

truth. "Jesus wept!" in deep sympathy for the afflicted, and for his oppressors.. He says, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Also he says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." He sought to avenge only through Love, by returning good for evil. So it should be with all. Follow Christ's example and be our own Saviour. No one can live, think, or die for another. We must learn how to live, and we'll know how to think, which will prepare us, so we will not be afraid to die for ourselves. Death will not then appear with such dreaded terror as to some it does. It is but a hazy door that opens and leads us forth from a dark, dismal, cold and lonely cellar, to a more beautiful panorama of life and light than could be imagined by the lonely wanderer in the midnight sphere, and, like the butterfly that comes forth from the chrysalis, the spirit moves out of the gloomy darkness, leaving the old casket behind, and soars aloft to beautiful realms of light and glory—freed from the shackles and bonds that enslaved it while here. Gone from the trying scenes of this life, to a home of love and liberty, peace and purity, to expand into gloriousness and beauty, its progression infinite. Oh that the voice of Truth and Justice might speak in loud and thrilling tones to erring mankind, and chide their wrong with unrelenting power.

To the wayward brother who has violated God's

He who gets angry in discussion, while his opponent keeps cool, holds the hot end of the poker.

Wrote to the Editor of the HUMANITY

My brothers and sisters of earth,
Then have ye no blessings for me,
Since such was my humble and lowly birth,
That I am of little apparent worth.
In what ye externally see?

"Is true I have no regal air
To breathe me a breath of fame;
No magic have I to strike the lyre,
To intone my name.

But I am more than an earthly clod—
Ay! more than a supple gem!
For I am by birthright, a God!
A child of the Great I Am!
And my footprints will gleam where Jehovah
hath trod,
All over Jerusalem.

Yes, I shall traverse the starry heights,
Where resplendent glories roll,
And my path will be strewn with celestial delights
In the radiance of the soul.

But shall I be greater than ye,
Or am I the chosen of God?
And may not the pathway allotted to me,
Also by ye be trod?

Nay, brothers and sisters of earth,
I may not journey alone,
For all shall be counted as equal in worth,
Regardless of lofty or lowly birth,
As duty to God shall be done.

And they that are now in the van,
In the upward and onward way,
Are not much applauded by man,
In this lower life to-day.

Correspondence.

From an Old Patron.

Please send enclosed \$2.50 for the BANNER OF LIGHT. I'm an old subscriber to the BANNER. I've been a reader ever since it has been published, and although I think the Herald of Progress a very good paper, yet for some reasons I prefer the BANNER, among them is the matter on the sixth page. There is a confirmation of the science taught me by my interior guide. He teaches me that science develops principles, and that principles are eternal, and are so in form and outline; and that what men call God, is a grand embodiment of positive and negative Principles—namely in these principles dwell or exist the elements of cause: Predominance, Volition and Power; that these principles are unfolded and developed by the union of the Positive with the Negative, which have been separated in the process of preparing the elements for organization. That Man, which is Mind, stands eternal in these elementary principles, but undeveloped till the negative elementary principles are advanced so far into harmony with the positive, which are developed first, thus and then becoming positive or controlling forces over the negative, which are yet gross or material, as to become capable of that union, &c. I design only to give you a bare suggestion of the development my guide is disclosing to me, clearly, certainly, and self-evidently; philosophically, systematically and analogically demonstrated; showing how the great elementary system is being unfolded and developed into intelligence.

A word on "Pre-Adamism." I find all people entertaining the individualized idea of Adam as the first man, who came isolated into existence, lived a few hundred years, begat a few sons, and was gathered—where? Just where he's been ever since—in the rudimentary sphere of development, and never! I get out of it till he's done feeding upon the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Now the time has come when he can feed on the fruit of the tree of life. The cherubim with flaming sword, who guarded the way of said tree, is relieved from that guard duty, and Adam has gained strength to digest his eternal life-food. Now let him learn the laws of his being—the laws which develop the great elementary system, and he'll step within the veil of harmony and discover his right to the tree of life—he can read his title clear to mansions in the skies; will see why he's been a sinner, and what is very queer to some, whom I tell, that sin has been a benefit to the race, for it has developed Love and Wisdom; it has developed Justice and Mercy; it has developed Harmony and Congeniality, and has also developed the crowning glory of all—Beauty. Science will develop principles. Principles when developed, will disclose wonders, both in earth and heaven. Science will disclose the true development of the planetary systems. It will send no young planets off into space from parent souls in a molten state, to hiss and splutter, till cooled down to a life-developing capacity. But science will develop corroborative principles. It will teach that all principles unfold and develop themselves corroboratively.

I read sometimes in newspapers of the Principle of Freedom, and the Principle of Slavery. Now this is a very unscientific notion. Slavery isn't a principle; if it were, it could never be eradicated. Principles are eternal; consequently indestructible slavery is only a development, and will be destroyed by the principle of intelligence, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Others are getting very much interested in the "Jelens" from the summer-land; and when I'm gone, and the summer-land mail has ceased to arrive and bring its unique news, there will be an unquelled wait felt, and when want has become strong enough to develop desire, and desire intense enough to bring forth will, power will send on the poppet for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Your truly,
J. R. ROBINSON,
Box Oliver, Wis., Aug. 1883.

The late Dr. A. G. Fellows.

The late Dr. A. G. Fellows, of Albion, N. Y., was one of the most admirable and extraordinary mediums with whose acquaintance I was ever favored. The first time I met him, was in 1855, and I shall never forget the cordial greeting he extended, and the encouraging messages he gave to inspire me on in my pioneer mission. Though he was small and feeble in stature, his mind was strong and clear, and his heart large, warm, and overflowing with fraternal and philanthropic affections, attracting the most Christ-like and loving influences of the angel-world. He was peculiarly gifted as a medium to sympathize with the sick, the suffering, the afflicted and the despondent; to describe disease, to impart healing influences, and to minister to the poor, the mournful, the benighted and the dying. His gifts became so remarkable, that he drew a circle from a distance to see him, and he was often called for hundreds of miles.

He never visited the sick without imparting the most blessed influences, even though he was not always able to do this when "time" and "space" were so limited. He was the most successful of all mediums, which were more remarkable than any I ever saw or heard reported; who was almost worshipped by many of his patients as another Christ; he was a true and loving, so devoted, and so potent in communicating the powers of the invisible world. Whenever he was near a suffering person, with vision, and he would take from his early morning slumber, seeking to communicate and aid in the most prompt his assistance. He was a true and loving, so devoted, and so potent in communicating the powers of the invisible world. Whenever he was near a suffering person, with vision, and he would take from his early morning slumber, seeking to communicate and aid in the most prompt his assistance.

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RIDING ASTRIDE.

BY ANNA LIVINGSTON.

Some weeks ago I published in the BANNER a brief article in favor of ladies riding on horseback astride, and in male attire. Since then I have received numerous letters on the subject, and am glad to find that the scheme receives very general approval. I have the names of eighteen ladies who have already adopted this mode of riding; and from the information in my possession, I hazard little in saying that the days of the side saddle are numbered.

Mrs. R. E. Campbell, of Ohio, author of a handsome book on female equestrianism, has furnished me with a card "Manual of Masculine Equestrianism for Ladies," which is so complete, and at the same time so brief, that I am induced to transcribe it here in full:

"MANUAL."

1. Use an English saddle.
2. Practice mounting from the ground until you can do it well.

3. Sit erect in the saddle; bear steadily and firmly on your stirrups; and keep your knees pressed gently against the saddle.

4. Start your horse, and then manage him just as you did when you rode sideways.

The English saddle differs from the Spanish in being low at each end, and soft in the seat, and having padding on the skirts.

The most important question in this connection, however, is the masculine riding-dress. So many inquiries have been made of me on this subject, that I have concluded, instead of replying by letter to each correspondent, to give my views, such as they are, through the BANNER.

In my previous article, I expressed a preference for a blue coat and buff vest, both with plain flat gilt buttons. I had no idea then, nor have I now, that every lady equestrian would adopt precisely that suit; but I believed then, and still believe, that it will be the standard fashion, and be patronized by a large majority of the sex. My reason for this belief is based upon the fact that this particular style of male attire has, for more than half a century past, been adopted, in preference to all others, by ladies who dressed as cavaliers. The philosophy of this is apparent enough. The suit presents that just medium between the lively and the gay, which is the aim of all rational dressing. It is plain, rich, chaste and elegant; and "as well calculated as any feminine toilet to heighten and display the beauty of a woman." These are the words of the Duchess de Berri, who often wore the suit, and came very near making it a permanent ladies' fashion during the restoration.

The beauty of the suit depends in a great measure upon having the buttons *come a few*. They must, as an indispensable condition, be extra rich treble gilt, and of the best quality in all respects. There must be no ornamental work on them, no rim, no bevel or scalloped edges, no concavity, no convexity, but a perfectly plain, flat surface, exquisitely polished. The coat buttons should be very thick—at least on the edge—and an inch and a quarter in diameter. This is somewhat large, but not too much so to produce a rich and artistic effect. Buttons a size smaller will answer when the wearer herself is very diminutive; but for a lady of average size, the larger ones are infinitely preferable. For the vest, (or waistcoat, as the English call it,) the buttons should be of like quality and form, and precisely half an inch in diameter. The button holes should be placed just one inch apart, to make the vest meet smoothly, and to give the proper effect to the buttons.

The most dressy vest is one with a standing collar, having a full length row of buttons, but worn with the upper half unbuttoned, to make a liberal display of the shirt bosom. Another pretty style has a rolling collar, but buttons high up. The material for the vest is very fine canary buff casimere. This beautiful vest has so often been worn as a part of the female dress, (particularly the riding habit,) that it may properly be regarded no less a feminine than a masculine fashion.

The dress-coat, I think, is much better adapted to the saddle than the frock-coat, because it has no redundant volume of skirts to be cared for. And then its lustrous gilt buttons give it a piquant appearance, peculiarly its own. Frock-coats (except military ones) do not trim to advantage with metallic buttons. Habitually the coat should be worn unbuttoned.

Now a few words about the pantaloons. They ought to be strapped under the feet; for the reason (among others,) that very few ladies, at first, will be able to ride in boots; and unless the pantaloons are secured down to the feet, they will make an unseemly display of ankle garters. The necessity of keeping a steady and firm pressure with the balls of the feet on the stirrups, will make leather boots very painful at the outset, until they are well broken. The pantaloons should be of solid colored casimere or tricot, cut sharply to the form, and have a watch fob in the usual place. It is better to carry the watch in the pantaloons-fob than in the vest pocket, because the friction of a gold chain quickly soils a buff vest, leaving dark marks which cannot be removed.

My individual preference is for the glossy "black" "stove pipe" hat. It is more dressy than the soft hat, and to my notion, has a positively pretty look on a woman's head.

I do not wish any one to suppose that I am in favor of women aping the manners and actions of men. By no means! The new reform is not intended to make women less feminine than they now are. Purity of character and modesty of deportment are not dependent upon the form of one's dress. The assumption by a woman of male attire for a clearly innocent and commendable purpose, cannot change her womanly attributes, or result in the least detriment to the community.

It may not be out of place for me to state here that I am not, as some may suppose, a mere theoretical reformer. I often rode in the suit I have described when I was temporarily residing in Italy. I rode out in it this afternoon, in company with another lady similarly dressed; and I am wearing it while I am now writing. I have met with no discouragement about home. As the daughter of a clergyman, and a member of the Church—not an unworthy one, I trust—I know that my actions, if wrong, are censured with relentless severity; but I am happy to say that so far, I have heard of no hindrances.

The readers of the BANNER will remember a recent article by Miss Louisa P. Schultz, of Springfield, Westchester Co., N. Y., briefly describing her masculine riding suit. Yesterday I received a letter from a mutual friend, informing me that Miss Schultz, (who is said to be a very beautiful and accomplished young lady,) was married on the 10th July, to Mr. Charles L. Smith, of New York City. Mr. Ernest, it seems, happening to be in the country on business, saw Miss Schultz on horseback in her blue and buff riding suit, and was so captivated that he bought her acquaintance and married her in less than three weeks! Now, girls, a sure way to matrimony is discovered at last! "Eureka!" Whose turn comes next?

I have just read "Nellie Holmes'" communication. It strikes me that she takes too deprecating a view of woman's condition. She sincerely wishes to see the new reform succeed; but her heart is not so carried away with enthusiasm as to equal right with man for woman's position; and while she admits that she is not, she does not seem to see the right. It may not be wise, just at present, to provoke opposition to the reform by making attentional parade to the present condition and the ways by which it is to be improved.

culty in the way of our dressing and riding on ourselves as much as we please on private domains. It will not be long, however, before the public eye will become familiarized with the new reform, and then Miss Holmes can "with the world with noble feats of horsemanship," and sport her blue coat, buff vest and polished gilt buttons, "in places where men most do congregate," without the slightest danger of being annoyed by rude stares or ill-natured remarks. "Evilsations never go backward."

My countrywomen! you are all, directly or indirectly, interested in this reform. Give it your friendly countenance; encourage and sustain all those brave hearted sisters who lead the way in the good work! And to those who can use the pen, I would say, Give your views to the public through the "BANNER OF LIGHT."

Osceola, N. Y., July 23, 1883.

MY MEDICAL MANIFESTO.

"Physician, heal thyself!" In this saying which I have chosen for my motto, there lies concealed a reproach which is too often justly merited by those who practice the Healing Art. Since having relied on myself and my spirit helpers, in the diagnosis of disease and in the administration of medicine, in my own sicknesses, which brought me often to the gates of death, and thereby mainly destroyed my business in the profession of the law, the occasion for that reproach, as to me, has never occurred, and I trust will never occur. The design of this article is to lead me to speak of myself, and hence I submit, that the reader shall exercise toward this communication as kind consideration and lenient judgment as possible for him, if I appear to be egotistical and personal. I am sure of such gentleness from the Spiritualist who shall appreciate my aims and motives, if from no others.

Let me state my case of sickness, which continued through a series of years, and until I dismissed all medical attendants, and considered and acted alone for myself.

For several years I was declining in my strength and vital forces, till at length I was evidently consuming away, respiration becoming difficult, and having a constant cough, with expectation, attended with raising of blood. This condition continuing, I was finally forced to relinquish business and give up to sickness. Reduced almost to a skeleton, and suffering pains beyond any power of description, violent hemorrhages from the chest set in, whose frequency and frightfulness foreboded speedy dissolution. The most violent hemorrhages and longest in duration, which occurred in my case, at any time, continued three days and three nights consecutively, there being six discharges or vomitings of blood, in large quantities, in each twenty-four hours. During all this time I was unable to lie down, being sore to bleed in a recumbent posture. At this time, and on every other occasion of hemorrhage, physicians of every school and philosophy tried their skill to cure me, but these hemorrhages were ever recurring, and all their efforts absolutely abortive.

On the last of those three nights, ever memorable in my history, in the deep stillness of midnight, attended by my wife and her sister, not expecting to survive many more hemorrhages, I remembered an occurrence which I connect with my cure, and which came I date from that night. "Out of sight out of mind." But it came suddenly to my mind that I had some years before brought from the country some roots and herbs, among which was one kind that my aged father himself had obtained in the woods, saying he had been informed by one of his neighbors, an old gentleman then deceased, in his lifetime here quite learned in botany, that it was an excellent remedy for the arrest of all hemorrhages and many other ailments, and desired me to try it. These roots and herbs having been brought home in the absence of my wife, were afterwards on her return put away by her, and no more thought of by either of us, she being ignorant of their history and supposed virtues. Not having much faith in the one recommended as a remedy for bleeding, the same not being in sight, and not having been examined or analyzed in view of my case, it had completely escaped our memories.

On suggesting these circumstances to my wife, she remembered where she had placed the article from the woods, and immediately procured it. The same, under my directions, was hastily, and without much respect to apothecary weight or measure, prepared and brought home. In less than one hour I was able to recline on the sofa and to sleep the remainder of the night; the next day to walk about the room, and in a few days to visit my law-office. Nothing more of hemorrhage occurred, till about one year afterwards, when having a bad cold, and being enveloped in my office in the smoke of the cigars of some clients, I was induced to cough, which occasioned a slight hemorrhage; this I arrested as soon as I could ride home and apply the remedy. Since then I have not bled, which is now more than twelve years ago. This medicine alone cured my cough, healed my sore throat, arrested my hemorrhages, and restored me to health. It saved my life, and I cannot speak of it too highly. I recommend it to all fellow-sufferers.

Since my restoration, I have had repeated conversations with the spirit of the old botanist, who informs me that he induced my father to procure for me the plant in the woods, and besides, that he impressed me at the midnight hour in my extremity, to think of and apply the remedy so long forgotten. My father was undoubtedly a medium, but did not know it. He had the gift or faculty of ascertaining the locality of springs and currents of water beneath the surface of the earth, by means of the working in his hands of the crooked sticks of willow, witchhazel, &c., a thing to him quite unaccountable.

I will now present to the reader some evidence concerning the properties and power of the plant which I used in my own desperate case, and which, since my recovery, I have used in numerous other cases with signal success. Read the following from an old author:

"Their roots are employed internally in hematuria, or bloody urine, uterine hemorrhage, immediate menstrual discharge, blood-spitting, hectic fever, asthma, catarrh of the bladder, &c., either in powder or in infusion. In female complaints, such as leucorrhoea, menorrhoea, and after parturition, they act as good uterics. The Indians value them much as such, both in Canada and Missouri. They say in Canada that the roots chewed, will cure instantly the bite of rattlesnakes, both in men and cattle. Mr. Hawkins, an Indian make the experiment for a gift of rum. The Indians of Missouri call them *Alchor Monachor*, meaning heat and cold—it is their palliative for consumption. Externally, they are very beneficial, say, a certain cure for inflamed carbuncles and ulcers after a purge, it is said they obviate or prevent gangrene, and the need of cutting off mortified limbs. Even the leaves are useful, applied to tumors."

By the structure and shape of the root of this plant, Nature seems to have indicated it as her peculiar remedy for a certain class of female complaints. Its shape is a perfect *fac simile* of the uterus, and its fallopian tubes—hence its power in the arrest and prevention of parturition and other floodings. And the cure of the complaints related in the extract above. Were I a female, this medicine as a preventive, and remedy, *pro re nata*, should have a place in the household basket, before the comets!

I have prepared this medicine with the most scrupulous regard to the laws of the materia medica in its uses and applications. Some physicians of my acquaintance, knowing of the curative power in the female complaints mentioned in the quotation above, besides some clairvoyants and female obstetricians, not regular physicians, depend on me for the prepara-

tion. Its formula for the present is mine, and so it shall remain, notwithstanding any professional under which may be exhibited in respect to mine or another. "Times are changed, and we are changed with them," is a palpable fact in this age of the world. So long as I can cure, I shall not stop to confer with a custom false to my better convictions and the progress of the age. I shall practice the Healing Art without fear of using no medicine, or medicine *ex pharmacopoeia*. When the dispensatory furnishes formulas satisfactory to me and those masters of medicine whom I consult, whose abode is "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," I shall use those formulas also.

I have been advised by my father-in-law, who in this life was a distinguished physician, and another, who, when on earth, lived in the Second Century, and professed medicine in Old Rome—a master of his art—and by the Faculty of the present day acknowledged to be the Prince of Physicians, to divert myself as soon as may be, of the surroundings of the legal profession, and devote myself exclusively to the Healing Art—and that I shall have the benefit of their advice in consultations through a medium whom I know not to be excelled by any other.

While on this personal business, which I have tried to avoid, perhaps it may be proper in this connection to say that my Diploma of Doctor of Medicine, is dated May, 1853, and derived from the Penn. Medical College of Philadelphia, and that my Diploma of Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, is dated April, 1860, and that Degree conferred by the Law Faculty of the University of Jena, Germany. HOMERUS DREHMER, New York, July, 1863.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lectures. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. In Troy, N. Y., December 1. In Philadelphia, in Jan. Her address until Sept. will be Bridge-water, Vermont.

Miss LINDA DEXTER will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 6 and 13; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1, 11 and 23. Address: Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture in the West in the fall and winter. Address, Rose-Croft, Delancey P. O., Burlington Co., New Jersey.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SYMONS will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6 and 13; in Portland, Dec. 5 and 12. Address, New York City.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to—
"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!"
but there is a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north to one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

A Better Class of Public Men.

We fell upon an article in the Springfield Republican, the other day, which contained some sensible and much needed remarks on this topic; and as they were somewhat in the style of similar expressions which have appeared from time to time in the BANNER, it suggested fresh to us the propriety and timeliness of descending in our former manner on the subject.

That we must have, and certainly are to have, a very different class of public men from those who have, for some years past, piloted this nation on its voyage, is fast becoming the belief of almost every reflecting mind. No free State could long subsist on so slim a basis of management as we were apparently satisfied with before the final manifestation of our intestine troubles. To continue, much more to perpetuate so corrupt and altogether mean and low a political system, would be an unworthy object for a less advanced race than we are in this country. Our people were, in fact, going down instead of going up, in the teachings of the politicians, and the influence of public life on men was to degrade rather than elevate them. As for supposing there was any science in government, or that there was any great and logical theory on which our institutions and their management were based, we do not believe it ever entered the heads of a dozen of our most popular public men, all together. It was preposterous to suppose we could long go on in that way, and still maintain the name, much less the national character, which we are every one of us secretly pledged to support.

We have three recognized professions now. The teachers, lecturers, and editorial professions have been added—the latter, perhaps, the most respectable and responsible of all, simply because in its highest and noblest pursuit it demands the exercise of every one of the best faculties which are demanded in the pursuit each of the others. But as yet we have no distinct profession of statesmanship. There are no schools where it is taught as a special science or art. Men are not educated for public life, as if it required any specially high qualifications. In consequence, politics are left for pot-house men and bullies, for quacks and pretenders. They attain to place, and bully and brow beat systematically all other men who happen to show themselves their betters. They manage to convert the whole business into a system of gambling, with the vast interests of a great nation for stakes. As for any acquaintance with the fundamental principles of government, they are free from every suspicion of it. They would not dream that such things had anything to do with working an administration; their highest notions of an administration are, that it does something for "our party."

This class of public men have, for good enough reasons to themselves, abandoned other callings and professions, and gone into the manifold labors of getting votes for their party. When once their party obtains power, then their personal services begin to be rewarded. They get office, and salaries to correspond; or rather, salaries and office to correspond. Thus fortified, they begin to indulge in brazen and shallow declamation about the infallibility of their party principles; which is always to be interpreted as five leaves and two fishes. The line is laid to every man's professed political faith, and nothing more is demanded of him than that he believes just as, and as much as, he is told to. On this basis of drilling and voting, men are lifted into places where they wield power for the nation; and any one can at once see what is the character of that power. Thus springs up partisanship, which overshadows the growth of everything like free-thinking, and keeps down every impulse toward liberalism. It fetters the public mind, and deadens the popular sensibilities. It breeds a race of mediocres men for public life, and commits to their guidance affairs which demand the best thought and the most conscientious feelings of the superior men of any generation.

Is it to be wondered at, that from such a cause we are sure to obtain corresponding results? Now suppose the case to be changed. Suppose we were to have a class of public servants, who have been bred with regularity to public life. They have been made familiar, by study and reflection, with the principles of politics, the science of government, and, above all, with political economy. Coming upon the stage with minds thus disciplined, developed, and furnished, is it not to be expected that the weighty affairs of state will be administered from more intelligent points of view, and from far higher motives, than the previously described class were at the helm? It does not call for a wise man to make a proper answer.

And these better educated and superior men are the ones whom we must call out into the arena of public life, while we drive from the field the base and wholly unfit men who have degraded government by making it a stake for partisan gambling. We must have them at the head of affairs, or we are lost. As for existing much longer on the husks which party leaders toss to us, this nation cannot do it, and he who it has been, or fulfills its promises to the civilized world. We need men of larger views, of more liberal tone of thought, of approved temper, of high tone, and of scientific education. With politicians as leaders we are done. Cross road stump-speakers, ward demagogues, flatterers, pretenses, and zealous workers for party triumphs, have brought us to the evil days we now behold; we might have escaped them, had we obeyed the natural laws of national life.

For the future, a new era opens upon us, and opens brightly. We have men in public life to-day, who know and appreciate these things; and that is an improvement on what has been. Men of intuition are in high places, who scorn not to obey their impressions. The superstition of base partisanship is in a large measure broken by the convictions which are begotten of knowledge and sight. Men of insight will be in demand, in this approaching future; who will not be afraid to entertain a new thought, or to try to grasp a larger view than that with which they have been satisfied.

The Herald of Progress in Boston
Can always be had at John Marshall's Bookstore, No. 14
N. W. Corner of Washington and F. Streets, N. Y.

Fifty Thousand Colored Troops.

An effort is making to raise fifty thousand colored troops, and for that purpose it is necessary to have a fund sufficient to defray, in part, the expenses of enlistment. Gov. Andrew has appointed a committee of honorable gentlemen, who are already moving in the matter to real earnest. The public should take hold of this matter with a determination and will, and then it will triumphantly succeed. Not only fifty thousand, but two hundred thousand colored soldiers should be put into the field within the next six months, to take the place of the three years men, whose term will be out in about that time. A writer on this subject says truly that "the colored soldier has proved himself courageous and obedient. Loyalty they never lacked; sobriety they possess. Why not, then, avail ourselves of all the means God has placed in our power, and fill our armies with worthy and willing troops?" Let it be done, then. A small sum from each individual who can well afford it, will speedily accomplish the desired object. It has been well suggested that a contribution be taken in all the churches in New England in aid of this laudable work. B. P. Hallowell, Esq., of Boston, is treasurer of the Association, and will receive all donations. Remember that every dollar contributed furnishes one colored soldier to the Federal army. The Government guarantees to furnish the men as fast as the people furnish the money.

Of Ghosts.

The public entertainments in Paris, for some time past, have run well to "ghosts," and New York, of course, must needs follow suit. Is there any "fantastic trick" ever put up in the French capital, without New York's making an attempt to rival, or outdo it? The theatres are given up, more or less, to spectacles, which depend for their attractiveness chiefly upon the ghost representation. Some people smile at it, and think it but an odd and unaccountable fancy; but there is a good deal more in it than that, we can assure them. The popular faith is strongly directed to what was thought, years ago, to be the "supernatural," but which is ascertained to be just as natural as anything else. People are familiarizing themselves more now with the mysteries of the invisible world, than they ever dared to before. The world of "ghosts," or spirits, is a world which not everybody dreads as he once might have done. We are learning that through these spirit-communications, silent and indescribable, at all hours and seasons, more truth is taught us than by any other method. There is no need to be afraid in the dark any longer. Spirits must become popular, if even the theatres conclude to resort to them for instruction.

The Iron-Clads.

Secretary Welles has contracted for six swift sailing vessels of war, to be iron-clad, and of the class for capacity and for destructiveness. One of the number is building in Boston, and will take six months in the building, and three more in the equipment. In New York are constructing the Miantonomah, the Dunderberg, and the Dictator—all to be vessels of incomparable power, and capable of holding at bay each one of them, the largest and heaviest French or English vessel yet constructed. We have no reason, therefore, with the possession of such craft, to entertain the least fear that we are not able to protect the national flag and honor against all possible foreign combinations. When, too, the present blockade of Charleston, Wilmington, Savannah, Mobile and Galveston is raised by our capture of those places, a large fleet of iron-clads will at once be released and ready for active operations wherever their services shall be needed. In less than a year we shall doubtless have a naval power, which, for defence at least, will be able to defy the world. We have in so short a time developed the resources of one of the mightiest nations on the planet.

The Fever in North Carolina.

The Old North State is evidently unwilling to put up with the Jefferson Davis tyranny any longer. It claims to have sent some ninety-five thousand men to the field already, of which large number fully fifty-five thousand have been killed or used up. So great a waste of human life cannot, of course, be other than a clear and irrevocable loss to a State which it must feel and lament without cessation. The legislature and Governor of North Carolina are openly opposed to the continuance of the Davis government, and charge the latter in the columns of the Raleigh Standard with being responsible for the war. They declare distinctly for peace, and propose a Convention for the purpose of taking North Carolina out of the Confederacy, and for sending authorized delegates to Washington, to know on what terms peace may be obtained. This action of North Carolina is now become so open and unqualified, as to carry with it the sense of the mass of the people of the State, and we do not see but the rebel government at Richmond may well make up their minds to lose the old North State in spite of all the power they could bring to bear against her.

No Water drunk in England.

Mr. Conway writes an account of his experience at a certain place in the mother country, where he tried vainly to obtain a drink of cold water to quench his thirst. He could find no such article. It was not to be had. He says that, although beer was drunk by almost every one in the large crowd of which he formed an unit, he did not see a drunken person at all. The weather being warm, and Mr. Conway being thirsty, he went up to a table where a man and woman were selling various things, and asked if he could not get some water, expressing a willingness to pay for the same. The man regarded him with astonishment, and looked at him as if he were a new species of an animal. Recovering from his amazement sufficiently, however, to call out to the woman at the other end of the table, he cried to her—"Dolly, here's a man as wants a drink of water!" "An' sure," replied she, "he won't find a drop of water here." The conversation was carried on in so loud a tone as to be heard by the entire crowd, which so much amused Mr. Conway, that he kept the secret of his thirst to himself, and went without water altogether.

In the Pastures.

Where the ripe and luscious berries grow—anywhere along under the old brown stone walls—just in the lee of some friendly knoll which is brambly with vines and bushes—out in the open meadows with the stray cattle browsing for company—the berry searcher has had delicious enjoyment these many weeks past, and will carry home with him the sweet memories of the quiet scenes he has passed through, to feed on them during the dreary days of winter. There are indeed the delightful days of all the year for wood and pasture rambles. It is good for the spiritual nature to be out now, drinking in the pure breath of inspiration with which the world is filled. The laborer in the fields can obtain it, as well as he who only strolls vaguely for thoughts. It comes to all alike, who do but seek for it, as they ought. Out in the lots are draughts much more inspiring than wine. The songs of birds, the chirping of insects, the tinkle of distant cow-bells, the almost silent sounds that rise and die away on the air, are all spiritually suggestive, and lap the soul in dreams of the purest peace.

Plenio from Lowell.

The spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity are to have a grand picnic excursion to Reading, on Wednesday, August 26th; if the weather is fair, on Wednesday, August 26th; if the weather is fair, on Wednesday, August 26th; if the weather is fair, on Wednesday, August 26th.

Origin of Great Ideas.

In the sphere, a great idea is discovered. Some mind having worked for ages in the mine of truth, opens a pure vein. It is desirable that such knowledge be communicated to earth. The spirit enters the earth sphere, and its first efforts are for a medium through which to communicate. It possibly may find one suited to its requirements, and at once deliver its message; but often it finds no one with whom it can become so perfectly in rapport as to convey its ideas in a sufficiently perfect manner. If it cannot, it seeks out a child, whose plastic nature it can mold to its purpose. The child is molded to the idea—religiously, scientifically, inventively, as the case may be. He grows up fashioned by the dominant idea. His feet are guided by angel hands; he is preserved from danger; he is protected from wrong; his mission is made a holy one; his life consecrated to the one great purpose. When the time is ripe, he, with clarion voice, heralds his mission to the world, astonishing it with a great revelation, by which wheels and pinions do the work of a thousand hands; a theory in science, reducing to law what was before chaotic facts. A glorious religious work.

But, it is objected, is it right to sacrifice the individual, even if the result is good? We answer, the individual is not sacrificed. The best fortune that can happen to a child, is to thus be made a medium. He is not a mere instrument of communication, but the development of each faculty of his mind is so regulated, that so far as possible he becomes the duplicate of his teacher. This harmony between the mortal and the controlling spirit is established, by which the former becomes not only receptive of impressions, but is assimilated and elevated to the high position of the latter.

In times past, the great men have lived and died, receiving directly the praise. This was as it should be. The mass were ignorant of the force which stood behind the scene, concealed by invisibility. The great have matured under spirit guidance, and for a fixed and determined purpose.

Weather.

There is no question that we have been having some weather this season. Everybody says so, and we are naturally bound to believe it. Such a volume of sweating as has been done we do not wish to mention in a dry paragraph. No doubt it is better to let the water run as freely as it will from the pores, rather than try to dam it up and render the circulation imperfect; but it being computed that a full grown man is made up of a certain number of gallons of water, and of not much else, almost any calculator can answer how long such a person can hold out under weather of this sort, if he keeps on with a regular perspiration at the rate of—say a quart or two per day. This long term of heat is difficult to bear, even if it is not unparalleled. None of us would choose to have it exactly so, and still it probably is the very item which is especially needed at this stage of the crops and the war. We will not grumble, though the furnace be seven times heated. That will not make it a whit cooler, nor a single hair of our head white or black.

A Chance for Neutrality.

Should England go to war with Japan, as is now threatened, she can have little cause to complain if the example she has set us in the matter of supplying vessels of war, and warlike implements generally, to the Tycoon, be pretty faithfully imitated. Not that our Government would go into any such arrangement at all, but it might be complained enough to wink at it. We are, as a power, on nominally friendly terms with England; but we are no more bound, by any such consideration as that, to restrain our builders and inventors from disposing of their steam vessels and heavy cannon wherever they can find a chance, than England has shown herself in relation to us while the war with the Rebel States has been going on. We are pretty sure that England would have slight ground of complaint, if, in case of a war with Japan, and a war begun of her own motion, too, she found her rich East India commerce melting before the assaults of privateers purchased by enterprising Japanese from American builders. That is just the way we have been served by England.

Recognition by Mexico.

Napoleon's plans are very fine, he no doubt supposes. In the first place, he takes advantage of our distracted condition to go and overrun Mexico, where he duly sets up an Empire. Then, using the power thus fraudulently set up, he turns around and talks of recognizing the independence of the rebel States of the South. The event shows that this was his programme from the beginning. We remember how it was said, soon after he began this business of invading our Mexican neighbor, that Napoleon threw out the significant idea that the American problem would be solved, not at Washington, but in the Mexican capital. Something like the present proceeding of recognizing the Southern States from Mexico was evidently what he meant. He no doubt believes this to be an exceedingly adroit performance; but we do not see how it is any more so than for him to have professed recognition direct from Paris. In either case, the United States will hold him responsible for the act of recognition, and he will find himself obliged to shoulder the consequences.

Rebel Descriptions.

The recent victories in the East and the South-west appear to be made more complete by what is every day happening to the rebel armies. Desertions from the ranks are reported to be continually taking place. Only very recently, out in Mississippi, a rebel force, newly conscripted, came within our lines of their own accord and surrendered themselves to our officers. There were two hundred and fifty of them in all. The armies of Bragg and Johnston are diminished to a very slender number by frequent and repeated desertions, the runaways hiding in the mountains. Lee's army has been more than decimated by the same cause, and he issued a proclamation to the hands of deserters, calling on them to return to the ranks immediately, and unite in one great and final effort for the salvation of the hopes of the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis's address meant the same thing, and only that.

The European Publishing Fund.

Subscriptions to this fund are daily received. Earnest men and women in every section of the country appear to be fully alive to the consequences of this important movement, and not only willing, but anxious, to throw in their mite to urge it forward. The Germans are most eager to send the new gospel of Reason to the Father Land. They have in their own spirit felt its divine and ennobling, beams warm and purify, and from thence radiate over all Nature, rendering all things gloriously beautiful, and they desire that their brothers, treading the walks of monarchical darkness, should be vivified by the same heavenly power. And every true spiritualist, of whatever nation or race, feeling himself a citizen of the world, must desire the extension of that—the only system of philosophy the world has yet seen which harmonizes with man's nature; which is adapted to his wants; which meets his desires as a moral and intellectual being.

Resumption of our Free Circles.

The friends and public generally are informed that the Free Circles usually held at this office, which have been suspended during the warm season, will be resumed on Monday, September 1st, and continue every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, as heretofore. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

Another Spiritual Gathering.

We take pleasure in announcing, to our friends, that Dr. Gardner has made arrangements for another Picnic at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, September 1st. These meetings heretofore have been so orderly, cheerful and entertaining, and so largely attended as to make them a success, that there is a very general desire to have at least one more before the warm season closes. And in compliance with so universal a feeling among our friends, Dr. Gardner has consented to take the management of another similar gathering, which will come off at the time specified above. Some of our ablest exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy will speak on this occasion. There will also be good music, and dancing for those who desire this invigorating exercise, boat-riding, etc., etc.

Aids from the healthy and invigorating effects of a visit to the grove and a ramble among its shady places, the spiritual feast one gets from listening to the trance and normal speakers, is more than sufficient to pay the expense of the trip. If the weather is favorable, we shall expect to see the people assemble there by thousands, for they cannot well help having a pleasant and profitable time.

"The Arctic Cooler."

What a comfortable name for this sweltering weather! There is no "whos" to the inventive genius of man, we thought, as we stood looking at a new invention of Dr. Tuffe, which he names the Arctic Soda and Syrup Cooler. It was on the counter of Dr. Octavius King, 634 Washington street, from which the doctor was drawing most delicious draughts of soda for his perspiring customers. This fountain, which resembles a block of white marble, some three feet square, contains a number of tubes, or coolers, through which the soda has to pass; also twelve cans, or compartments, containing many varieties of syrups, and all completely embedded in ice, making them as cool as one could well desire, thus obviating the necessity of putting ice into the soda glass, as has heretofore been the case.

Besides the doctor's large variety of syrups, he has the Medicated Beer, which is an excellent and healthy beverage, and when drawn through this cooler, makes the most refreshing and palatable drink one could wish for. The doctor has a choice and large selection of drugs and medicines, and takes especial pains to have a fresh assortment of herbs, and all kinds of botanic medicines.

Desponding.

The Confederacy is at last in a really bad way. There is a general cry from the press of the Rebel States, for some sort of a miracle in their favor, failing which they expect to be made to go under. It would not greatly surprise us to find that their fears were well founded this time. The contrast between their tone now, and when the first hostile squadron was set in the field, is too striking not to be especially noted. The Richmond papers do little else than keep up a continual wail. The Sentinel says the war is now in its third year, and the indications threaten that the people of the South are getting ready to give out. It says that the men of low courage are proclaiming their own disgrace by expressing their coward fears and gloomy forebodings." It rebukes all croakers with the whole power of its vigorous Saxon. It calls out for a general rebuke of the madness of those whose hands, it claims, should be holding up the power and authority of the Confederacy. The concern is on its last legs, and it can be finished now by one united effort of all who love their country over party or sectional. That final effort should be made without delay.

An Interesting Incident.

Mrs. Taylor, the mother of Bayard Taylor, is a noble and true-hearted woman. She had two sons in the army—a Doctor, who is on the medical staff, and Captain Taylor, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. In the month of June, 1861, the writer met Mrs. Taylor in Philadelphia, where she was visiting. She was engaged in knitting stockings for her sons, and my attention was called to the design. She had worked a rebel flag very neatly under each heel, while the glorious old "Stars and Stripes" were tastefully arranged around the ankles. She knew it would gratify her sons to be treading continually upon the rebel ensign, while with every step they lifted the Banner of Freedom.

Spiritualism in London.

We learn from the Spiritual Magazine that Mr. J. Burns has opened a Progressive Library and Spiritualist Depository, at No. 1, Lowth Cottages, Wellington Road, Cold Harbor Lane, Camberwell, London, where he keeps a supply of all works bearing on the Spiritual Philosophy. In his list of books are many of the most prominent works on the subject published in this country, and also the Banner of Light and Herald of Progress. Such an establishment was much needed, and we trust, will be well sustained.

The Seashore.

A trip to Hingham on the Steamer "Rose Standish," is delightful. But when you proceed on the "Jerusalem Road" to Cohasset by the aid of horse-flesh, it is quite another thing. The public carriage in which we traveled, was over-loaded, so that the springs were of no avail, and such a jolting as we got we hope never to receive again. Up hill and down hill, over the roughest road in existence, is not very pleasant for one on a pleasure excursion. Don't think we shall ever visit Cohasset again. We like the North shore far better.

Re-commencement of Spiritual Meetings.

The Spiritualists of this city will recommence their meetings, (after a vacation of six weeks,) on Sunday, Sept. 6th, in Lyceum Hall. Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Vermont, and a worthy co-opeer of Mrs. Townsend, and the lamented Miss Sprague, is to occupy the desk for the first two Sundays. We bespeak for this excellent lady a cordial reception.

"Incidents in My Life."

The book bearing this title, by Mr. Home, the great physical medium, whose fame is world-wide, is selling rapidly. Not only is there a demand for it from Spiritualists, but skeptics are just as anxious to peruse the wonderful and startling incidents in the life of Mr. Home, both in this and foreign countries, attested by the most reliable evidences. Orders filed at this office. For full particulars see our advertisement in another column.

Rebel Advance.

Late news from Richmond inform us that the rebels are making every effort to increase Lee's army sufficiently to warrant a second move North. This desperate game will no doubt be attempted. But it will be checked-mate by the Army of the Potomac. In the meantime the Pennsylvania should be ready for any contingency.

A Week in a Camp Hospital after a Battle.

Those who did not procure last week's BANNER, containing Dr. Henry T. Child's able penitential sketches of his experience in the Hospital of Gettysburg, after the great battle, will do well to send for the BANNER containing it. We can supply the BANNER to a limited extent.

Thirty-two of the finest stamp-books on the Western waters were recently destroyed in the Kansas fire by order of the Confederate authorities.

New Publications.

The Religious Opinions of FRANKLIN A. Parker, a Report of the Preface to the London Edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. By Francis Parker Cobbe. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This is one of the finest things in the English language, and we are glad it has been reprinted in this country in such a convenient form. It asserts that the progress of religious belief, from a time to a more enlightened stage, is carried on apparently by a series of waves of thought; which sweep over the minds of men at distant intervals. In the eyes of those who have watched intelligently the signs of the times, it seems that some such wave as this is, even now, gathering beneath us, a deeper and broader wave than yet has ever arisen. No partial and temporary rippling of the surface is it now, but the whole mass of living thought seems slowly and steadily upheaved, and the ocean is moved to its depths. After dwelling upon this mighty and universal upheaving of thought; and its attendant good results to humanity, as well as the forebodings which such changes naturally create, in the minds of the contemplative, the fair author proceeds to give a clear and beautiful analysis of the teachings of Theodore Parker, and then sums up the whole in the following brief sentences, as his creed: "An over-peaceful God, who is absolutely Good." "A moral law written in the consciousness of man." "The immortality of the soul." "The reality of Spiritual Prayer," adding that this is the entire theology of Theodore Parker. It contains no doctrines of a fall, an incarnation, a trinity, an atonement, a devil, or a hell; no original sin, and no imputed righteousness. Its morality is summed up in the two great commandments of the law; and its theory of reconciliation, in the parable of the Prodigal Son. To this religion, at once spiritual and rational, Parker gave the name of "Theism," a name antithetical to Atheism alone, and comprehensive of every worshiper of God.

This interesting little work will be widely read. It can be obtained at this office. Price twenty-five cents.

The Gospel of Harmony for Humanity.

By Mrs. E. Goodrich Willard. Chicago: John Walsh. Boston: for sale by Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington Street.

If there is one thing more than another the world at the present time needs, it is a Gospel of Harmony. The author of this work has given us an able and well written treatise on the central truths and universal harmonies which are requisite for the harmonious development and growth of man and woman. It is evidently written under a strong inspirational influence, blended with the experience and wisdom of the writer. It nobly vindicates woman, and shows her true position with the sterner sex. Every one can find instruction in its pages. We make an extract from a Chicago contemporary, to give the reader an idea of what an "outsider" thinks of it:

There are always much smarter people in every city and town than the world knows anything about; and sometimes happens that these private persons come out "forty thousand strong, when nobody thought of such a thing," and surprise the old literary and political stagers with their talents. We like to welcome such into the ranks to which they, of right, belong. And today we have a chance of this kind, in the person of a lady who writes a book, which she rather quaintly calls "The Gospel of Harmony for Humanity." Why this book was written at all, she hardly knows best, and she says she could not help it. It certainly does not accord well with the atmosphere of Chicago, and is not at all likely to be popular anywhere. Not that it lacks ability, for it is full of ability, but because the transcendental, Swedenborgian, and other Spiritualistic tone and character of it are not adapted to the popular American mind. We find, however, many noble truths well expressed in its pages, and sometimes a profound spiritual insight, which belongs rather to the days of Jacob Boehme, George Fox and the mystics, than to our own. It would be difficult to give an idea of the kind of literature which this is, or the theories which it embodies, without entering pretty largely into a disquisition of the entire subject which it treats. It is an attempt to demonstrate the natural and spiritual harmonies which are the law of human progress; and whether we like the manner in which it is executed, or believe in the truths, and sealings, and spiritual discernments of the writer, we cannot fail to recognize the high Christian morality which runs through the book, and to be thankful for it.

The work also contains a short treatise, the "Reply to man's long standing question of woman's equal treatment to her erring and errand sister," which has the true ring in it, and should be read by all who can find the opportunity.

The third paper is on the "Sphere of Woman—past, present, and future," and exhibits wisdom and much originality of thought.

The last article in the work treats upon "The Human or man and woman." Its tone can be judged from the following sentences quoted from its commencement: "Woman is not yet discovered. Look in the streets and houses, search books and papers, listen at the pulpit and bar; you find only men and their wives and daughters. Search a little deeper, you will discover their sweethearts and concubines; apparently man absorbs everything. Man keeps woman so close, he keeps his dog and horse. To-day, the true woman lives in a few noble minds, as Amos did in the halls of Columbus, before he made his voyage of discovery. Like the new world, she calmly waits and hides her time."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER is just published. The leading article, by Thomas W. Higginson, entitled the "Puritan Minister," is a very interesting paper. In touching upon events connected with the Salem witchcraft, he observes: "One thing is certain, that this strange delusion, a semi-religious us—though part of the phenomena may find its solution in laws not yet unfolded—was the sternest of tragedies to those who lived in it." "Thoreau's Fable" (poetry), is by Louisa M. Alcott; "Robert and Clara Schumann," by M. D. Conway; "The Freedman's Port Royal," by Edward L. Pierce; "No and Yes," by Theodore Tilton; "The Mather Gals"; "The Literary Age and its Characteristic Animals," by Louis Agassiz; "The New Songbook," by Rose Terry; "Thomas De Quincy," by Henry M. Alden; "Mr. Lewis," (a story in three parts), Part I., by Mrs. Thomas Hodgkinson; "Lyrics of the Street," by Julia Ward Howe; "Interesting Memorabilia of Edmund Burke," by Charles Sumner; "Harvard Heroes," by Walter Mitchell; "Who is Robert?" "Bayle's and Literary Notices." This is indeed a choice number. Ticknor & Fields, publishers, 78 Washington street, Boston.

THE CONTINENTAL FOR SEPTEMBER is equally interesting. We cannot do better than give our readers the table of contents: Southern State of New England; Waiting for News! Early History of Printing and the Newspaper Press in Boston and New York; Reconnoissance near Fort Morgan, and Expedition in Lake Pontchartrain; Pearl River, by the Mortar Fleet of Captain D. D. Porter; U. S. N. R. Diary of Francis Pickens; The Isle of Springs; The Gravel Season; Bayne and Rhythmic Remembrance; The Great Blot; The Deceased Robert Spring Mountain; Japanese Festival; (Notes); What He Succeeded! Jefferson Davis and his Relations; Editor's Table.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of
 Mrs. J. M. Conner,
 while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all re-
 ceived without exception.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by the Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

These Messages are sent to the PUBLIC. The BANNER Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence, therefore those who may feel disposed to do so, are solicited to aid us, by donations, to disburse the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

The Messages are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, July 7.—Invocation: What is Spirit whom De-
 tached from Matter? Questions and Answers: Amanda
 Jane Caldwell, to her husband, in Utah; Col. Thomas Wad-
 of Virginia; Thomas L. Fenwick, to his mother, in New
 York.

Wednesday, July 14.—Invocation: What is the Meaning of
 the Immaterial? Questions and Answers: General Alfred Dyer, of
 Virginia, killed at Gettysburg; Billy Goward, to his mother,
 in Columbus, O.; Theo. Corbin, to his father, in Ohio; O. J.
 Addicks, to his mother, in Albany, N. Y.

Thursday, July 14.—Invocation: Is not all Religion the re-
 sult of Education? Questions and Answers: Isaac Morgan,
 of Bethel; Geo. T. Lottrop, to his friend, George McClellan,
 and other friends; John T. Arberry, to his mother, in La
 Crosse, Wis.

Thursday, July 16.—Invocation: Is not all Prophecy
 contrary to Natural Law? and are not all Prophecies impos-
 sible in the broadness of the term? Questions and An-
 swers: Mary Louise Thayer, to Dr. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y.;
 Patrick Walsh, of Albany, N. Y.; Orville to Norman
 Knox, of Prattville, Ala.; Lieutenant Oliver Thompson, to
 his father, in Monticello, Ala.

Invocation.

Our Father, whose name all Nature is continually
 pronouncing, whose voice is heard throughout all
 conditions of being, we lift our souls in thanks unto
 thee this hour. Though the atmosphere is filled with
 the groans of the dying, and mercy seems to dwell afar
 off, yet we can lift our souls in thanks unto thee, for
 thou art our Father, and we fail not to see thy face,
 even in the midnight gloom that hath settled over this
 beloved land. We behold thy hand working in
 mercy for the good of thy children. Oh our Father,
 we ask that those who know thee not may soon become
 acquainted with thee; that those who fear thee now,
 may learn to love thee in the future. Oh our Father,
 we know that the thoughts we offer thee are baptized
 with tears, tears wrung from the hearts of thy chil-
 dren, they who are mourning the loss of loved ones in
 battle. Their households are made desolate. Death
 hath visited them, and they kneel before the altar of
 love, and then turn aside to weep. Oh God, may thy
 ministering angels of peace draw near unto them in
 their affliction, telling them of a land beyond the
 tomb, where their loved ones are congregated, waiting
 to receive them in a fond embrace. Oh our Father, if
 there is one blessing more than another that we would
 ask for humanity, it is that they may be conscious of
 thy presence and the nearness of the spirit world. Oh
 our Father, when humanity looks into the future, it is
 dark and mysterious; the veil is thick, and they cannot
 discern thy smiling face. Oh our God, may thy light
 within their own souls for knowledge of thee, and
 from thence learn that thou art ready to show them
 the future. Oh our Father, sometimes humanity fails
 to behold thee when it is dark. Oh Lord, our God,
 do thou strengthen thy children, and when it is bright
 do thou also reveal thyself unto them. Oh Master and
 Finisher of life, we adore thee for all thy creations,
 and bless thee for all thy holy gifts. We send up re-
 newed songs of thanksgiving unto thee, oh Father, to-
 gether with the dying ones of earth, they who this
 hour are parting with the mortal and entering the
 spirit-world. Side by side with their petitions may
 our prayers ascend unto the Land of Soul, and oh, as
 they blend together, may they go on, on, until they
 meet loved in the celestial spheres. May thy children
 in spirit behold darkness of the sorrow in earth life.
 May we feel that darkness is as necessary to our ex-
 altation as is the sunlight. May we be willing to bow
 down before thy power, thy mercy, thine everlasting
 love. Oh, we know that thou wilt never forsake us,
 and though there are many who fail to see thy smiling
 face behind the cloud, still thy arms are upholding
 them, still thy mercy is whispering hope to their souls
 and happiness to their hearts. For this and all bless-
 ings, whether disguised or otherwise, in life, we bless
 thee now and forever. Amen.
 July 6.

The Non-Immortality of all Things.

Do not all the kingdoms in nature furnish us with
 unmistakable proofs of the non-immortality of all
 things?
 This question we have been called upon to consider
 this afternoon. If our good materialistic friend has
 reference to the three sensual kingdoms of Nature, and
 to those alone, we must agree with him to a certain
 extent. Supposing he has reference to the sensual
 kingdoms, we shall deal with the subject accordingly;
 but in the outset we would inform him that there is a
 spiritual kingdom that is far more perfect than all the
 kingdoms of earth embraced. This he has lost sight
 of, never recognized—the materialist seldom does re-
 cognize it—yet it nevertheless exists, and is far more
 tangible and real than the feeble conditions of time.
 We perceive that our friend has looked deep into
 life in objective nature. He has studied into the
 workshop of the mineral and the vegetable, and again
 has entered the workshop of the animal. Each and all
 he has studied thoroughly, and he tells us he has come
 to the conclusion that all things are non-immortal.
 He does not except even the thinking part of himself,
 but believes when death claims the body it will claim
 the thinking part also; that nothing of the being will
 remain after the change called death. He feels this to
 be true, and as it is a truth to him, we will tread light-
 ly upon it, lest we crush forever hopes, ideas and
 fancies. It may be, that that dear, very dear to him,
 but at the same time we shall endeavor to probe his
 soul, and see if we cannot find a something there to
 prove to him that things are immortal; that there is a
 something that is immortal. We propose to show him
 what that something is, and to open to him a new
 highway.
 To him the earth is very, very beautiful. He looks
 at the flower, and he says, "Oh, this is beautiful! I
 wish it were not to die so soon." What is beautiful?
 The thought, not the flower—that is form, and fades,
 while the thought of beauty lives forever. Our friend
 has perceived change, change, change. The thought
 that was apparent to him to-day, to-morrow will have
 passed away. The body here to-day, to-morrow is no
 more. He does not wonder that the human soul some-
 times doubts its existence after death. Did we say
 the human soul? The human soul as exhibited
 through human life? But the soul of itself never
 doubts its immortality, in conclusion of it. It is the
 atmosphere the conscious soul exists in, and it knows
 it is immortal. It lives throughout all eternity
 in the spirit world.

We are saying that they doubt it, but we know
 the materialistic mind false and non-mortal, but we know
 also that the time is coming when material minds will
 know what we know, and what we see, and understand
 these things as we do; for Nature has appointed to
 man once to die, to pass through the great change,
 death, surrendering the immortal from the mortal. When
 this separation of body and spirit is accomplished,
 then the immortal part lives beyond the feeble things
 of time.

As our friend gazes into the mineral kingdom, he
 beholds change after change slowly going on, one
 form after another passing away, but he does not real-
 ize that Nature always covers up the creations of yester-
 day with those of to-day. The human senses cannot
 understand why Nature hath so ordained that the past
 and the future are excluded from mortal vision. Yet
 this does not prove that he is not immortal; it merely
 proves that Nature is a great mathematician, and
 marks out her work with order and precision; that the
 work of to-day is not the work of to-morrow. It only
 proves that order is the first great law of Nature. It
 does not prove the non-immortality of all things, for
 life in all conditions is immortal.

A short time since our materialistic friend was
 called upon to part with a beloved son. Just two
 weeks prior to that event the father held conversation
 with him concerning a future state. The young man
 tells us that he said to his father at that time,
 "Father, I sometimes think that there must be an
 hereafter, for I do so earnestly desire to live after this
 body is crumbled to dust, that I feel my desire must
 be answered, or else Nature is incomplete." The
 father replies, "Oh my son, I wish I could think it
 was so, but I feel sure it is not." A few hours before
 this son was called upon to die, he said, "Father, if
 there should be an hereafter, and it should be possible
 for me to return, I certainly will."

Again the father says, "Oh my son, I wish I could
 believe there was an hereafter, that while I give up
 your body, there was a something that would live for-
 ever in a world beyond the tomb. But, alas! I have
 searched all through Nature for evidence of the im-
 mortality of the thinking part of man. I've never
 found that which afforded the slightest proof of it,
 therefore I cannot believe in the soul's immortality."

So the son passed on, and the father bowed his head
 in grief, and he wept for him, and all the sorrow of
 his great nature seemed to roll over his soul in waves,
 until he was overwhelmed. He had no faith in the
 hereafter; his son was dead; his body was in the grave.
 He had loved him, had ever cherished him tenderly,
 and had indulged fond hopes concerning him; but they
 were all crushed, as it were, in the morning of his ex-
 istence, and all dark the future lay before him.

Oh, mortal, when this message shall meet your
 gaze, we know that it will convey to your soul a some-
 thing more than a hope, a wish, a desire to commune
 with your son; for who else—oh, save himself, could
 give you intelligence concerning the conversation
 which passed between you and your own child. Who
 could speak the innermost thoughts of your soul? Who
 could reveal to other minds a sorrow that you had
 buried and determined never to speak of to mortal
 eyes, for fear that you might be prevailed upon to lay aside your
 materialistic views, and believe in the immortality of
 the soul.

We remarked, that we should be obliged, to a cer-
 tain extent, to agree with our questioner in regard to
 the proofs of the non-immortality of all things, as
 seen in the sensual kingdoms; for we know that the
 forms of life and the conditions of life that are ap-
 parent to the human senses are non-immortal. We know
 that you may search forever, it may be, through the
 three sensual kingdoms of Nature, and never find even
 the slightest evidence upon which to rest the foot of
 the soul; for these kingdoms are of this world, and
 thus belong to the feeble conditions of time. Na-
 ture would not be true to herself did she write im-
 mortality upon her earthly forms, and speedily you would
 see she had written a lie, for the form that is gifted
 with immortality is not of earth. We find it not in
 the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdom;
 but come, take a step higher, and you will find the
 spiritual kingdom already for you to enter and an-
 alyze. Come, to a certain extent, within the realm of
 spirit, and there you will find facts sufficient to build
 up evidences of immortality. You may wander in
 vain through the sensual kingdoms in search of them;
 but one fact, well proven, will substantiate a belief
 instantly of the soul's immortality, or existence be-
 yond the grave.

He who comes giving thoughts—soul thoughts, that
 only could be known by some dear departed one—is
 not that an evidence of immortality, more striking,
 more tangible, more real, than the sensual kingdoms
 could furnish you with? Surely, surely to us it is,
 and to you it may be, if you are prepared to receive
 it as such. Come, oh, our materialistic friend, come
 and enter with us the realm of spirit; come and com-
 mune with your own soul. You desire to meet your
 beloved son again; oh, do you know that that desire
 is a key that most admit you into the land of the here-
 after? Do you know that it is the desire for immor-
 tality that gives to man that crowning gift? Do you
 know that Nature would be untrue to herself, did she
 not answer the desires of her children in the flesh?
 When you have once become acquainted with the
 workings of natural law, you will agree with us, that
 Nature is perfect, very perfect, and makes no mistakes
 whatever; for did she fail to hear the voice calling up-
 on her from the human soul for immortality, would
 she not have written failure upon all her works? Did
 she fail to answer the natural demands of the human
 soul for immortality, who is there among God's chil-
 dren that would not cease to hope?—who that would
 not at once sink into the darkness of despair?—exclaim-
 ing, "We hear no voice calling. I would close all
 consciousness with death."

No; not the human soul rebels against it; the great
 human family feel that the desire for immortality was
 born of Nature; that she never created that desire
 without an intention to answer it. Do you think that
 the feeble forms of earth-life are proofs of your non-
 immortality? Nay, you are something more than the in-
 sects of an hour, something more than the beasts of
 the field, something more than forms of life. You are
 life itself.
 July 6.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Is the desire for immortality the best evi-
 dence of the soul's immortality?
 Ans.—To us it is the best, because the deepest seat-
 ed and the widest spread. We know there are other
 evidences that make more direct appeal to the human
 mind, but there are none so great, so good, so lasting
 as this.

Q.—Do spirits change their forms as they progress?
 A.—They do, certainly.

Q.—What is the philosophy of recognition based up-
 on? Does it come by eyesight, or attraction?

A.—Sometimes by one, sometimes by another, some-
 times by both. It is generally believed, we know, that
 the human spirit, forever retains the human form.
 This, however, is a mistake; for the forms you have
 to-day are almost wholly unlike those of three thou-
 sand years ago. Now these forms contained immortal
 souls, just as much as do your own. Nature is con-
 stantly working: When your mortal body is no longer
 necessary to your development, you will cast it off.
 Your spirit body will also be subject to change through-
 out eternity, and at each revelation in life, your spirit
 body will cast off some one of its earthly characteristics,
 until at last the semblance of the human form
 will be lost entirely.
 Q.—What will condition the change in the spirit world?

What condition the change?

Q.—Our pleasure is material here?
 A.—All is material here? Suppose you are in-
 rounded by pleasurable and harmonious conditions
 while on the earth? It is the spirit that is conscious
 of these conditions here, as well as hereafter. What
 is that loves? Is it your body? Certainly not; it
 is your spirit; and if it loves here, and is attracted
 to persons while in the form, it will be attracted to
 them in the hereafter; for the soul loses nothing as it
 progresses from sphere to sphere; that is necessary to
 its happiness.

Q.—How is this condition of recognition kept per-
 petual?

A.—It depends very much upon harmonious attri-
 tion. Love is an outgrowth of harmony. If you are
 in harmony with self, you must live in heaven. If
 you do not, you inhabit the opposite condition.
 Heaven and hell are divided by conditions of mental-
 ity. You will not be attracted to your enemies in
 spirit life any more than you would here; hence there
 would be a great gulf between you. This is undoubt-
 edly the gulf spoken of in the Bible as existing between
 the good men and the evil men.

Q.—Then the great commandment of our Saviour
 might still be observed in spirit-life?

A.—Certainly. Love is the ruling element of heav-
 en. If you do not love, you cannot enjoy heaven.
 You love your friend; you are happy with your friend;
 that constitutes a certain part of heaven. When
 mankind learns to love the entire human family, they
 will be forevermore exempt from hell, or a condition
 of unhappiness.

Q.—Will man ever change so as to love those com-
 binations of faculties of internal life that are now dis-
 tasteful and repulsive to him?

A.—All things that are compound in their nature
 are subject to change; only that which exists as a
 Principle is exempt from the law of change. We be-
 lieve that the human soul is a principle, and therefore
 subject to no change. But the means through which
 the soul unfolds itself are not likewise exempt from
 change. The external combinations of internal life
 must be subject to change; for are you, intellectually
 speaking, the same being to-day that you were five
 years ago? Oh, no; you have changed very, very
 much. (One would be looking solely at your mental
 qualities, they would hardly recognize you as the person
 they had known five years ago. So it is with the con-
 ditions of spirit. After it casts off the mortal form, all
 these conditions of which the soul was compounded,
 must change, pass away, or become more sublimated.
 We may admit change, but that does not show that
 the faculties will change. Must there not be an eter-
 nal combination of faculties? There must; but that
 is not all that is necessary; there must be a combina-
 tion of faculties by which the soul may clothe itself,
 for soul is never unclothed. Though it may seem to
 be sometimes, yet it never is. We are sometimes told
 of a God outside of Nature, but we know of no such
 God; we only know of a Principle acting through all
 Nature. This we call God, and whatever is outside of
 Nature, becomes nothing. Nature to us is infinite.
 A short time since we were listening to a conversation
 that took place between two mortals upon this same
 subject. One said, "I would rather not exist at all,
 than to exist without a form like the human form."

And we thought, oh poor mortal, you know little of
 that you are talking about, for Nature never demands
 you to give up one form and take another upon your-
 self, until you are ready to dispense with the old one.
 If we have need of a head, Nature gives us one; if
 we have need of a foot, Nature does not hesitate to bestow
 one upon us. If it is necessary that we have the body
 entire, by which to manifest, Nature must give it
 to us. It is only when we have no longer need of any
 form of life, that Nature calls upon us to dispense with
 them; then we are ready to ourselves.
 July 6.

Caleb Wilkins.

I can understand some things now that I could not
 before death. I was wounded in one of the battles
 before Richmond. I had to have my leg cut off, and I
 told the surgeon my foot ached. He said, "You have
 not got any foot. I've taken it off, so of course it
 can't ache." It did; my God! I thought I should die
 with the pain of it. Now, said he, "I'll show you
 the leg that I've taken off." And he did, but still
 the foot ached, and I was just as sensible of its aching
 as anything. Well, a few days after, as I thought, I
 went to the spirit-world. The surgeons did not take
 the arteries out, and I bled to death. And I stood look-
 ing at myself, when I met my brother, and said to
 him, "That ain't my body." "Yes, it is," my brother
 said. "Now," said I, "I know it ain't. I lost a leg,
 and this body is perfect."

Well, my brother said, "Caleb, that's my
 name. I'll just explain this thing to you. What do
 you suppose you're looking at, the material body?"
 "Yes," I answered. "Well, it is. The truth is,
 you're partially clothed with spirit. That body is not
 entirely dead. You think you've been out of your
 body some time." "Yes," I said. "I thought I'd been
 dead three or four days." "No, you ain't been out of
 it an hour. That you see is spirit. You do not see
 the material foot and leg that was taken off, but it's
 coming to your rapidly, soon as you get wholly free
 from the material body, so as to fulfill natural law."
 I said, "Now, I don't see why I should not have one
 leg here." "Your spirit foot and leg are just the same
 as ever. You do not suppose the surgeon out that off,
 do you?" "I do not know anything about my leg was cut off,"
 I said. "Your material instruments did not produce the pain,
 but the sudden severing of the mortal from the spirit
 leg caused pain, which lasted some minutes after the
 material leg had been amputated." Nature, I suppose,
 had need of a foot, according to the doctrine set
 forth by the last speaker.

Well, Capt'n, Colonel, whatever you are, I want to
 know what you're going to do for me? What do you
 do for anybody like me? [Help them to send word to
 their friends.] Well, I want you to send word to my
 folks that I've lost my own body and took this kind,
 just to inform them I can come back. That's all I
 want. [You had better tell all the facts you can about
 yourself, so that your friends will recognize you.]

Well, my name was Caleb Wilkins. I belonged to
 the 11th Indiana; was a private. I did not have much
 education when I was here on the earth. I was thirty-
 four years old, and I've got a wife. She's now, I
 suppose, in Michigan; gone there with her brother.
 It's some distance from here. Now I should like to
 know how I'm going to get to her?

[You'll have to ask her to furnish you with a mes-
 sage.] That's the way you have it, hey? Well,
 that'll do. [We will send a paper to her.] What
 kind of a paper? [The paper that this message is
 printed in.] Well, supposing you send a paper to
 Waukegan, Illinois to Mallada Wilkins. How will
 that do? She'll say I'm dead, I suppose, so I am to
 her. [Just let the matter work itself out, and it will
 be all right, I guess.] Well, tell her I'm alive, and
 would like to talk at home.

Now, I should like to say a word to John Perry, a
 chemist, who, when he found that I was going to
 die, said, "Oh, I wish I could save you." I said,
 "Never mind; just take care of yourself, John." He
 felt bad, poor fellow, because I was going to die.
 Now he sits a coward, but then he's a damned afraid to
 die. And when I told him I was not afraid to go, he
 said, "Oh, it's devilish dark on the other side."
 I wish I could feel differently about death.
 Now, see here, Capt'n, well, tell him I'm alive, and
 I'll be home. Good God! it's all bright here, as if
 I can see. This spirit-world is not the Heaven they

tell us of here. It's a beautiful, natural world, and
 that's very different from your Heaven. I'm not
 joking, or fooling. It's God's truth; if there is a God,
 anyway, it's a Caleb Wilkins' truth, ain't it? You do
 not know anything about it.

The idea of my asking one of you that are based up
 in the flesh about the spirit-world! Good God! I did
 not know anything about it when I was here myself,
 and of course you do not. You think you know; good
 many of 'em do think they know all about it—min-
 isters, I mean, and such like, that tell you all about
 God and heaven.

Look here; ask my friend Perry to get me a medium,
 and tell him I'll tell him all about the place that I live
 in, so if he does happen to lose his life on the battle-
 field, he'll know something of the place he's going to.
 Well, then, my wife, she ain't one of the kind that
 would be likely to have much faith in these things;
 but then it's all well enough for folks to know little of
 the place they've got to go to, sooner or later. Don't
 you think so? [We think it is.] I think so, too. I
 tell you what, Capt'n. I don't like to see my friends
 coming to the spirit-world as I did. Why, I did not
 know whether I was dead or alive, in heaven or
 hell, or where I was. Well, I see I'd made a fool
 of myself when here on the earth, but I soon found
 that one could learn fast enough in the spirit-world,
 for the books are open, and all you've got to do is to
 come and read.

Well, Capt'n, what's your charge? [Nothing.]
 Not even a red, or a greenback? Well, that's pretty
 good. I like that. Shall I meet with that kind of
 treatment all the way? [We hope so.] That'll do,
 then, pretty well. Well, tell the folks I'm happy,
 and if they were only here, I've got a heap of things
 I'd like to tell 'em. Good-by. [Come again, when
 you can.] Yes, sir; you did not charge too much this
 time. I'll come again.
 July 6.

Abigail Elton.

I used to live in Jackson, Mississippi. I have four
 children there, and I have a husband and son in the
 army. I have been here near five months, and I've
 tried so hard to come back and speak to them at home,
 but I never could. And when I was told of this place,
 I thought I could not come yet, but I saw others com-
 ing, so I've come.

I was forty-three years old. I was born in Montpel-
 tier, Vermont, and when I was seventeen—eighteen
 years of age, I came here to Boston; from here I went
 to New York, and there was married, and moved first
 to Georgia, afterwards to Mississippi. I lived in Jack-
 son near sixteen years. My name was Elton—Abigail
 Elton.

Now, sir, if there's any way that you can help me
 to commune with my family in Jackson, I shall feel
 very grateful to you. I've four children there, and
 one son in the army. [The Confederate army?] Yes,
 sir; will it make any difference? [It may be difficult
 for us to reach them, but you can go to them.] But I
 thought you published what we gave at this place.
 [We do, in a paper called the BANNER OF LIGHT.]
 Then send to my oldest daughter, will you? [Yes.]
 Send to Miss Abbie Elton, of Jackson, Mississippi.
 She may receive it. [It's pretty hard getting papers
 across the lines.] Oh, try; perhaps it will go. Oh, if
 I could only go there myself and speak with my fam-
 ily, I should be so happy. Oh, try, try it; send to Miss
 Abbie Elton; perhaps she'll get it. [Free communica-
 tion with the South will soon be established, we
 think.] Why so? what makes you say so? [Because
 we think we shall soon bring our Southern brethren to
 terms.] Oh, young man, you do not know what you've
 got to contend with. [Victory will soon be ours.] Yes,
 I know you think so, because you hope for it, no doubt.
 But oh, you do not know what you've got to contend
 with, upon the part of the South. Why, they've been
 ever since I lived at the South preparing for this war.
 Well, I'll be bound to say that seven out of every ten
 at the South have been laying their plans for this re-
 bellion ever since I've lived there. Why, it's been
 talked of for years. [Still we think the war will soon
 close.] You think so, I know. I saw, but a short
 time before my death, one of your Boston papers. My
 husband sent it to me. I think it was the Post—seems
 to me it was. How he got it I don't know, but I re-
 member it was much there. I read it over and over
 again, and I see there that you Northerners believed
 the people of the South to be in a starving condition.
 [We never thought so.] The paper seemed to think so.
 Well, now, there have been storehouses built at the
 South, and they're filled to overflowing. They were
 erected by persons at the South, in view of this war.
 They've done everything to further their plans that
 lay in their power. And when I read that article in
 the paper I speak of, oh, I thought to myself, the
 folks at the North have no idea of what they've got to
 contend with, else they would not go to war with us.
 [We must ultimately conquer.] I know you think so,
 but knowing, as I do, the nature of your enemy, I can-
 not but tremble for you, and tremble for our folks, too.
 Oh, it's terrible, terrible!

Well, I'm not your enemy; don't think I am, be-
 cause I've spoken thus plainly, will you? [No.] I
 know you'll defend me just as quick. Oh, I want
 my children to know I can come—can come and speak
 with them as I do here. For I know it would be no
 cheering; oh, it would be so blessed.

My husband is a Captain in the Mississippi Cavalry.
 I can't tell you what section of the country he is in.
 His name, Andrew Elton. He was formerly from Phil-
 adelphia. He's friends, relatives, there in Philadel-
 phia; perhaps they'll be able to get my message across
 the lines. [Can you give the names of any of your
 husband's relatives in Philadelphia?] He's a nephew
 there. I think his name is Theodore. I never had any
 acquaintance with him myself, but I know that my
 husband used to correspond with him. Then he had
 an old aunt there that died, and she left two
 daughters. I'm pretty sure that she died. Perhaps
 they will help me. He did have a brother there, but I
 think I remember of his telling me he came North.
 His name was John. They had two mothers. Now I
 want any of them that can do anything toward send-
 ing my letter to my husband or children, to do so. I
 thank you. Good-day.
 July 6.

William H. Downes.

My mother is waiting, expecting to get a letter from
 me. She does not know I'm dead. I thought, being as
 I could, I'd travel round this way, and send her a few
 words.
 I died day before yesterday. I believe this is the
 6th day of July, isn't it? [It is.] Well, sir, I died
 on the morning of Independence Day. My mother is
 very much worried because she does not hear from me.
 She's afraid something has happened to me. Tell her
 I'm all right enough now—all right enough, tell her.
 I belonged the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts. My moth-
 er lives in Pittsburg. My name is William H. Downes—
 Billy Downes; I'm generally called Billy by the
 boys. You'll be kind enough to tell her that I've
 been here long enough to know how to come back—
 only three days. She's an Ophiodox, and don't know
 much about this. Never mind you tell her I've been
 here.

I was pretty young—not quite thirteen; kind of
 young to go to war? I died at Port Royal. This is
 Boston, isn't it? I didn't die here; wish I had,
 nearer home. I do not care about talking much now,
 I'm kind of unhappy. I could tell a pretty long story
 about suffering, but you're going to send this to my
 mother. [What is her name?] How did I know my
 mother's name? Olivia Downes. Well, no matter
 about the suffering part; I'm a good deal of a sufferer.
 July 6.

Failed to Spirit Life.

From Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 13th of July,
 1863, in the 78th year of her age, Bath, wife of James
 Barry.

The health of our friend was such, that a num-
 ber of years she seldom left her home. She had
 learned enough of the beautiful philosophy of spiri-
 tualism to know that
 "There is no death—it is a birth."
 A rising heavenward from earth.

Her funeral took place on Saturday, the 15th of
 August, on which occasion, after a few remarks by the
 writer, the old gentleman, who had been three years
 than four years, expressed "the gravity of her
 experience in the evidence which he had received
 that our loved ones who go before us to the spirit-world
 are neither lost, nor afar off, but are ever near, watch-
 ing over and guiding us in our journey through life."
 He then quoted the following lines which he had re-
 ceived from his own loved companion:
 "I am waiting for thee in a home above,
 A home that is filled with joy and love;
 My heart I have tuned to welcome thee,
 When thou dost come to dwell with me.
 The flowers here are blooming bright,
 Their fragrance will thy soul delight;
 And we together breathe but twine,
 In this loved home of mine and thine!
 Past cares will be forgotten here,
 No pain can come or sorrow's tear.
 To blanch the cheek or dim the eye,
 Or leave the breast with heartless sigh;
 But here together we will rest,
 'Midst beautiful scenes all formed of love.
 Take courage, then, my dearest friend—
 Earth's toil will one day have an end."

Dr. Truman also made some very appropriate re-
 marks on the occasion, and the remains of our friend
 were consigned to the bosom

...and self-censorship" is a necessary, and in some cases a painful, part of the process of maintaining a free press. It will be necessary to take a range of the papers with the advertisement boards.