very existence of which is indeed generally unknown to them. This faculty is intuition, a faculty or means of knowing as distinct as any two faculties can be from ordinary observation through the external senses, and equally so from the external intellect. It is the exercise of an interior set of senses, which cognize the *spirit of things*, (as the external senses cognize the *things themselves*), by a direct apprehension, in passive states or states of receptivity, by the mind; a mode of knowledge more related to sensuous observation than to intellectual reflection. It is, so to speak, spontaneous knowledge; knowing as women so frequently know, with no power to say why or how. Its normal condition in the exterior exercise of the faculty, is a state of Trance, the shutting out of the activity of the external senses and a suspension of the operations of the intellect. Hence persons immersed in the active, bustling, external business of life, whether sensuously or intellectually, may remain entirely ignorant that they possess Interior Senses, which are turned inward toward spiritual realities, as their external senses are turned outwardly toward material realities around them. The Hindu, recluse and mystic, the anchorite and mystic of all ages, nations and creeds, the modern Quakers in their quietude, the Shakers in their seclusion, modern spiritual mediums, and exceptional individuals in society at large, are familiarly acquainted with mental experiences as distinct from anything known experimentally by active business men or external thinkers as if they were endowed with an additional sense. To these classes of intuitionists have belonged the inspired poets and visionaries, seers or prophets of the past, the founders of new religions and mystics of all sorts. Their experiences being exceptional and internal or subjective, elevating and expansive, though vague or indefinite, they stood connected in their minds, with all that is mystical and majestic in the universe, and seemed therefore to carry them upward to angels and to God. This faculty of intuition having also a positive relation to future events, as memory has to the past, becomes in some minds 'second sight,' or the 'gift of prophecy,' and so, by the wonderful and seemingly divine nature of this capacity the claims of those who possessed it were confirmed to the people. The faculty itself is genuine, and not imaginary, and its existence and operation are normal and natural, as much so as those of any other of the faculties of the mind. Its scope and value are destined to become known, recognized and justly estimated, only the factors of our mental development, it will be found to be equally important as our external senses, but, on the other hand, by being recognized and rationally investigated, it will loose the fictitious and undue authority it has heretofore exercised over the human mind under the guise of religious authority, sanctioned by mystery, the terrors of incomprehensible grandeur and pretensions sanctity.

The intuition is itself subdivided primarily, into a sensitive power, according to which it looks more outwardly to the deeper recesses of the soul, and seems thereby to come into communion with the great central principle of all things, or with the absolute God, the uncreated, unconscious, instinctual, indwelling, causative energy of all being, or as it looks more upon outward spiritual realities, bringing the mind into relations with the objective spiritual world, or world of spirits.

Intuitive power is possessed, doubtless, by all persons to some degree, however slightly developed, in most; by some men in a high degree, but more generally and characteristically by women and children, and by the masses of the people, as distinguished from the active business and intellectual classes. For a similar reason, the world in its infancy, and different nations in the remote ages, when the great national religions had their origin, excelled in the exercise of the intuitive faculty. Intuition is allied to instinct. It is the sense which nature has implanted in the human mind, and appears at the infancy or dawn, the lower end of the career of the Race, before the development of the intellect or the birth of the Sciences. By the operation of a Principle of Universality, 'The Anti-theistic Repetition of the Lowest in the Highest,' it will reappear, with increased potency, and a modified method, at the perfection of the race, superadded then to the highest attainments of intellectual growth. All that is material and materialized is distinguished by the appearance of primitive powers. The present age is, and is to be, an epoch of that kind, of the most signal character. Intuition is reappearing in an extraordinary measure in this age, and this is, in part, the meaning of that remarkable awakening of occult powers in the Human Mind known under the general name of Modern Spiritualism.

It is the faculty of intuition in its higher or trance-like potency, by which the prophet or seer receives an impression or inspiration of profound thoughts and of future events; a knowledge not heretofore rationally accounted for to the intellect. It is the same faculty, in its common or diffused form, by which the people learn their faith to the mystical and authoritative affirmations of these religious ecstasies. Internal intuitionists are at the same time pietists, or persons subject to inward religious experiences, devout persons devoted to inward spiritualized action, and connected mainly with Religion and Spirituality, as intellect does with Science and Materiality. Intellectualists are Scientists, or those who tend by their organizations to become such.

While the intuition is thus recognized, and its relative equality with the intellect vindicated to the Sensitive World, its superiority is denied. The Reason (or intellect) is the true governing faculty in man. It is the faculty of knowing the whole of the whole of Mental, actual Sensibility or Feeling. Intellect is the faculty of knowing through Observation and Reflection, and includes potentially the whole domain of Intelligence.

Results, that knowledge by intuition is vague or indefinite, while it is nevertheless wonderfully intuitive, convincing, luxurious and grand. It has a basis or theme of truth, while in respect to details it is uncertain. So a nation of people may have an intuitive belief, founded upon a prophetic revelation, in the happening of some great event in the future, but each individual will give to it, as the prophet himself had done, in the first instance, the coloring of his own individuality, his own culture and his own beliefs, externally derived, in respect to times, places, and dramatic personages, (persons involved or to be involved in the event.) The event will happen substantially as apprehended, but with modifications still, not wholly foreseen by any in respect to the details. In a recent volume called "The Future of the Human Race," by a modern seer, and one of the distinguished annals of the coming new dispensation, this difference between the theme or main-stem of conception in the creeds or doctrines of the past, and the special views of their individual propounders and adherents, is elaborately discriminated. That writer denominates the theme "The Idea," and the special conceptions, "Thoughts concerning the Idea." These terms are not, perhaps, well chosen, since "Ideas" and "Thoughts" are not ordinarily used in this way, and often not at all; but his own ideas and thoughts on the subject are correctly and ably set forth. To illustrate: The fundamental idea of a Trinity of Principles as a basis of all Being, two primary opposing Principles reconciled in a trine, is demonstrated by the science of Universality to be a scientific truth of the most basic and radical nature. This theme of thought falling into the intuition of the early religious teachers, gave rise to the theological doctrine of a Divine Trinity. But beyond this, divergence appears. The Brahmin conceives this Trinity as impersonated, or embodied, or incarnated in three Gods—Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu; while Trinitarian Christians recognize it as embodied in a Father-God—the Jehovah of the Jews, a son—who is, in their view, personally Jesus of Nazareth, and a third, as *Elohim*, the Holy Spirit. The theme of the Brahmin or Christian is right; the thoughts or theories by which the primitive "Ideas" are overlaid, are wrong.

The nature and method of Intuition itself operation being thus understood, and the fact being remembered, that this faculty—and this faculty only, was sufficient to develop in the early ages, to be to any extent available as a means of acquiring knowledge, the mystery which has been so long shrouded in the Religions of the past, whose utterances have always been believed in by the Christian Church, but which were never understood, stand revealed as mediums of personages, coming into contact with wondrous truths, which the world has found no way clearly to interpret; and which, doubtless, like most mediums, they did not themselves fully understand. The great principle upon which the

pod awaiting the divine almanac, which, when received, enabled her to tell in vague and mystic utterances the events of the future, stands revealed as a simple trance medium, in the days when trance was neither understood nor rightly valued. The Lord God, the Jehovah, the undefinable AM, who spoke with men on the mountain-tops, appeared to them in visions, and announced his will in sacred places, was the vague, awful impression, which came to the prophet or priest in trances, of the uncreated, instinctual, indwelling, and throbbing principle which filled the universe and throbbled through creation. The intuition allied to by Nature, and partaking of the character of this instinctual God—when the higher, the intellectual God, afterwards to be unfolded to the Race, through the intellect, was yet unknown—in loyalty to its noblest ideal, recognized the intuitive Lord, gave him supreme and highest honors, and shadowed forth in vague and undefined symbols his mysterious and noble conceptions in the mind of the seer himself, his expression was likewise mystical and uncertain. The impression of truth was made upon the mind, but no clear and distinct conception was gained of the exact nature of this truth, or its precise relations to time, of its connection with other events, nor of the persons whom it concerned. Moreover, the impression made upon the mind of the prophet was more or less intermingled with his own personal opinions, his peculiar characteristics, his preconceived ideas. Accordingly, therefore, as the trance state was profound, or not, the rapport of the medium was entire or partial. Hence another difficulty in interpreting the utterances of the seers of the past, as well as of those in the present, results from the impossibility of clearly understanding a statement which blends in one linked and indistinguishable connection, mystical truths, personal thoughts, past events, and judgments derived therefrom, and the future, the shadowings of the future. For these reasons, the narrative of the creation contained in Genesis, the prophetic books of the Bible, the Revelation of St. John, and various other parts of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, have, while filled with great and sublime enunciations, baffled the attempts of centuries to penetrate their meaning.

The most serious obstacle, however, which has stood in the way of the interpretation of the sacred scriptures, in the writings of the past, and which is now for the first time removed by the discovery of the Law of Analogy, as revealed by the science of Universality, has been the lack of comprehension in regard to the peculiar method of aspecting in Vision, or Trance. The intuition, as has been previously stated, perceives neither the precise nature of particular truths, nor the definite relations of facts, nor the connections of time and space, but it comes in *revelation*, *revelation*, and the *Spirit*, the essential principle, which underlies and pervades all things, and which, under various diverse forms embodied in creation, constitute the Universe of Matter and of Mind. The nature of these fundamental principles and their relations to each other, have, until the discovery of Universality, remained hidden. They are now unfolded in their entirety, and by their light we come to a clear perception of the meaning of all the sacred scriptures, so far as these are the intuitional apprehensions of the seers, and not the merely individual feelings of the seer.

The discovery to which I allude, unfolds the precise manner in which principles, hitherto only vaguely apprehended, constantly recur, and are repeated in every sphere or department of existence. It develops the fact that the million-fold phenomena which everywhere surround us, are the embodiments of only a small number of principles, "forms," or meanings. That these are, however, repeated in reality, and constitute the aggregate of things perceivable, either mental or material. The departments of being which we now consider as entirely distinct, and as having no special relations to each other, are found, therefore, to be, on the contrary, direct and complete repetitions of each other. For example, the whole scope of principles, thoughts or truths existing in the mind of God or Nature, are embodied and expressed in the vegetable world, and the animal world, and the human world, and his conception of beauty and harmony are there displayed. But the vegetable world being exhausted, every possible shade of thought which the creative energy possessed being embodied in the form of a plant, it then began to typify or express these same thoughts or principles in a higher creation, that of the Animal world. It had previously done the same in the lower or mineral world, before it had attempted the vegetable. Having finished the expression of its whole range of thought in the Animal world, it repeated the same thing in Man, a still higher creation. There is, therefore, a complete repetition, echo or analogy in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. The same ideas are there, modified only so far as it is necessary to adapt them to the different *molds* into which they are put; somewhat in the same way in which the conception of an artist must be modified, according as he would adapt it to bronze, to wax, to marble, to the fresco, or to the painting, or the delicate touches of miniature painting. The fresco of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, which covers the walls of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, contains a "countless multitude of figures," mostly larger than life, and fill a space sixty feet in height. The print which is for sale at the picture dealers, embodies the whole fresco in about four square feet. Suppose one to have seen the print, but to have no knowledge of the fact that it was a repetition of the fresco at Rome!

If such a person were to visit the Sistine Chapel, as travelers do, how long might it be before he would discover in the vast figures which stretched out before him, the identical of his four feet engraving? Yet there would be before his vision the same picture, differing only in the material by which it was expressed, the vegetable, the animal, and the human. So the human skeleton is a complete repetition, or repetition of the same thing in Man, a still higher creation. There is, therefore, a complete repetition, echo or analogy in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. The same ideas are there, modified only so far as it is necessary to adapt them to the different *molds* into which they are put; somewhat in the same way in which the conception of an artist must be modified, according as he would adapt it to bronze, to wax, to marble, to the fresco, or to the painting, or the delicate touches of miniature painting. The fresco of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, which covers the walls of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, contains a "countless multitude of figures," mostly larger than life, and fill a space sixty feet in height. The print which is for sale at the picture dealers, embodies the whole fresco in about four square feet. Suppose one to have seen the print, but to have no knowledge of the fact that it was a repetition of the fresco at Rome!

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We shall now be able to understand the method by which the intuitive arrives at truth, the nature of that which the comparative value, and the method of its interpretation. The intuition: we have already shown, arrives at knowledge of the *spirit of things*, not at the precise character of things themselves, nor their relations. When, therefore, the mystic or seer of the past, came to express the truth, he was the essential principle, and the particular subject, which he embodied, was the *idea*, and not the special phase represented by the object itself. This principle, as we have seen, is repeatedly represented, occurring in every distinct department of the universe. Hence, there were numer-

our objects which a faculty, cognizing the idea, typified, without reference to the peculiar individual characteristics, might use to express that idea or principle. If we bear in mind that these intuitions have no intellectual knowledge of the fact which we are now attempting, no clear perception of a general system of principles underlying and running through all spheres, presenting the same ideas, and that this fact is in itself yet unknown, save to the few who have listened to the explanations of universality; if we remember what has been repeatedly stated, and what we will reiterate, that a vague feeling, incomprehensible even to them, was all the guide to knowledge they possessed, and that this feeling, this intuition, apprehended the essence, the principle of the truth in question, and neither cognized the spiritual truth nor its relation, and external things shall then clearly the nature of the mystery which enshrouds the utterances of poets, prophets, priests and seers, the grandeur of the field which the intuition invaded, the magnitude of the truths which it obtained, and the inevitable necessity that they should remain unfathomable enigmas, until the discovery of the underlying principles of the universe, and of their mutual correlation in different spheres should be made, and the law of their analogy defined. Looking back now, from this lofty height, we can clearly discern the method by which the mind in those early ages, apprehended truth, and can understand the meaning which is hidden under their analogical symbols. When Moses tells us that man fell by eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, tempted thereby by the serpent, we perceive that the intuition of which is embodied in the vegetable world, by a Tree, and in the animal world by the serpent, and are enabled to translate its symbolism into intelligible language. When the Prophet of the Revelations speaks to us in the Mystic Utterances of his vision, which, for eighteen hundred years has dazzled and perplexed the Christian World, we see, amid the apparent imagery of seals and scorpions, beasts and blood, angels and stars and trumpets, locusts and nations, plagues and pestilence, the New Jerusalem and the Tree of Life—the expression of the eternal principles of all being, and all harmony, felt in the intuition of the prophet, when intellect had scarcely begun its career, and the prophesy of the splendid results, which intellect and Religion should achieve for Humanity in the future ages. The mind of the Mystic had grasped vaguely those principles which underlie alike the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and the human; and in the external nature, and in human society; and had seen in magnificent, though many panorama, the dawn of the new heavens and the new earth—the coming of the era of harmony and happiness, the true order of life on the planet in the divine society of the future. In language equally vague and incomprehensible, he had told his vision, putting animals and plants, rivers and birds, for the principles they represented, and the elements of the earth, for the symbols of great truths have lain, while centuries rolled by, awaiting the Ithuriel spear beneath whose touch the beasts should disappear, transformed into angels and messengers of light. Beneath that touch all the dead forms of the past, which a little knowledge had discarded as ignorant numeries, spring up into new life. We stand in the presence of the ancients of the past, face to face with the God of the world. We know them and can measure them. They are no merely superstitious imaginings of blind unenlightenment, but the vague impressions, dim conceptions of the mighty Principles of the Universe, then undefined, incomprehensible, to whose awful mystery and stupendous power the credulous child of earth, in his bewildered wonderment, bowed and asked favor and protection, calling them Gods. To these Gods, so mysterious and terrible to him, the primitive man, so beautiful and well known to us under the name of Laws of Being, he attributed all power; for what could not these Gods accomplish, measured by the standard of his weakness, his utter want of knowledge? His Gods were everywhere; all nature was their manifestation; he spoke in the winds, in the rain, in the flight of birds, in the entrance of beasts; and the many thoughts which flowed into his mind, or which he grasped in trance, were the whisperings of the deity, making known to him his will, and promulgated by the seer to the people as, "Thus saith the Lord."

The Religion and the worship of the past were thus based upon the eternal elements of truth; but owing to the vague and indistinct method by which these were apprehended, and the want of a knowledge of their precise nature and their relations to time and place, and each other, these elements or principles were misunderstood, and erroneously applied in practical life, and therefore resulted in practical error; not as compared with the times which are past, and in which these errors were dominant, but as compared with the actual truth, measured by the standard of actual fact—the standard of Science. It is by this measuring rod that we must be guided in undertaking the construction of the Religion of the future. We must not be guided by the test of Science, we must rigorously lay open every assumed verity, examine its claims, and judge it righteously, which is rightly. We must know its worth, acknowledge its value, and explode its pretensions. Knowing its intrinsic merit, its relative rank in the scale of truths, and its proper application, we shall be able to adjust the principles of the universe to their appropriate functions, and shall hitherto have baffled the efforts of the wisest. We shall know the great verities of the universe in spirit and in particular, and shall fall into no error through ignorance of their character, or mistake in regard to their relative importance or specific operation.

It was impossible that the Religions of the past, founded as they have all been upon the eternal elements of truth, should have been so utterly false. It was only by the development and application of a new faculty, as minute, exact, and definite in its method of ascertaining truth, as the intuition was general, uncertain and indefinite, one which discovered the real character and the relations of special facts, as the intuition discovered their spirit, that truth in all its parts and applications, should be known. The development of the intellect, therefore, the development of the intuition, and culminating in the discovery of Universality places it in our power to grasp in their generality, and in their detail, the secrets of the universe. The intuition conveys to us in magnificent though dim generalities, the spirit which permeates things, the subtle, shadowy something which the intellect cannot apprehend, and without which everything is but a living corpse. The intellect, on the other hand, these generalities, examines their composition, unfolds their relations, and interprets to the intuition the nature of the spirit which it apprehends. Each faculty has thus its separate office and function. Each is the investigator of truth in its own way. Each is the counterpart and necessity of the other. Each furnishes a moiety toward the composite verity. Either alone arrives at half truths only which, practically taken for the whole, result in error.

Such has ever been the error of Religion in the past. It has believed the intuition, the feeling to be the abundant guide in relation to right, and has given a meagre attention or an open rejection to the claims of the intellect. So the truth which it has possessed has been unavoidably perverted, and its good necessarily spoken off. Religion and the intellect, represented by Science, have stood with drawn swords confronting one another, each deeming the other the enemy of progress, and each striving to overthrow its opponent. It was well in the past. The praise do the brave who fight for the seeming right be theirs. But the light has come which shall make them know that they are brothers, and that the death of either must be the destruction of the Race. Now, side by side they shall battle against the common foe, Ignorance and Selfishness, who have long held jubilee over the brotherly and fraternal strife of the past. Before their twined strokes the terrors of Ignorance shall flee, the light of self shall die, and the grand music of a bliss-buried world replace the clash of contending armies; the wail of misery, and the cry of despair; swelling out in tones of tumultuous joy, this matchless harmony shall fill the earth, and echoing along the corridors of time, still rising in grandeur and in strength, sweep the Race onward in its destined career, in which every long struggle shall be satisfied, every craving appeased, and the acclamations of which shall dwell in the insignificance the wildest hopes of the most ecstatic visionary.

Support the President.

"The hands of the President, the chosen and only head of the nation, must be strengthened by the people. He is striving in this hour of peril, with all his strength, to save the country. Let the people pledge to him their most generous confidence and support—and not turn from him in weakness or pity his efforts with a feeble and half confidence. Pledge, then, to the President the lives and fortunes of a united people. Let him be sustained and carried in triumph through the struggle. His patriotism and self-sacrifice deserve it—our duty demands it."

Think of this, as the difference of Judge Joel Parker, of Cambridge, backed by the signatures of fifteen hundred of the men best known in the movements of pro-slavery parties in Massachusetts.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

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Room No. 8, 15 STATE ST.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Little Things.

The small matters in life are the great ones. So everybody knows for himself, without being told. We lay in wait, the more ambitious of us, for opportunities to achieve something wonderful, and only live to be astonished that the opportunities we desire never come round. Whereas, the truly great men, who indeed do great deeds, perform their tasks—great and small—just as they come along, waiting for nothing more important than what offers immediately to their hand, and performing the large offices and duties with no more thought about what they are doing than when performing the small ones.

If we think of it, we shall find that the most of us are chiefly taken up in life with what most directly pertains to life itself; that is, with the little things. How these small pebbles do contrive to fill up the chinks of time! We hardly know where it goes to, every moment being pregnant with some new set or thought, until we discover that a day, a week, a month, a year—even many years have passed, and we involuntarily ask ourselves what we have to show for it all.

The Classes of little things in human life are various, and each merits careful consideration. First, and perhaps as important as any, come the little economies. Emerson says, with ever so much point, that it requires fully as steady a hand to manage a household's incomes and outgoes, so as to make matters come out as they ought to come out, as it does to govern the State or the nation. For himself, he says he knows nothing of the science of economy, except the bare going without; as for retrenching, and skillfully adjusting means to ends, it is not in him to do it. Thousands are in quite as bad a plight, who are not possessed of his intellect and spiritual parts. Yet the assertion stands good, for all that; the economies that are necessarily practiced in order to sustain the household with order, comfort, and true dignity, are of the very highest importance in life, and can be dispensed with on no condition whatever. A thrifty housekeeper is sure of the basis of happiness, whether he erects much of a superstructure afterwards or not.

Then there are the little pleasures of life; how we slight and pass them by. They abide most of all things that are offered us. We know not what we lose, when we think they are not worth the trouble. Does not every one, who knows anything about it practically and in reality, know that he has enjoyed himself most when he has made the least parade and preparation about his pleasures, and spent the small amount of money on them? Looking backward only for ourselves, we can see, in instances without name or number, that where we had actually thought and cared least for what we were enjoying at the time, where we allowed ourselves to be surprised into little delights which most people would pass by as of no account to them in yielding happiness, there we have reaped the heaviest harvest of gratification and enduring pleasure. And it has been true in our experience from beginning to end, and we do not doubt that it holds good in relation to others likewise.

And in manners, too, and the ordinary courtesies of life; it is ever the little things that betray the true character of the individual to his fellow. Not that it is proper to give up too much time and pay too much attention to these trifling matters; only we are not to forget that they deserve and demand attention. We owe it to those with whom we come in contact, to pay such regard to the little matters of etiquette and courtesy—which should in fact be but instinctive and spontaneous with our natures—as shall make that contact agreeable and of profit to both sides. You may practise filthy habits before your friend, or even declare your indifference to all manners whatsoever; but you should know that you are alienating your friend thereby, and sensibly abating and destroying the tone of your own character. All these small things require to be attended to, and punctually.

Does not the reader see for himself how the subject expands with reflecting on it, and catch a hint of what he may do for himself by properly treating it in this thought?

Old Fogysism Coming to Its Senses.

For the last three months the people have heard much of the labors of the Citizens' Committee, a body of men appointed by Mayor Wightman, and distinguished mainly for their dignity and eminent gravity. Those who have been most familiar with their labors, are fully of the belief that such an organization had better never been made. Their principal business has been to urge others to go to the war, not to ask others to go with them, and although they have expended a great amount of money in show and noise, they have endeavored to cheapen the services of volunteers as much as possible. Many of them were entirely opposed to bounties, and while they talked glibly of the duty of defending the country, they seemed to think that the duty devolved entirely upon the poor and middling classes of men. They were very willing to go, if in the position of officers, but the poor man should be satisfied with the poor pittance of a soldier's wages, with the assurance that they will look after his family. The Committee yielded up their breath, when they were outvoted on a proposition to increase the bounty, and the Sub-Committee to procure the increase were talked to death by the volubility of the Mayor.

The draft has come, some of the Citizens' Committee have been caught by it, and the conservatism of the Common Council has been frightened from its propriety and induced to offer an increase of bounty, in the hope that the odium of a draft may be averted from this great, respectable, conservative, wealthy city. In this connection, we are reminded of some very sensible remarks, never reported, which were made at the last meeting of the Citizens' Committee. After all the wise sagacious, shrewd, thrifty men had given their views against the payment of bounties, a common sense man, Mr. John Westborough, Jr., said:

the boldness to tell them that he had never listened to so much nonsense in his life as during the previous hour and a half. You pride yourselves, said he, upon your shrewdness and sagacity in making and keeping your money, and providing well for your families, and look down upon those who are unthrifty as beneath you, and as wanting in the great requisites of success in life. There is a call for volunteers; the floating population upon whom you have been relying, have all gone; the mechanics and men who live upon daily wages, or small salaries, are well employed, yet making only a comfortable support for their families. They cannot be expected to leave their families to live on the pittance of a soldier's pay any more than you can; they ask only what will be some sort of an equivalent, when they risk their lives, and in all probability leave their families destitute of future support. The very shrewdness you so much esteem in yourselves you condemn in them. This speech brought down the applause of many of the Committee, and of the spectators present, and without waiting for the further transaction of business, the men of the most eminent gravity and shrewdness, whose self-respect had been so shockingly wounded, took their hats and left the Hall. After having wasted enough to have paid every volunteer \$200, let them now pay the increased taxes which may be necessary to fill up the quota of this city, and redeem its character from the first blot which has ever been put upon its fair name for public spirit and beneficence.

Demand for Freight-ships.

California has been blessed with an abundant crop of grain this season, so much so that there is a great scarcity of ships to transport it to a market. The editor of the California Farmer says: "We have a very large surplus grain crop—enough to load eighty clipper ships, of forty thousand bags each, or one hundred ships of large tonnage. This gives 3,200,000 bags, or 4,800,000 bushels of grain, of all kinds, or its equivalent in flour. Now where are the eighty ships, or one hundred ships? Never in the history of our commerce has shipping been in so great demand all over the United States as at the present moment. Our National Government has taken so many that commerce is short of tonnage."

After commenting upon the probable high rates of freight, together with the increasing rise in the price of wheat, the editor indulges in the cheering hope that with "careful tanning, grain, such as California produces, dry and hard, can be shipped to England in bins—the timber of which would also be valuable when there." If this could be done, it would save a vast amount of expense, and better remunerate the producers. After alluding to the various European markets which are now open and anxious to get our breadstuffs, he wanders away to the Land of Millions, where he finds, in the Magnolian race, an inexhaustible demand, in embryo, for "our immense surplus" of grain, in fact, all our country can produce; and it is not altogether a visionary idea, either. Read what he says:

"Here is a new blessing to our State, and it comes, too, from the hated Chinese, who, while sojourning among us, have taken to eating flour instead of rice, and now forsaking their old habits of rice eating, they eat flour bread, and thus have introduced our flour into their country. With the fact before us, that the Chinese become consumers of our flour, what must be the demand in future years for our grain? Who can supply China and her hundreds of millions of people, if they substitute flour for rice, even in a small ratio? Should this be done, the whole United States would hardly grow enough for their wants. And yet California would occupy the vantage ground, and possess the greatest facilities for supplying that nation. The wise political economist should look to it, for we verily believe this question of 'breadstuffs' will ere long entirely revolutionize the world, especially in the carrying trade, and in our commercial relations. The relations which California now holds with the Chinese and Japanese, the introduction of our flour, and other products, will soon reveal to us new sources of wealth to our own State. If we are ready for the good a kind Providence intends for us. It is with these views and hopes we call attention to these all important matters concerning our State."

The export to Europe for the last year of wheat and corn has been immense. It has amounted to 60,190,160 bushels of wheat, and 16,697,034 bushels of corn. The amount for the last two years in these two articles alone more than reaches the enormous number of one hundred and twenty millions of bushels—worth at least one hundred and fifty million dollars. This amount has gone to offset demands which would otherwise have required gold, besides being a great help toward defraying the expenses of the war.

Vandalism.

We heard of an incident a few days since, where a lady from this vicinity went to Washington, several weeks ago, to visit her husband, who is in the army, and while stopping at a hotel, she observed that the blankets upon the bed had rather a familiar look, and on examination discovered her own name on the margin, and recognized them as the same she had sent to her husband some time previous, but which he had never received. On sending for the landlord and inquiring how he came in possession of the blankets, he replied, in a somewhat confused manner, that he bought them at auction. Comment is unnecessary. No doubt in this way many of the kind tokens of remembrance from dear ones at home, sent to the brave soldiers in the army of our country, who are doing battle to crush out rebellion, could be accounted for, and also why the wants of these gallant defenders of our homes are not better supplied, especially when such large quantities have been sent to them.

There are some human beings in this world so sordid and craven-hearted, that they would rob their benefactors, and save over their consciences with the disgraceful idea that they had done "a smart thing." This class of pilferers are always to be found wherever the army is, watching, vulture-like, for opportunities to prey upon our patriotic soldiers. If I had not taken it somebody else would," is a very loose motto to adopt, and if acted upon, will engender such an unhealthy state of morals, that man—the noblest creation of God, and whose soul should ever be imbued with the principles of justice—will soon sink far below the level of the brute creation.

Another case is this: Mont Berry's effects reached this city recently, minus his sword and gold watch. These articles were taken from his body on the battlefield of Antietam, where he fell, by some of the Federal soldiers, no doubt, as the enemy at the time was in full retreat, fighting as they fell back.

These things should not occur. There is vandalism in the army as well as out of it.

Spiritual Meetings.

Miss Emma Houston, speaks again in Lyceum Hall next Sunday afternoon and evening.

The cotton districts of France are suffering severely. So are the cotton districts of America.

Mr. E. W. Emerson at Music Hall.

Mr. Emerson lectured before the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, Sunday, Oct. 12th, in Music Hall. His theme was the President's Emancipation Proclamation. He said that our religious institutions have been held in "sterility, not on time." In times of peace and prosperity and in times of war and affliction these remain unchanged. "In bad times they are of dearer worth. All that can be asked of our religious assemblies is, that those in conflict may be treated with the eternal principles of right."

He claimed that governments were capable of inspiration, but that a governor must be raised out of himself to put God's truths into practice. The emancipation proclamation by President Lincoln, like the declaration of independence, and many other marked acts for freedom, will tell on the long future. This is an act in which human principle is found. The history of liberty is better than the history of arts and inventions. Scarcely any nation has escaped the humiliation of servitude. There are moments in history when a man should only look straight before him to make great discoveries. So it shall be of our President in the policy of his emancipation proclamation. In this he has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man. He has replaced our Government in the good graces of mankind. Life in America had lost much of its attractions in later times. In this country it is felt how great a thing a government is.

October, November and December will pass over the beating hearts of every African; then each will feel sure of the protection of America's laws, for freedom. This act commits this country to human justice. It is a step that cannot be taken back. This act shall tell that the lives of our heroes have not been taken in vain. It parades all the slaves in America, and they will not fight against us. If the rebels had first proposed emancipation we should have been in an awkward position. This proclamation is not a paper proclamation. Mr. Lincoln is in earnest, and millions will come to its support.

All have duties to do in this conflict, and sacrifices to make. What right has a man to read of victories in the journals, without he has helped to buy them by his own sacrifices? All shall rally to the support of this act. Every man's property on the twenty-second day of September last was relieved from a malaria. He spoke of the opportuneness of the proclamation, and yet claimed that the President had no choice in its production; that his duty was imperative; that the step was the only safe. The proclamation existed before uttered, as the war existed before proclaimed by the guns of Sumter. He said the war was, and is, an immense mischief, but it shall produce immense advantages. He granted that the historical aphorism was true, viz: "the people always conquer." The cause removed, the war will end. This measure of the Government brings every sort of advantage. The cloud that hangs over our nation begins to break. The edict is out, and let it be announced; let the glad tidings, in the freest notes, be proclaimed to all the earth.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM

TO THE EARTH-MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT W. BERRY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Wave high our banner! let its stripes of morn
And stars of Heaven in blessing o'er the sod
Where the land's martyrs rest be proudly borne,
All consecrated to the heart of God,
In Liberty's sweet name; and mark the spot
With the lion's Myrtle and Forget-me-not!
Four forth illustrious from the heart of song,
Wherewith to dedicate a hallowed shrine
Of sacrificial beauty; that as long
As hearts shall throb in unison divine
With God and Freedom, shall the Mecca be
Of patriot worship and soul victory!
Rest, loyal friend! patriot and soldier, rest
From the dread conflict; palm and crown await,
With the Star-Banner's newly symbolized crest.
The soul-expectant, by the morning gaze;
Rest the tired heart and calm the fevered brain,
Mid the eternal peace of God's domain!
Lead on to moral conquest! on the shore,
And by the waves of Life's immortal sea;
Lead on the hosts empowered for evermore
With the great watchword of Eternity!
To battle, ne'er retreating, 'gainst the foe
Of Giant Wrong, still onward, upward go!
Ring, bells of triumph! sound the music peal
Of joy's acceptance! for the hero-brow
Is crowned with amaranth, and the spirit seal
Of Truth's devotion beareth from its seal.
Weep not for him, who for his country gave
All that man loveth. Honor to the brave!
Hammon, N. J., Oct. 7, 1862.

Regular Conference Meetings.

The Boston Spiritual Conference holds its weekly meetings at the Hall No. 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening. These meetings are very interesting and profitable to all believers of the Spiritual Philosophy. We understand that the managers have decided to take up the subject of Spirit Manifestations, hoping that thereby some light may be thrown upon the *modus operandi* by which our invisible friends produce the raps, move ponderable bodies, produce names, etc., upon the flesh of mediums, draw and color without hands, &c.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst., Dr. Gardner will make a statement in regard to some of the astounding manifestations he has witnessed through the mediumship of Mr. Colchester, who is considered by many people one of the most remarkable mediums of this or any former age; to be followed by such explanations and theories in elucidation of these mysteries, as the members of the Conference may have to offer.

It is hoped that Professors Agassiz and Pierce will take the opportunity thus offered to explain the manner in which the raps are produced, as they avowed their ability and intention to do at the "Albion Investigation" some years since. Gentlemen, be persuaded to explain, and "save thousands of victims of the terrible delusion, which," you say, "destroys the truthfulness of man and the purity of woman."

Read Dr. Freeland's Discourse, delivered at the New Catholic Church, New York City, on Sunday, Oct. 12th. It is a production of great merit. We advise the Doctor to publish it in pamphlet, as we think there will be a demand for it in this form, notwithstanding the *Banner of Light* will give it a hearty circulation.

The Roxbury War Relief Committee met last evening, voted to give \$50 to the widow of a late Roxbury soldier who has been killed in battle.

Mediums.

Ms. Ennon—I have been in, hopes that before this time you would be the truth of Spiritualism, and by acknowledging it make the largest number of converts to behold—an exponent and defender of the Harmonial Philosophy. It is no flattery to say that you would be serviceable in that great work. With your industry, fearlessness, and persistence, you could do far more for mankind by cooperating with the higher intelligences, than by groping, bat-like, in the barren field of infidelity. I do wish that you had my bright and glowing faith in ministering and ever-present spirits, as I know it would make you so much happier; and if you will not be offended with me, I will endeavor, in a short communication, to convince you that I have the truth on my side, and that you unfortunately are in error.

Your great difficulty seems to be, judging by what you say in your last paper, on account of the mediums. You think they are unnecessary. But here you commit a great mistake. Now I do not say this, merely because I am myself a professing and practicing medium, but because I know that it is conformable to the laws and processes by which our Heavenly Father, or Nature, if you like the term better, carries on her work, that there should be mediums. I marvel much that a gentleman of your information and experience should for a moment doubt it; but it seems you do, because forthwith the spirit of Robert Owen and of Abner Kneeland, visit the office of the *Banner of Light*, instead of your own.

Now, my dear blinded brother, did it never occur to you that people are differently constituted in their organs, and that possibly there might be some one in the *Banner Office* who is in rapport with those spirits, while you are not? But no more to-day. I merely send you this hurried note to inquire if you will allow me half a column occasionally, in which I may try to remove your own concerning Spiritualism?—for I feel interested in your condition.

Very respectfully, your friend,

A. MURPHY.

With the greatest pleasure we comply with the request, and proffer to "A Medium" our best thanks into the bargain for the kind proposition to enlighten us. At present we have no faith—not the slightest—in anything Spiritual, yet if the doctrine be true, we would like to know it, and be helped by "higher intelligences," for our own intelligence is rather poor. We must confess it seems to us very strange that the spirit of Abner Kneeland and of Robert Owen should visit the *Banner of Light* Office, where they were unknown in their lives, in preference to coming to the *Investigator*, where they were well known by our friend Medium and myself. But we are told by "A Medium" that the mystery is accounted for by a deficiency somewhere in an "organism" which prevents us from coming into a "rapport" with those spirits. It may be so, we do not know about "organisms," and still less about "rapport," but we shall certainly feel obliged to the person who will teach us so to improve the one, that we may attain to an understanding of the other.—*Investigator*.

It is not "very strange" to us that the spirit of Abner Kneeland should visit the *Banner of Light* Office in preference to that of the *Investigator*, from the fact that we did happen to know him while living—and a good man he was—although Brother Seaver will have it (and so informs his readers) that we did not. (Robert Owen, it is true, we were not personally acquainted with, but having corresponded with him while he was in the earth-form—even since the *Banner* was established—and received his public works regularly, we claim that he was not a stranger to us by any means. Then, we repeat, why it is not "strange" to us, in another point of view, that these two great Reformers visited the office of the *Banner* first, is, because we employ a medium through whom they can manifest themselves, and Bro. Medium does not. But Bros. Seaver and Medium are fulfilling their "missions"—so it's all right. We have no fault to find. We only wish to correct a slight mistake they have fallen into in their broad assertion of *why* and *wherefore*.

New Publications.

JEAN VALJEAN, the fifth part of Victor Hugo's famous *MISERABLES*, has been translated and published in this country by Carleton, of New York. Critics and novel readers declare it to be a greater book than *Fantine*, *Colette*, *Marius*, or *St. Denis*; of all which it is the conclusion and culmination. It abounds in brilliant and exciting descriptions—the most noticeable of which is that of the battle of the Barrikades in Paris; a passage whose perusal it is predicted, may alone cause the Republican feeling of France to flame out and burn up Louis Napoleon's plans and power in a fiery breath. Hugo displays masterly skill and power from beginning to end. Jean Valjean must needs be a great work, to fitly terminate and realize the grand promises of the very first volume of this all-absorbing series.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

THE SLAVE POWER: its Character, Career, and Probable Designs; being an attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M. A., London. Carleton, Publisher, New York. For sale in Boston, by A. Williams & Co.

The thoughtful author has here attempted, in a volume of handsome size and type, to state clearly and calmly, as a student of political economy, and a professor of jurisprudence, a summary of the views of a portion of the Northern press in relation to the present civil conflict in our unhappy country, without bringing forward any arguments that are new or untried. The tone of the book is calm; the statements lucid, and the reasoning clear. Considering Slavery as a Political power in the nation, rather than a social institution, merely, the author assails it with weapons with whose handling he appears to be perfectly familiar, and brings to bear against it the whole force of a logic in which he has been thoroughly trained. It is as pure, too, as it is suggestive; to read what a thoughtful and educated foreign writer thinks of our present contest, and how he prognosticates results which not all of us at death are able to see as yet.

The *Temus Spirit* for October, published in Paris, is a very interesting number. We may make some extracts from it, for our next issue.

Sympathy.

Who is there that has feeling and sympathy that is not sorrowful when the world is so full of pain and suffering? Who can be happy and glad when others are sorrowful and sad? There is an unbroken bond of human sympathy that binds all human souls together, and when this tie is recognized, no one will make his brother mourn; no one will oppress or afflict another; no one will do by another as he would not be done by. There is no agony of the damned that shall not reach the heaven of highest bliss. In the onward progress of human souls, this tie of sympathy shall sometime come to the world and comfort each of each. And when this shall be, who will desire to give another pain that he would not give himself? Who will wound and kill another when he will not wound and kill himself? Who will oppress another while he will not be oppressed himself? Who will make another hungry, thirsty, naked, when he will not be hungry, thirsty, naked himself? Who will do to others as he would not be done by?

An Evening with the Spirits.

[By our Special Reporter.]

Another private seance was given in this city, on Saturday evening, Oct. 11th, by Mr. Colchester, the medium, at the residence of Daniel Farrar, Esq. On this occasion spirit-drawing was the principal feature. During the afternoon, Mr. Farrar prepared the drawing-paper which was used, but which was not placed in possession of the medium until after the commencement of the seance. The paper was cut in pieces of about five by six inches, in size. Then a small piece was cut out of each card and given to a gentleman present to keep in his possession, in order to match them with the original pieces, as proof that the cards had not been changed. The cards, after being thoroughly examined, were placed upon the carpet a few inches apart, with three or four pencils of different colors and the cloth from the table placed over them; one pencil being placed upright in the centre of the cloth, so that it did not lay flat on the cards. This was done under full gaslight, so that all present could see the whole arrangement. Previous to this, each one present was requested to write the name of a spirit-friend on a piece of paper, with the request that they make a drawing. Then all the party, including the medium, took hold of hands, forming a circle of about half a minute's duration. He then suddenly requested some one to lift the cloth and see if there were any marks upon the cards. When the cloth was raised all saw the cards, which were blank, except one; on this one was drawn a beautiful cluster of roses, in pink and green colors. Hands were then joined for about five seconds only, when a gentleman again lifted the cloth, and there were two cards discovered to be beautifully embellished; on one was a rose and buds, and on the other a most delicate and perfect Forget-me-not, done in four colors, at the bottom of which was written in a scroll, and on a perfectly formed quarter-circle, the words, "Forget me not, my memory still lives." The lettering was done in exquisite taste, and in three colors—blue, red and yellow. These drawings were done in a manner so free from all collusion or deception, or even ground for suspicion, that all present were satisfied it was the work of spirits.

Names appearing upon the arm were also very satisfactory tests. A lady present was requested to write the name of a spirit-friend on a piece of paper, which was done, the paper rolled up and twisted into a knot and handed to the medium, who took it in his fingers and instantly threw it across the room, asking the lady whether she would have the name written on the table or the arm. She replied, "On the arm," when he immediately rolled up his sleeve, and there instantly appeared on the arm the words "Anna Cora," in raised scarlet letters. The pencil upon which the name had been written was found on the floor where Mr. Colchester had previously thrown it—a hard wall, exactly as when it left the hands of the writer. In a similar manner a gentleman wrote the name *Rafael*, and immediately there appeared on the arm the word *Chocla*. This, too, was a most satisfactory test.

Mr. Colchester then requested the party to write one name each on pieces of paper, and fold or roll them up so they could not be read, and another gentleman collected them (ten in number), and placed them in a vase which was very small at the top, and gave the vase to another gentleman to hold securely, with his hand over the top, so that none of them could be removed without his knowing it; all present could see the vase the while. The medium then asked for a handkerchief, which he threw on the floor, after it had been examined, and then immediately said, "Some one has written a name beginning with the letter G, and he may find it tied up in the handkerchief." We had written the name of an old friend who had been a long time in California, and was not known to any one in the circle. The handkerchief was picked up and passed to us; and in the corner was the identical name we had written, tied up securely. And on examining those in the vase, the number was one short, there being but nine, when all present saw the ten counted and placed in it. It did not seem very clear how this pellet could have been abstracted from the vase without the aid of the spirits.

There were many very satisfactory answers given in response to names written on small pellets of paper, twisted up in such manner as to make it impossible to read them in that shape, and placed in a pile in the centre of the table.

But we do not deem it essential to go into further details. It would require too much space to print all the minutiae of an evening with the spirits, but we have given sufficient to show our readers that the spirits can do some things much more expertly than mortals.

Mr. Colchester has taken rooms at 75 Beach street, where he intends to remain for the present, for the purpose of giving those who wish an opportunity to test his medium powers.

Civil War.

The talented and vivacious authoress of a little book entitled "Country Living and Country Thinking," has within its covers a very thoughtful paper on "Lights among the Shadows of our Civil War," in the course of which she contrasts our present bloody and bitter experience with that of England before us, and expresses the opinion that "civil war cannot be so fatal to a nation as many have painted it." "Ordeal and bloody, indeed, must be the fight which brothers fall to blows; but England has thriven on such warfare. Her soil has been drenched again and again with the blood of her children. For thirty years—more than forty years, it would be correct to say—the white roses met the red in deadly conflict. It was eighteen years from the battle of Edgworth to the coronation of Charles the Second, and to-day, in all the arts of peace and war, England stands foremost among the nations. When amid clouds clear in the summer sky, there is heard a strife—the flash of death dealing lightning and the terrific cannonade of the thunder—but the earth looks up all the fresher, the air sweeps round it all the clearer afterwards. So we will hope that the storm shall be as a savor of life into life. The bolts must fall, yet our moral atmosphere shall be purged of its miasms, and our beloved land bloom with a yet unknown freshness in the light of the Sun of Righteousness."

PROGRESSIVE IDEAS.—Editorial smatters of Spiritualism, of all men, should not be confined with any such drugs, as we are sorry to say, are the universe—they should be broad, and the crooked path of exclusiveness, or they may be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Gen. Pillow has made a great impression on the South, and is now in the hands of the Union.

"The Wildfire Club."

Mr. Editor.—I notice your kind purpose of calling attention to the above-named volume of my writing, and inasmuch as I know that the book, both in its spiritual diction, and the stupendous magnitude of its illustrations, is capable of working much good to candid readers, as a zealous laborer for truth, rather than as an authoress that never expects a material remuneration for her labors, I heartily thank you for your aforesaid notice. You proceed to add, however, that you think me "most unfortunate" in the selection of the title of "The Wildfire Club."

Now, my good friend, if, as I claim, that title only represents the character of the book, or at least that which I designed to give it, the misfortune of misapprehension (if, indeed, there be any) is in the ignorance of those who do not understand the popular application with which European superstition has invested the word "Wildfire."

In the fens, marshes and bogs of Europe, the "Will-o'-the-wisps," "Jack-o'-lanterns," or "Wildfires," which rise by thousands of a night, and dance over the ground in bright, fairy-like lamps, are invariably associated in superstitious legends with the midnight revels of ghosts, sprites, elves, vespers, and the inhabitants generally of the invisible world. From the well-known fact that belated travelers have often mistaken these "Wildfires" for cottage lamps, and followed their delusive glimmer into the death-swamp and quagmire from which they originate, thus miserably perishing even when they deemed themselves in the guidance of hospitality, popular superstition has associated their beautiful but treacherous illumination with the wiles of evil spirits, and that with just as good a reason as popular superstition in the present day has stigmatized the blessed lamps of Spiritualism as the fitful "Will-o'-the-wisp," "Jack-o'-lantern," "Wildfire" glare of Diabolism.

Knowing that my club of spiritual stories—lamps on the road to eternity to the true Spiritualist—would be thus rendered by the world, I simply selected the title of one of these stories to designate the whole, in the world's own phrase; not deeming it possible that my American friends should be so unacquainted with European superstitions, as to mistake the meaning of the title. Nor do I so deem it, my dear friends of the BANNER. For five years I have written zealously and constantly for the spiritual papers, tales, essays, facts, and fancies. Despite the fatigue of constant travel, and the engrossing demands of an immense correspondence and other occupations, I have stolen countless hours from the periods of sleep and necessary repose, to help sustain the spiritual papers by my pen, and instruct the spiritual public by my effusions. For all this expenditure of time and effort, I have never, in the whole five years' labor, received one cent. Remembering the marked favor and lavish expressions of delight with which some of my spiritual teachings in the shape of tales were received, and fearing the loss of what I know to be valuable teaching by the death of the papers in which these stories were printed, I undertook to gather them together again, revise, and arrange them in the form of the present volume, and when, moreover, I perceive that you, my kind friends, have carefully printed the titles of the stories, kept the advertisement before the public, and reminded my "fervent admirers" that it was the work of a writer known to them all, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that the expediting popularity of the said stories, when published in fragments in old defunct papers, was owing to their free-gratuitous origin, while the chief "misfortune" of their present form of publication is, not the price of "The Wildfire Club," but the effect of Price, one dollar! Be it so; for "such is life," as Sam Weller philosophically remarks.

I can only say, that the matter of the "Wildfire Club" was given to me under the pressure of the strongest, happiest, and best inspiration of my life; it contains solemn truths, and awful, though sublime illustrations of the spiritual philosophy. Like every other seedling rooted in the dark soil of matter, it may be doomed to slumber in obscurity until the time of blossoming is fully ripe, and though its publication may have emptied my material purse, I have no fear but some other country, and other time, will reap the harvest of my labor, and I shall live to see it here or hereafter. Yours for justice in eternity, if not in time, EMMA HARDING.

P. S. I send you herewith a legend of the "Wildfires," and though I cannot claim for it any of the dear inspiration which guided my pen in the composition of the volume of that portentous name, it may interest those of your readers who are not progressed entirely beyond the once welcome page of myth, and who find in every old superstition a kernel of truth, and a real source for the mighty rivers of spiritual influence irrigating this material earth of ours.

The legend I now write from memory, and you can either append it to this letter, or print it as your future leisure.

(I shall print it in our forthcoming issue.)—Ed. BANNER.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

We submit the concluding paragraph from an able article, in the *Independent*, by Horace Greeley, on the President's Proclamation of Freedom.

"Let us all gratefully realize that the President deserves our thanks for a great, wise, and happy act, whereby half the perils of our position have at once been swept away. We have still dangers to confront, dangers to bear up against, enemies to battle, foes to make, and a great and glorious struggle before us; but the stormy cape is past, the clouds disperse, and bright hopes irradiate our future. We have yet to encounter disordered finances, incompetent officers, dignitaries whose hearts are not in the national cause, and the thousand impediments whereby heroism is developed and tested; but, trusting in a God who hates oppression, let us unite in thanks to heaven for such a President as Abraham Lincoln, and go forward unflinchingly on the path of trial and of duty!"

Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer letters of this class. The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps to prepay return letters. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two weeks after its receipt. Address: BANNER OF LIGHT, 155 Washington street, Boston.

The draft in New York State is ordered for November 10th.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Hon. Charles Sumner's great Faneuil Hall Speech has been circulated all over the country by the daily papers. We shall let our readers know what the Washington National Intelligence thinks of it in our next.

Splitting on a parlor carpet, or any other carpet, is reprehensible in the highest degree. No wonder a neat housewife calls such persons "dirty men." Who ever saw a woman spit on a carpet? The only thing Digby does not like in her habits is the habit of wearing their skirts so long that they sweep the sidewalks. How bad they look, sopping along in a rainy day! Digby thinks the abominable fashion was brought about by certain women with large feet and ankles—and so it became general. "Dress reformers" must take this matter in hand, and remedy the last named evil.

The attention of the public is called to the advertisement of Dr. D. C. Denmore, Magnetic Physician, from Maine, who has just established an Institute in New York city.

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an acorn is encased the germ of a ship, which shall baffle the storms of fifty years; but no harder to believe than in all men lodges the germ of an angel.

A poet says:

"The blast of War's trumpet has silenced the lyre."

Digby's opinion is, that this is exactly the reverse of the fact, as it is evident, from reading the newspapers, that the lyre are not only not silenced, but more active than ever.

The Rebel Tax Bill now before the Confederate Congress proposes to levy for one-fifth the value of all the produce raised last year, and the same proportion of all the profits made, or the income received by any citizen.

Another comet is faintly visible in the vicinity of the orbit of Mars, which is our nearest planet. It is seventy millions of leagues from the earth, and fifty-three millions from the sun—so that there need be no apprehension of immediate danger from the unnamed stranger.

The London Times says that an armed interference in our quarrel would be a fatal mistake for a European power. No power would make much by an intervention motion; that's certain.

Virtue is a Roman word—manhood, courage for courage, manhood, virtue, were one word. Words are fossil thoughts; you trace the ancient feeling in that word; you trace it, too, in the corruption of the word. Among the degenerate descendants of the Romanists, virtue no longer means manhood. Skepticism and superstition go hand in hand.—Beecher.

It has been asked us many times of late, "What has become of *Jo Cora*?" Whom one of our contributors, in answer, it pains us to say that he is "laid up" with the "rheumatics," consequently there is no music in him now. If you wish to know more of him, gentle reader, we shall be obliged to refer you to the "Light of other days."

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits honor and wealth, with all his worth and talent! It seems a story from the world of spirits. When any man claims that which he merits, other men rise up and say, 'Which he obtains.' For shame, my friend—re-bounce this idle strain! What would those have a good great man obtain? Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain, Or chase of horses which his sword has slain? Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends. Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good great man? Three treasures—love and light, And calm thoughts, equal as infants' breath; And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."—S. T. Coolidge.

Popkins says of a friend of his, who has fallen from his high estate and is cut by his erstwhile associates, that the friend is pretty well off, as regards his ladder, for he gets "cold shoulder" given him continually.

FREEDOM.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, And all are slaves beside.—Cooper.

Rev. E. H. Chapin and family have returned to Paris. Mr. Chapin has been for the last few weeks in Germany, and his many friends in the United States will be gratified to learn that his health has been considerably improved since his arrival in Europe.

"Josh, does the Sun ever rise in the West?" "Never." "Never? You don't say? Well, you want catch me to emigrate to the West if it's always night there. I've a cousin who is ever boasting how pleasant it is in that region; but it must be all moonshine."

The average number of suicides in France is nearly three thousand a year. Official statistics show that in the thirty-two years, from 1827 to 1858 inclusive, upward of ninety two thousand persons killed themselves. When the French people become Spiritualists, and they are rapidly gaining a knowledge of the great truths it teaches—there will be no suicides in that country, or at least a very few. When a man leaves his body by suicide, he enters the spirit-world before his time, and will remain an unhappy spirit for an indefinite period. All these things are governed by law. The same law that controls the physical man controls the spiritual.

The flash of lightning is nothing compared to the force of the moveless stars. The meeting of cloud with cloud, from which the thunder springs, is a trivial incident contrasted with the noiseless marriage of the earth with the sun, from which there comes forth life and all that gladdens it.—Henry Giles.

Good.—Who will say that the Investigator is not liberal and just, after reading the subjoined from that print of Oct. 15th?

"Many and great are the evils of Inaccuracy. Often are we deceived, not so much by the fallibility of our reason, as by the inaccuracy of our observation; often still by neglecting to test the accuracy of the observations and reflections and assertions of others."

"Come, Bob, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son, the other morning. "Remember, the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful. "Mother won't let me go a-fishing."

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy, who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes, "that's just what I want."

BOSSARD OFF.—Rev. Dr. Timothy (Methodist), of Chicago, suspended from the ministry for intemperance, has been fully restored by the Rock River Conference, in session at Joliet, says the *New Covenant*.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of salutary exercise, ought to be cultivated; not only as an accomplishment, but as the means of preserving health.

"One real evil will sometimes ameliorate our condition by putting to flight a host of imaginary calamities, and by inducing that exertion which makes any situation tolerable."

Song by innumerable poets, painted by legions of artists, the glory of the American Autumn is still an unexploited subject. Neither "hard painting" nor the pigments of the palette can do justice to its sylvan beauty. The first breath of the early frost, that mingles the fancies with evanescent silver and powders the fields with pearl dust, kindles the dream. The

charm is not yet fully wrought; but the leaves of the maple are already changed to the semblance of gorgeous butterflies flecked with scarlet, and pale green, and gold; the oaks are donning their coats of many colors; the swamp ash is a bush with a tint like the glow on the cheek of a quadroon; the dog-wood is crimsoning, and the fragrant hickory is draped in amber raiment. Every tree is a Cinderella, arrayed for the autumn gala—alas, that their radiant robes, like hers, should drop from their limbs at the least taking hour.

ENDORSEMENTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.—At a ratification meeting in Columbus, Ohio, on Monday night, Gov. Tod delivered a speech, in which he used this language, in speaking of the Emancipation Proclamation: "I heartily endorse every word of it. It was well-timed for Ohio. The border was threatened. I prefer to have rebel slaves threatened than to have our invaded. So long as slaves are allowed to remain at home, so long will rebellion last. Do you question its wisdom? Was not ninety days long enough for the rebel master to make up his mind to lay down his arms or lose his slaves? The blood of Ohio has been shed like water. It must be atoned for in the death of the leaders of this rebellion!"

The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph says of it: "We think few unbiased persons will seriously quarrel about the right of the President, not as President, but as Commander-in-Chief, to deal with the rebellion as to him shall appear the shortest and surest mode of putting it down, even to the extent of confiscating every force of property of rebels in any way whatever to sustain it. If certain human souls are legislatively catalogued and defined by the South as property, and are thus brought under the application of such proclamation, the South may blame herself."

Announcements.

Miss Emma Houghton will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Emma Harding in Marblehead; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon in Taunton; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Quincy; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Foxboro; Mrs. M. B. Townsend in West Randolph; Miss B. Anna Ryder in Milford, N. H.; H. B. Storer in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Somers, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in East Sangerville, Me.; Chas. A. Hayden in Dover, Me.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

H. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Money received and paper sent to your address.

S. E., MICHIGAN CITY.—Send a specimen.

Spirit Portraits.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT.—I wish to inform those in Boston and vicinity, and New York City, who desire my services as an Artist Medium, the coming Fall and Winter, that I will, in company with my little guardian angel (wife), visit their families, and do what we can in taking the portraits they wish, if it be their desire we should do so. We shall fill but few orders per letter at present. My health being poor, I shall take no public rooms this Winter. Those writing in regard to pictures, will please enclose two red stamps, as their letters will not be answered otherwise. The price of pictures range from \$10.00 upwards. My Post Office address is, for the present, Box 65, East Boston, Mass. Most truly yours, W. P. ANDERSON.

East Boston, Mass., Oct. 2nd, 1862.

To Our Subscribers.

Your attention is called 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 time for which you subscribed is out. If you desire to continue the BANNER, we should be pleased to have you remit whenever the figures so correspond—otherwise, we shall conclude you do not wish to renew your subscription, and shall withdraw your name accordingly. The adoption of this method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore, and at the same time keeps each subscriber posted in the matter.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYNN CHURCH, LYNN HALL, TOWNSEND STREET, (opposite head of Beacon street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Houghton, October 28; H. B. Storer, Nov. 3 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 16 and 22; J. B. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CONFERENCES HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings every Sunday morning at 10:15 o'clock, and 7 in the evening, in the Unitarian Hall, Union street, corner of Lombard. Every arrangement is made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. Spiritualists and all others interested are cordially invited. Conference in the morning—lectures in the evening. Seats free.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, South End, on Sunday, Oct. 28; Miss Harding, Oct. 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 3 and 9; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAKESON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Oct. 28; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 16 and 22; Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall, Speakers engaged: Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 28.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speaker engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

CHICPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during Oct. 28.

GOVERNORS.—Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storer, Oct. 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend during Nov.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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Oct. 25.

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FROM THE PEOPLE.

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TO

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FROM THE PEOPLE.

(A SEQUEL TO THE PENETRALIA.)

BY

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Gossard, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Messages.—The Messages at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER or LITTON OFFICE, No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Flavia Wellman, to her mother, in New York city; Lieut. Albert Bragg, of Raleigh, N. C.; Henry A. Kingsbury, of the 10th Ohio Regiment, to his mother and sister, in Dayton, Ohio; Dr. Andrew N. Godfrey, of Portsmouth, Va.; to Samuel T. Godfrey, of Memphis, Tenn.

Monday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Samuel H. Price, to J. Matilda Price, of Montgomery, Ala.; Malvina Davis, to her father, Orlando Davis, of Chicago, Mo.; Philip Galtman, late a member of Co. I, 18th Mass. Reg., to his wife and children in Boston.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Luther V. Bell, late Superintendent of the Sumnerville Insane Asylum; Philip of Narragansett; Gen. Lander, of Salem, Mass.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General Reno; Lieut. Jacob Buckingham, of Charleston, South Carolina; to his friends; Adela Delaney, of Chicago, to her father, Lieut. George Delaney; John H. Garrick, private in the 10th Wisconsin Regiment, Company I, to his friends in Rockville, Wis.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Euterpe, Ky.; Sarah Ellen Bennett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to her brother, Richard Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn.; Emily K. Faulwasser, of West Needham, Mass., to her relatives.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; Benjamin Fray, of the 10th Maine Regiment, killed in the battle of South Mountain; Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan, of Boston, Mass., to her mother in New Hampshire, and brothers in this city; Theodore H. Price, of Nims's battery, who died in New Orleans; Minnie Jarvis, to her mother.

Invocation.

Oh thou who hath decked the earth with beauty, and hath given man dominion over all, and hath said unto him come up higher and higher; oh thou spirit with whom we deal at all times, thou who hath watched over us through all the dark labyrinth of human life, and who doth watch our progress from day to day, to thee we come. Our Father, we sojourn for the hour in darkness, and the mantle of darkness is folded around us. There are tears and groans settling upon the earth, yet notwithstanding all the sorrow that dwells in the hearts of thy children, and temporarily hides thy face from view, yet we know that thou art behind the cloud. In the tempest we hear thy voice calling unto us to look heavenward for help and to fear not. Oh, Most Holy One, this hour we would send unto thee not only our own song of praise, but that of humanity generally. Our Father, in behalf of all who mourn at this hour, we would send up a song of thanksgiving, for the hand that chastens them hath also power to dissipate their grief, and make glad again the hearts so long darkened by sorrow. Oh, Most Holy Spirit, we will not ask thee to receive our thanks, for we know they will go unto thee ever, as thou hast implanted this germ of prayer in our being. Amen.

Sept. 16.

Sin against the Holy Ghost.

QUEST.—Will Dr. Kittredge, or some other spirit, please enlighten us by explaining the nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost?

ANS.—What is the Holy Ghost? To us it is the holy principle of life—life everywhere pervading all forms, all conditions, all circumstances. The unpardonable sin, what is it? We consider it to be the twin-brother to total depravity, and the two were conceived in superstition and ignorance of God's holy laws. You are told by a certain class of theologians that man is capable of sinning against God to such an extent as to be doomed by him to eternal damnation. You are told that the sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven, and here you are told right, for every sin committed by God's creatures, whether out of, or in the flesh, must be atoned for, if not on earth, hereafter in the world of spirit. It was impossible for even Deity to forgive you sin; it was impossible for him to turn from his own fixed law, which is as immutable as himself.

If you commit any error through your physical being you suffer, and wisdom is given you by experience, and thus you atone for it; and thus it is through all conditions of life, whether natural, physical or spiritual. The unpardonable sin! You are also told by the same class of theologians that nothing is impossible to God; that his power is supreme; that he can say to the elements, "Peace, be still!" and yet you think that this same God is capable of eternally condemning any of his children who may sin against his holy laws.

Again we say, these two elements—the unpardonable sin and total depravity—were conceived in superstition. They have come down from heathen mythology, and yet many cling to them with a strong degree of tenacity, and why? Because they have looked for God only in outer life. From the first dawn of creation, every atom is controllable by God, and the two, God and man, are in perfect harmony.

To sin against the Holy Ghost is simply to sin against the highest light you are in possession of, and yet this in time or darkness, or condition of ignorance, will in time be swept away from the earth, and the present generation may perhaps preach its funeral sermon. The inhabitants of the angel-world, who come to teach you truth and wisdom by sorrow, may fold around you that mantle of holiness and purity which shall keep you from temptation and sin in the future. But think you that all sins are to be atoned for by Jesus of Nazareth? Never. He cannot save you, nor can you hope to be saved by the intercession of millions who have gone before you to the spirit-world.

If you are saved, it must be through sorrow and suffering; which shall redeem you, shall cleanse you, shall teach you that there is no sin, that the Almighty cannot give you a balm for wounds which you have inflicted upon yourselves.

Oh, ye benighted children, we beseech you to come out into the light and know that there is no sin which you cannot atone for, and that our Heavenly Father will never condemn to eternal punishment any one of his children. The brain of a John Calvin, when scientifically considered, was well capable of originating such a theory as eternal condemnation. The conditions surrounding his birth and attending his mundane life, enabled him to proclaim to his followers that a certain class were elected to eternal condemnation, and that no power could save them. Now if you were to look at the physical surroundings of that man, the well would be torn asunder, and you would cease to wonder at the erroneous ideas of the great Reformer.

All Nature, as she comes blooming to you through the medium of this beautiful earth, should teach you that there is no such thing as eternal sin, but eternal joy. As you come into the world free from sin, so you must return to God—leave the finite and enter the infinite, to enjoy forever the smiles of your Father.

Sept. 16.

William H. Guild.

I am aware that I am among strangers, to say the least, and it may be I am with enemies; but I shall try to overlook all those feelings that were mine while on earth, and believe I am with friends. I have a father in Richmond, Virginia, who will doubtless be surprised to hear from me in this way, and will doubtless be surprised to hear that I lost my body. But I am extremely anxious to come into communion with my father and family, not that I may assist them in any worldly schemes, but that I may inform them of my own condition and point

out some way by which they may improve theirs, also.

Six months ago I left my business, family, friends, and joined the Confederate Army. I then believed, as I do now, that we had lived under what seemed a yoke of bondage long enough, and that it was my duty to help remove the yoke which had so long oppressed us as a people. I entered the Confederate Army under conscientious motives, and desired to benefit humanity. I do not see that I have committed an error, although it has cost me my life, and I may say ten or twelve more. I obeyed the dictates of my conscience, and am not sorry I obeyed that voice within me which was constantly urging me on to do my duty.

Near three years ago I was on business in Cincinnati. While there your paper was put into my hands. I read it. I thought some of its contents strongly marked with mystery, took the paper home and gave it to my father, who was rather a deep thinker. The contents of your paper pleased him exceedingly. I thought it food for his peculiar mind to study and reflect upon, and gave myself no uneasiness as to the result of his study and inquiry upon the subject. After investigating it awhile, he suddenly met with reverses, which caused him to overthrow the opinions he had formed in favor of Spiritualism.

I do not this hour propose to open any door by which he may enter into any new temple of thought, but come simply because impelled by a power I cannot overcome to visit this place to-day. The desire was intense, and I am here.

My father and family are not aware of my death, to my knowledge. I have been informed that they think of me as wounded and a prisoner in your hands, but not as one dead. I would here ask my father to open the letter I gave him on the day of my departure from home. I speak of it as a test of my power to return to earth, as a spirit. In that letter was written something like this: "Some mysterious intelligence seems to impress me with the idea that I shall never return home again, and in case I should not, you will do thus and so with what I have left." I will here say that since I have been here in the spirit-world I have been told that that intelligence came from a brother of mine, who had gone to the spirit-world some years previous to my death.

I would further desire that my father remain henceforth strictly neutral in politics. I have good reasons for advising that course, reasons that I could not make plain to him at the present time. One thing more weighs heavily upon my spirit, which is that I have a daughter upon the earth, who is without a father's care and without the protection of those who should be her friends. I ask that my father will cast aside all former prejudices, receive that child into his family, and in so doing, silence his conscience and quiet my spirit. My name was William H. Guild; my father's, Theodore T. Guild. I am done, sir.

Sept. 16.

Martha L. Yates.

I was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. My name was Martha L. Yates. I was fourteen years old when I left my mother, and that was eighteen months since. My father was drowned some three months before I died, and my mother was left, and myself and brother. It was with fever I died, and when my mother watched over me, I told her that my father came to me and said all would be well, and I spoke of seeing my father, that my mind was wandering. I was not insane. My father did come to me, and he helps me return to-day.

My mother is suffering from cancer; 'tis in the arm, and we are told, here, that she will soon come to us. I do not want her to come without some knowledge of the world she is so soon to enter. There are people in her vicinity who know about this thing which you call Spiritualism, and I would ask them to go to my mother and tell her of my return here, to day, that I may talk with her. She is sick, poor, and feels alone in the world. My brother, too, is not well, and is not able to do much for her support.

They say we have power to touch the hearts of our friends, and if it be so, I hope I may have power to touch the heart of my mother, who is rich, and has often seen my mother suffer without making any effort to relieve her. I would tell him that his condition will be hard when he comes here, unless he turns and lives a more truthful and Godlike life up on earth.

My father was called Captain Yates; many like you know him in Yarmouth; many felt sorry when they learned of his death. My father says, Tell my mother to sell the quadrant. She will know what he means. Because it was his she must not keep it when the sale of it will bring her at least some of the comforts of life. [Will you give us your uncle's name?] Thomas Perry. He lives in Halifax. He is a merchant there. He's my mother's oldest brother.

Sept. 16.

Henry Dunbridge.

What are your terms, sir? [Nothing but good will.] I have a father doing business in Oxford Street, London. I propose to send a message to him. Can I do so? [Yes, sir.] My father's name is William Dunbridge; my own name, Henry. I saw twenty-four years upon earth, and ended my pilgrimage by suicide. A variety of circumstances led to the act, which I do not care to speak of here.

I am told that by coming here we can come to our friends at home. Is it so? [Yes.] It is little over two years since I left my body. I committed suicide in Manchester. I suppose the direct cause of my death was intemperance. I was in the habit of taking too much, and of being inebriate at certain times, I am told. But no matter. I desire to talk with my father, and if there is any prospect of my being able to do so, I wish you to tell me; and if not, say so. [I think you will be able to do so.] Well, sir, but he thinks me in hell. [You must tell him you are not.] It's all very well for me to tell him that I'm not in hell, but for him to believe me is quite another thing.

Well, I will ask him to give me the privilege of talking with him, and alone, since there are many things I should like to say to him that I should not care to speak of in public. That I am unhappy and fully contented here I won't deny; that I've found very hard luck since I came here I'll not deny; but that I'm in such a hell as my father believes in, I will deny. [What sort of a merchant is your father?] A linen draper, and his place of business is in Oxford Street, London. Shall I return again? [If you please.]

Sept. 16.

Mary Carney.

My father is a poor old man, living on Fleet Street, in Boston. Mother and me have tried so many times to come to him and help him. He used to sail out of New Bedford, and when he was in health he could do very well. But now he's sick, and he is left all alone, and last night I was with him, and he prayed to God that he might die; and when he woke up this morning he felt disappointed, and thought that God had not heard his prayer.

I come here, to day, to see if I can send some word to him. He goes down to the place where so many sailors go to read. There's so many papers here, I thought perhaps yours might be there, too. He sleeps in Fleet Street, and gets his food where he can. [What is his name?] Thomas Carney. I want you to tell him I came here, and that my mother is often with him, and tell him we try so hard to let him know of our presence; and say to him that he must not murmur too much, for God will relieve him from his sufferings, and call him to the spirit-world in His own good time.

The last time I saw my father was when he went away, just before I died, and I was not well, and he came to me and kissed me and blessed me, and told me to be a good girl until he came back, and when he came back I was gone. That was in New Bedford, where we lived, and my father went out in the whale-ship Orient. I believe his sickness was caused by shipwreck and hardships, and when he came ashore he was taken down with fever. Now he has, they say, consumption, but my teachers tell me it's not of the

lungs, but of the blood. [What is your father's age?] He's over sixty years. I cannot tell you how much. Oh, say to him that his child came to you, and that I go to him. Tell him there's a beautiful home beyond this world, and when he's done with this earth, mother and I will welcome him here. And tell little George is often with him, too. He passed on years ago. My name was Mary, and I was nine years old at the time of my death.

Sept. 16.

Invocation.

Oh thou Spirit of Truth, in whose hands are the balances of Eternal Justice, thou who art our Father and Mother, unto thee we would commend the utterances of this hour. Oh, Spirit of Eternal Justice, we would cast these gems of truth into the balances, assured that thou wilt weigh them carefully before returning them to them to thine earthly children for their continual keeping. Oh thou who hast formed us, and unto whom we look for help and strength, we would send unto thee at this time a song of thanksgiving and continued praise. Oh thou Spirit of the hour, we need not ask thee to look down upon us at this moment with fatherly affection, for thy loving arm is forever around us, to sustain and uphold us as we tread the pathway of life. Accept the desires and petitions of thy children who are gathered here for better knowledge of thee and thy divine laws. Oh, may the ministering angels of thy kingdom visit each one of them, and so open the recesses of their souls as to enable thy Divine Spirit to find an abiding place among thine earthly children. And unto thee, now and forever, we will ascribe eternal praises.

Sept. 18.

Questions and Answers.

The questions presented for this afternoon's consideration have floated upon the great ocean of mentality from the beginning of time. We can trace them as far back as it is possible for us to extend our researches into the history of the past, yet they remain problems unsolved, still mysteries that seem to float in the atmosphere of Deity.

QUEST.—What is nature? What is God? ANS.—As mysterious and unfathomable as they may seem to be, nevertheless they are the very soul of simplicity, and the little child has the better faculties for knowing God than the grown person. The child in childhood dwells, as it were, in the atmosphere of God, intuitively knows God, and when the little child inquires concerning God of its parents, how often is it repulsed and driven away with the words: "When you are older I will tell you that about God which you could not now understand." Finally, the child grows into manhood, and what is God? where is God? is still the inquiry that is sent out on the ocean of time, and still it remains unanswered.

Nature is God externalized, and the vast variety of forms that are presented to your gaze through nature are only those of Deity that are thus revealed to you. The principle or internal of this God of Nature we conceive to be God; not the God of heathen mythology, but the God of Nature, the Supreme Intelligence, who holds all worlds in their places, and hath given unto man the crowning gift of creation—intellect.

As we believe that the varied manifestations of Nature, such as are presented to your gaze, may be called the limbs of God's body, and through those things you are to learn of the spirit's rise and progress—for matter is eternal, quite as eternal as is mind, and as dependent upon fixed and immutable laws as your spirit.

Our Father, the Unknown, yet author of all life, is constantly presenting himself to his creatures, through a vast variety of communications. He knocks at this door and at that, and still the human mind fails to recognize him as the True God. What is it that binds together the particles of vegetable life that form this piece of furniture? What is it that attracts particles of matter to each other, and keeps them firmly bound together, as in the case of the table before us? The same principle that reigns supreme in man, the same principle of life to whom you bow down to and worship, the same Almighty God who rules heaven and earth. This principle of life that binds together these particles of wood in the table before us, is the same Jehovah, Almighty God, Father and Mother, that controls spirit as well as matter.

We have always taught you to believe that God was a Universal God, not a Personal Deity, and yet a Personal Deity; a God fashioned after all the forms of life, even the little grain of sand. Learn to comprehend your God in the little leaf, as in yonder sun, whose mysterious workings have excited the wonder and admiration of man since the world's formation, and then you will begin to turn within with holy reverence to the God of your own being. What is Nature? What is God? Nature is the external of that life which you all recognize in some form or other. The internal of that spirit to whom your thoughts are constantly ascending in prayer is God.

QUEST.—Has God sensation, and does he progress? ANS.—We believe that our Father, the Infinite Spirit of all law, is as much subject to progression as you are. The fact is demonstrated through his own creations, the highest of which is man.

QUEST.—Is he a God of sensation?

ANS.—Most truly he is.

QUEST.—If so, what is the character of that sensation? ANS.—It is personified and demonstrated through your own organs. Such as you experience, God experiences. Such as the Monarch of the Forest experiences, God also experiences; for the same law and all the points of that law are as applicable to Deity as to his works. Mind progresses and Deity progresses. The principle and the material must be in harmony. As the material progresses, so must the principle, or God of the material, also progress.

QUEST.—Is there existing, at present, crude worlds, which are as yet unknown to man? ANS.—There is, most certainly. There are millions and millions of worlds existing in embryo at the present time, that are as yet unknown to man, because the time for their unfolding or development has not yet arrived.

QUEST.—Are comets incipient worlds?

ANS.—They are.

QUEST.—Do spirits impart their power and assistance in the formation of new worlds?

ANS.—The vast family of spirits, or of disembodied spirits, all lend their aid in the formation of all new life.

QUEST.—Do human beings ever attain to such a degree of refinement as to lose their own identity, and become a part of God?

ANS.—In a spiritual sense they do, and become, as it were, lost in God.

QUEST.—Is the mind subject to new constituent powers as we progress toward eternity?

ANS.—It is, most certainly. The mind undergoes a continual series of unfoldings, of which you are unconscious, because they are not to be comprehended by you in your present conditions of life.

QUEST.—Does the progress of God consist in the development of new worlds, solar systems, and in the peopling of those worlds?

ANS.—It does, most certainly.

QUEST.—Is the demonstration of it which we see in Buddhism?

ANS.—It is.

QUEST.—Is there then some truth in the Hindoo Faith?

ANS.—There is much of truth underlying that form of religion which you call Buddhism, and the minds of the followers of that peculiar faith only become warped by coming in contact with materialism. Thus we are not to judge of the Hindoo by his observance of certain forms and customs peculiar to his mode of worship, but rather by that internal principle of truth which constitutes the basis of his religion.

QUEST.—Will the consummation of human existence consist in man's arriving at a state of perfection in the life hereafter?

ANS.—Most assuredly. And this state of godliness can be arrived at only through the religious element in man's nature, by which he is to rise spiritually and progress continually.

QUEST.—Is then the gift of life the greatest blessing which man can enjoy?

ANS.—The gift of life is the gift of Divinity, and to be an immortal being is to be a God.

QUEST.—And all the functions of life, whether natural or spiritual, are but the radiations of Deity. Is this the true idea of God, that he is the grand controller of soul of "light"?

ANS.—It is most certainly, and the only idea of God that hath truth in it, and upon this theory rest all the forms of religious life. The foundation is good and true, but the temple is the work of perverted life—conditions that belong to the external more than the internal.

QUEST.—Is matter the clothing of the Spirit, or, in other words, the covering of God?

ANS.—It is, and matter is as essential to his existence as mind is to yours. The two are constantly acting upon each other, and producing creation. The world of mind could not exist without the world of matter; the two are inseparably bound together, and both are eternal.

Sept. 18.

William Keite.

In the year 1772 I left my home in Northampton, England, and came to New England, for the purpose of subjugating the rebellious subjects of our King. Some two weeks prior to my coming here, I sat to an artist that my likeness might be painted, that I might leave it with my family. That portrait hangs in the Northeast chamber of our family mansion, and on the time-sloped margin of that picture I myself wrote, some three months since, and attached the date of your time. This was considered a mystery by my kindred, in whose possession the portrait is at present. They afterwards consulted a medium, with a view to ascertain whether any supernatural agency had produced the lines written upon the margin of the picture, and I feebly manifested through that subject then and there given me, and sought to impress upon their minds the truth of my return. But I succeeded only in exciting their wonder, their curiosity, and in their ex-acting a wish that I might return if able to, and communicate at some place distant from home.

My name was William Keite. I traced those letters with the date of your day upon the margin of my own portrait, by the power and mediumistic aid of one of the servants in the family, and through whom I desire to communicate, that I may give that proof that is necessary to produce the birth of belief in the minds of my kindred at present living upon the earth.

My remains repose not far from this place. Your pedestrians walk over them every day. Though years have passed, there is still a power left by which I recognize material forms of life, and that power will be mine so long as God exists.

Say I visited you and communed with you. And say again as a spirit, that I wrote those lines, and have power to come back to earth, speaking with love to those I've left behind.

Sept. 18.

Marian Douglass.

I would speak with my mother, who resides in Chicago. My name was Marian Douglass. I was sixteen years of age, and left the earth seven years ago. I tried many times recently at night, to present myself to my mother; but she does not believe in these things, and insists upon it that her nerves are diseased, and she fancies she sees my father and myself at times, nights. I believe that I shall yet be able to prove to her the reality of my presence as a spirit. I've come here to-day to beseech of her to give me the privilege of communing with her at home, and if she will grant me the favor, I think I can do something toward lightening her sorrow and restoring quiet to her mind.

My disease, I believe, was called fever, and I am told it terminated upon the brain. I am told also that I was apparently unconscious some days before my death. I would correct that mistake, though I was conscious up to the moment of my death, though I was unable to speak. [Will you give us your father's name?] I would rather not. Please say the message is from Marian Douglass to her mother Catharine, living in Chicago, Illinois.

Sept. 18.

Benjamin Barnes.

Stranger, I've two boys in Uncle Sam's service, and I want to talk with them, or I want to get word to them in some way or other. I lived in Wakeham, Missouri. I have been away from my poor body about four months. I died of cancer on the right side of my face, or brain, they said. I was sick when they left, but was not dead.

Now, stranger, they do not know anything about that I've come back. If you should tell them so, they'd think you were insane. But I want them to know I have power to return and watch over them, and to do something toward taking care of them now. I do not expect to reach their mother in this way. My sons are both in the 10th Indiana Regiment. I can't, for my soul, tell you the company. Well, stranger, is there any possibility of my getting a chance to talk with them as I do with you? [You may be able to do so at some future time.] Well, stranger, I don't want to come in vain. You can't point out any more direct way, can you? [Can't you think of some friend in Missouri, who would send the paper containing your message to them?] I can't, stranger. You see they don't know that I can come back. [All you'll have to do then, will be to follow the message yourself.] Yes, I see; but it seems to be a long road. Well, can't I give you some little things by which they'll know me? [Tell your sons some incidents of their own lives.] Well, stranger, there are so many things I can give that I do not know how to select from them. [Give one, at any rate.]

Well, my oldest son was burnt when he was a little one, and all across the chest are the scars, and he always insisted that he remembered the accident, and he would tell the circumstances just as they occurred, but I always thought that he must have heard some one relate the affair. How'll that do? [You couldn't give anything better than that.] My youngest boy somehow got it intilled into his head about three years ago, that the world was coming to an end this last spring. It was at the time when Millerton first broke out in our town, and it was surprising to see how the whole population of the village became carried away with it.

Now, I don't believe the world's ever going to be destroyed by fire, and I told my son so, who tried hard to convert me to his views upon that subject. He couldn't get round me any way, and at last said, "Well, father, I hope you'll see the wrong if you're in it, and turn into the right way." Well, the world did not come to an end as he expected; but when he came to go away to war, he said:

"Father, I don't know but what the prophecies spoken of in Daniel, had reference to this war that is now cutting off so many people from the earth." From that I judged that his views upon the subject of religion were somewhat altered. But I want to get those ideas out of his mind, if I can. More than all that, I want them to know that I'm gone, that I'm happy, and can come back; and some little things about their mother I'd like to speak of, but I do not want to give it here, stranger. I was hard on to seventy years, stranger, when I died. I was trying to think of something for the boys to tell their mother. But I'll wait.

My name was Benjamin Barnes, and that's my youngest boy's name. My oldest is William. Really, I would like to talk with my wife. Why, stranger, her ideas of religion will be all exploded when she comes here to the spirit-world. I could not pin myself to any kind of religion when on earth, but I could not let my oldest boy be like me, and I tried to give him mother a great deal of comfort about him. She was not so happy with him as with my youngest boy, Benjamin.

About ten years before I died, I had a swelling come here on the right side of the neck, and I went to some person who was something to rub it with, and it disappeared. But I never was the same again, and I always thought it was the swelling that broke out on my neck.

Well, stranger, if I can do anything to help you along, I'll be glad to. Tell the boys I died happy.

and comfortable, and was more than glad to get away, I suffered so much.

Sept. 18.

Richard Aldrich.

I have a father, who is a physician in Montgomery, Alabama. Can I ask what are your conditions, what is expected of me? [Simply to identify yourself to your father.] 'Tis but a short time since I was deprived of the use of my body. I was a private in the Montgomery Riflemen, and was but sixteen years of age when I died. I left home, with the blessing of my father, and an earnest desire to benefit humanity. I suppose your soldiers enter the Federal service from a similar sense of duty, do they not? [I hope so.]

First of all, I would have my parents know that I am happily situated as a spirit. Second, I would have them know that I died without suffering. Many of us who have been suddenly cut off from our experiences in the earth-life, have a strong desire to return and commune with friends, and it matters not whether we may come upon the enemy's grounds, or not, if we only accomplish our object. My parents may test me as much as they please, if they'll only let me come nearer home and commune with them. I have understood that my father sought for my body, and even went on to the field as a surgeon, with the view of recovering it. But if I am rightly informed, it has not been found, but that's of very little consequence. I deem it of far greater importance that they should identify me as a spirit. Are there any other little incidents of my life that you think it would be well for me to give? [Mention any facts that you think will enable them to recognize you, and which the world generally could not be cognizant of.]

Perhaps it may be well for me to here speak of a letter which I wrote to my mother, and in which I said, "I cannot but feel that I am fated; and should I return no more, you will consider that I lost my life in a good cause, and so not regret me." In that letter, I requested my father to take care of some little affairs that belonged to me domestically. I told him I might not be in season to care for them, if I did at all. I believe this was the last letter I wrote to my mother, for I received an answer, and in that reply my mother spoke very encouragingly to me, and said, "Let me know if there are any articles of comfort that you need, and I will endeavor to forward them to you." The whole tenor of her letter seemed to be to encourage me. Perhaps she thought my letter was rather depending in its character, and so wished to encourage me. I have every reason to believe that these things are not known to you here. [They certainly are not known to any one here present.]

I was the son of Richard Aldrich, of Montgomery, Alabama. As I said before, my father was a physician. [What was your name?] Richard, sir; and I was sixteen years of age. [Have you any brothers or sisters?] No, sir, I have not—at least there are none on earth. I suppose that was what you desired to know? [It was.] I fell at Bun Run, during the last battle. I am under obligation for your attention to me.

Sept. 18.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

