

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

A STORY OF GOLD.

BY J. EDWIN M. GORE.

There's money here," said the old man, sadly, looking down at the purse and the pocket-book with a long, deep groan.

"I see it—ay, I see it before my eyes, just there beside the empty bottle, but it's not mine—I've nothing to say to it. I would not touch a farthing of it were it lying there in heaps, unless I had earned it. I never yet took what was another's. I'll never do that, no matter how bitter the poverty is on me. I've helped a wretched and honest fellow to get revenge—not to get justice on the man that wronged him. I've done that once, maybe twice, and if he gave me something like payment for my trouble, that was all right—all right," but he passed his rough hand over his brow as he said this, and a momentary expression of darkness, of unhappiness, as if he, too, had a conscience, was visible, and then immediately vanished.

"There's money which you may earn this very night; but the child still sits there," whispered the old man. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He rose and approached the girl. She never moved, never looked up; he touched her, saying, "Grace, Grace!"

The child glared upward hastily, and saw what was to her even a greater rarity than food and clothes, she saw kindness in the old man's face.

"I want you to go to my house, my poor little girl, and tell my daughter that I send you to keep her company till I go back; and maybe when I go there, shortly, I'll give you something else, something good; there, now, it's not raining much, and you'll soon be there."

At this he stroked down her wet hair. At the very moment he was plotting against the life of one of his fellow-beings, he felt a deep sympathy for another. Mysterious human nature, thou art all contradictions!

"Something nice—something good!" reiterated the unhappy child in her soul, though she did not speak one word; but she raised her eyes in wonder and in sudden joy, as she listened to the heavenly language of pity, of kindness, which almost for the first time since her mother's death, (who had been driven into the grave by the unkindness of her husband,) fell on the poor child's ears. She was so surprised, that it was not until the old man had twice bid her go and stay with his daughter, that she rose, and with gladness and alacrity passed again from her father's wretched cabin out into the dull, constant rain.

Then all alone in the darkness of that miserable dwelling, Marcus Downing unfolded his designs. Sir Philip Linton was in the country; he had been in his own castle for a few days; the old man had made it his business to learn the particulars of his outgoings, and had discovered that very night, that at a certain hour Sir Philip visited the cabin of a handsome widow, the wife of one of his own servants. The widow's cabin was in a solitary spot, in a retired corner of the park; the path leading to it was thickly surrounded with trees—Bryan was notorious for being the surest shot in the country.

The deadly scheme was told—the purse and the pocket-book containing between them a considerable sum, would reward the deed. Of all the frightful depravity which the love of money has produced in our world, this must, to the eyes of spiritual beings, seem the most fearful—that for a sum of money there are human creatures to be found capable of deliberately taking away the life of a fellow man who has not injured them—against whom they have no feelings of rage or vengeance, such as fill the mind with madness, and dry up all the natural emotions of pity and compassion—this is a pitch of evil hard to be believed, but that facts have proved it. It is recorded in the black annals of this world's crimes. Surely, surely as the guardian angels pass from one realm to another, amidst God's mighty creations, in no other globe which may be tenanted with life and mind, do they gaze on wickedness as great as this!

"I'll do it," said Bryan Cassidy, in a deep voice; and his hollow eyes danced with rapture as he gazed on the promised reward, glancing from the purse to the pocket-book, and from the pocket-book to the purse again, mentally calculating how much the probable amount might be. Then even he was ashamed that it should seem he was actuated solely by mercenary motives, though in his heart it was so.

"It's not just for the money I'd do it, either; no, I've a grudge at that Sir Philip? Did n't he, or the agent, it's all the same, take the bit of ground all from me long ago? Ay, they did; and do you think I've forgotten that yet? Does n't all the country hate him, too? Does n't he only come to ruin us some day, and so passed as he is? Ay, it was only yesterday, and he pruned me by—his looked at me more scornfully than he ever did at the dirt at his feet. He looked at me and turned away his head, as if his eyes, nor his nose, nor anything about him, seemed as he was, could bear the presence of a poor man in rags, even for the half minute he was passing him by. Well, well, this time to-morrow he'll not be looking so, mind me; he'll ruin no more of our daughters—yours isn't the only one he's ruined, Mr. Downing; he has many a black curse on his head—it's a public good to put him down. Yes, it's for the good of many a poor creature. I'll do it; there'll be blessings on the hand that's put him from doing harm; and have n't I a right to do it? Besides everything else, your daughter, was n't she my own connection? Was n't she a cousin of my own cousin, the priest, Gregory Downing, who's my own second cousin, and the only man I think like an angel, in all this world, priest or no priest, that ever I met with? Yes, yes; you are not able yourself for this villainage, and surely some connection of the family in the main should do it—can't that man, how much is it? You'll let me see that that purse and pocket-book, what you put in it? The old man gave the boyed things into the hands which eagerly grasped them. Bryan Cassidy, who

was satisfied. There was a larger sum than he imagined. An expression of most repulsive joy lit up his features. He held a tight grasp of the purse and pocket-book; he seemed most loath to return them again to the old man.

"Maybe you'll let me keep them before hand, it will make me a surer shot, though there's not much danger when it's one of the black English that's before me; when it's one that's disgraced us, and murdered, as you truly say, my own cousin, for so she was in a way; but you'll let me keep this now—you need n't fear any mistake—nobody ever doubted the honesty of Bryan Cassidy."

The old man looked keenly on Bryan's face with something of his former watchful attention to business matters; then he glanced at the pocket-book.

"Keep it, keep it, and be sure, aim well—aim for his cruel heart that killed my child."

The old man rose as he said this; he pressed his hand on his wrinkled brow, and said his head felt giddy and aching, but he supposed it was the smoke of the cabin. Giving a second short injunction to Bryan, to make sure of his victim, he left the house and turned his feeble steps toward his own home.

"Money! money!" said Bryan, buttoning his pocket more securely over his newly-acquired treasure, "ay, money—it is come at last! I saw the glittering of it all day, as I lay watching the sparks arising from the fire, but I could n't guess how it was coming—well, it's here, anyhow, the blessed charm that it is!"

The house was very dark; he was quite alone; he thought of the deed he was to do, and he felt strangely uncomfortable for a moment, and then he was astonished at himself for having such a feeling. Let him reason it away as he would, that emotion of repugnance to his appointed task still continued. He walked out of his cabin to try to dispel it. He went to the nearest place where ardent spirits were sold, and drank a considerable. Still the unpleasant sensations of conscience continued. He had no thought of breaking the engagement he had entered into; he was firmly resolved to do the deed; but he wished for an easier mind. Then he rebuked the consolations which his religion gives in cases of premeditated crime.

The young priest, Gregory Downing, sat alone with his books in a small room in the house in which he lodged, which was at a short distance from the cabin of Bryan Cassidy. It was a very plainly-furnished room; the uncarpeted floor, and uncomfortable chairs, and uncurtained windows were all unassuming enough, though cleanliness and neatness were there, and a bright turf fire was blazing in the little grate, and the voice of crickets was heard about the hearth. He who went forth from that humble place to minister to the spiritual wants of the people amongst whom he was stationed, could not be charged with the sin of luxurious living. He had a number of books on his little table, together with writing materials; a few rough shelves, nailed to the whitewashed wall, contained the remainder of his library. There, night after night, the young priest sat, and read, and thought. He had thought too long, and too deeply it seemed, to judge from the very sallow, sickly hue of his face. His whole appearance betokened much study, or, at least, a want of rest and peace. He leaned his head on his hand as he read, and occasionally looked away from the page before him, sometimes pondering deeply, with eyes fixed on the ground, and then sighed heavily, as if the result of his meditations was very far from being connected with happiness. On other occasions his gaze would wander to the fire, and he would watch the bright blaze for a long time, until his melancholy face would begin to glow with the light and beauty of some inward fancy, which might never gladden his face in this world. With a sudden start he would return to his book, and his actual lot, and his breast would heave strongly, as if he felt that in his reveries he had been wandering into forbidden places.

Life seemed to weigh heavily on that young priest. As his mind looked over all the possibilities of his earthly existence, he could see no brightness in it; yet as at intervals he raised his eyes to heaven, there came an expression of resignation and calmness on his brow, which showed that he looked much beyond this world for hope and rest. Yet, in religion, or rather in the many systems of religion, lay the source of his sorrow, for he doubted his own faith, yet knew not of all the sects into which the Christian Church is divided which to adopt as his own. In certain of the broad, great truths of religion he had a firm belief and trust, but in all minor matters his mind was straying ever in perpetual uncertainty, from which he sought refuge in charity to all—in love to all, even to the meanest and most degraded persons with whom his duties brought him in contact.

The entrance of Bryan Cassidy roused the young priest from the gloomy thoughts into which he was plunged. He welcomed Bryan with warmth, unimagined by the ragged state of the attire in which he presented himself, and by the reckless and evil look which his disorderly manner of life had stamped on his face. The man was his cousin, and as such he always received his visits with attention and kindness; but he was also a friend, or rather they had been in habits of friendship in the very early life of the young priest, before Bryan had become so degraded and snubbed by his side.

Bryan took the chair by the side of the fire, while the young priest placed for him. He was almost wholly silent for some moments. He sat gazing on that young priest's pale, gentle, holy face, on which no shadow of crime seemed ever to have rested; he gazed and thought of the beauty of holiness; and then he thought how dark; how passion-stained and evil-looked his own face must seem, contrasted with that spiritual, angel-like countenance. He saw, as he looked on that face, his own depravity presented before him as in a mirror. He was deeply—and he gazed deeply.

"You seem ill, Cousin Bryan," said the young priest, kindly-looking toward him as he heard his groan.

"No—not ill—not ill—but—" he paused, and seemed to be deeply occupied with his thoughts for a moment, "I have a few questions to ask you, Cousin Gregory," he added.

"Well, I shall be happy to answer them, if you

ble; and if you are suffering from mental causes, it will relieve you to inform me of your sorrows. I ask no confession, however, unless you—"

He paused abruptly; he was touching on a doctrine of his Church in a manner which showed his doubts—doubts which were not yet strong enough within him to make him renounce that Church altogether, and, therefore, he rarely made any public display of his opinions.

"We confess our sins to you, our priest, and you can forgive us? You can obtain pardon for our worst deeds?" said Bryan, very abruptly; and he fixed his eyes with a startling eagerness on the young priest's face.

"That face became still paler at the question. It was one of the points which had cost him the longest and deepest study, the most perplexed days, and most restless nights. His very soul sickened now at Bryan's words.

"Frightful question! frightful! What millions of souls may it not have lost!" whispered the young priest, half audibly, looking upward with a long and melancholy gaze.

Bryan was surprised and much puzzled, and knew not how to account for the strange and excited looks of the priest.

"Yet it might be true—it might be—there is nothing impossible with God. He could give human beings such a power. But no—it is not so."

The young priest sighed deeply, and, passing his hand over his brow, looked round with an aspect of bewildered uncertainty, and then bent his head down on the open pages of his book, as if unconscious of the presence of his visitor.

"Why, what in the world has come over you this night? But it's a study that's doing it—you're killing yourself over your books, Cousin Gregory," said Bryan, gazing with gentleness, and even softness and affection, on the priest. "I was asking you a question, there, I have n't troubled many priests this long while, except yourself; but you'll forgive me for it—I intend to take myself up a bit; after a while. I was saying, that when I commit a sin, that maybe you may think a great sin, though I don't, for there's different ways of looking at things; but when I come and confess it to you—your own priest—you'll get me free pardon for it, after doing a little penance, perhaps?"

"Not so!" cried the young priest with energy; "do not trust in such a doctrine. It's not so; it's not so; do not for one moment believe that you may deliberately commit some great crime, and then come to your priest, who, on your performing a penance, can forgive you, or obtain your free forgiveness from God. Priests have not this mighty power: it is a perverted doctrine—it has been fearfully perverted."

"What! it's a doctrine we've learned, all of us; it's one of the chief doctrines of our Church, isn't it? We have noted on it, too; ay, it has been noted over and over!"

Bryan gazed with still greater surprise on the priest's disturbed face.

"It has been noted on, indeed," reiterated the priest dreamily, fixing his eyes abstractedly, as if gazing far off into the distant times, when it was a dark traffic to trade in the evil propensities of human nature, by selling power to commit sin without fear of punishment.

"Priests have sold indulgences long ago," said Bryan, as if his mind had taken the very same track; "for a sum of money the liberty of committing even murder has been given; the money, of course, paying for the prayers with which the priests obtained the pardon of the sin."

"It may have been long ago, in dark ages; but there is no such vile doctrine in our Church now," answered the priest earnestly.

"Ah! but our Church is infallible. There's the same doctrine in it yet, though it's not showed in the same light. It's a doctrine I would n't like to give up, Cousin Gregory. It has been my comfort at times—it was my comfort a while ago, when the agent was killed; but that was before you came here; and we all confessed it to Father Sheen—an easy, good man he was, that did n't give himself too much bother about anything in this world except the eating and drinking. He gave us absolution, though, to be sure, we had a great deal of fasting, and the like of that, for it, too."

Every feature of the young priest's face expressed the horror he felt at Bryan's words.

"This is fearful!" he ejaculated.

"It was n't my hand gave the last blow; no, no, Cousin Gregory. It was n't my hand. There were five of us about it, you see; and I had little to do with it," exclaimed Bryan, moved by the emotion the priest betrayed at this mention of his crime. "It's only justice that a set of brave fellows do, after all, when they make an example of the tyrants and oppressors, of them that would give the poor people no way of living, of them that break down the very hearts of the starving creatures."

"Bryan," interrupted the priest, laying his hand calmly on his shoulder, "I can't listen to this; leave justice and punishment to God. If there are tyrants and oppressors, let heaven, or let the laws, punish them; but don't you dare to lift the hand of violence against them. You have already, by your own confession, much to answer for. Long and deep must be your repentance for your past life, before you can expect peace and pardon from God."

Bryan was silent for a moment. The solemn accents and words of the young priest had struck him deeply, but his mind was much confused, owing to the large quantity of spirits he had drunk before entering the priest's lodgings; he could not reason; he could only feel a stupefied sensation of deep guilt and remorse.

"But your prayer, Gregory—the prayers of such a priest as you will surely save my soul. I shall confess all I have done; I'll confess all to-morrow, and you will get pardon for me—you've the power to do it—I've always trusted and believed in that."

"Believe and trust no more in it, then. I warn you, commit no evil action, under the impression that your priest, that any priest, that any man, can himself can forgive you. There is no power in us, your priests, to obtain that forgiveness. Remember my words."

"Why, this is strange! strange!" muttered Bryan. But at this moment the old clock in the priest's room struck. Bryan started up. It was his hour, and he was alone and he was to do the black deed he had prom-

ised to execute. The young priest's words had moved his feelings, had given him sensations of horror of himself, but had not yet changed his resolutions. He almost shrunk from the hand which the priest kindly presented him as he was leaving the room; he felt keenly that he was too gully to press the hand of one so good; he turned away his eyes, perhaps for fear the evil purpose in him might be read there.

As he closed the door of the young priest's house, and walked hastily to his own miserable cabin, he felt an unutterable yearning within him that he could but change places with his Cousin Gregory—that he could but become like him, so free from guilt. Not yet he walked straight to the place where his pistols were deposited and selected the best, and charged it anew with great care. When he was quite ready, he stood irresolute. His head was in a state of confusion. Some of the young priest's words were ringing in his ears.

Then the money which he had gained seemed to spread itself out before him—silver—bank-notes—gold—could he give it up? could he carry it back to the old man, and so leave himself as he had been but a few hours before utterly penniless? No; he felt he could not relinquish that money—it was so long since so large a sum had been in his possession—he had known so much of the blackness of poverty—he had so recently looked into the very depths of starvation, and gazed down, as if into his grave, where lay his shriveled form, which had slowly died the death of hunger, because he had no money to buy food, and could not work to obtain money because he had no strength. But he had money now, and so beautiful as it seemed! Silver and gold had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before. There was magic in its very touch. Whilst it remained on his person he felt he had not power to draw back from his evil purpose.

Next the old man, Marcus Downing, seemed to rise before him, uttering the words, "Vengeance! vengeance on the destroyer of my child." Bryan opened his heart widely to his feelings. He willfully blinded himself as to his motives, persuading himself, as much as possible, that money was but a secondary inducement, that pity for the old man, and a desire for justice on a tyrant, chiefly actuated him.

So he hastily closed the broken door of his solitary cabin, as his daughter had not yet returned, and proceeded, at a rapid pace, to Sir Philip's park. He soon reached the solitary place where his victim was expected to pass, and took up his station amongst the thick trees which surrounded the narrow road or path leading to the widow's cottage.

He was silent and solitary. The night was very calm. Hardly a breath of wind was to be heard through the trees; the rain was over; there was a clear sky with a bright moon shining purely down on all the hidden wretchedness of this world. Bryan walked slowly through the trees by the side of the path, listening intently for the sounds of footsteps. Long he walked and listened, but no sound was to be heard, no human creature passed near.

The moon shone clearly down upon him through the leafless trees. He looked up, and wondered that the blessed, holy light of heaven could come so brightly down, as if to show him how to aim more accurately at the heart and life of a fellow being. His dark and evil face brightened at the thought; it was as if heaven were approving of the deed—were furthering his effort to rid the world of a tyrant and a destroyer. The fancy pleased him for a moment, but it soon passed away. He could not divest himself of a consciousness of deep guilt, though he made many efforts. He tried to bury himself in the dreams of the past, and so forget his uprising feelings, which he imagined had been excited merely by circumstances, and would subside, as on former occasions.

He stood by a large old tree and remembered vividly the time, when a boy, almost thirty years before, he had climbed up in order to demolish a magpie's nest; and how he had fallen, for he was young, and being unused to climb so high, his head had grown dizzy; but his clothes had become entangled in one of the branches which he had grasped, and so escaped falling on the ground and was not much hurt. And was so glad that he had sustained no injury; and his companions all laughed with such delight when they saw the magpie's eggs hanging from the nest—only one little girl was so very sorry that they were broken, for she wished to preserve the shells. That scene came all before him again. There was himself that small boy, with such a glowing face, and such a bright, open brow. Ah, was that the same face with the one he had gazed on very lately, in an old broken looking glass—the black, evil face on which he thought he could distinctly trace all the crimes he had ever committed, and wondered if other people could do the same when they gazed on him? A sudden, bitter thought passed through his mind—if he had only fallen to the ground on the stones at one side of the tree, and died when he was a little boy, how happy, how very happy would it not have been for his soul.

Why could he not go away now and give up the execution of this evil deed at last? No, he felt some kind of a fate upon him—he could not drag himself away—there, he must wait, and watch, and, if possible, destroy!

He saw lights from some of the village cabins glancing through the trees. There was one which came from the window of a poor, hard-working girl, who sat up late, far past midnight often, and yet rose early when it was light and worked with her needle perpetually, earning never more than ten pence for the longest day and night labor; and very rarely so much as ten pence—very rarely, indeed. Poor girl! How very hardy had she earned that little miserable trifle of money. They had wondered if she would do an evil action, some fearful action, such as he was going to do, for a larger sum of money; but he well knew in his heart that she would not. No, Nora Keenan was by far too good and kind for anything of evil. As her mind and pain, but very pleasing face rose up in his imagination, it gave him one moment of pleasure; but the next was more bitter by contrast. What could Nora Keenan think of him if she knew all? Then and then the memory of his dead wife rushed upon him; he did not summon that remembrance, for it was dark and miserable. The last hours they had spent together, as usual again before him. He saw her lying on her mean bed, intoxicated, shamefully intoxicated, but he

was no better. He had entered his cabin in a state of drunkenness, too, but unconscious of his own degradation, he was strongly alive to hers. He had suspected her of still worse crimes, but he had no evidence of them; of her intemperance there was no doubt—there she lay in her worst stages. He could not remember what passed all that night. He could never distinctly call it back. He believed he was mad, but there were evil words and blows passed between them, and the next day she died, and people reported her husband had killed her. That was the occurrence which first stamped the traces of evil on his face; his brow was dark and suspicious ever afterwards.

He walked rapidly backwards and forwards among the trees, for his excited imagination conjured up her image—not as she was in her last wretched hours, but happy, young, merry and handsome as she used to be in the days of their courtship, when they both loved each other so fondly.

He had been there a long time, he believed, and all Sir Philip did not come. It was long past ten, he knew, and yet he heard no footsteps. Something must have delayed him; there was no other way by which coming from the castle, he could reach the widow's cottage. He determined to wait for a while longer, however.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps, rapid footsteps. He placed himself ready, where the moon shone clearest down on the path. His heart was racing; his hand trembled, but he felt urged onward in his dreadful purpose by some irresistible power within him. So continued was his mind that he did not distinguish that the footsteps were not those of a grown person, and that they came in an opposite direction from that which he was watching. He was in the act of raising his pistol, when a small, ragged boy emerged from the dark shade of the trees, coming as if from the widow's house, and ran hastily along the path. Bryan recognized him as an orphan nephew of the young widow, whom she had reared. He wondered where the child could be going at that hour of the night; he thought of calling to him and inquiring of him, but a nervous fear of discovery kept him silent.

He shuddered, for as the boy ran suddenly up to where he stood, he had nearly died. Had the boy not been so very small, he would certainly have fired; and his blood ran cold at the thought of murdering a poor innocent child, though he coolly contemplated the death of a man burdened with many unrepenting sins. His horror at the thought of his changing to kill that child, caused him for a moment to contemplate the crime of murder—the murder he was going to commit—in a new and appalling light. He wished vehemently that Sir Philip had only injured him very deeply in some respect, that he might have a stronger reason for the act he was about to perpetrate. He strove with eagerness to consider himself as the near relation of Rebecca Downing, and, as such, the man who had the best right to avenge her.

But in the moment of his greatest self-reproach, when he had almost resolved to wait no longer, his hand inadvertently touched the pocket-book—the chain of money was again fastened around him—he remained.

At last he heard footsteps advancing—measured footsteps. Again he stood where the moonlight shone most clearly. The figure of a man appeared advancing in the direction he was watching—a man enveloped in a cloak, the collar of which was drawn up considerably about his face. "It is Sir Philip," muttered Bryan. He aimed—he fired.

Marcus Downing awoke from a disturbed and feverish slumber, as the dawn of the dull November morning was sending its beams into his small bedroom. All night he had been oppressed with evil dreams. Terrors had overwhelmed him, he knew not why; mysterious horrors had been spread before his shuddering gaze. He was glad now that he was awake, and that it was daylight, and that all the fear darkness brings had departed. His first thought was of Rebecca, and of Sir Philip. She is avenged—she is avenged by this time!" he whispered, and a fierce, bitter joy passed over his face, shivered face.

At that moment the door of the room was violently opened, and a figure entered, which caused the old man to start up in his bed in speechless wonder and terror.

It was Bryan Cassidy—it was like the doomed spirit of Bryan Cassidy, if such could appear to mortal eyes. There was no look of blood or life in his face, but his lips were apart, his teeth were bare, and his hands were clenched.

"There—there!" cried he, as he reached the bed side, "there is your cursed money, the price you paid me for shedding blood. Take it back, take it back—take it!" He flung the purse and pocket-book together on the bed.

The old man could not say one word. His eyes were distended and fixed on the maniacal form before him.

"Curse it! curse it! curse your money, now, old man! If you had never made it, we would have all been happy. Burn it, burn it now! God—Oh, God! if I had never seen it!" Bryan writhed as if in convulsions.

Still the old man could not speak—could not ask the reason of all the agony he saw. He seemed suddenly struck into a statue like form of age, and helplessness, and unutterable misery.

"And I loved him so well; there was nobody in all the world I loved as I did him; there was no other living creature so good and so kind. I would have given up my best heart's blood for him—ay, every drop in my veins for him; and now—now—my own hand—that hand that would have gone through fire for him—to do it—curse—curse money!"

There was a mist came before my eyes when I fired last night, a black mist. It was the devil's presence, keeping me from seeing and knowing the man I loved; that I might murder him, and so put one so good away from the world. But I fired true, though the black mist was there. I saw it this morning—I saw the crowd gathering about the place. I could not stay away for fear they might suspect me. I'll see the proud tyrant lying low, I said, so I went to look on Sir Philip's dead face, and I saw—I saw him—my own cousin—the only one I loved in the world, lying there—murdered by my own hand! Old man, bury that money

in some deep place... There's a black... An African repeated the last words...

ROLL ON! OH, RESTLESS SEA.

Roll on, oh! restless sea, Break on thy pebbly shore; I hear with ecstasy...

The White Slaves of the South.

William H. De Camp, of the Michigan Engineers and Mechanics Regiment, now with Gen. Rosecrans, at Elk River, Tenn., writes on the 6th inst., to the Grand Rapids Eagle as follows of the beauties of slavery...

There's a black... An African repeated the last words... The old man fell back fainting...

The Arcana Questions.

Hudson Tuttle, Esq. Dear Sir—In reading, with great interest, your "History and Laws of Creation," and while not prepared to judge of the correctness of many of the theories which it contains, an incident that I do not mistake in pronouncing it an eminently readable and suggestive book...

REPLY.

To answer the letters of inquiring friends, in so many always a pleasure. The ARCANNA was written to do good, and if the little I can add makes clear any passage apparently dark, the time I thus employ is well spent...

SHORT SERMON.

THE OLD BELIEVER.

Awake a lingering lay of other years, And let it come from Greece and the Isles Of the Proprietors; to our line it bears...

THE FIVE TALENTS, AND THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

Perhaps it will be interesting to some of the readers of the BANNER to see the difference between the explanations which the Orthodox give of certain passages of scripture, and those which the spirits give. I do not remember ever hearing the same explanations given...

THE OLD BELIEVER.

THE OLD BELIEVER.

Awake a lingering lay of other years, And let it come from Greece and the Isles Of the Proprietors; to our line it bears...

Correspondence.

Letter to Cora Wilburn.

I am exceedingly gratified by your article in a late number of the BANNER, on the subject of "Materiality." Poor, stupid, outraged and suffering humanity is ignorant of the cause of its wrongs and its miseries...

Notes with Stops in.

Notes with Stops in.

During my short stay at my home, I received much valuable evidence of the growth and spread of our philosophy. For as the BANNER had sent notice of my engagements for me to speak, invitations came in abundance and from several States—from Washington D. C., and from the ill-fated Lawrence, which suffered such terrible fate a few days after my reply...

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

Miss Louisa G. Whittier. (Continued.) When I was many years ago a little Methodist girl, and you a medium, through whom I then received one of my best lessons, and had never heard of her since. I found that in her reform dress, a thorough healthy, and well educated young lady, able to stand up and speak boldly and freely for the cause of reform.

Mrs. J. H. Stillman, M. D., of Whitewater, Wis., said many truthful words of advice on health, and in good on the platform, walked the streets and sales in a novel, peculiar, and very convenient dress, that puzzled the Orthodox ladies to know if she was man or woman, or angel, and perhaps some of the men also, but she was solid matter as the rest of us, at least when she spoke.

Mrs. B. Knox Ames, if she had not before, certainly did in this Convention, prove she was truly named; for she aims high and hits the white; and though small, she knocks conservatism at every blow, and leaves it blinded by Knox.

Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Stows, President Kilgore, Mr. Bent, ("As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.") and several other angular, conical, salivacious, radical, fanatical, or conservative speakers, even the writer, had a hand in making up the scene.

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 1, 1863. WARREN GRASS.

Another of "Irene's" Sparkling Letters.

DONALD LILIAN—I'm going a roundabout way to talk with you, but a certain "Donal Benja" has set the example, and I rather like it. "Luther" seems to keep "mum"; perhaps he don't know which way to turn to "whisper" to me. I hope you have old scenes degenerated too well on your soulful memory to forget where I am, have 'n't you? Oh, I'm so lonely without you, Lilian, these long August days. There is not enough of the "hermit" in my nature to feel in an enjoyable mood when you are away so far—you who have been my companion, sympathizer, sharer in all my rambles, sorrows and fun for years. Please tell me what Minnesota has to boast of that dear old Wisconsin has not? "Minnesota." Well, let it "ha-ha," (if it feels in the mood, but it's not according to Scripture—there's a time to laugh.) The silly thing laughs all the time! What would you think were there a regiment of girls going about laughing continually? Wisconsin's "della" (Sank Co.) are more accessible by far: they are cheerful all the time. I like her, she these cheerful spirits make up the sunshine of life! They are the ones to turn the dark clouds wrong side out, and find their "silver linings"—to see beauty everywhere in Nature—to turn everything to the best account, being reconciled to a superior power, or intelligence; they are not always planning and contriving improvements in the Divine arrangements, or forever finding fault with the daily pages of the Book of Life, which time so gently turns for them.

I think you and I ought to be more cheerful—or me, especially—and yet I am well content with the panorama of this daily life (better with you at my side, however.) We realize what an unfathomable depth of sunshine there is all around about us, and we love and pity humanity, and would be glad were we not, as a nation, obliged to be homicide. Yet we go back and think, think, think, always coming to the conclusion with Pope:

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never ails or eases, fall the world,
That never passion discomposed the mind,
But all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life;
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature and is kept in man.

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good!

Oh, I had such a comical letter from a friend! He called me all sorts of names, such as "Metopome," "Pomona," "Collina," and "Juno," and "Tarpal chora," and half-a-dozen others—all because I got a "drive" on him (as they say out here for "joke") about a pretty girl named for a city in Attica. I asked him if he'd like to be called "Pythagoras," and supposing he did, if he could remember when he was a "goat" I expect he'd say he don't believe in the "transmigration of souls!" He said something about Cupid, too, Cousin Benja, but didn't mention the bit that you think can't fly over a hedgehog. Why, I've watched them mount up toward the zenith, till I thought they must be in "Alden." Pity if they could n't fly over the green, mossy fence that encloses "home, sweet home." Do you dare one to try it? I was n't going to fire at random, "I reckon." He said that his "musk" (his heart, of course) was "too impregnable for Cupid's arrows," and that he'd "never capitulate." "Well," said I, "reconciliate them." Said I, "it is hopeful you will not share the sad fate of the Bachelors of Lacedaemon!"

By the way, what queer ideas those ancients had! There was a "Birobo," (away been I came never spelling it,) who had such a clear vision that he could see a hundred miles. I wonder if it was clairvoyance? If so, that's no more than hundreds can do now a days. I wish I was a clairvoyant, and I'd swoop into your Minnesota parlor to-night, and see who you were talking to, writing to, or crying about. Were you weeping for those two soldier brothers who lie so still and cold out on the "fallow field of God," I should call them sanctified tears, and with a kiss of sympathy for your dear lips—lips that have uttered such hopeful words, such words of patriotism and heroism—I would leave you in your sacred silence, thinking 'twas hallowed ground, on which I could not tread till a more befitting moment. You go hand in hand with thousands in your deep bereavement, Lilian. May Faith and Hope lead you and those up the spiral stairs of life till you reach the threshold of "the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," when those sainted soldiers will meet and conduct you into the mysterious chambers; then, gradually, will each mystery be explained, and you shall know of the "starry host," and the ways of a thousand things inexplicable here. Oh, a reason will be given for all these trials, for all this great and incomparable suffering, all this "inhumanity to man," which makes "countless thousands moorn." I sometimes feel as though it never could be made plain—there are so many innocent sufferers. Still, as that friend said, "it is the legitimate result of cause and effect." (How completely he lays himself out on the altar of our country, ready at any moment to have the sacrificial knife plunged into his warm heart!)

I wanted to tell "Cousin Benja" how I laughed at his letter, and how I agreed with him; but I have n't the time now, for, with Minnie Mintwood, I believe in writing to you in the sunshine.

Yours for the uprooting of Wrong and the crowning of Right.

IRVING.

Hedgehog Farm, August 23, 1863.

The Davenport Boys.

Ms. Enron—Below, you will please find a short article out of the True Republican, of Centerville, Ind., published while the boys were there detained to answer to the charges preferred against them while in the city of Richmond, of obtaining money under false pretences. As there have been many articles published by different papers on account of it, I think you will do the friends at large a favor by copying the following into your columns.

Yours truly with respect,

W. S. ALLEN, Agent for Davenport Boys, Centerville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1863.

report Boys" gave some of their peculiar entertainments last spring at Richmond. They created quite a furore among the regularly accessible citizens of the said Quaker city, partly in their favor, and partly against them. The distinguished man at last resorted almost to mob violence, broke up the last meeting, and finally resorted to the sage procedure of a legal prosecution. The Davenport boys were recognized in a large way on hand accordingly. The friends of the boys had their case before them, and have found no cause for a criminal prosecution. The Davenport boys came off with flying colors, as every cool thinking man must have foreseen from the beginning that they would. The idea of prosecuting every exhibition of this kind that might fall to come up to the expectations of all, was an extremely ridiculous, and exhibited a "verdancy" as extraordinary as it was refreshing in a city of the size and pretensions of Richmond. Totally irrespective of the merits or demerits of the exhibitions, every sensible man will pronounce their discharge by the grand jury rational and righteously.

P. S.—Since writing the above we learn the Davenport boys have been served with a writ on account of their refusal to pay what they deemed an exorbitant attorney's fee of \$100, for services at their preliminary trial at Richmond. We learn they are also to be prosecuted for violating our county ordinance against exhibiting without license. There seems to be a disposition to "put them through"—with many apparently out of spite, because they cannot understand how they do the things they do. Let them have credit for very ingenious sleight-of-hand performances, at least. No occasion for wrath or persecution.

Letter from Corn Wilburn.

After a sojourn of nearly three months in Minnesota, behold me again in the pleasant city of Dubuque. I visited again some of our Spiritualist friends in Minneapolis, saw the falls of Minnehaha in their summer smiles and leafy surroundings, and left Saint Paul on the 28th of August in the commodious steamer Northern Light, in the company of two genial ladies of the household of faith, whose acquaintance I had formed in the saintly capital of Minnesota. Our river voyage was very pleasant. The passengers were agreeable; the weather delightful, though cool for the season, rendering a fire in the cabin indispensable. An incident occurred during our trip, which afforded opportunity for the exercise of that benevolent God implanted in the human heart. The poor young widow of a fallen soldier came on board the steamer at McGregor, Iowa, with three little children, the youngest a helpless babe of five months, sick and languishing for lack of the nonishment the pale and suffering mother was unable to give. She was accompanied by a sister, who was most devoted to the little babe. Left destitute and sick, the poor, bereft one was on her way to some distant relatives in Illinois. The sympathies of our lady passengers were soon most deeply called, and the kind Captain Gabel appealed to. He gave both sisters a free passage to Dubuque, and a donation of five dollars was added. One of the pilots, whose name I did not learn, contributed his two dollars and a half. Ladies and gentlemen gave whatever the pressure of the times allowed, and the small but welcome sum of fifteen dollars was collected and placed in the grateful hands of the poor widow.

The benevolent and truly gentlemanly proprietor of the Julian House, of this city, whose name I believe, is Mr. Russ, was a passenger on the boat. On hearing the sad case, he took charge of the family on landing, and had them conveyed to the Key City Hotel, of which he is also the proprietor, and there they remained, well cared for and most kindly treated. A few hours after their arrival, (as I saw by the papers next day,) the baby's spirit was released from its little suffering body. The Ladies Aid Society obtained a coffin; the kind ladies at the hotel prepared the weep form for its earthly resting-place; some money was collected, and the two sad-hearted yet thankful sisters departed on their journey, after the infant had been consigned to the bosom of Mother Earth. Thus do romance and reality, sorrow and teaching discipline, cross our path of life at every step.

Accompanied by Mrs. Wilburn, M.D., of Bloomington, Ill., one of my friends and fellow travelers, I enjoyed a pleasant ramble in Wisconsin, while the boat took us some cargo. At Prairie Du Chien we had a three mile walk, and saw the old Fort Crawford, and admitted the prairie land bounded by the sheltering hills.

We arrived the evening of the 30th. For a few weeks again at rest, I send my best greetings to friends and readers, with the distant hope of someday greeting you from the East.

Yours for Truth, CORN WILBURN.

Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 3, 1863.

Spiritualism in Montpelier, Vt.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, through the columns of your much valued paper, to give your readers a brief account of Spiritualism in Montpelier. The advocates, although not strong in number, are strong in faith, and have had the pleasure a few weeks past of witnessing some strong demonstration of spirits through the mediumship of Annie Lord Chamberlain. None who witnessed these manifestations with honest intentions, could call them aught but genuine, although much ado has been made by a popular editor in this place, (Mr. Willard,) who attended several of these sittings, for the purpose, as he says, of detecting fraud, and has since come out boldly and pronounced it all a trick. But he did not however come to this conclusion publicly (after attending sittings of Mrs. Chamberlain and Mr. Fay,) until after a jogger came along, giving entertainments, such as "being tied and getting out of the ropes the same as mediums did," as he said. The editor caught like a drowsing man to this frail bark, and was then prepared to call it all a trick, and thanked the honest juggler for revealing the mysteries of Spiritualism. He wonders that people of intelligence can be so cheated as to believe the lingo of some artless Indian girl, or the mummerly of some spiritual Patriarch, but finally came to the conclusion that the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat. Doubtless Mr. Willard is justified in his decision. If I have been tightly informed about the tying, the juggler was not tied at all as was Mr. Fay; and that this same juggler refused to be tied in an adjoining town by Spiritualists Mr. Willard says to such as are disposed to credit the "lingo of Spiritualism," that "it is all a wicked imposture, a cheat, and a trick, and if Spiritualists were not making these exhibitions the arguments upon which to build heresies subversive not only of Christian religion, but of Christian morals, he would be content to let them pass without serious notice."

Now it appears to us he himself is the one most cheated, and it is not for us to say whether the pleasure is great or not. Spiritualism stands forth a "cleared" instead of a "lingo," and it will take more than two or three evenings' investigation, by the wisest of men, to destroy it. If the Christian religion and Christian morals are upheld upon the rock of truth, he need have no fears of their safety, for truth will only destroy error, and raise as long as there is a God.

"Truth originated to earth will rise again." We must look with charity and love upon the opponents of the "soothing" faiths of Spiritualism, knowing that it is because its truths are not understood by them. We will calmly wait, knowing that all men shall see the truth; if not in this life, when they lay off the mortal and put on the immortal.

Yours for truth, Mrs. Anna W. TANNIN.

Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 28, 1863.

Mr. Van Vleet, of the Kinderhook News, in a way, "He who steals my purse," says he, "steals postage stamps. They're ours, they're his, and have been slaves to thousands, and when they get dirty will be nobody's good, but that's what happens to postage stamps." He says, "I have a friend who has a stamp book, and when he gets a new one, he gives it to me, and I give it to you, and you give it to him, and he gives it to me, and so it goes, and when it gets dirty, it's nobody's good, but that's what happens to postage stamps." He says, "I have a friend who has a stamp book, and when he gets a new one, he gives it to me, and I give it to you, and you give it to him, and he gives it to me, and so it goes, and when it gets dirty, it's nobody's good, but that's what happens to postage stamps."

THE ACORN AND THE HANDS.

A SONG FOR PROGRESS.

BY DWANNE.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"
Says God's most holy word;
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er the earth,
And the earth hath numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Sunlight and breeze, and gladness flowers,
Are o'er the earth spread wide;
And the good God gave these gifts to men,
To men who on earth abide;
Yet thousands are toiling to poisonous gloom,
And shakled with iron bands;
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Never a rood hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn—
And never a plant where his child may coil
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn;
The soil lies fallow, the wood's growth rank,
Yet little the poor man stands!
Ah! millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

'Tis writ that "we shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth on the corn!"
Yet, behold, ye shake the poor man's limbs
That have all earth's burdens borne.
The land is the gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Who hath ordained that the few should hold
Their millions of useless gold?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While professed soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

'Tis a glorying lie on the face of day,
This robbery of men's rights;
'Tis a lie that the word of the Lord drowns,
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 't will burn and blight, till the people rise,
And swear, while they have their lands,
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands.

MONEY.

Money, thou base of bliss and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low;
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely, thou didst not so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got.
That he was vain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grove.

Then, forcing thee by fire, he made thee bright—
Nay, thou hast got the face of man for we have,
With our stamp and seal, transferred our right;
Thou art the man, and we but dress to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth; who made thee rich;
And, while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.
—(Geo. Herbert, 1800.)

GRACE MEETING NEAR BYRON, MICHIGAN.

Aug. 15, 1863.

(Reprinted for the Banner of Light.)

The meeting was temporarily organized by the appointment of Solon Stone, Chairman, and Christiana Brown, Secretary.

The exercises were opened with a song from the "Psalm of Life," followed by an invocation by John Southard, of Pontiac, who, also under spirit control, gave some of the presence and aid of spirits to be realized throughout the meeting.

Elijah Woodworth spoke upon the necessity of spirit-intercourse.

Mr. D. Chadwick, of Linden, improvised a poem on the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

After an intermission of an hour, the meeting convened and proceeded to a permanent organization, by appointing Solon Stone, President, and A. F. Westcott, Secretary.

A song from the "Psalm of Life" was sung, which was followed by a patriotic poem by John Southard.

Elijah Woodworth spoke upon "The Early Religion and its progression," which was followed by a song, "Angels Bright."

Dr. D. R. Stone, of Owosso, spoke upon the subject "Truth is immortal and cannot die." His remarks were followed by an impromptu poem by Mrs. Chadwick.

J. Southard made a few remarks on "Old Orthodoxy," he having been a Deacon in the Baptist Church for many years, and ought to know something about the same, and by improvising a poem, descriptive of the Spirit's home.

Some remarks were made on the "Exchange of Ideas" by Dr. Stone, and also on the "Law by which Spirits communicate," by E. Woodworth, when, after another song by the choir, the session adjourned.

Sunday morning, Aug. 16.—The morning being somewhat rainy, meeting convened in the school house near the Grove, and was addressed by Mrs. Mary Call, of Lansing, in trance state.

Dr. Stone made some remarks on the benefits of spirit-intercourse, after which, the rain having ceased, the meeting adjourned to the Grove.

Twelve o'clock M., about four hundred persons assembled in the Grove. The meeting was reorganized by electing L. B. Brown, of Westphalia, to the chair, in place of Solon Stone, resigned.

A song composed for the occasion by John Southard, was sung by the choir.

Mr. Brown, on assuming the chair, made some remarks upon the question propounded by "Job." "If a man die, shall he live again?" which he said had remained unanswered, from the days of Job, or from the days of the allegory of Job was written, to the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The spiritual manifestations of the last fifteen years having clearly demonstrated the fact of man's immortality, the question was to-day, "Where does he live? and what is the nature of the life after death?" These great questions had brought many intelligent and interested minds together on this occasion, to pursue their investigations into the unathomable mysteries of immortality.

The President closed his remarks by introducing Mr. Chas. A. Andrews, of Fishing, who, in the absence of the eloquent and logical discussion of the great questions above introduced.

The powers of this young man as an instrument in the hands of higher intelligences, are extraordinary, and his usefulness as a trance speaker, as well as for healing purposes, together with personal communications, are destined to do an incalculable amount of good, and to win for this humble and unassuming young man, an enviable and wide-spread reputation.

An interval of one hour was now allowed to refreshments, which a score or more of well-dressed baskets bore on tips a table improvised upon an occasion in great abundance, and of which the large assembly partook with apparent good appetites and good cheer.

As the close of this agreeable and social hour, the meeting was again called to order, and the following questions and resolutions were introduced and discussed by Elijah Woodworth:

"Whereas man is by nature a progressive being, and destined to elevation and happiness in the future, therefore

Resolved, That the closed, or inactive state of Dynamical Fatalism, and the first death spoken of by the Christian historians,

Resolved, That the introduction of the Christian Dispensation superseding that of the Jewish, together with its followers, and the development of the mind to the arts and sciences of progressive humanity, constitutes the first Resurrection as referred to by Biblical writers.

Resolved, That the gathering and overthrow of "Job and Megog," together with the materialism of Christianity and Dynamical Fatalism, constitutes the Second Death as referred to in the Apocalypse.

Resolved, That the living alive into the "Book of the Living," symbolizes the purifying process of the Second Resurrection of elevated and happy humanity, called the "New Jerusalem and River of Life."

Dr. John Southard read a poem upon "The Devil." Dr. D. R. Stone, received that he would speak the sentiments of D. R. Stone, whether it would say anything of "not," and made one of the most striking speeches of the occasion, freight with independent

of thought, great love of the truth, and deep sympathy for the oppressed of earth.

Mr. Chadwick spoke upon some of the Doctrines and Dogmas of the Bible.

Mr. C. A. Andrews in the brown state, spoke upon the question, "What constitutes the human will?—from whence its origin?"

The profound learning and logical reasoning displayed in the discussion of this subject, indicated a high order of intellect, and bespoke for the medium great usefulness, while he shall be willing in instrument in the hands of such intelligences as used him on this occasion.

Songs were interspersed between the speeches, while interest, cheerfulness and patience characterized the assembly.

The President spoke a pleasant word at parting, referring to the reunion of kindred spirits on the blissful shores of the "Summer Land," where all pursue their highest delight, and where every household, hopeless apart of earth, will find a mansion in the good All Father's home. Bidding each in this happy assembly a kind farewell, until we meet again in social intercourse upon the mundane sphere, or clasp hands upon the bright "land of the hereafter."

This season was one of the most pleasant it has been our good fortune to enjoy. The variety of subjects discussed, rendering it very instructive. One remarkable feature of the occasion in the social circle, was the presence of Indian spirits controlling a number of mediums, whose healing powers liberally displayed were akin to many an infirm and deranged physical constitution. The hospitality of the citizens here were generous in the extreme.

I transmit this at the request of the Secretary.

Yours truly, L. B. BROWN.

Herald of Progress please copy.

The Children's Column.

THE ACORN.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

There was once, upon a stately old oak, a little acorn. This was no very wonderful thing, you will think, since it is the commonest thing in the world to find acorns upon oaks. Well, but this little acorn had some very good ideas. It had often been born with legs or something had whiskered it, that also was to be an oak. The idea, however, she came by it, pleased her very much, and she hung the long summer days upon the outermost branches of her parent tree, tossing in the breeze, and thinking how much she would do if she was an oak; how many acorns she would bear for the children to pick up; how they would come under her to play, and what delightful shade she would be in the hot summer days; how in the winter, when she did not want her leaves any more, she would scatter them gently over the ground, and keep the roots of the grass and little plants warm all the next spring, for she had heard of victors and springs, though she had never yet seen one. But then she began to wonder when she should be an oak.

"How long I have lived!" said she, "and I am no nearer an oak than when I was born. But to-morrow, perhaps, I shall be an oak."

She looked down with pitying contempt upon her sisters, who had dropped from the tree, and lay meekly upon the ground, waiting to be picked up.

"Poor things!" she said, "it must be very hard to fall so far! But then they do not expect to be oaks!"

So she drew her head under her leafy curtain, and went to sleep.

But that night a great storm of wind and rain arose, and began to beat the old oak, as it often had before. Do its best it could not break the tree down, but it made great havoc among the leaves and acorns, and blew off an acorn among the others. Poor thing! she crawled in among the leaves and twigs, and tried with all her strength to hold on to the oak; but it was of no kind of use, the pitiless storm tore her off, and she fell upon the ground. She fell upon a rock, and bounded down into a hollow, some distance from the mother tree. She was quite stunned by the fall, and lay long time senseless. When she recovered, the storm was over and the sun shined. She looked about her and remembered where she was, and what had happened; and then she was quite overpowered with grief.

"Alas, alas!" said she, "I never can be an oak now! I thought to be so beautiful and do such great things, and now I have fallen from my mother, and down in this hollow, none will ever see me! I shall never be even picked up!"

As the poor little acorn lay bemoaning her sad fate, a gust of wind heaped a great pile of leaves upon her, and completed her misery, and put out the last faint spark of hope.

Storm followed storm, frost came, the snow covered the ground, and if the poor acorn could have seen the great drift piled upon her, she would have been still more discouraged, if that were possible. But she was happily blind to all that, and having yielded all for nothing, tried to make herself as comfortable as she could.

The winter was over, the snow had gone, when one day the acorn felt a strange thrill. What could it mean? Was she going to die? Or could it, could it be that she was to be something besides a mere useless black lump after all? A little white speck burst through the shell, which had been made moist and tender by the damp mould around it, and began to grow downward into the earth. Another bud soon followed it, and then the pitiless storm tore her off, and she fell upon the ground. She fell upon a rock, and bounded down into a hollow, some distance from the mother tree. She was quite stunned by the fall, and lay long time senseless. When she recovered, the storm was over and the sun shined. She looked about her and remembered where she was, and what had happened; and then she was quite overpowered with grief.

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The winter was over, the snow had gone, when one day the acorn felt a strange thrill. What could it mean? Was she going to die? Or could it, could it be that she was to be something besides a mere useless black lump after all? A little white speck burst through the shell, which had been made moist and tender by the damp mould around it, and began to grow downward into the earth. Another bud soon followed it, and then the pitiless storm tore her off, and she fell upon the ground. She fell upon a rock, and bounded down into a hollow, some distance from the mother tree. She was quite stunned by the fall, and lay long time senseless. When she recovered, the storm was over and the sun shined. She looked about her and remembered where she was, and what had happened; and then she was quite overpowered with grief.

"Alas, alas!" said she, "I never can be an oak now! I thought to be so beautiful and do such great things, and now I have fallen from my mother, and down in this hollow, none will ever see me! I shall never be even picked up!"

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pruned it when I was young, but I did not think to do so large. It will be a fair tree when you see it."

"Ah! but that is a long time, grandfather!"
The oak laughed—the boy thought he heard the branches rustle—and said to itself:
"Well a very long time! Shall I really be an oak so soon?"

Summer and winter passed by, and the oak was a hundred years old. She mused thus:
"How many hardships and trials I have passed through! But they were all necessary, and I do not regret them now. It is worth them all to be an oak!"

The boy stood by her again. He was a man now, and said:
"What a noble tree! It was my grandfather's tree, and I love it for his sake!"
His children played under its thick shade, and gathered acorns.—Memorial and Aesop.

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. BERTHA L. CHAPMAN will speak in Lyceum Hall, in Boston, Oct. 4 and 11. She will also speak in New England after that date. Address, 111 Oct. 1st, Putnam, N. Y. After that time, Boston, care Banner of Light. An early application is requested.

Miss LIZIE DORR will speak in Fozboro, Mass., Sept. 20; in Boston, Sept. 27; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25; in New York, Oct. 25 and 26. Address Pavilion, 87 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. DAVIS BROWN will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Oct. 23. Address, Milford, N. H.

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy, Sept. 30 and 27; in Troy, N. Y., December; Philadelphia, in Jan. Her address will be Bridgewater, Vermont.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Dover, Me., Sept. 20 at the Grove Meeting, Exeter, Me., Sept. 20 and 27; in Keegan's Hall, Oct. 4 in Bradford, Oct. 11 in Portland, Dec. 6 and 13. Address, New York City.

Mrs. ANTONIA A. CONNOR will speak in Taunton, Sept. 20 and 27; in Groveland, Oct. 4 to Buffalo, N. Y. Nov. in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. in Troy, N. Y., Jan. Address, box 810, Lowell, Mass.

Remarkable Cure of Palsy by Spirit Power.

To the following facts the persons whose names are affixed are knowing. We publish them as proof that those out of the body are interested in those in the body, and are able to help them in their hours of trial and suffering, both as relates to the body and the soul.

Wednesday, July 20th, about 9 A. M. the word "stickness" came out on her arm in presence of one of the undersigned, in very marked and distinct letters. She passed into an unconscious trance, and in answer to the question, "Who is to be sick?" the following was written:

"It refers to the medium (J. M. Friend). She is to be taken suddenly ill with trouble of the heart, and remain for some hours quiet and unconscious. It is to be a sort of paralytic shock, but we think she will come out of it. It will be very sudden. She will have the appearance of sleep during the time. If death takes place, there will be a change of color about the eyes; but we hope it may not be so."

"To the question, "When is it to take place?" the answer was given, "Within a month." "Can anything be done to prevent the shock?" "No. It must and will take place." It was asked, "What can be done for her when the attack comes?" Answer, "Rub the stomach and side well with mustard water, applying cloths wet with the same."

When she came into her normal state, the communication was read to her, to her husband, and her husband's mother. One of the persons whose names are affixed was a witness to all the above transactions, and wrote them down as they transpired. The prophecy came through Mrs. Friend, from what purports to be her guardian spirit, Dr. Brown. It was written down at the time and shown to three persons, and the following Sunday it was made known to a public meeting held by Mrs. Friend, she being the medium through whom it was told. The word "stickness" on her arm was also seen by five persons, two of whose names are affixed to this statement.

Friday, August 21st, while sitting in her room listening to the reading of the daily news, she was suddenly struck down, and remained in a wholly unconscious state for four hours. Two of the persons whose names are undersigned, were present all the time. Part of the time there was no manifestation of life, except a scarcely perceptible pulse at the wrist. When she came into a conscious state, her right side, from the shoulder to the foot, was wholly paralyzed, and powerless. She had no power to move the hand, nor even a finger on the right hand. Her mind and speech were unaffected. Till Sunday morning she remained perfectly helpless on that side; then, two of the undersigned being present, she was put into the trance state, and by the aid of an unseen power exerted over her by her guardian spirit, it was communicated that certain persons whose names were designated and whose names are affixed, should meet at her room, form a circle, and bring their magnetic power to bear on her, and through this means her guardian spirit promised to enable her to stand on her paralyzed limb and use the palsied hand and arm.

Sunday evening, August 23d, the following persons met at her room: Francis M. Loring, Cyrus Story, Gorham Burnham, Nathaniel P. Allen, Elbridge H. Friend, (husband of the medium,) Abbie Friend, his mother—all these well known in Gloucester—and Henry C. Wright, of Boston, and formed a circle. An invisible power, purporting to be her guardian spirit, took possession of Mrs. Friend, and caused her to bear her whole weight on her palsied limb, and use her palsied hand to write the following communication:

"If this circle will meet four or five times, we think with the aid of your magnetic power, we can get the patient so that she can walk about her room in a few days, and in a few weeks be able to walk out of door." It was also told that, after the spirit-power left her and she came into her self-sustained and normal state, she would be stronger than she was before the circle was formed, but not able to move about as while under their control. The above-mentioned persons met five times, formed the circle, and each time the patient came stronger, remaining in an improved condition after the unseen power was withdrawn. One of the undersigned persons, by the direction of Dr. Brown, visited her daily, and in presence of others, brought a power to bear upon her which imparted such strength to her paralyzed limbs as enabled her to walk about the room while under its influence, and which left her improved in strength when consciousness returned.

On Friday evening, August 23d, she had a severe attack, and the disease seemed to leave the arm and side and tend to the brain. It had the symptoms of the first attack, though continued but about an hour. While her friends stood around her, bathing and rubbing her, her hand was moved by this strange power, and wrote under the influence of the Doctor: "The disease seems to be tending to the brain—an unusual thing; the usual course being from the brain to the limbs; but we shall succeed in throwing it off." Which they did; for when she became herself again the limbs remained as before, and the mind and speech were soon fully restored. This experience was in presence of the whole circle.

Not the least extraordinary among the facts concerning this cure are the following:

During the first week, Mrs. Friend was attacked by faintness four or five times, turning cold and pale as death, falling into a dead faint, and lying, for some minutes, without any visible signs of life. Each one of these fainting fits were foretold by Dr. Brown, her guardian spirit, some time before they occurred, and directions given by him regarding her restoration from them.

The attack occurred Friday, August 21st. The Sunday preceding, August 19th, it was told through Mrs. Friend, by Dr. Brown, in a public meeting, that the sickness would take place the latter part of that week, which statement was verified, as we have shown.

It is now two weeks this day since she was stricken down suddenly, as if she had been shot, and from which unconscious state she came out with her right side completely paralyzed and helpless. She can now walk about her room, and from one room to another, without aid, and can use her palsied hand and arm to write, to dress and undress, and feed herself. The side and limbs are not so strong as before the shock, but her spirit guardian and friends assure her and her friends that they will, in a month or two, be perfectly restored.

This cure of entire paralysis has been produced solely by an invisible power purporting to be, and so, proved to be by the undersigned, the agency of disembodied spirits, no visible agency having anything to do with the cure, except the circle of the above-named friends, who have met and formed a circle around her, joining hands, six times, and making passes over the palsied side and limbs, and rubbing and patting the hand and foot occasionally. The entire process of cure has been under the counsel and direction of Dr. Brown, her guardian spirit.

We record these facts, most all of which have taken place in the presence of us all, and all of them in the presence of two of us, and append our names to this

statement, solely that others may have faith in the power and willingness of spirit-guardians and friends to heal diseases of body and ease the sorrows and anxieties of the mind, and to encourage them to come to this fountain and find health to the body and rest to the soul. We doubt not the same power that healed similar and other diseases in the days of Jesus, is made manifest in the cure of Mrs. Friend. Nor is there one fact recorded in the life of Jesus and his followers, respecting the curing of diseases, better attested than is this of which we speak, and which we have witnessed. The witnesses are all living, and may be examined as to details. Why should we receive accounts of healing, as true, performed two thousand years ago, and attested by persons of whom nothing is known, and refuse to believe the statements of living witnesses, all of whom are well known? Why is the Dead Past worthy of so much more credence than the Living Present?

FRANCIS M. LORING, CYRUS STORY, NATHANIEL P. ALLEN, GORHAM BURNHAM, ABY H. FRIEND, ELBRIDGE H. FRIEND, HENRY C. WRIGHT. Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 4, 1863.

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

Banner of Light.

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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 beat the gates of mercy on mankind; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my eyes. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see 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.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

With the first number of our new volume we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting Novellette, written expressly for the BANNER by Miss CORA WILBURN, the author of "Coelia Wayne," a tale we published some years ago, and which attracted much attention at the time.

The title of our New Story is,

Jasmine;

OR,

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

In anticipation of an extensive demand for this great story, we shall print large editions of the papers containing it, in order to supply the trade. But, notwithstanding, we may fall short of the demand, hence it behooves those of our friends whose names are not already on our books, to see to it that they are placed there in season to secure a perusal of Miss Wilburn's fine Story.

In the first number of Volume XIV we shall print a verbatim report of a Lecture delivered at Lyceum Hall, in this city, July 6th, 1863, by Cora L. V. Hatch. Subject: "DOES SCIENCE CONFLICT WITH THE BIBLE?"

Also, in the same issue will appear a beautiful Poem, by Verona Coe, entitled, "The Old House."

Silent Forces.

The real fact is, that all genuine power works silently. It is the engine that drives without hitches and jumps, which does the work. The men who are talking about themselves all the time, generally waste their energy before they get to it. Wordy and bolstering people are not the ones to rely upon; not so much because they mean deliberately to deceive, or are hypocritical, as because they are pretty nearly used up for service before they are actually called upon to render it. In running a mill by water power, it is necessary to keep back the stream until a good strong head of water is on, preparatory to opening the gate and letting on the power. It is the same way in character. About so much energy must have been secretly and silently accumulated, before anything can be attempted with a hope of success.

The history of the present war abounds with striking illustrations of the truth, that silence generates the great powers which are employed with effect before the eyes of the world. On looking over the roll of our Generals and Commanders, we can easily see who is the great man, and who will fall when a crisis overtakes him. The failures which have already occurred, have occurred only in obedience to his law. In Gen. Banks we find this point very forcibly illustrated. He never jabbered about, but did his work; nor does he stand by his work, either, like a mere mechanic, but plunges in deep reflection even while he struts all his energies to the accomplishment of his end. The one favorable remark made about him on all sides is this, that he has done well wherever he has been placed, without grumbling—that is, without talking too much. He has given the President less trouble, if we are to believe what Mr. Lincoln himself says, than any other of all the Union Generals.

So it is in Grant's case; he wrought with power because it was in silence. He set about his gigantic task of capturing Vicksburg; and he did it. Not with words, for the country heard nothing from his lips while the great plan was going through with its accomplishment; but he kept "pecking away," as the President describes his own labor in the prosecution of the war, thinking while he worked, and gathering up his forces for a new and stronger effort at every step. Rosecrans performs much in the same way. So does Gillmore. So must all men, who possess genuine power, whether it is employed in war or in the professions of peace.

Nature lays down a rule in this matter. She knows how things should be done better than we ourselves. She economizes better than we can. The laws of the universe are very simple and very rigid; and they allow no waste of force, either in man or earth. Could we see and understand the Divine economy, we should be wrapt in wonder at its beauty as well as its inexorableness. Among the chief provisions of that economy in this fact about which we have been speaking, is that it is necessary to keep our power from wasting, before the time comes to employ them. No such specimens of thriftiness are seen in any of the departments of Nature, and none such ought to be found in man.

In this view, silence is absolutely necessary to growth and expansion. Then the powers of the spirit write in their own plays struggling one with another, and learn to know each its own place before they leap forth to impress themselves on outward objects

or circumstances. We are guring our powers then for a service of which we know but little. In truth, the person who has been thus secretly cherishing his spiritual and intellectual forces, becomes absolutely astonished afterwards to find how great strength he can suddenly put forth upon occasion. These temporary self-supplies, or bursts of power, are among the most gratifying of all our internal experiences. And they furnish us with the proofs we need, too, that there is always a deep in our nature which has never been reached, and that such will always be the case.

In the full possession of his silent force of character, too, men are apt to be more self-poised than when they do not feel its presence. To be always ready to perform, should the call be made, is a happiness peculiar to persons of genuine power none other have it, or can have. In all characters it exists to a certain degree, and it may be increased still further with pains and culture. Where it is a special deposit in the character, so to speak, it forms ones of those great and powerful elements which revolve within the social system as the great water-wheel revolves within the mill.

The Cities and Exemption.

Already we can see evidences of the radical mistake made by the larger cities in managing the burdens of the draft. The object of the new law is, of course, to procure men; but by the vote of the cities and larger towns, the men are prevented from going into service, their commutation being paid for them. The men in the rural districts see how the thing works, and become dissatisfied; it does not seem right to them that they should be compelled to serve, while their more fortunate brethren of the cities are exempted. In the country towns, such a thing as buying off the services of the whole body of the drafted men is not dreamed of; there is no such element in the population as there is in the larger cities, to be pacified; they do not think of compelling the selectmen or supervisors of their several townships to tax the property holders to buy them all in, in a lump. But they discover, much to their dissatisfaction, that in the cities the drafted men are voted exempt by a sweeping ordinance of the Common Councils. And they naturally ask themselves why there should be such a difference between their own liabilities and those of their city brethren. The distinction is certainly an unfair one, and is manifestly caused by the concerted pressure which the masses in the cities can bring to bear upon the local authorities. This sort of argument is out of question in the country towns. There every man must meet his own responsibilities for himself. This novel state of things suggests to every observing mind the unpleasant fact that this yielding of the cities to the demands of a certain clamor is but the prelude to the creation of a separate class, or caste, among our populations, whose resolve will be to be taken care of out of the public money, and whose attitude toward the richer classes will be taken with a view to compel compliance with their wishes even with the aid of the bludgeon and the torch. As a contemporary well observed respecting this very class—"It has been our boast and glory hitherto that we have had no such class. If a certain school of politicians are to have their way, we shall soon have the most perfect specimen of it the world has ever seen, uniting European greed and blood-thirstiness and degradation with American audacity."

The English and French on this Continent.

It has now become established beyond the reach of dispute, that it is the deliberate intention of France and England to recover their ancient foothold on the American Continent, if the project be in any way practicable. They formed an alliance, some years ago, for a different purpose; but it is now seriously proposed by them, in the absence of more engaging business at home, to take up the case of the sick man America, just as they did the case of the sick man Turkey, and make something out of it, if possible, to their own advantage. To this end, however, France went ahead in the neighboring State of Mexico, and took possession of the country, its fortifications, its wealth, its church, and its government, and has since straddled a monstrous mercantile structure across the remains of what was but yesterday a constitutional republic.

To offset this movement of her ambitious neighbor across the channel, England now makes a demonstration of starting up a sort of constitutional monarchy in Canada. It is openly argued for in a late number of an influential British magazine, and the arguments made are an open confession of the motives that have hitherto lain concealed. The writer says, what every intelligent reader knows to be true, that the chances of building up a monarchy in Canada are remarkably few, and the time very short; if, therefore, the British Government design to set on foot any such movement, in conjunction with the movements of France, on the southwestern part of the continent, now is the time for it to set about it. The temper of this article is simply the temper of many of those leading minds which to day give character and shade to British foreign policy. The poor fellows in England and France fancy we are falling to pieces here, and hope to be in at the picking of our bones. They little know the meaning of the great movements of the present time, or dream of the vast results that are to grow out of them.

Black Regiments.

The Government has more of these troops in the field, or in camp, than is generally supposed. We hear that there are at least seventy-five thousand of them already recruited, and either ready, or preparing for active service. A gentleman writes from Vicksburg, to one of the editorial staff of the St. Louis News, privately, that the negro regiments now in process of formation down the river—that is, below Vicksburg—are filling up with wonderful rapidity. He gives it as his opinion that some fifty of these black regiments will be ready for service by the first of October. He further thinks from what he has seen of this class of troops, that they are possessed of a genuinely martial spirit, that they are ready to fight wherever they may be placed, and that they will make a very efficient element in the service. It is plain that if the negro race in this land are to be redeemed and elevated, it must be accomplished mainly through their own exertions. There is no doubt that this rebellion is furnishing them with the long desired opportunity which is to bring them release. They could never have found an open door themselves; the blind passions of their masters have most effectually done that for them. So true is it that man proposes, but God disposes.

Rebel Desertions.

If we are to believe the reports that keep coming in upon us, the rebel armies are rapidly melting away before the spirit of demoralization which has taken hold of their ranks. A correspondent of one of the leading New York dailies, writing from the Army of the Cumberland, furnishes additional and most interesting evidence on the subject of discontent in the South, as well outside of the rebel army as within those organizations. He says that desertion is no longer confined to solitary individuals, but large masses of men only wait for an opportunity to quit a service which they loathe. It appears from information which is so well reliable, that at least five thousand men have taken refuge in the mountains of Georgia alone, and have successfully resisted all the forces which rebel authorities have been able to bring against them. The writer adds, that as every man the Confederates can raise is needed to oppose our troops, it will be well nigh impossible for them to dislodge the refugees, whose numbers will continue to increase as the cause of the Confederacy becomes more desperate.

The Needed Wisdom.

To be truly wise for our day and generation does not demand an intimate acquaintance with all the sciences, nor a thorough knowledge of the world of books, the great, glaring trade marks, or the "mill" greater contrasts of life. To every aspiring mind, and prayerfully laboring soul, come the precious gifts, the glorious compensations, the joys of wisdom, though gained only through severest trial and long continued discipline. To learn the lovely law of kindness, and to exercise it constantly; in forgiving thought toward the harsh opponent; in gentle ministry of love unto all; in devout overflow of beneficence each day, in speech, and tone, and act—this is to know of Wisdom; though the feet move in the humblest by-paths, and the hands are bound unto the lowliest toll.

To grow out of self into the love of all humanity, is to teach and follow Wisdom; to turn to the culture of the innermost as well as to the cultivation of all that externally adorns us to the good will of our fellows, is to preach almighty and most effectively. To be cheerful, grateful for the common blessings of life, humble in heart, yet loftily aspiring in spirit; in love with the beautiful in all its varied aspects—this is to be wise; and Wisdom bringeth peace, which is happiness. To spurn no effort here that is for social advancement, to revel in the divinely real portraiture of the hereafter, which uplift our souls in thankfulness for the great boon of life, is a permitted, wise, and holy pleasure. To form friendships based upon the indestructible basis of moral qualities, is the prerogative of Wisdom; to find Love imperishable as the Divine Originator of his beatitude, is the part of Wisdom's compensation.

To the serene heights of spiritual contemplation, and to the dreariest valleys whither duty calls, behold, teaching Wisdom guides the way, ever with the reassuring touch and uplifted brow of Faith. It is only when we have recognized her beauty and acknowledged her mission, that she becomes the invaluable guide. Sometimes she has been with us under the garb of sorrow, in the seeming of strange, spectral shapes; in strange disguises, in which we knew her not. But when our sight is cleared of the mist of error and misconception, we behold the angel-teacher and the garlanded forehead, the sceptered hand of earth and heaven's commissioned one.

Public Spiritual Laborers.

As the fall and winter campaign of Spiritualism is now opening with encouraging auspices, many places are making due arrangements for lectures. The BANNER seeks to furnish a list of those who are in the field, and we cordially invite lecturers and others to add so, in order that the press and the platform may more fully cooperate. The public laborers soon alive with new zeal, and some of them are adding extra attractions to their efforts. Some of the secular papers of New York are noticing the labors of "Ex-Rev." Uriah Clark. In addition to his lectures and public test examinations, in the use of electrical and magnetic instruments, he illustrates the laws and principles of spiritual phenomena in a manner to "interest, startle and stagger the most lukewarm and obtuse." The Lyons Republican says: "Mr. Clark is an orator of great power, a philosopher of stern logic, and a gentleman of agreeable manners." Rev. Dr. E. A. Hotbrook, of Watertown, N. Y., in writing the BANNER, says:

"I have been acquainted with our worthy brother, Uriah Clark, for the last few years, and have witnessed the unfolding of his interior power. These most intimately acquainted with him, best appreciate his statements in the moral, spiritual and intellectual departments of being. He has a keen appreciation of the wants and needs of humanity, and in his lectures probes to the very heart's core the organized and heterogeneous mass of inharmonious, materialized, socialized, and sanctified by the world at large. His heart is evidently in the work, and from his abundance of the month speaketh with telling effect. No reasoning mind can listen to him without feeling the need of reform, in Church and State. He has the rare gift of combining argument with eloquence, which renders him both pleasing and instructive. He gives the finest readings of character I ever witnessed, tracing also diseases through years of progress, and relates past incidents in the life of the individual. Bro. C. has now given himself up fully to lecturing, and no progressive mind should fail to hear his lectures, and witness his tests."

We learn that Mr. C. is to spend several months in New England, and till the first of October is addressed in care of J. D. Sears, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Spiritualism at the West.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase at the West. Thus it is—the more opposition we have to contend against, the faster the truth spreads. While we congratulate the brothers and sisters who are engaged in the great work out West, on the advancement of our cause there, we can assure them that we of the East are not idle. Our ranks are increasing at a rapid rate. Some of the best minds in our midst are quietly investigating the Harmonical Philosophy, and their unbelief is fast giving way to a full realization of the mighty truths which are continually pouring in upon them from the Summer Land.

Our Free Circles were reopened on Monday last for the season, and more people were present than could be comfortably seated. We shall, whenever the friends come to our aid, enlarge our circle room, in order to fully accommodate the increasing numbers who are anxious for spiritual food.

Hon. Edward Everett and the War.

We extract the following from the letter written by Mr. Everett to the Mass Convention of "unconditional Union men," assembled on the 3d inst., at Springfield, Ill.:

"Andor requires me to add, that if it is the duty of the good citizen to abstain from factious opposition, it is, in time of war, not less the duty of an Administration, as well in civil as in military and naval affairs, to assume a position wholly independent of party. I am afraid it is impossible, in time of peace, to carry on representative government except on a party basis. During the existence of war, and especially of a war which tasks to the utmost the energies and resources of the country, party support, in proportion as it is relied upon, is an element not of strength, but of weakness. If all good men and good patriots in the loyal States whether in or out of office—sacrificing when necessary a little of the pride of personal feeling and of party association—would cordially unite for the attainment of the objects, which they all approve, viz: the vigorous prosecution and successful termination of the war, the next New Year's Day would witness the prostration of the rebellion and its leaders, the return of peace, and the restoration of the Union."

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Brandon, Vt., made her first appearance in this city, on Sunday, Sept. 6th, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, as a lecturer. She was greeted with full audience, and her lectures were well received. She delivered them in an earnest but pleasing manner, with a clear, full toned voice. In personal appearance she resembles her collaborator, Mrs. H. S. Townsend. She also spoke before the same Society on Sunday, Sept. 13th. We commend Mrs. Horton to all societies, who desire to engage an earnest and eloquent lecturer.

Rev. Adin Ballou will speak before this Society next Sunday, Sept. 20th. Mr. Ballou is a great favorite here, and his numerous friends will be glad to see him in his pleasant face again, and listen to his instructive teachings.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The distinguished lecturer, who lectured in this city before the Spiritualists of Portland, on Sabbath, Sept. 30th,

Correspondence in Brief.

Permit me, through the "Light" of your BANNER, to say to all good spiritual lecturers traveling through the North-west, that I am authorized by those who are occasionally bringing our place in their line of travel, that they will please come and address us on the new, true and glorious Spiritual Philosophy, and send us word a few days beforehand, so we can have things made ready, and "our house in order" for a full meeting.

We doubt not that all lecturers visiting us will be not only welcomed with our surroundings, but also met— a young rural city of about three thousand inhabitants; but they would also be well paid for their address in the affluence of our people.

The Davenport Boys and Wm. M. Fay here just closed a course of their wonderful spiritual manifestations; and, though it was the first blow struck here for breaking up the terrible darkness and superstitions that seem to have overshadowed the people, yet our small hall was filled to overflowing by a full and astonished audience. Great interest was manifested in the new phenomena. These Boys have given us powerful and telling blows toward emancipation from the bonds of religious bigotry and superstitions. And new having had those spiritual physical manifestations, we crave for the logical argument and feast of reason, to keep up the spirit and on of progress in the soul and in the community. The Chicago and Burlington Railway is the greatest traveled route westward, and has on its line the cities of St. Paul, Aurora, Mendota, Princeton and Geneseo, beside many other large thriving villages. It is a most beautiful country throughout the whole route. Lecturers will find these good points, and an interesting route for lecturing. They will please take note of this, and come on. Geo. W. Hatten, Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill., Sept 8, 1863.

Federal Successes at Charleston.

The following is Gen. Gillmore's despatch to the War Department, dated Sept. 14th:

"I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg are ours. Last night our sappers opened the crest of the masonry of Fort Wagner on the front, making all its guns, and an order was given to carry the place by assault at 9 o'clock, this morning, that being the hour of low tide. About 11 o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and all but seventy-five of them made their escape (see Cummings' Post in small boxes). Captured dispatches show that Fort Wagner was commanded by Gen. Keith, of South Carolina, and garrisoned by 1,400 effective men, and Battery Gregg between 100 and 200. Fort Wagner is a work of the most formidable kind. Its bomb proof shelter, capable of holding 1,600 men, remains intact after the most terrible bombardment to which any work has ever subjected.

We have captured nineteen pieces of artillery and a large supply of excellent ammunition. The city and harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by my guns.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully your obedient servant (Signed) Q. A. Gillmore, Brigadier General Commanding.

Generals Rosecrans and Burnside have been successful in driving the rebel army out of East Tennessee. Chattanooga and Knoxville have been captured, and our army is marching to cut off the railroad communication of the South with Richmond.

Spiritualism in England.

We learn from the London Spiritual Magazine that Spiritualism is attracting a large share of public attention, pro and con, in England. The London Weekly Dispatch devotes much space to the discussion of the subject. But while it indulges in some foolish sneers at Mr. Rowell's History, it admits that the facts recorded by present Spiritualists are all perfectly real. The Quarterly Review and North British Review, also have each an article on Spiritualism in the current numbers.

Spirit Portraits.

Friend Peckles, in a letter published in the BANNER recently, alludes to a photograph artist in Chicago who is said to produce spirit pictures. We have seen several specimens, which resemble those made in Boston. We do not wish our friends to be too sanguine that these cartes de visite are genuine. They must be tested thoroughly, before coming to a definite conclusion that they are veritable spiritual productions. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Opening of Bedward's Hall.

Meetings of the New York Friends of Progress were resumed Sunday, Sept. 13th, at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and are to be continued every Sunday morning and evening throughout the ensuing year, or until the worst weather of another summer shall render another "season" both wise and desirable. The Children's Lyceum will assemble in the afternoon of the same day, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Brown's Street Conference.

The subject for debate before the Conference, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 16th, will be "Was an Abolitionist?" Dr. A. B. Child will make the opening remarks.

Prophecy and Progress.

Was the subject discussed at our Circle July 16th by one of the invisibles. A report may be found on our sixth page.

We did intend to criticize the article of the N. Y. Com. Advertiser, whose critics of Mr. Rowell's book, "The Spirit of Times," was extremely strong; but as our contemporary of the Herald of Progress had properly noticed the "politician," we forbore with the lash of Justice.

We call attention to the article on our sixth page by J. M. Peckles, entitled "Spirit's Message." We hope those editors of religious papers—the New Covenant, for instance—who are in the habit of picking from our messages we publish, those from an uneducated spirit, and printing them in their journals, in order to deceive their readers as to the general character of these manifestations, will have the candor to occasionally print those which appear from educated spirits, as well.

DEATH AND THE NATURE OF THE SPIRIT. This is the title of a Discourse, printed in pamphlet form, preached in commemoration of the martyr and exaltation of character exhibited in the life of Mrs. Lucretia Kelllogg, by J. M. Peckles, Pastor of the First Free Church of Battle Creek, Michigan.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN for Sept. is filled with an unusual variety of interesting reading matter, a good share of which is of especial interest to the Spiritist.

DALLON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October is put in good season, with an unusually interesting table of contents.

The Fifth "Disincarnation" of the Normal Institute for Physical Education will be celebrated at Temple, on the evening of Monday, September 14th, beginning at probably 7 1/2 o'clock. The class of beginning will be much larger than all our previous "Disincarnations," numbering more than forty ladies and gentlemen, and representing nearly every one of the States.

Wendell Phillips' speech before the Boston Convention, with a rapid sale. The price of the book is \$1.00, and will be sold below its value.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Gossman, 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—only reported verbatim.

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 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 CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address—BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

The Sessions are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 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

Monday, Sept. 1.—Invocation: Spirit's Request: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Questions and Answers: Samuel Colburn, of this city; to his friends; Daniel Temple, of Georgia, to Philip Burge, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Joseph Johnson, to his friends; Thomas R. Kistis, of Birmingham, Ala., an engineer, who lost his life by an accident this morning, while on the rail car between Birmingham and London.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Invocation: "Is the desire for immortality the best proof that the Soul is immortal?" Questions and Answers: John Smith, late of the late Company Andrew Sharpshooters; Marietta Coggs, of Atlanta, Ga., to her father, now a prisoner at Fort Delaware; Isaac Poole, of the 5th Mass. Regiment, to his mother, Charlotte White, of New York City.

Invocation.

Oh God, the hour is thine, and may our utterances also be of thee. May every thought that shall be born of us this hour be of thee, and thus everlasting. July 16.

Prophecy and Prophets.

Is not all prophecy contrary to natural law? and are not all prophets impostors, in the broadest sense of the term?

In human jurisprudence it is not expected that one will criminate himself. Now therefore, inasmuch as we ourselves have prophesied in regard to certain events, many of which are already transpiring, while others are yet unborn, it is not to be expected that we shall take the affirmative side of the question. The friend who has proposed the two questions we have just enunciated, professes to believe that all things which have an existence, have that existence by natural law—that nothing exists outside of natural law. Furthermore: he professes to believe only in that which is apparent to some one, or all five of the senses. That which he can touch, taste, smell, hear and see, he has faith in; but that which lies beyond and above the senses, he has no faith in. We believe he ignores entirely the existence of a supreme Intelligence, also the existence of the human soul beyond the tomb. He says, "That which is around me and is apparent to my senses, I know, I realize, I feel; but the fact that some talk of I know nothing about, have no faith in."

And yet this same individual has called upon us to answer his propositions. Now either our good friend must abandon his position, or he must consider that the question or questions propounded to us are of non-importance. He must either assume that prophecy is a result of natural laws, or else it does not exist. According to his theory, all things that have an existence, have that existence by virtue of natural law. Now mark his question: "Is not all prophecy contrary to natural law?" You will perceive that our friend admits the existence of prophecy. Now, taking him on his own ground, we will endeavor to answer his questions by the light of the questions received. We are to suppose that our friend considers that they exist; by the light of the position he has assumed from the beginning of his intellectual being, we are to suppose that these propositions are natural.

Now we know, if we know anything at all, that Nature makes nothing or creates nothing that is not for use, for the highest use of mankind and the universe at large. Therefore if prophecy exists, it exists for use, for good. If prophets are, they are for good and use; if they are not, then why offer the questions that have been offered us this afternoon? We believe that all prophecy is a result of natural law. These far, if no further, we will stand side by side with our infidel friend. Now then if prophecy is a result of natural law, surely all prophets must receive the gift from natural law. Nature gives the gift to humanity. Then why not prophesy?

Now we believe that there are many kinds of prophets, from the smallest atom in the universe up to the human soul. These beautiful blossoms, are they not prophets? do they not speak of life? And while they speak of life, do they not speak of denotation at the same time? While you are able to look upon them as they are in the present, you may also judge somewhat of their future. Now if the spirit or soul of prophecy did not exist even within the simple flower, how could you know what its future existence would be? Each atom is in itself a prophet, and the man of science may prove the truth of our assertion.

What is the reason the astronomer can tell you to an hour of the return of the fiery child, the comet, that visited your skies months ago. He prophesies of the comet's appearance, and how? By any knowledge of his own? No; by learning the language of prophecy that is written in unmistakable letters upon the comet. All things contain within themselves the elements of prophecy. From the grain of sand up to the human soul, each contains the language of prophecy, else how could you analyze them? how could you read even their present page? For it is only by the light of the past the present can be known or perfectly read. Believe us, if there were no past, no future, there could be no present.

Prophecy exists within this inanimate article of furniture (table). You know from its nature that after a certain length of time, that which holds these afflicting particles together will cease to exist. What will be the result? Decay must follow, and the particles composing this table will assume another form. This must be so, for if the power of life was not within this article of furniture, you could not prop it up or mold it in its present form.

With regard to our prophecies five, six and seven years ago, respecting scenes political you are now passing through, we can only say that the present proves the truth of each prophecy. To what were we indebted for the light that enabled us to foresee these events? We answer, to the spirit of prophecy existing in broad magnetic life everywhere. We learned the language of the present at that time, and were able to discern what your future would be from that present: Now we believe for you to prophesy is just as natural as it is for you to breathe, or live in the atmosphere of your earth. All things prophesy, and will ever continue to prophesy. Should we write "impostor" upon prophecy, we should be obliged also to write "failure, eternal and infinite," upon all God's works. Can we do this? No; certainly not.

Oh, our friend, with regard to your great wisdom, we look upon you with reverence, with honor; but when we view you standing upon a material platform,

and leaning upon the decaying fabric of time, we can but pity you, pity you with all your intelligences, with all that material science which you have made your own. Oh, come with us and read of the soul of science. She will tell you that prophecy is a result of natural law, and is found everywhere in God's universe. Oh, do not look alone for prophecy or prophecies among the human, for I tell you there is more prophecy in the bowels of the earth than was ever found dwelling on earth. Oh, come with us into the temple of Nature. Stand there and learn a prophecy, and learn of God, for the great God of the universe dwells in matter, in every form. We grasp our God in everything; we worship him in everything. Come and learn of our God, and you will be sure then to worship him. July 16.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Why is it that undeveloped spirits have greater power over matter than more refined ones?

A.—Those spirits whom you see fit to style undeveloped, are such as dwell on the surface of your earth. This class of spirits cannot progress as rapidly as some, because they have not thrown off the conditions of mortality. Thus they have greater power over the crude things of earth, than those who have passed on to more sublimated conditions of life.

Q.—Is there not danger then of spiritual influence being less useful than otherwise?

A.—Why so?

Q.—Because we cannot commune with the high and good?

Q.—Are you sure you do not commune with the high and good? We said that the lower class of disembodied spirits had more power over crude matter than all others. We wish you to understand that in making what is termed physical manifestations simply, they have more power than other spirits; not that they have more power over the human, by no means.

Q.—What is the process of murderers' progressing by returning?

A.—They do so through an infinite degree of conditions. Some need to progress through a certain mode of return; some progress rapidly by intuition; while others do so by listening to that which is said or done in mortality. Do you understand us?

A.—I do.

Q.—Can spirits communicate with mortality except through a medium?

A.—No, certainly not; but there are as many different kinds of mediumship as there are atoms of life. Sometimes one thing is made use of as a medium, sometimes another.

Q.—Is there any difference between spirits magnetizing an individual, and one who is in the earth-form?

A.—No, with this exception: one is in the physical body, the other is not. Do you understand us?

Q.—Yes.

B.—The atmosphere in which you live may be the only medium requisite. In some cases you yourself afford the desired medium. But a medium, or mode of communication through which spirit can commune, must be established.

Q.—Is not good health a good medium?

A.—It is, though sometimes ill-health produces certain phases of mediumship. Yet good health is an excellent medium.

Q.—Might not the imperfect communications we receive be accounted for from that plane?

A.—Certainly. Ofttimes, our communications would always be just what they were designed to be, were the bodily condition of the medium through which they were communicated a sound and healthy one.

Q.—Can one spirit influence several persons at the same time?

A.—Yes; for instance, a certain spirit may be two miles from the person he may wish to commune with. He will shower down a certain quantity of magnetism upon several persons who may be stationed at different distances from each other. There may be a dozen or twenty persons, upon whom he wishes to shower his magnetism. Now each and all absorb it and give it out again.

Q.—Can we give out our thoughts magnetically?

A.—Certainly; there is not a thought born of your brain that does not magnetically affect all other individuals.

Q.—Is it similar to sound?

A.—Yes, the waves of thought and the waves of sound are similar. But the quality of magnetism changes according to the condition of the individual. For instance, you may be very good to-day, and give out a good and refined magnetism, while to-morrow it may be of the opposite quality. At another time you may give forth a magnetism possessing all the attributes of evil influence.

Q.—It has been said that the twilight hour is better suited to the reception of spirit communications than any other time. Why is it?

A.—Because wearied physical nature seeks repose at that hour generally. If you ever think of heaven and your departed ones, it is generally at the twilight hour. Therefore, at that hour spirits can come to you more easily than at any other time. The coming or commencing of the spirits at that time does not depend on the condition of the atmosphere, or the time of day, but more upon the condition of yourselves at that hour.

Q.—You speak about magnetism. Is not thought generated by operating magnetism, rather than impregnated with it?

A.—What is the difference? There is none at all to us.

Q.—Is thought a material substance?

A.—Yes, in one sense all thoughts are material. We believe that all that which has an existence is refined matter. It may be so refined that you call it spirit, soul, or whatever term you please, still it is matter, else it could not be held in its proper position by natural law, and we know it is so held.

Q.—Can the controlling spirit perceive my spirit in the flesh?

A.—Certainly, far better than were I in the flesh.

Q.—What is the nature of our composition?

A.—It is composed of all the universe is composed of. Analyze the universe entire, and you may analyze yourselves. July 16.

Mary Louise Thayer.

So that dear old man recognized me. He had not forgotten me, had he? I'm speaking of Dr. Andrews, of Albany. I've only come here to-day to tell him that my children are now well cared for, and I never was so happy in my life, never. Oh, he was so kind, so kind to write and tell you that I told you the truth when I came here before. I felt after I went away, that I was one of that class of poor creatures that folks perhaps would not believe much in; but when I followed my letter, and saw that Dr. Andrews recognized me and wrote to you about it, I was so happy! You tell him I'll watch over him and bless him, and when he comes to the spirit-world I'll be ready to receive him, and will tell him many things. He told me much when I was here on the earth. Good-by. Mary Louise Thayer. July 16.

Patrick Welsh.

The ladies first, and the Irishman afterwards. It was my turn to come next to the speaker, but I did not like to step in and say that's my place, because it's a lady. Well, now, Capt'n, what are you going to help me to do. [To say what you want to.] May I feel to say something that's not very good. Well, I feel somehow hard about some things, not exactly right about them, so I want to speak of them.

My name is Welsh—Patrick Welsh. I'm a soldier, or was one before I lost me body. Now I've got folks on the earth that need help. Faith, it's not the Government's business, nor nobody's business to help them, p'p'ly think. Now it's all very well to talk about being satisfied with your condition. Egad, I might die had go through purgatory twenty times before I got use to it. Faith, here I am, without my own body, and I lost it in fighting for this country. Now I'd like to have a chance to talk to 'em, or something of the kind. [Say, what you want to.] Faith, I'd like to speak somewhere else beside this place. [Your friends will get you a body like this one to speak through.] Oh, one of these? Well, that will do. Well, I suppose our asking for help from Government, or anything of the sort, won't amount to nothing? [It might.] Well, I like to know about it. Faith, I know these bodies we have here can be found in other places.

Now suppose I place myself before the President, and I say, here, old fellow, I've got a wife and three little ones, and I want you to put your hands in the Treasury, and help them, what it does amount to? He can't see or hear me at all. [He may see your message. There's no harm in your saying what you like to him.] Oh, my God, I'm as good as he was any day, ain't I? [You ought to be.] And my wife is just as good as he wife, if she's a little bigger than mine. Faith, I know very well he's a President of the United States. That's what he is, and I was a soldier. I lost my life fighting for him, too. Well, if he reads my letter, I want him to use all the influence he has toward taking some steps to help the families of those who were killed in battle. Now if he helps 'em all, mine will be pretty likely to come in for a share.

Now, look here, I've been thinking there's another person who might help my wife and children as well as Government. Faith, I like to know if there's not some way I can reach him. [You can say what you like to that person in our paper.] Well, then, I say this: My wife's got a cousin, whose name is Thomas Haggerty. He's a bachelor, who's got no one to look after but himself, and is worth about four or five thousand dollars. Now I should like to know why it is he can't help my wife and children until they're able to help themselves? Oh it's the Church, the parson, and all the rest. I've got to get over before—can come.

Well, if he reads my letter, just ask him to let me come somewhere where I can talk to him as I do here, and I'll put him in mind of something that he's under obligations to myself for. Faith, I'll tell him all about it if he'll give me one of these subjects to talk through.

I suppose it looks very strange to see me here talking about such things; but what the devil is a fellow to do? Faith, there's no use in waiting for them to come to me, nor to talk about their souls, when their bodies are a-rotting. We was told in coming here to talk about what we wanted to, so it be true. Faith, and it's true. [You are perfectly right in speaking of earthly matters.]

Now I come from the same place that lady's from: Albany, New York. My family's living there now. Faith, I should like for that same gentleman to help them. Faith, I like to speak with Dr. Andrews, and I'll put a flea in his ear what will be large enough to fill it all up. Faith, I like him to do something for my wife and children—interest somebody for 'em, and I'll interest somebody for him, when he comes to the spirit-world.

[What street are your family living on?] How is it? [Do you remember the name of the street your family reside on?] Faith, yes; last time I heard from them they was living on Willow street. Faith, the number's gone. I can't catch it. [Give the names of your wife and children.] Her own name, Mary, and the children, Mary, Patrick and Lucy. They're little ones—small, little ones, not large enough to comprehend what I'd say to them about these things, were I to talk to them. Well, here I am. I was sort of one of the roughs when I was in my own body. I went down to New York, and enlisted. I enlist with the roughs. I was a rough myself, and likes to take my glass of whiskey as well as any of 'em. I was not one of your high ones. I consider myself just as good as anybody in the land.

Faith, I don't know but that I'll ask that old gentleman to do something for my folks. When you write anything, you'll ask for it. That's the way, pitch in. [Come and tell us if Dr. Andrews aids your family, will you?] Faith, I will. Faith, I'll sound it as loud as I can. Faith, I likes to have you ask him to pay for myself. [We do not charge any fee here.] That's what I hear before I come, but I thought I'd keep shady about it, because I'd nothing to pay with myself. July 16.

Orilla.

I wish to commune with one in earth-life who is very dear to me. He is occupying a position in the Confederate Government. He says sometimes, "If I could believe in spirit-communication, I should think I was influenced by spirits."

Oh, tell him I do come to him, do influence him. And ask him to write to his friends at the North, applying them of his condition; also of the condition of his mother and his brother. There are ways by which he can send his letter North. If it were not asking too much, I would ask that he abandon his present post; and come to the friends who love him. I cannot say more to day.

From Orilla to Norman Knox, of Prattville, Alabama. July 16.

Lieut. Gilbert Thompson.

I ask as a favor of you to-day, that you will inform my father, Nathaniel Thompson, of Montgomery, Alabama, if possible, of my decease. Tell him I died within your lines eight days ago, happy and resigned. Ask him to try and furnish me a form to speak through, if he can. I will then give him all the particulars of my death, and of many other things also.

From Lieutenant Gilbert Thompson, of Montgomery, Alabama, My age, twenty-four years.

[You are aware, I suppose, of the difficulty we have in transmitting papers South.] I am aware, sir, of the difficulty, but I have been told that many of our communications reach their destination. I may hope that mine will. At least, I shall expect that you will treat me as you profess to all others. July 16.

Eating when Sick.

It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to eat. "Now, what can you eat?" Every one has heard the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece?" "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away, pa's sick." When a young man who has succeeded, in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good Mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat?" You must eat something? People can't live without food! Then come to eat and eat. The stomach is exhausted and no more needs stimulating drink, or food, than a fabled horse needs the whip! What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a course was generally adopted, what ruin would occur; take the medical profession by the reins! Do I wish.

Bigota dread discussion. They seem to think faith comes to us with the feeling as if she had the tooth; she's that, if she opens her mouth she'll get the tooth; she'll blow from, and will catch her tooth!

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY J. M. FRANKLIN.

The editors of religious and denominational papers frequently select "spirit messages" from your sixth page, Mr. Editor, as samples of spirit communications, and true to their one-sided and sectarian traditions, invariably—so far as I am informed—make choice of the most exceptional in style and ideas—those originating with the uneducated and non-progressed, occupying similar planes spiritually, with those "spirits in prison," to which Peter says, Jesus preached after his martyred death on Calvary.

Is such a course impartial, or magnanimous? Has Christianity inspired them with no higher conceptions of Right and Justice? They will probably answer us, when hazarded answering; tell golden-plumaged oracles why they ever seek tainted dishes. Like attracts like the universe throughout.

To test the manliness of popular religious journals, permit me to ask them to copy the following "message" to me, in an hour of mental address, from my spirit teacher to the higher life. It was given through the organization of that excellent medium, Dr. E. O. Dana, unconsciously entranced. The communication certainly shows ripe scholarship, high spiritual development, and a deep desire for the moral growth of his earthly charge. He has given me his name, earthly residence, and history as clergyman, professor of languages and mathematics in a European classical institution, all of which sociological history, as I find by searching, corroborates. But to the message:

Brother of Earth—I come from the ethereal fields of the beat to greet a brother bound to me closely by the infinite law of attraction—bound by a golden-textured web, woven by angelic fingers from particle developments, gathered from those ethereal substances that float in the island and ocean realms of space, which can never be decomposed or changed only to bind more firmly the cords of affection, which encircle hearts that must ever interlurely beat in unison.

Brother, I delight to descend from the spirit regions of beatific bliss and brightness, to aid and instruct you, which doing aids others, and by virtue of Nature's reflex laws, myself also, in ascending those spirals of spiritual ascent, that lead to the inner glories of the heavenly mansions. And, as I ascend, you shall ascend. The cord of affection—of affection that unites us—is divine. It can never be severed; but the rapidity of your ascension must necessarily be in exact ratio with your aspirations and minglings with me in purity, love and wisdom.

Dear brother, let not thy rising spirit sink. In moral, as in mathematical equations, opposites are indispensable. The universe must be balanced—pictures must have shadows—only stormy seas can make skillful mariners, and then, consciously gifted with soul-power, should master the lesser circumstances, control conditions, and defy moral defects. Sometimes that thicket thy pathway strewn with piercing thorns; then again in visions thou perceivest that fragrant blossoms far outnumber them, and confess that thou art blessed beyond all blessing. Remember, that sufferings are the chariot that bear balms and balmitudes from the senseless to the super-sensuous man, dwelling in the courts of the inner temple. The sweetest flowers are mingled with briars, and why shouldst not thou occasionally enter the stings that may pierce thy hands, when permitted as thou art to look forward to the beautiful roses that shall ultimately pluck along the bloom-fringed margins of summer-land gardens—roses moistened by dewdrops from the angel-world, and whose leaflets are fanned by the waving of angelic wings. Oh, that I could portray, or give thee some faint conception of the surpassing splendor and beauty of the objective scenery that makes so radiant the table-lands of immortality! But the winged pen of imagination tires, and mortal language utterly fails to impress upon the physical retina the brilliant and resplendent homes of the "pure in heart." Nought but the divinest ideas can descriptively interpenetrate the ever-increasing loveliness and imagery of those celestial abodes.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," said an apostle. Angels beings hardly recognize time or space—their garments have been washed to crystal whiteness in the baptismal font of self-sacrifice, and in the quiet of dewy evenings they delight to call adown in golden-gondolas the electric streams that thread the spirit-land, freighted with love's sweetest messages to gladden the inhabitants of earth. Encouraging and embowering their harmonious habitations is deathless foliage of ever-varying hues—flowers that shed perfumes sweeter than those "vials of odors," seen by an anciently inspired one in heaven—landscapes lined with precious stones, bejeweled with robes, and carpeted with emerald; and pearly streams ever flowing o'er glittering sands, every gurgle of which is like psalms from seraphic choirs.

Brother of earth, go on—thy mission is beautiful; bear all thy trials and tribulations with a strong, manly heart; for, as 'twas said in an olden age, by the "sweat of thy brow shall thou earn thy bread," merit the reputation of a moral hero—a walking opiate of well-doing, and that, too, though thou treadest the wind-press alone; and when wearing in thy earthly pilgrimage, and thing of thy unweary journey, reflect upon the New Jerusalem that awaits thee when thy appointed work is faithfully done. Let thine eyes be cast toward heaven—the key-note to thy nature be Love—thy guiding star Wisdom. Let thy soul go forth in aspirations of purity, holiness and truth. Let thy hands be extended toward angels to "beat thee up," and though the earth should cease to move, and stars to shine, and apparently the veil of sadness and mystery enshroud thee, thy spirit shall ever, ever shine like those brilliant stars of night that receive light and warmth from the many central suns of the great universe—and this central sun that shall illumine thy spirit shall be inspiration light, poured from the spiritual world, to guide thee to the portals of peace, where, when thine earth-mission shall have been well wrought, thou shalt recline on mounds of velvety moss, thy brow be entwined with myrtle, and decorated with rose-buds, from which the bees of paradise shall sip choicest sweets to store away, that thou in the coming future mayst partake of the honeydew of eternal life and blessedness.

Now, my dear brother, go on thy way rejoicing, for though I depart from thy physical senses, I ever dwell with thee in thy spiritual or innermost sphere, and in a few short years of ripening experiences at most, thou shalt travel the shining shores of the heavenly existence, hand in hand with me, and thine attending spirit hand.

Spirit Communication.

EDITOR OF BANNER.—Spiritualism and some of its advocates in this city have had a good share of those trials which are perhaps necessary to produce the greatest good. I am satisfied, however, that our spirit guides are managing affairs so that poor, undeveloped beings, both in an out of the earth-form, will, in the long run, come into true and beautiful harmony.

I wish to speak of Mr. John Cosgrove, who has been a soldier twenty-eight years, and is now a private in the 1st Battalion, D. C. Vols. He is in the sixty-third year of his age, and at thirty signed his name with an X. Being a native of Ireland, and having out the advantages of school instruction, but having a strong will and a quick perception, he has been ready to embrace new truths, and has been a student of the claims of the Catholic Church, and has been

convinced Abner Kneeland was "prosecuted" and imprisoned at Boston, for blasphemy, about thirty years ago, he became in deep sympathy both with the man and with his sentiments, and their mutual friendship became more and more intimate for several years, until the death of Mr. Kneeland. Since then he has been in sympathy with every progressive movement of importance that has come before the public.

Although Mr. Cosgrove has been a different reader and thinker on spiritual subjects for some years, it was not until a few weeks ago that he got direct personal proof to make him a real, satisfied believer in the truth of his revelations. He came to me a perfect stranger, (being imprisoned to do so,) for the purpose of writing a test from his old infidel friend, Abner Kneeland, for he said, as Mr. Ho, Jr. (Kneeland) did not believe in immortality, so in death he cannot tell of it unless it is true. An arrangement was made for a sitting with a reliable medium who knew nothing of him, or which he desired to commune with, when the following communication was given by one, "who, being dead, yet speaketh":

My Friend—I am happy to commune with you. Long years have elapsed since we met. When I entered spirit-life everything seemed to me a mystery, I was in a fog, as the world called me. I was true to my belief. I rejoice to say to you, friend Cosgrove, that the joy of my soul was unbounded when I truly knew I possessed the priceless gift of immortality. When I knew that I lived forever, only to progress, develop, and ascend into brighter and happier conditions.

The earthly sufferings which the weakness and injustice of my brother man imposed upon me, on account of the avowal of my sentiments for freedom and truth, were as much as my spirit was able to bear. Oh, how different things are now than when the "enlightened" and "intelligent" people of Boston cast me into their prison-cells, simply because of my belief. Well, my friend, the world is developing, although it is in a small way. The angels rejoice to see it so, because out of this darkness there will come forth the glorious sunshine, more brilliant than ever. I could write to you volumes relating to our past life, the present and the glorious future!

Heaven speed it, dear friend. You cannot tell the joy I shall experience when I can wait your spirit to its blissful abode.

I am often with you, and it is my spirit that thins your soul at times with the power, the love, and the affection which are born in the angel world, I see in the depths of your soul the germs of immortality, and the magnitude and greatness to which you are capable of unfolding. I see in you that which I admire, and which attracts me to you. Go on in your good work; your mind ever now, unconsciously to yourself, throws off brilliant emanations, which enlighten these around you. Your devoted friend,

AMNES KNEELAND.

The medium through whom the foregoing was given, knew nothing of the history or associations of the parties. It is therefore not only a very good test, but also remarkably suggestive, as it plainly shows that an honest infidel, as well as an Orthodox Christian, find a happy reception beyond the grave, and that future bliss does not depend upon faith in creed, but upon sincerity and obedience to the highest light which comes more or less clear to every human soul.

Respectfully yours, JOHN BAZON.

Washington, D. C.

"The Frailties of Mediums." I observed, Mr. Editor, some months since, an article by Mr. Corwin, on "The Frailties of Mediums." He asks, "Do a few intentional frauds take away the phases of mediumship that properly belong to the individual?—and is it just to deprive him of the means of subsistence because of them?" To which I answer, firstly, that if the person really possesses mediumistic powers, these frauds cannot take them away. But they take away all confidence from the listener. For how can one distinguish the true from the false? And, secondly, it is just to deprive any one of the power of subsisting by dishonest means. Any imposture is detectable; but to deceive us where our strongest feelings and affections are called, and that, too, for the sake of money, appears to me the meanest and worst kind of deception.

These "intentional frauds" and the open deception of their perpetrators in the columns of the Banner, will probably do more to injure the cause of Spiritualism than all the opposition of all the churches.

Respectfully, L. O. BROWNELL.

Bristol, R. I.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Mrs. Susan, Aug. 7th 1866. Mrs. Betsey B. wife of Dr. J. Russell, aged 72 years.

After a long and severe period of suffering, (with a cancer) one of our country's bestowers, and a woman through whose organism volume of beautiful truths from the spirit-world have been written and spoken, passed on to know of the truths which she had had a glimpse of while here in the form. The last few months she was very anxious for the time to come for her departure; every day seemed like a month. But at last the happy moment came, and she passed her spirit to her fatherland. She was a kind and devoted wife, and leaves a kind and faithful husband near eighty years of age, who also realizes the truth of our beautiful philosophy, and longs for the time to come when he too shall pass on to meet his companion.

It was her request, months previous to her departure, that the writer should officiate at her funeral, and while kind spirits gave consolation and comfort to the mourning companion and friends, the assurance was given that the mother was not gone nor the wife dead, but still here, and will be to them a guardian angel.

Man. M. B. KAUFER.

Lawrence, Mass., August 16, 1866.

From Chicago, Ill., August 4th, Francis DeLuce, of Boston, Mass., after a brief illness of five days, was taken away, aged 33 years.

He had only a few days before left home on a visit to his mother and brothers, living at the West, in the usual good health. In the prime of life, with a robustness of constitution such as few possess, none had his physical signs of promise of a long and useful life. He was certainly apparent than he. But beneath his fair exterior lay concealed the wings of the angelic destroyer. His very system and unappointed doom, (bearing of his sickness only to receive the messenger of death,) his family felt deeply. They lost a kind and generous husband, and an affectionate and beloved father.

Mr. DeLuce was long connected with the Police Department of Boston, in which position he was an efficient and popular officer. A large circle of friends mourn his loss. He was a good citizen, a man of honor, and of the most temperate habits; and it may be said of him what can be said of few men possessing his firmness and independence of character, that he never had an enemy.

From Athol Depot, Mass., Aug. 21, 1866, Joseph B. Whitman, youngest daughter of Wm. F. and Sarah B. Whitman, aged 4 years and 10 days.

REFORM CONVENTION AT EVANSVILLE, IND., WISCONSIN.

August 25th, 26th, and 27th.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Evansville is the present terminus of the Beloit and Madison railroad, and is one of those numerous little towns of the West which is surrounded by a beautiful and fertile country, yielding its abundance of rich products into the hands of the industrious and toiling farmer, upon whom mechanics, tradesmen, and men of profession who help to constitute these towns, are more or less dependent for the staff of physical life; but there are some here who are not satisfied unless they can also have the bread of spiritual life.

At ten o'clock, Friday morning, the friends assembled in the chapel of the Seminary, the meeting called to order, and Professor D. Y. Kilgore appointed President; E. T. Whittier, Secretary, and Mr. J. H. Stillman, M. D., W. H. Spencer, and E. R. Beckley, Assistants.

Committee of Arrangements, D. Y. Kilgore, Lewis Spencer and Levi Leonard, of Evansville; Benj. Hoyle, of Coville; J. W. Stewart, of Broadhead.

Finance Committee, H. G. Spencer, Robert Bunnell, of Evansville; J. T. Dow, of Coville; Albert Griggs, of Fortville; and M. T. White, of Dayton.

Resolutions offered by B. T. White, and carried, that the platform of this Convention shall be free, the persons alone being responsible for the sentiments uttered. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in conference.

Mr. Todd tries the platform by saying that Spiritualism has force and power, and should make themselves heard and felt politically. Believers in the enfranchisement of woman. Will not go where woman cannot—left the masses of women meddling in politics and selling their souls as men have done, nor for men either. Man is an empire of himself, and possesses the elements of self-government. All Nature's efforts are toward individualization; this is the object of revolutions, politically, socially and spiritually; and should an angel from heaven, or a demon from hell, dictate to me what is right, I should say to both, avaunt! I must act true to my soul. We have two ways to fight one of evils and one of them, I am for the one of ideas. We have thousands of men who are ready to face the cannon's mouth, but only a few but what will cover before public opinion like a cur beneath his master's frown.

A poem, "The Ideal and the Real," was then recited by Mr. Todd, and the meeting adjourned.

At one o'clock, the people again assembled, and a lecture was given by Mr. Todd upon "Spiritualism, and the Harmonical Philosophy." The former being merely a belief in the communication of spirits, and the latter the practical obeying of all the laws of the physical and spiritual nature. Orthodoxy has sought to crush out Spiritualism, even as Judaism tried to crush out the life of the young child Jesus, by calling it mesmerism, psychology, and of the devil. In one sense it is magnetism, or rather this is the agent through which spirit communicates. These being the agents through which spirit communicates with the body, the mind, and the soul, as they are the same after death, they must still use these agents to connect them with, and to act upon persons still in the form. Through this magnetic aura thrown off from a person, the psychometer reads the character of an individual. Much, very much of misery might be avoided, did people but understand these laws. It is through this that the uneducated youth is led into the sins and horrors of city life, and it is through this that a mother is bereaved, and it is through this that the world is to be redeemed. Cloed up by reciting a poem, "Life in Heaven."

Mr. Hyde and sister sang a song, and then Mrs. Andrews, of Delton, Sauk Co., an unconquered truce-speaker, gave a lecture. Subject, "What Good has Spiritualism Done?" Spiritualism has done away with hired thinking, and each one is thinking for himself. The Bible is as good as any other book—the good accepted, and the bad rejected. Geology proves the fact that man existed long prior to the Bible record. Spiritualism has done much toward revealing the laws of Nature, and refuting the degrading idea that God is a tyrant, and man a slave. It is through his own efforts that man can be saved; he must look upon the erring as a brother, and help to lift him to a better condition. He has come to give to mankind a new sentiment, and he has outgrown the old one. He described the beauty and harmony of the spirit-world, and closed by exhorting all to live here with reference to the future, as we are there what we make ourselves here.

The afternoon session closed with a song from the Hyde family, who, with the Evansville Glee Club, furnished vocal and instrumental music at intervals during the meeting. Judging from this class of well-trained singers, Evansville can boast of more musical talent than many places of twice its size.

In the evening, exercises commenced by Mr. Warren Chase reading a poem, "The Good Time Coming," and then followed with a lecture on "Spiritualism." Said he should speak of it in its simplest form, and if he knew anything, he knew that those whose bodies are in the ground still live. He referred to the efforts of many of its most bitter opposers to annihilate it, but said they might as well attempt to put out the sun, as to extinguish the light of truth. He spoke of Professor Mahan's efforts, who, instead of annihilating Spiritualism, has almost annihilated himself instead. In speaking of the efforts of spirits to bring this subject before the world, said that they often made persons act ridiculously, in order to awaken thought and investigation which could be done in no other way, seeming at the time to retard its progress, but its ultimate result was its advancement. He then spoke of the great changes which it has wrought in the literature of our country for the last ten years. He referred to the Atlantic Monthly, which ten years ago could not have been supported had it had the same list of contributors which it has now. There is not a novel, or novel story that can be read unless something of a spiritual character is in it, though not by name. Said that over fifty mediums are now writing for the papers of New York, of a religious and secular character, and are known by the publishers as such. All these changes are leading on the minds of the people toward this great truth of Spiritualism. Many of the bitter opposers even in the pulpit, are influenced by spirits, and even political speakers. In the department of medicine, mediums are, in many places, taking the practice away from those who have spent years in gaining a medical education. This by some is attributed to the devil, but only children grown and upgrown, believe in a devil now. Why are not these things taught in our schools and colleges? Billings the public informed of their results. If you find a new skull, bone, or plant, you will find plenty to examine and report upon it. Why have we not had an examination of that power that takes men and women from the shop, farm and kitchen, and makes them the teachers of the people. It is the religious prejudices that prevent it. You will find Spiritualism among the leading minds of towns and neighborhoods, where papers, books, and schools are common. This is a subject not confined to one class, but to all. Some are led to that bad man and women are Spiritualists. I wish that all bad men and women were, for it would make them better. Persons who ponder to public sentiment, are not the leading minds, for they are but the echo of public opinion. True teachers of the people are ahead of the masses, and when the masses get up to them, they are ahead again. Spiritualism has "rapped" up the thinking minds, and set them to work, and through circles and lectures should cease, this work will still go by the agency of these invisible influences. If you take hold of this subject and use your powers rightly, you will be blessed by it; but you can make a bad use of anything. It will make you broader in thought and feeling, and place you where slander cannot affect you, for character and reputation are two things. Character is what you really are; reputation a bauble manufactured by public opinion. Give your thoughts and mind to the subject, hear his lectures, and read his literature, and so grow wiser and better.

Todd recited the poem "Sandalphon the Angel of Peace." Adjoined to Saturday morning.

At eight o'clock Saturday morning, commenced another of those interesting conference meetings, in which all have an opportunity to speak their thoughts upon any subject.

Dr. Stillman spoke on "Dress-Reform." Said that spiritual growth depends very much upon the condition of the body. We live in violation of almost every physiological law. We fill with poison the very air we breathe, and the food we eat. Billings the bodies of men, women and deacons; even those who are victims to its deadly effluvia in stores, cars, steamboats and parlors, and the pools of its fragrant juice are wiped up by the embroideries of the fair worshippers at Fashion's shrine; thus for one phrase more on dress-reform. As long as woman dresses so unhealthily, her prayers for health of body or mind, will be unavailing, and if woman is unhealthy, all must be so.

Mrs. Ames thanked women for wearing long dresses, for their looks dignified, and giving us courage to wear one more healthy. Dr. Parker does not believe

that one kind of diet is best for all, that different organizations require different food. Instinct, reason and observation must teach us what to eat. When man rises out of the lower planes of development, he will leave the lower forms of food. Dr. S. differs from Dr. P., and thinks animal men, should have food that will make them spiritual. Mr. Chase says, if men were to root, they must eat, if to sprout and sweat, eat tobacco. The Irish eat potatoes and dig under the ground; man grows like what he feeds on. Dr. Morrison thinks persons on different plants need different food.

Mr. M. C. Bent, a trance speaker, next gave a lecture on the "Religious Condition of the Country." Christianity of to-day is like Paganism, only to another degree. The idea of worshipping a God had its origin in Paganism. Nature's manifestations were the wrath of God. The sun became the emblem or type of the religion of man. Even should the Christ, get to heaven he has no assurance of remaining there, for God is said to have repented of some things, and he may still be changeable. The earth has been cursed long enough by this praying religion—praying one day in seven to God and the other six preying upon the neighbor. The Jews believed there was a war in heaven between the gods of light and darkness, and that Typhoeus, the god of the devil, was destroyed by the thunderbolts of Apollo, and cast into a horrible lake of fire, from whence the Christian's idea. Every system of religion or government a man has, is an outgrowth of his own nature.

Mrs. Stowe repeated "Leona," and Misses Sefton and Spencer favored us with a song, the "Three Angel Visitors."

Miss L. T. Whittier, of Whitewater, next gave an address upon the subject of "The Spiritualist's Creed," considered to be the basis upon which happens into its highest and broadest arena, must be based, and that this cannot be enjoyed until mankind live in obedience to the laws of life in eating, drinking, working, resting, breathing and sleeping, but more especially the former, for the erroneous dietetic habits of mankind are the grand sources of disease in all its various forms.

Again a song, "One by one they crossed the river," Dr. Morrison, of Illinois, followed. Subject, "What is Spiritualism?" The world has considered Spiritualism as the arena of all kinds of monstrosities. People are taught to believe in crowds, but all creatures are dangerous and corrupting; they fetter the mind and stifle the soul. There is no system of morals. When men undertake to learn morals they learn vices, for the vices of one man are the morals of another, and vice versa. Thomas Paine said, in reference to the sneers and scoffs of the boys in the streets of London, he thanked God that he was worthy of being kicked. So I am glad that Spiritualism is worthy of being kicked at. He said that by dividing into the Bible to find every truth—like geologist coming into Wisconsin, expecting to find in its soil all the truths of geology. Spiritualism is so natural that we do not realize its healthful effects or tendencies. Spiritualism is like leaven dropped down from heaven, and after a little fermentation will come the nutritious and true bread of life.

Mrs. S. Knox Ames followed next with a lecture, but first addressed a beautiful and eloquent prayer to the Spirit of Truth. Her subject was "The Outlook." Do not talk to me of a nation of virtues, when the darkest sin is legalized and licensed. It is said, for the protection of woman; for who does not know that these dens of infamy in every city are protected by law. He who draws his robes of self-righteousness around him, and cries, "I am holier than thou," has prostituted the best feelings of the human soul. It was the Jew, death, but the poor spirit should be saved and the destroyer of the poor? He is welcomed to the arms of fashionable society, even by the very sisters of the poor unfortunate. Why not stone to death the seducer, instead of the seduced? The greater the beauty and charms of the little babe in its mother's arms, the greater the danger. But though the destroyer may go on in his sins for years, the time will come when he will be smitten by the angel of death, or from the barbed arrows of justice and retribution. The mother may have told her daughter better; but words are weak, when weighed in the scales with organization. You cannot annihilate natural traits by words. Persons who come out in the ranks of reform and yield to higher power, are told that they must not talk plain. Why? Because they will not get so well paid. Had Jesus gone to some friend to tell him what he should do, we should doubtless have lost the benefit of his example. There is not an atom of one human soul but what all possess, and if you have not pre-arranged one power or faculty, you may have another. The yearnings of the mother's heart say, "Take the erring daughter, and love her back to goodness and virtue." But society says, "You must not, or we shall scorn you as not a worshiper of our God—the golden calf of respectability." Every person who suppresses the spirit of truth for fear of public opinion, or from a desire to please, is a prostitute to his spiritual nature as the lowest outcast to his body. We are a nation of hypocrites, from oldest to youngest; and from North to South the Judas kisses pollute the soil.

This closed the forenoon exercises, and at 1 P. M. we were ready to again listen to the words of truth and life.

Rev. J. C. Crawford spoke in Conference first. He is an Universalist by profession, and a Universalist by possession. He seems to have no foot to land on, and one on the sea. He wants a God and a Saviour, and wants Spiritualists as well as Universalists, to have one.

The next regular lecture was by Mr. Walter Hyde, on "Psychology or Magnetism." People are as afraid of magnetism as they used to be of steam when that was first used as a propelling agent. By the proper use of magnetism, we can live in harmony with any person. He wanted every person to know that, though they might have discords and inharmonies with their companions, they could be made to harmonize by using with their eternal mate, and by the proper control and direction of this magnetism, harmonize all these angularities. When you become self-poised and individualized so as to keep an even mind, you will be able to live without any affinity. When people can govern themselves, then will the world be rightly governed.

A. G. Parker, M. D. Subject, "Aristocracy and Democracy." Take Mason & Dixon's line to illustrate the division between the two classes, Democracy and Aristocracy. One class says, Cotton not king; the other says, the mighty Dollar. God never made kings and rulers, but men and women. Slavery is not a Southern idea, but of European origin. Slavery is the very cap-sheaf of the bottomless pit. This nation has tied up its moral faculties, and exercised exclusively its selfish nature. As we advance the interest of others, we advance our own. Our armies have never been so successful as since the declaration of emancipation. If the ability of the nation was commensurate with its aversion, they would make a ladder to heaven and tear up the golden streets to sell in Wall street. Man has staked his mental and spiritual nature, while he has used all his energies for the accumulation of wealth. When man comes to a knowledge of his own soul, he will cultivate all parts of his nature in unison.

Again was the harmony of voices in song, accompanied by the notes of the piano, listened to by music-loving souls with pleasure and gratitude, for music is the soul of all things.

Rev. Mr. Crawford spoke next, and wished to answer a question which was frequently asked him, viz: Why do you remain in the Church, while you are in the ability of the nation was commensurate with its aversion, they would make a ladder to heaven and tear up the golden streets to sell in Wall street. Man has staked his mental and spiritual nature, while he has used all his energies for the accumulation of wealth. When man comes to a knowledge of his own soul, he will cultivate all parts of his nature in unison.

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well to use his best efforts for the enfranchisement of woman. Hon. B. O'Connor, of Beloit, referred to the time in 1840, when at the first Convention to form the Constitution for the State of Wisconsin, he and Mr. Chase voted for woman's enfranchisement.

Mrs. N. M. Gore, a public lecturer, seemed to favor reform in dress, but not in diet. Thought the appetite would be what he body needed.

A song closed the Conference.

Mr. Warren Chase gave a lecture upon the Political Condition of the Country. There are four cardinal principles of a truly Democratic government. First, in the distribution of lands to the people. Every family should have a home, and that home protected by law. This principle has been somewhat carried out in New England and the West, but not in the Cotton States. Second principle, the division of labor, thus making labor honorable; for what is universal in respect, the third principle, universal education, and opening the schools to the poor as well as the rich. Michigan has the best educational system of any of the States. The fourth principle is to come, and in the equal rights of woman with man in social, civil, and political affairs. When this is done there will come as might and brilliant minds as are found among your men. Free labor and education will destroy all forms of all kinds. The South is fighting to carry out their prejudices, and not to protect schools and homes. If the negroes were all armed, they would be equal to the whole Southern army. England held her power over the ocean until 1812, and we have maintained the honor of our flag ever since. The doctrine of State Rights was the cause of this rebellion. Any of the Northern States have as much right to secede and set up a new nationality, and if we attempt to prevent the secession of the Southern States, the world would be aroused in their favor, and thus would be opened the door to an unending war.

Adjusted to Sunday morning.

Conference convened at 8 o'clock A. M., and was one of the most interesting ones of the season. Most of the speakers took part in the discussion; also several who do not profess to lecture in public; among these was an old lady whose name we did not learn, and who had seen three scores and eleven years. After making a few preliminary remarks, she read a short address, telling of her early experience in the Methodist Church; how she became a Spiritualist, and the comfort this belief afforded her in her years of decline. Her narrative, though plain and simple, together with her quiet and self-possessed appearance, seemed to make quite an impression upon the audience, as the utmost attention was given while she was speaking. I thought, as she stood before that audience of two or three hundred persons, that it was another evidence of the good that Spiritualism is doing, by bringing out the hitherto veiled mentality of woman, and making her the teacher as well as the learner in all classes of life.

When the hour had arrived for regular lectures, the chapel being so crowded it was thought best to adjourn to the grove, where seats had been previously arranged; but the coldness of the weather had prevented going there before.

Dr. Morrison composed the Class, and then Mr. B. Todd gave a lecture upon the Natural Evidence of Immortality, as drawn from man himself. Man possesses within himself all that he has been, is now, and ever will be. If we cannot by investigation find evidences within man of immortality, then it does not exist. We will present three arguments. First, the innate desire for and belief in immortality. The religiousist that there is no such principle innate in man; but that there is nothing about a man's love (ill he be held his child, if the law of cause and effect be true, the child still exists, or else that father's love would flow back and dry down again in its fountain. The third argument, the substance of which the true man is composed are indestructible in their nature; the law of aggregation and segregation will not reach or affect them. Man has a personality that is immutability in its nature—God manifest in the flesh. Man has an individuality composed of the spirit forms of all things that come within his conscious presence. It is by this individuality that man retains his identity. The gross material forms from which these spirit forms are taken may be destroyed; but the spirit-form that is embodied within our conscious principle, can never be swept away.

Dr. J. H. Stillman, of Whitewater, next addressed the meeting on the "Laws of Life." This is a nation of invalids; every-day where men are sick out of a miserable existence, and children are dying, to suffer out a few days, and then die. In order to save this nation, physiological laws must be obeyed. The first indication of health is beauty, and true beauty is the harmonious development of the whole organism. Second indication is activity; third, energy and strength; the fourth is happiness. In order to secure these we must eat wholesome food in proper quantities at proper intervals, daily exercise and rest, light and sunshine.

Dr. Morrison followed next with a lecture on the "Future of Spiritualism." The millennium will dawn just as soon as man lives true to his highest idea of justice, truth and love. Spiritualism is to deal with the causes of things. This is the power which has instituted every reform. In one sense, everything is harmonious, for every effect is in harmony with the cause that produced it. Spiritualism in the future will discover methods to cure crime, instead of punishing it. He spoke of Emma Hardinge as the Jesus of the age.

Adjusted for an hour, in which the bread and honey of this life were partaken of from the well-stored baskets of kind friends, and at one o'clock was the next conference speaking, and then Mrs. Stowe addressed the meeting, saying, "That mankind is ever seeking for new truths, and these our new religion is bringing. If man does not perform his whole mission here, he will have to return to earth and accomplish it. Baid that the prayers of the righteous availeth no more than that of the wicked, for man prays according to his organization. If you want good and true communications you must have highly developed mediums."

Mr. Chase gave a lecture on "Three Ideas of God." He commenced with the mineral kingdom, and spoke of the elements existing there, some of which cannot be explained. In the vegetable kingdom you find life manifested, but cannot tell what it is. In the animal life sensation in addition to motion, and life in the mineral an vegetable. But in these three kingdoms we find not the division between the kingdoms. But in the human kingdom is an aspiration that reaches out of this body, and cannot be satisfied with the demands of the physical alone. This desire belongs to the inner self, and is ever asking what and where am I? Go beyond the bounds of Christianity, and you find the same; and where has God revealed to man an answer? When shall the time come when this shall be answered? It has not been in the past; nor in the present, with all our ideas of God and his different revelations. Nothing but the longings of the soul which have brought us to our loved spirit-world, can answer this. This future existence is adapted to the demands of the human soul. He spoke of the beauties of spirit-life, and the same of the necessary conditions for communicating with departed friends, and closed by exhorting all to harmonize their lives—fraternize their souls and affectionize the whole being.

After a few remarks by the President, the meeting adjourned till evening, at which time the chapel was again filled, and the time pleasantly passed in listening to the life-experiences of Dr. Morrison, whose early days were crowded with bitter experience.

The President, D. Y. Kilgore, also related some parts of his life history. The struggles of his youth to ascend the hill of knowledge—his subsequent labors as Methodist clergyman, and still later labors as Principal of the Evansville Seminary, which position he has occupied for the last few years; incidents connected with his conversion to Spiritualism, and disconnection with the Church. He has received the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster, which position he expects to fill in a few days, and many a day filled with tears as he referred to this and made adieu to pupils and friends.

The following Resolutions were read by the Secretary and passed: Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to the President of this Convention for the able and efficient manner in which he has presided over the same; further Resolved, That a like vote be extended to those who have so kindly favored us with music and song from time to time; and further Resolved, That a vote of thanks also be tendered to those families who have so generously opened their homes to and provided for friends from a distance.

This closed one of the happiest and most interesting meetings it has ever been our pleasure to attend. Though the first of the kind held here, many expressed a wish that it might not be the last.

Yours for Practical Life,
LUCIEN T. WHITTIER.

EMMA HARDINGE, TO HER FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

My Friends—It was my purpose to spend the months of the fall and early winter in the West, and then proceed on a long projected voyage to California; but I find, since forming a great many engagements, that an opportunity just now occurs for me to perform the long and weary journey to the Pacific shore in company with friends about to set sail in October. Moreover, by going at this period, I shall secure the assistance of the only friend I have in California, in arranging for my opening lectures. Should I, however, defer my voyage till the spring, this good friend will have left the country, and I shall land there an entire stranger.

Under these circumstances, all my friends in the West having promise of lectures from me, with whom press of business prevents my more directly communicating, will understand that I feel compelled to relinquish my engagements with them, sending them by this token my most kindly greeting and cordial farewell. Should this breach of engagement with my spiritual friends excite disappointment, or irritation in their minds, let them set off against this one failure, my seven years of faithful and untiring service amongst them, and if in the present depreciated estimate of intellectual labor, myself amongst other equally zealous workers, and it impossible any longer to maintain themselves and those dependent on them by the unceasing wear and tear of the present itinerant lecture system, let them at least do justice to the years of effort I have bestowed on "the cause," and forgive me, if, after such a period of public service, I am at last compelled, in justice to myself, to seek another field of labor. All who have followed me in my public career, are aware that beside the duties of an itinerant lecturer on Spiritualism, I have undertaken others in connection with the interests of that unfortunate class whom the world calls "Outcast Women."

And ere I depart from amongst you, I owe both to you and myself a statement concerning the pledges I have made in this cause, and the sums that have been collected in aid of it.

I commenced the effort to interest the public and collect funds for the building of a home on the plan I had projected in the year 1860, and although opposed almost, I might say, systematically in every effort I made, by the coldness of the majority of my friends, and the direct opposition of the public generally, by the aid of a few warm-hearted reformers of my own faith principally, in 1861, when I made my first public appeal on the subject in Boston, I had collected from subscription and saved from my own earnings, nearly two thousand dollars. This sum I had left divided in the various cities in which I had collected it, in the hands of Trustees. In Boston, my plan was received with so much favor, that a large committee was formed, consisting of some of the most influential persons in Massachusetts, for the purpose of aiding me in its execution.

As a preliminary movement, I placed in the hands of this committee, all my subscription lists, together with the right to appropriate all the sums thus collected. The disastrous war, which is still unhappily raging, broke out just as my Committee were forming their preliminary arrangements, and at once scattered their ranks, and engrossed all their energies in the national crisis; and though I believe many of them are still as benevolently interested in my work as ever, yet I have never since found it possible to assemble them together, or induce them singly or collectively to withdraw their attention from the nation's calamities to this movement of mine.

After the dispersion of this Committee, I placed the funds which I had withdrawn from the hands of other Trustees, for the use of the Boston Committee, in the charge of two of their number, gentlemen equally well known to and respected by all Boston citizens, and myself, namely, Mr. Phoenix E. Gay, merchant of Boston, and Hon. J. B. Ladd, magistrate, of East Cambridge.

To these gentlemen, who from the first were connected with me in the Boston movement, I made clear statements, and gave original lists of all my collections and savings. With them, and in their names and my own, we invested all these sums in Boston Savings Banks, and from that day to this, I desire emphatically to state, that these sums have remained, drawing interest, in these banks, and in these gentlemen's charge, and though I have added to the gross amount frequently by additional small sums that have been given me, and expended from my own means over four hundred dollars in prosecuting this cause, neither principal nor interest of the sum publicly collected by me has ever been touched or reduced one cent—for the truth of which statement and the satisfaction of the donors, I hereby publicly refer to the worthy gentlemen whose names and addresses I have rendered above.

Since this Boston movement, I have continued unceasing in my efforts to awaken public interest and obtain the aid necessary to enable me to commence my work successfully in various other cities, but still "the war" and the national crisis has formed the real or pretended plea of excuse against every really available effort to carry out my plan. In New York, in the beginning of 1862, I succeeded in calling together an immense and enthusiastic meeting in Cooper Institute, and shortly after undertook the expensive, and, for a lady, repulsive task of getting up petitions and personally appealing to the New York Legislature for an appropriation to aid in the institution of my plan; but although, generally and individually, the members of Senate and Assembly of New York treated myself and my propositions with great kindness and respect, and generously printed a report strongly commending my proposition to the attention of future legislatures, they, too, urged the "nation's emergencies" as a plea against granting appropriations for new charities, &c. To private enterprise and public beneficence I still continued to appeal, until I have literally found the ear become deaf to my cry, and I am most reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that so long as the cannon of war and the shriek of the battle-field are sounding, the wall of misery at home can neither reach the ear nor the heart, and I must "wait a little longer."

To convince all who feel with me interested in this momentous work, that whatever my own private necessities may be, I have not unfaithfully deserted my post until I find every avenue for work closed against me, I beg to make one more statement. I have frequently been assured by theoretical reformers that I had already collected quite ample money to commence a country home "on a small scale," and that with two thousand dollars in the bank, and the prospect of the payment of a legacy left in Oregon, probably of from four to five thousand dollars for this purpose, I might well start a home at once. Nay, more; it has been again and again suggested to me that my failure to do so was highly displeasing to the looking-on-world, and entailed on me all sorts of unfriendly aspersions, &c. In vain I urged, first, that as a series of vexatious lawsuits have been entered against the payment of the legacy in Oregon, there was no dependence to be placed upon its receipt at all, even supposing we should ultimately gain our cause; and next, that, according to my calculation, I required, to commence my home with an estate free of encumbrance, and a sufficient sum to support whatever family I would take up at least three years, allowing that this for the ground to become productive, and the women organized into a self-sustaining body. In vain I urged these things of prudence. The world expected me "to do something," and whether I had it of not, with or without means,

If I would satisfy the world, something to show I could do. My good friend, World, that something to show I can do; and that, without risking the loss of one cent of the money which is held still, safely, by my countryman for my poor outcasts, when such an opportunity as I deem prudent occurs for its investment.

I have said that all the expenses attending upon my movement in this cause, I have borne myself; and these have often been very heavy, let my friends understand that myself and my mother did not come to this country without some means of our own, and that from this source principally I defrayed the above named expenses, and from this source it is that I have myself recently tried on a small scale, the experiment of cultivating a small piece of ground, and maintaining a country home. My experiment, as it is purely my own, and carried out at my own expense, need not be here detailed. Suffice it to say, I have proved conclusively, that a piece of ground, large or small, cannot become remunerative to the cultivator under two or three seasons, and that the hire of the necessary help for its cultivation, together with the expenses attendant upon the formation and maintenance of a country home on the smallest scale, is a vortex that swallows up a steady income of about three times the amount of the purchase money of the estate at first. That such a home (made by effort and time production in every department,) might ultimately become self-sustaining, I am more than ever assured; but whilst I should invest my two thousand dollars collected, in part of the purchase money, and give a mortgage for the rest, where is the yearly interest on that to come from? To say nothing of house, land, and family expenses, which I repeat, I have proved by experience, would swallow up a far larger income for the first few years than the purchase money of the estate.

This experience my kind looking-on-world, I have purchased them in my late residence, Rose Creek, Delanco, New Jersey, and though I have bestowed all my own substance in conducting the experiment, the experience has been however ruinous to me, worth the price, especially as I have gained it without the waste of one single cent of the money which has been entrusted to me, which I again repeat is in the safe and honorable charge of my Boston Trustees, to be by them retained, until either they may justify its investment for the original purpose of the collection, or in the event of a California grave terminating the earthly labors of its collector, to be by them returned to the donors, or invested in some institution in aid of the poor unfortunate for whose benefit it was designed at first. For the satisfactory arrangement of this matter it is my purpose to confer with my Boston Trustees ere I depart this country. And now nothing remains for me but to say "farewell," and to all who have held kindly relations with me in the long and arduous labors I have pursued amongst them, and I say that word which is fraught with a bitterness which none can appreciate but those who have also realized how strong are the ties which bind together the souls of struggling, but devoted pioneers of an unpopular cause—did not that same unpopular cause teach us that the word "farewell" applies only to time, whilst "we shall meet again" are the watchwords of eternity.

From time to time, all who love me, or remember my misery amongst them, with kindness, shall receive words of greeting from the far-off land, through the spiritual powers, whilst all who realize the science of thought, will know they are ever present, in the love and memory of
EMMA HARDINGE,
8th Fourth Avenue, New York.

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