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### JASMINE;

#### THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

"The Land of the Ocean and the Palm."  
"The pure, open, prosperous love,  
That pledged below and sealed above—  
Grows in the world's approving eye,  
In friendship's smile, and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties,  
Into one knot of happiness." Moore.  
"Fame was thy gift from others; but for her  
To whom the wide world held that only spot,  
She loved thee!" Mrs. Hemans.  
My Tropic home!—my mountain-guarded sanctuary,  
Close by the ever humming sea!—Charmed was the life  
I led there—the monotonously blissful life of three  
years. There I forgot my sorrows, and steeped my  
heart in the sweet honey-dew of household love. For-  
getting all, even the chilling prophesy of Rostia, or  
remembering only with a dreamy regret all save my  
father's happy death, I breathed in the inspiring  
ocean air, and reposed securely in that dream-like  
whose realization so far exceeded my most aspiring  
hopes.  
Rare vistas of the heaven-life are awarded to earth's  
patiently awaiting ones; inspirations fraught with  
the glorious revelations of the immortal worlds. The  
only wedded hearts, whose spirit-union was now ac-  
knowledgeed to the world, enjoyed those glimpses of  
harmonious life attained to only by the "pure in  
heart."  
And those linked hands led me gently and lovingly  
up the spiritual heights of aspiration, along the  
sequestered valleys of holy contemplation to the shrines  
of Thought, to the beacon flames of interior illumina-  
tion. Almost all of what is now termed the spiritual  
philosophy was known and accepted by my mother  
and Clarence May.  
In those charmed days not a lingering shadow of  
adversity obscured the blissful light-heartedness of  
youth, except when, dwelling on the sorrows and  
manifold forms of suffering in the world without, I  
went for the homeless, the outcast and the oppressed,  
seeking from afar to relieve them, inasmuch as the  
power was allotted me.  
There is a magical, recuperative power in love and  
happiness. My mother's delicate, sylph-like form  
rounded out into a beautiful symmetry; gleams of  
mirthfulness sped from her lustrous eyes; her lip  
curved with perpetual smiles; her cheeks glowed fresh-  
ly fair as those of a young girl; sunshine irradiated her  
face; she seemed an incarnate Muse, a spirit of poetry  
and music; the inspired priestess of a nobler era of  
the world. And I, looking upon her with an admiration  
of affection that was intense worship, deemed this  
happiness lasting. It was, for them; but for me, alas!  
It was a special and beautiful training my spirit re-  
ceived beneath her ministrations of beauty and bold-  
ness. Each day I learnt more and more to reverence  
the soul-attributes of him my heart and lips named  
"father." In Clarence May the childlike simplicity  
of heart was united to the unostentatious grandeur of  
a cultivated intellect; the clear, steady light of phi-  
losophy beamed from the inviolate altar of a pure reli-  
gion. Love to him was the attendant guide of Wis-  
dom, their ministry was one; benevolence, world wide  
patriotism, Christ-like charity dwelt in his soul. And  
when to the fruition of his heart-hopes was added the  
laurel branch of Fame, he accepted the world's meed  
humbly, yet with that innate dignity that received its  
due. Content, in the retirement of home, to write, la-  
bor, and live for the elevation of his fellow-man.  
That home of Eden like repose I how indelibly are  
its varying features of beauty impressed upon my  
mind and heart! Let me linger awhile amid its heav-  
enly calm, for soon I must go hence, amid the storm-  
waves of life! I am dreaming sweetly, in pity dis-  
turb me not.  
I have seen homes like ours in the rare glimpses al-  
lotted me of spirit-life and happiness. There, too, the  
sun blest earth rejoices in a multifarious bloom, that is  
never blighted by the wintry winds. As a faint re-  
flection of the untranslatable glories of the upper  
worlds, my Tropic home stood forth, an imperishable  
memory, replete with brilliant hues of beauty, with  
paradise odors, and music-breathings of the ocean  
and the forest world. Like crimson stars the pome-  
granate flowers illumined the leafy shrines of medita-  
tion; the orange-blossoms drooped above the singing  
stream, and reflected in its placid bosom their pure,  
white sweetness and their golden fruit. The pendant  
bananas swayed from beneath protecting fan-like  
leaves of emerald glossiness; the kingly coconuts waved  
their tufted crests; the royally benignant palm returned  
the gracious salutation of the passing winds; in close  
and lavish companionship the fragrant magnolias  
threw to the breeze its alluring invitation; mingled  
scented breezes from interior forest depths blended  
with the briny and welcome southwest wind. The  
coffee trees bent lowly beneath their wealthy burden  
of snowy flowers and crimson berries; the rose-golden  
guava hung temptingly within reach; the yellow man-  
go dropped over-ripe to the gorgeously enamelled  
ground; the cooling tamarind formed bowers of ver-  
dure; white saintly lilies, with their foreign sister-  
hood in robes of scarlet, blue, and spangled magnifi-  
cence, decked the river banks; and unnamed forest  
treasures spread like dotted gems before the sight.  
The mysterious mountain heights were crowned with  
purple, veiled in ineffable glory-tints of silvered,  
dusky azure, in sunlight that seemed showering rays  
of diamonds upon the sapphire-bosomed sea, whose  
song was forever a lullaby of peace and liberty. All  
life and sensation was spiritualized into a sense of  
serenity, calm, musical, and filled with suggestive  
thought. It was no Tropic dream-life I led; for in

those days I gathered invaluable stores of knowledge.  
I lived upon the shores of intuition, and received the  
messenger-birds of spirit-life, freighted with love-  
tokens from the beyond. I grew out of the narrow  
boundaries of self; I gained individualization, free-  
dom, expansion, peace!  
Within doors abode the choicest harmonies. There  
beauty and work walked hand in hand, garlanded by the  
idealizing touch of poetry; there genial coloring, blend-  
ed with music's entrancing spell of worship, grace,  
art, simplicity, smiled on the beholder. The beautiful  
love, ordained every fold of drapery, presided over  
the arrangement of each household detail; religion  
upreared its temple; beneficence had there its consec-  
rated fane.  
And I learnt much of the interior laws of being, of  
sacred marriage affinities, indissoluble as the out-  
spoken thoughts of God, made visible in law. And  
there came to me with renewed assurance of a blissful  
certainty, a thought, a dream, a fancy, a cherished  
belief that had been mine from girlhood's dawn,  
namely, that somewhere in the earthly universe, or in  
the limitless spheres of spirit-life, there lived and  
breathed for me my own soul's counterpart, whose in-  
ner being and visible expression was manifested to me  
in glimpses—whom one day I should inevitably meet,  
and meeting recognize. And in that love ordained of  
heaven's immutable law, there would be no coldness  
and no wavering of purpose, no doubt, no fear, for  
each would recognize in the other the heart's half-  
avowed ideal. Instantaneous and gloriously respon-  
sive would be the full flowering of that spirit-love that  
were no taint of earthliness. This was my theory,  
but I went not into the world for its fulfillment. I  
never sought for its realization. I felt that it would  
come to me unsought, unasked—sent by that Providen-  
tial hand that labors ever for humanity. And so I  
rested, calmly, happily, hopeful of the future, scarcely  
desiring the fruition of a heavenly love upon this  
earth.  
And Ralph Fairbank?—I smiled in contemptuous  
self-pity for that early mistake. The beautiful growth  
of heart and intellect had long since banished all the  
pains of memory.  
And so we lived, we three united hearts; and our  
faithful Anastasia was delighted with the lavish abun-  
dances of Nature in that summer-land. At times in her  
own gurgling way, she declaimed loudly against the  
"uncleanly hot weather, the plaguey mosquitoes, the  
too thousand creeping things with their insupportable  
legs and wings." She had a great horror of bats,  
and always called them "flying nightmares!"  
Oh, how gladly would I linger yet awhile in my  
Eden home! But the voice of necessity called me, and  
I must go forth. Ask not of me, indignant readers of  
this life-story, for an author's due attention to elabo-  
rate rules. Quickly as I can I must hasten over the  
details, and portray in the language of a stricken  
heart the renewal of bitterness, grief and trial. I can-  
not conform to established rules of art; I cannot guide  
this pen, impelled of soul-sorrow, to move in measured  
cadence to the utterances of a we profound. I can  
speak to you only, oh once-bred, crushed hearts! as  
Nature and remembrance bid.  
As the summer departed, leaving still every sign of  
its continuous reign upon the ever-verdant landscape,  
a hectic flush, that was not her natural bloom, each  
evening played upon my mother's cheek, and I saw  
that her step was feebler, that a brightness, such as  
dazzled me dwell in her Madonna-eyes. She saw and  
held converse with the angels, and she said they called  
her upward and homeward. She described with a fer-  
vid and glowing eloquence the angelic beauties of  
the unseen worlds.  
For awhile I was blinded, bewildered, thinking of  
no possible end to this charmed life of security. Then  
one day, sudden, startling as a fiat of doom, I  
heard a voice within my soul that bade me at once  
"Prepare!"  
I knew for what, and the whole future darkened to  
my sight, as half fainting I fell forward in the vine-  
ar of my silent meditations. The cool leaves  
touched my brow caressingly, the sweet lilies waited  
to my sense their consoling fragrance; light illumined  
my spirit, I felt God in that supreme hour high unto  
me, his suffering one, and I knew that death implied  
no separation of kindred souls. I wept and prayed,  
and I grew calm, resigned!  
At the door leading to her chamber, I met Anasta-  
sia, her honest face clouded with the grief that lay  
heavily upon her heart. She looked at me intently,  
her lips working, and large tear-drops in the sym-  
pathetic eyes. I took her rough hand, and said, in un-  
faltering tones:  
"I know all! I know that we shall lose her, but it  
is God's will!"  
"Thanks and praise to the Lord of Hosts from ever-  
lasting to everlasting, amen!" sobbed the good wo-  
man, pressing me fondly to her heart. "He alone  
can give fortitude and break the waves of trouble.  
You're upheld by the blessed angels, as she is, the  
holy saint!"  
And together we ministered unto her cheerfully as  
of yore, manifesting no sorrow in her presence, watch-  
ing the gradual and painless progress of a spirit's en-  
franchisement from the clay, with feelings akin to re-  
verent worship.  
And Clarence May? His face was pale, but his eye  
shone, with the, to me, strange lustre of undiminished  
hope and faith. Was he blinded to her condition, or  
did he feel assured of speedy reunion with the idolized  
wife beyond? A new terror overcame me; was I to  
be left desolate, utterly alone upon the earth? One  
day I ventured to speak to him of her departure, of  
my fears, my dread of the future. He answered as  
only could the inspired of God; soothed me, magnified  
me into calm, and left me in the hands of the All-  
overruling Providence.  
The weeks sped on, and feebler grew the lovely form  
enriching the immortal soul with superhuman beau-  
ty, glowing the virgin face, with the melody of love,  
with the wisdom of the angels, she counselled me,  
prepared me for the inevitable; exhorted me to faith  
and patience; predicted the coming trials; and prophe-  
sied the ultimately gained peace and rest.  
She left me one October night, when the moon was  
showing its full golden beam, upon the incense-  
breathed air. The midnight orisons of Nature as-  
cended to the Father. Spirit and will were united

the sacred worship of a spirit, freed and glorious!  
Her last words of affection were for me: her last look  
of love for Clarence. A stillness, as that within a  
temple, reigned supreme. It was broken by the sobs  
of the true-hearted Anastasia, by the rapturous voice  
of the bereaved husband, exclaiming, as his eye dilated  
and his extended arms welcomed the glorious vision:  
"All hail, my beloved, my own one! Blessed  
angels guide her! My Mary, love, send soon the sum-  
mons! I wait and pray!"  
The supplication that arose from that chamber of  
death, from those inspired lips, has never been sur-  
passed by mortal eloquence. I heard and understood  
it all, even amid my anguish of loss. I knelt before  
the prophet-lover, the kingly man, and humbly and  
reverently invoked his blessing.  
Then he who had prayed so fervently for the redemp-  
tion of the human world from ignorance and sin—he  
who had called upon the ministering beneficent beings  
of other, better realms—he who had interceded with a  
gracious, loving Father for the fallen and outcast of  
humanity—be turned to me, the orphaned and the  
sorely-tried, and gave to me a benediction, that, falling  
upon my heart like benignant dew of a divine love, has  
blessed me even to this day!  
We robed her athen in white, and crowned her  
placid brow with lilies; then, at his paternal com-  
mand, I sought my chamber. "He kissed me fondly  
thrice, and said:  
"Come as early in the morning as you please, Jas-  
mine; but now leave me here awhile."  
I obeyed, and Anastasia followed me, awe struck and  
silent. We shed no tears that night. Without un-  
dressing, I cast myself upon the bed, she occupying a  
cane-lounge near me. I heard her quick, troubled  
breathing from time to time. With hands folded over  
her breast, the faithful woman slept, while now and  
then her eyelids quivered, and her lips compressed by  
sorrow gave forth a mournful sound, half sigh, half  
moan.  
I too, slept, a strangely interrupted slumber, for I  
stepped forth from the guarded shelter of my dear  
home into the open sea, and I walked its storm-  
tossed waves with fearless tread, and breathed the  
savage billows, white with their created foam. I looked  
unflinchingly into the tempestuous sky. The blinding  
lightning flashed over the wide expanse of waters,  
revealing drifting wrecks and wild, triumphant sea-  
birds, that uttered loud, discordant cries. The rolling,  
dreadful thunder reverberated from the bleak moun-  
tains' side, their inaccessible heights, looming from  
afar. The way was long, but at last my foot trod land,  
a verdant, flowery plain, far from my Tropic home-  
stead. There, strange voices welcomed me, and a  
dawning intuition possessed my soul. I saw the white  
dove, symbolized realization of my earliest dreams. I  
nestled to my bosom. I held the myrtle twig of love,  
the olive of peace-victory. Then suddenly my spirit-  
bird plumed restlessly its flight, the myrtle and the  
olive vanished. Before me lay a tollsome ascent,  
steep, thorny, wearisome. I trod the rugged cliffs  
alone. I passed over bridging chasms unaided. I  
sped, weeping, toward the beckoning summit. With  
torn garments, bleeding feet, and heart that pined so  
longingly for rest, I wandered on, and there, in the  
gladdening sunshine, lay the pilgrim's goal, the moun-  
tain's top! Azure, rose and golden clouds veiled  
lovingly the home-shelter. From a mistily seen perch  
of flowers emerged the messenger-dove of heaven.  
Unseen the form, the voice of love said, "Welcome,"  
and I knelt in prayer of deliverance and thankfulness,  
and then again I slept.  
For a short space of time, I was again within my  
own room, looking upon the quietest sleep of the kind  
attendant. I was in my mother's chamber, watching  
the seraphic smile upon her lips. I was the consoler  
to the sorrow-bowed heart of Clarence May. Then I  
was in England, and stood beside my father's grave  
while; then dancing, thronging, feasting shapes and  
mocking eyes, passed in a hurried show before me. I  
saw Catherine Strong performing weird incantations  
before a seething cauldron; Agatha, dressed in bridal  
robes, with ornaments of jet; Mark Califfe's demon  
eyes, and Austin's glance of malignant triumph.  
Then I was borne invisibly aloft, and the portals of an  
unknown kingdom opened. I saw—but language  
fails me. I was in one of the many thousand cities of  
the angel-dwellers of our God. There was no material  
 pomp or splendor there, but there was an un-  
equalled spiritual grandeur of heart and soul wealth,  
manifested in external forms of beauty. And amid  
the crowned and the bearded, the mighty humble and  
the truly great, I saw, resplendent with eternal youth,  
luminous with the spirit's beauty, my own dear moth-  
er, clad in the regal vestments of a consecrated angel-  
hood!  
"Miss Jasmine, oh Miss Jessie, for the dear Lord's  
sake, do wake up! Are you alive, or in a faint?  
For pity—mercy's sake, get up!"  
I heard the familiar voice ringing distinctly through  
the veil of slumber. I awoke as from a deep spell,  
and sprang bewildered to my feet. The trembling  
arms of Anastasia clasped me around. There was a  
white alarm, a frozen terror, on her face.  
"What has occurred? what new calamity?" I cried,  
and my first thought was of him, my father, by the  
supreme tie of heart-affection.  
"Oh, my child, it's the terrible—the terrible earth-  
quake!" she cried. "Providence, Holy Saviour, an-  
gels, be with us!"  
I knew it then—that fearful visitation of the Trop-  
ics, unfit for years in that sheltered spot. From afar  
came the hollow, subterranean rumbling, muffled as  
the distant thunder; then the floor away beneath  
our feet, and the night-lamp rocked upon the table.  
Loud shrieks issued from the servant's room, and trem-  
bling, desperate voices called wildly piercing on my  
name, on Clarence May, on the dear departed. Into  
my room burst two frightened negroes, crying,  
"Hear ye! Hear ye! Tremble! Tremble!" (Hear ye, Mary,  
Lord! the earthquake!)  
I had but one thought, one sense remaining: it was  
to gain my mother's room, to feel the living presence  
of my dear and only protector. Shock succeeded upon  
shock; I heard the crash of falling rafters; I saw wide  
flashes opened in the walls; my head was dizzy, and  
my sight was dim, but, holding steadily the lamp,  
with Anastasia clinging to me, deaf to the extraneous

that besought me to seek for safety in the open air, I  
passed through hall and corridor, until I reached my  
mother's chamber. With shrieks and wild gestures,  
and frantic ejaculations the servants fled from the  
house. I entered to find the room shrouded in dark-  
ness, the furniture thrown around in disorder; but I  
stopped not to examine: I bent over my mother's  
couch. There was the same blissful sweetness of re-  
pose upon the unchanged face; the place was filled  
with the holy perfume of lilies; not a fold of drapery  
around the still form was displaced. A smothered cry  
from Anastasia called me from the contemplation of  
the serene peace before me. I turned and looked.  
Before me lay the lifeless figure of Clarence May, with  
folded arms. A heavy beam, fallen from the ceiling,  
had stifled the noble heart-beats, had set the yearning  
spirit free!  
Without a word I knelt down and raised his head.  
Very calm and beautiful was the placid face, with the  
eyes closed as in gentlest, sweetest slumber; there  
was a response to my mother's smile upon his lips.  
My faithful attendant wrung her hands and wailed  
aloud, but I could neither weep nor speak. Together  
we removed the weight that had crushed out his life.  
I made no efforts to restore him. I knew he had re-  
joined his loved one in the land of souls, that he there  
reigned with her, joint monarch of a heart-realm.  
I sat and watched there till the dawn, unheeding  
the repeated earthquake shocks, the oriel of alarm  
from without. My faithful, brave Anastasia braved  
death for me.  
With the morning light the terrible visitation de-  
parted, having fulfilled its errand of destruction in the  
overthrow of many buildings. In the loss of some val-  
ued lives. Yet had the earthquake's coming been di-  
vested of much of its former terror, and prayers of  
thankfulness were offered in the churches that day,  
and the image of the protecting Virgin carried in  
state procession around the town. The excitable  
populace, vehement in their display of joy as of sor-  
row, followed in numbers. My home remained to me.  
In it I sat clothed in desolation, an orphan, by the  
darkened hearth.  
CHAPTER XIX.  
The Hand of Providence.  
"My childhood's terror! once again the gleam  
Of those remembered eyes—the nightmare dream  
That haunted me throughout the changing years,  
Thrills deep my heart with dim foreboding fears."  
"Slender mists no regard from noble minds:  
Only the base believe what the base only utter."  
"Time is more a teaching than a healing ministry,  
Oh Time! With the concentration of an intense  
aim, I never was violently demonstrative of either  
grief or joy. In that land of extremes I passed for one  
cold and heartless, because I gave way to no vehement  
display of sorrow, even when my best beloved ones  
were carried forever from my sight. The curious stran-  
gers that officiously surrounded me knew not of the  
religion that sustained me, the philosophy that  
strengthened. They looked in pitying and contempt-  
uous wonder on the "heretic girl," little knowing  
that I had so long belonged to their own creed-forms.  
I stooped their conventional rouse in many ways, and  
added to their religious horror. My mother's earth-  
form, and that of Clarence, her husband, was laid to  
rest in the spot she had chosen for herself—a roman-  
tic, flower-enamelled glen, between the nearest tower-  
ing hills. A plain white stone, with names and date,  
was all that marked the place. No symbol of the re-  
ceived religions of the earth adorned it. Catholics  
and Protestants were alike scandalized that I made no  
effort to have the bodies rest in consecrated ground.  
Just as if there could be one inch of earth subject of  
God's ministry of life and bloom! Wherever the grass  
grows and the modest wild flowers peep, wherever the  
life of the mineral develops into beauty in its rocky  
bed, there is the consecration of Almighty love; it  
needs no priestly mutterings, no man-made formula,  
to hallow our Father's earth.  
Because I lived retired, world-apart within my  
own realm of thought and feeling, they dubbed me  
cold and proud. They deemed me careless of friend-  
ship, because I would not accept its hazy semblance  
for the brave reality, because I waved back the sat-  
isfactions, who, my intuitions whispered, sought me only for  
my youth and few physical attractions, or for the sup-  
posed wealth I inherited. These cavaliers deemed me  
insensible to love. Blind moles! they could not see  
that I was soul-wedded to my kindred and aspiring  
spirit, that, shielded by that sovereign affection, I  
shrank from the veiled offerings of passion, prefer-  
ring life-long solitude to uncongenial companionship.  
Then, as ever, vowed unto principles, I lost thereby  
the world's meed of popular favor.  
Blessed in the sight of judging angels is that reform-  
er, thinker, self-guided one, who wears nobly the man-  
tle of misconception often thrown over sacerdotal  
garments by the unthinking multitude. Better in our  
day is the martyr's crown than the crown of worldly ho-  
nors. My own sanctity by strange theories, bewil-  
dered by brilliant sophistries, attract by artfully veiled  
appeals to favorite weaknesses and concealment of be-  
setting sins, and thereby win the orator's and the  
writer's meed of ungrudging fame, and its attendant  
golden compensations. But oh, teacher, commissioned  
of sorrow and experience, inspired of uncompromising  
truth, prepare for the envenomed dart of calumny, the  
storm of opposition, the howlings not alone of outside  
bigotry, but of thine own household, who will cry  
loudest, "Crucify!" when you preach truth, or act  
the best.  
I learnt this lesson early; that individualization of  
character and independence of action were spiritual  
aids to holiness, but that in striving for them we must  
sacrifice all, save the approval of our God and our  
conscience. These sweetest consolations remain to us,  
yet how few are strong enough to live with impugned  
motives, branded of the world, yet inviolately pure in  
heaven's dear night!  
It is difficult, I grant you, to steer our life-boat safely  
amid the turbulent sea of clerical and conventional  
opposition, to avoid, on the one hand, the shoals and  
quagmires of sophistry, the boundless, seemingly in-  
viting further ocean of perfect freedom, that is but in  
the present a howling waste of conflicting waters, un-  
blest by one haven of true repose. On the other side,  
conservatism looms upon us with its thousand year-

old garments and obsolete laws. Pointing to the Mo-  
saic records, it demands "murder for murder"; it en-  
joins the continued slavery of women; it demands the  
everlasting bondage of the African; it sanctions legal-  
ized adulteries; it smiles upon the atrocities of half-bred  
maldens, on the unspeakable sins of a decaying ma-  
ternity—all in the name of honor, law and custom!  
"This Jasmine talks phantly!" say my readers.  
Ay, and strongly, even as I feel. Let no false shame  
deter any honest, true-hearted woman, in this age,  
from using speech and pen in behalf of the oppressed.  
Let us lend our influence, one and all, to speed the  
"good time coming," when the devouring serpent of  
sensuality shall be crushed beneath the virgin foot of  
conquering woman.  
I would have you never an out-landish. I would have  
you, oh my sisters, live so truly, purely and reli-  
giously that unpurged Nature should be your guide.  
Then would you love wisely, mate yourselves under-  
standingly, and become, as you are destined to be, the  
mothers of angels. But while men are attracted solely  
by the allures of the physical, while soul is  
subservient to sense, while young girls seek for love by  
vain parading of their external charms, inducing pas-  
sion, not pure and enduring affection, let no one hope  
for the Millennium! While modest worth and homely  
telling graces are disregarded in the chase for igno-  
rantly great names, while liberties are welcomed at the na-  
tion's hearthstone, and the maiden shrinks not from  
the hand-clasp of the sensualist, hope not for a regen-  
erated earth! While, as in Cicilia or Georgia, white  
slaves are sold into a marriage bondage, boast not of  
your superior civilization, oh Europe and America!  
While stringent and cruelly unjust laws bind wail-  
ing souls in an enforced relation from which the spirit  
shrinks in horror, talk not, I beseech you, of the wild  
away of Christianity! You have made laws you deem  
irrevocable; yet the growth of the soul in the knowl-  
edge of its divine, imalienable rights makes null and  
void your parchment! You say, "What God hath  
put together let no man sunder." Unnecessary waste  
of words! Whatever by immutable law has been cre-  
ated, aims to stum, in the immeasurable fields of  
formation, love to love, heart to heart, spirit to its  
eternal counterpart, not all the revolutions of the  
universe can sever. But what man has joined unto  
himself in ignorance of soul needs, in inexperience of  
physiological and spiritual law, in the blindness of a  
passion-heated fancy, is under the ban of change.  
As the indwelling majesty and power of the Divine,  
most manifest in love, never presided at the conjugal  
benediction, it is annulled—the mere outer form—and  
liberty, the object gift of redemption, is the right of  
all.  
But you fear the spread of immorality, if such free-  
dom from restraint were allowed. If divorces were  
made easy, how few would remain together. Is it  
even so? Then better for the world that these un-  
usually mortal ones be set at liberty. The eternally  
wedded will not, cannot, avail themselves of your laws.  
They need them not; their rest is found; they would  
not seek it elsewhere if the kingdoms of the earth lay  
at their feet. But to behold the miserable infidelity,  
the daily discord, the undeveloped offspring of such  
unions, in too fearful a sight! Methinks, from the  
angels, tell their page eyes in trembling horror, and  
their divine hearts overflow with immortal pity for the  
wrong of earth.  
Am I wandering from my story? Yes, but to some  
purpose, friends.  
After the death of my loved ones, I sunk into an  
apathetic, idle sorrow. I felt the stinging of the wo-  
man-nature, inspired by my two goddess immortals,  
impelling me forward into a course of action tend-  
ing to develop my own reasoning powers, and in a feeble  
measure, lending some aid to the cause of human pro-  
gress.  
I went among those of all classes for over a year, and  
almost everywhere I found the monster of discord be-  
side the domestic hearth. I saw that false religious  
views, false training of the female mind, conventional  
morality and obedience to custom, had dwarfed the in-  
tellects and warped the hearts alike of men and women.  
Among the Catholics forbidden the divorce, what  
tragedies of crime were enacted. Among Protestants,  
what dread of the world's opinion—not of God's jus-  
tice—held supreme sway. I have seen young daugh-  
ters broken-hearted, despairing, pallid, wait for the  
marriage altar with a dated spouse, while in their  
souls dwell ineffably the image of another, loved and  
lost! And the mammoth worshipping parents exulted  
over the decorations of a life with a ghost-like joy.  
Then, thoughtless, inexperienced boyhood, all un-  
taught in spirit, unweakened by sight of discipline,  
have rushed into marriage with a handsome face,  
a speaking pair of eyes, a splendid countenance, and a  
charming voice. A few years of close companionship  
sufficed for entire disenchanted; the chains, once  
of freedom, were turned to galling iron. Both yearned  
for freedom, but the voice of public opinion added  
harshly: "No! you have chosen for life; abide by it!"  
as if the poor babies knew aught of life, of real affec-  
tion, then. So, for fear of the world, that most inma-  
culate worth, forsooth, they mutually gnawed their  
fingers, until the seal of degradation was set upon the  
young wife's brow; or the brand of dishonor upon the  
husband's name. She fled with one she loved, or he,  
unable to regain his freedom lawfully, in desperation  
took it, and sought home and affection in another  
clime. Adultery, bigamy, elopements—all grew out  
of unjust restrictions; society is accountable for the  
manifold crimes it upholds.  
Broken hearts and broken hearts, who can number  
them? Victims of lust and Mammon! Desecrated  
homes, where the bridal chamber is not the spiritual  
temple of a chaste and reverent love, but the inqur-  
ation framed by legal sensuality for direct torments!  
Dance with the marks of sin, and ancestral sinfulness  
on your faces, with the grasp of all diseases on your  
delicate frames, how pitiful a sight you are in the eyes  
of philanthropic angels! Men, wasting your God-giv-  
ing energies, your brilliant powers, your force of in-  
tellect and charms of will upon the frivolous, aim at  
pursuits, misnamed pleasure. Women, who draw  
back in horror from contact with the outcast Magda-  
len, yet draw and speak in direct appeal to the ma-  
mal in man. How long, oh how long, will you remain  
thus blinded to your highest interests?  
I thought much of this then in my Tropic home; for







suppose, then, that mind can ever be without means for manifestation? May there not be other and yet more refined forms of matter, besides those which are here manifest to our senses, and may not the former exist to the mind as plainly as the latter? Is there not a mental atmosphere, separate and independent of the material? Are your thoughts, even now, dependent on that material atmosphere? Does the mind derive its nourishment from those gross substances which sustain the body? Is the life of the spirit sustained by the same force which causes the blood to flow in our veins? Is it clothed with the same garment? Does it require protection from hunger, cold, thirst and fire?

No! Thought feeds upon all other thought. It arrays itself in robes like unto itself—the garment of its high and holy aspirations! You cannot doubt this, and yet you question whether the mind can continue to manifest itself after the death of the body. Most assuredly it can! And all mind, all spirit, all power, is the result of their constant manifestations. You derive life and activity from the invisible world around you. Deprive human life of that—tear away from the perception of mortals that which the spirit alone understands—the consciousness of communion with superior power and purpose, and you deprive humanity of its spiritual food, you bar the entrance of the spiritual temple, and the mind shrinks into nothingness. Mental sustenance is as necessary to human existence as bodily aliment. Doubt this, if you will, but deprive yourselves in imagination of these resources, and then ask, where would be the mind? If you admit it, then you admit the mind is dependent upon other minds for its natural nourishment, strength and vitalizing atmosphere. And now do you doubt that mind can communicate with mind? The atmosphere of mind is like that of the earth, which is invisible, impalpable, except when in violent motion. How then can you expect mind to have cognizance of mind, except when some palpable thought, some powerful purpose, from that spiritual sphere sweeps across your soul, meets some kindred thought already there, and nerve it to the accomplishment of some holy or heroic purpose? Is there, then, any doubt of your communion with some source of intelligence outside of your self? And yet the skeptic, glorying in the consciousness of material knowledge, heaping science on science, theory on theory, persists in looking into the world of matter for what does not exist there. He complains he cannot find mind here nor there. Why, man! do you expect to see mind, to touch mind, to find it in what is external, visible? Do you suppose that mind can come in contact with mind, except through the intervention of mind?

The materialist tries to find the soul in its sepulchre—to identify the spirit with its mere temporary garments. Man, in his view, is man only because of his outward organizations and lineaments. As well might he say that the clothes you put on and off are your selves. Thus do men erect fantasies, and call them theories, which may be blown down by the next breeze from the ocean of thought and mind. As we have said, the world at large is not skeptical—there is in fact no such thing as infidelity—no really believing that there is no immortality, no absolute thought. Men may argue as they please, present this and that form of negative proof, as if it were a refutation of the idea, yet still in the inmost consciousness there is something which says, in tones which cannot be silenced, "I am not dependent upon matter for my existence; I live and move in it, for a time, but I am not of it." The immortal soul possesses a garment of thought and a vehicle of action, which is immortal and absolute, like itself, and thus it possesses the power of manifestation; but where, when and under what circumstances that power is actually exercised, remains for you to judge. Where, pray, would you have the mind exist which could not manifest itself? Are there not any quantity of souls around you always, and are not their voices constantly transmitted to you through the atmosphere of spiritual sense? Do you not, over and anon, listen with intense longing to the vibrations of those heavenly tones, and have you not felt the gentle, guiding touch of a hand which was not mortal? Have you not felt another mind than yours, averting your steps from a wrong direction? Are you not conscious, every day and every hour, of being actuated by some thought not yours, to a course corresponding to no definite purpose of your own, but which has terminated in a palpable act—an expression of some unseen, absolute force of intelligence walking beside you, guiding your footsteps through the very midst of daily life?

The voice of Nature herself is but the utterance of this invisible spiritual agency, which, speeding from land to land, from shore to shore, culminates at last in some grand achievement. What but this unseen power moves the hand of the hero, quickens the brain of the statesman, and informs the imagination of the poet, teeming with a thousand images thus revealed to the unconscious mind? Is not all this evidence of unseen existence? And, deeper still, is not this material life of ours, in its highest significance, but the expression of impalpable mind? Yes. Form is but the grave which encloses the spirit for awhile; it is but an external mold through which we scarcely trace the feebly portrayed lineaments of the immortal tenant. "The natural man," it has been well said, "can not understand the things which belong to the spirit"; but, as sometimes a gleam of sunshine visits a man confined in a dungeon, so bursts in the light of eternity through the crevices of our earthly prison-house. What wonder that the dazzled eyes of reason scarcely comprehend its meaning, or that, in many cases, the transient glimpse is perverted and overshadowed? Were our whole pathway always thus lighted from above, we should soon cease to appreciate, or even to observe the radiance; just as if it were always unclouded daylight, we should never think or speak of day at all.

Remember, then, spirit lives wherever it manifests itself to you, and it manifests itself in every form of life, of thought, of aspiration, which you know the spirit capable of. In what you fail to comprehend, it is only your senses, not the capacities of the spirit, which are at fault; it is only your eye which cannot see, not that immortal radiance which is overcast; it is only your physical brain which is obtuse and sluggish; it is only your earth-bound faculties which are unconscious of the world of thought. You shut out the light, you grope about in the darkness of your dungeon, and you complain that there is no sunshine, because you see it not.

At the conclusion of the discourse, the audience were invited by the speaker to propose miscellaneous questions. Among the answers elicited were the following, several of which, by their aptness and readiness, called forth loud applause:

Ques.—Why is infidelity so prevalent in Germany, the land of great thinkers?

Ans.—Perhaps it is so—perhaps the gentlemen are not aware how much or how little infidelity really exists there; and, perhaps, sometimes, the land of great thinkers is not the land of great thought. The greatest master of thought, perhaps, remain unknown. The German school of philosophy is the subtlest, but we doubt very much if it is the greatest.

Q.—Does the longing for immortality prove the fact of immortality, any more than the longing for happiness proves that we are all happy?

A.—Immortality is a truth antecedent to, and independent of, man's efforts—happiness a condition which every one would attain to if he had his own way.

A.—Are war and bloodshed designed by Providence?

A.—The workings of the material universe are not

dances of design, because of the harmony observable in all its parts. Humanity possesses in some degree the same advantage. Yet even Nature seems to be at war in all its parts—one portion lives by consuming another, and yet we see, above all that conflict, a great prevailing harmony of purpose. War immediately results from the stupidity and ignorance of mankind, and its ultimate issues are only known to the great architect of all destinies, physical and mental.

Q.—Do spirits communicate with each other by means of language?

A.—Mortal language is a mere physical, arbitrary condition of material form—but a necessity of external organization. It often fails to express thought. The language of spirit is different. Mind can comprehend mind without the interposition of material organization.

The existence of mind is not proved by the existence of matter, but by its organization, and there is nothing in the latter to prove that man has not always existed. Matter must always have existed.

Q.—What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

A.—The gentleman has branched from metaphysics to theology. As viewed by theology, our opinion is, that the sin in question consists in nothing; it is purely imaginary; but as the Holy Ghost may be taken to mean the influence of the consciousness of any holy presence upon the individual, the sin against the Holy Spirit must be a sin against man's highest perceptions of what is holy and true, and it can never be forgiven, because the sinner must reap all its consequences.

Q.—What is intuition?

A.—Intuition is another name for reason; but instead of the ordinary process, it is the gift of reasoning rapidly and consecutively without conscious effort; of approaching what is not reached through the senses; of relying upon experience, which, perhaps, reason does not possess, but which is brought to him by the invisible agency of mind.

Q.—Is the soul preexistent?

A.—That which has no beginning has no end; that which has no end has no beginning.

Q.—What is hell?

A.—Hell was used to signify a mode of punishment among the Jews, burning in a certain place outside of Jerusalem. Hence it was applied also to the darkness of mind; the state of moral isolation—which is the consequence of persistent sin.

The spirits being cognizant of a fact, and your physical organization being cognizant of it, are two different things. The spirit may be aware, in fact, it is absolutely, of many things which cannot be transmitted to or through the external organization. Why? Because that organization was not with the spirit when it existed. This organization will be laid aside, and then the spirit, in its absolute consciousness, will remember all things. It is only because the spirit is encumbered with the material form, that it fails to be cognizant of its preexistence.

A gentleman in the audience objected that all our knowledge came to us only through the senses.

How do you know that? Can you prove it to be so? You might take all the component parts of the human organism, and combine them in exact proportions, and yet you could not make the man of your creation think. Now, it is the same independent intelligence that makes you a thinking being, which makes you capable, through the senses, not of possessing knowledge, but of receiving impressions which the intelligence converts into knowledge. If you really know nothing except through your senses, then you cannot know anything except what has come within the sphere of your actual observation, which you have personally experienced. You do not know that the planets revolve, or that there is such a city as London, unless you have been there. Now upon the same ground that philosophers know absolutely that the matter of the earth must have existed before the earth was made, so do you know that the substance of which thought is composed, must have existed before thought, and this implies the preexistence of the soul.

## Correspondence.

### Places and Persons.—No. 3.

I learned, when a school-girl, that New York was a busy, bustling little town, bulled upon Manhattan Island. If I remember correctly, it was the home of the red man, and regarded by him as a poor hunting-ground. The Dutch saw in the surrounding waters capital fishing-grounds, so they stole the island and went into the fishing and fur business. Subsequently a few wealthy Dutchmen purchased the whole island for twenty-four dollars! They, no doubt, would have made a fine speculation in the trade, had not King James seen fit to annex the island to his kingdom.

At length Young America came along, and after counting loss and profit, concluded there was money to be made out of this fourteen thousand acres of sand and clay, so turning out the British, he went into business on a grand scale. He has built seven miles of wharves and docks, and now has the satisfaction of seeing ships of all nations gathering there. He has, very wisely, left a few vacant lots for parks. Central Park contains eight hundred acres. The primitive beauty, the native grandeur of these grounds render the place a fitting temple—a shrine of beauty—where the lovers of Nature may come and worship. To me the ground seemed holy, because it was free for the poor as for the rich. Here those who have no church, no gardens, no homes, no priests of creeds, may congregate to breathe the fresh air, and read sermons in stones, and

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers. Each cap a pulpit, every leaf a book. Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers, From lonelyest nook."

Young America has pulled down the slave market and erected upon its ruins a banking house. Better sell rag notes than human bones and breaking hearts. He has built school houses, churches, theatres, jails, gambling-houses; he has paved the way to heaven by his libraries, asylums and hospitals; he has built fine palaces, penitentiaries, steamboats, warships, theological seminaries, and strown Blackwell Island with prisons. He has sent from these schools of crime and Christianity murderers, missionaries, clowns and kings; Vice in saintly robes, and Virtue in rags; Dives doing out scanty charities, and Lazarus waiting for the crumbs the dogs may not eat. But while the prince and peasant, the demagogue and angel walk the world side by side, it is safe to conclude the Father cares little for all.

I passed but little time in New York, and saw but few of our people. Sunday morning I went to Dodworth's Hall to hear Mr. Davis speak. His subject, "War of Blood, Brain and Spirit," was listened to with an appreciative audience. Mr. Davis is a fine speaker and a good orator, yet makes no attempt at oratory. He does not stray away into the bewildering mountains of the sun, leaving his hearers gazing and wondering at the import of his strange words; but he talks to the people as friends to friends. They comprehend him, carry his sermons home, and put them to service.

In the afternoon Mr. Davis called together the children of the Progressive Lyceum. I have seldom seen so many sweet, happy faces together; never heard so many glad voices overflowing with music and song. Mr. W. B. Barton, the musical director of the Lyceum, deserves great credit for his efforts to develop the musical talent in these sweet angels.

I sometimes give God thanks; but for this Lyceum—for the gathering together of these precious souls—for the love-teachings—I gave to the "guardians" heartily thanks.

The few friends I met in New York were at Dodworth's Hall. Mrs. Mary F. Davis is not only the "Angel of the House," but the presiding spirit at Dodworth's Hall. She opens the meetings by reading, and is the ministering spirit in the Children's Lyceum. Mrs. Davis is a medium sized woman. She has a compact figure, brown hair, eyes of a blueberry blue. A stranger would say, "In that face there is frankness, honesty, unpretending generosity, and good will to all the world." As a speaker, Mrs. Davis has none of the rhetorical element—none of the "spread-eagledness." She does not flatter; her style is terse; the thoughts here; her words are richly chosen. Her voice is clear and melodious; her enunciation and pronunciation good.

I met P. L. Wadsworth at the Hall—every one knows him as one of the early pioneers in reform—he has a clear head, a strong heart and willing hands. His long illness has given him a shadowy look, but in spirit he is still strong and hopeful.

C. M. P., one of the attaches of the Herald of Peace, is a young man of fine culture and good literary attainments. He was educated in an Orthodox school, probably with the hope that the pulpit would be his destination; but somehow he has managed to break theological bonds, and to establish a self-thinking institution. He may have kept "inviolate the estate code—may have been ever mindful of the "Sermon on the Mount"—he may have dealt justly by children, women and angels—but with all these human virtues he has done some strange things. He has torn in fragments the creed of Calvin, and demolished the gods of Moses. He has unmasked some of the grossest deformities sought the covering of fig leaves. It is not safe to pray in his presence, or to have a good orthodox prayer put into type. He is sure to give the petitions a new rendering—to give them a few extra touches, and so present them that the original proprietors with the admirable things back to him. Cleveland, O. H. F. M. BROWN.

### A Voice from among the Mountains.

On the 18th day of Oct., I found myself surrounded by many noble souls, in that little romantic spot called Eden. Though our house of worship was unadorned, yet the inspiration came to us as in lofty strains as in the most costly edifice. A brave band to bear the Banner of Truth will hereafter be found in Eden, and with their heroic Captain Scott, and the many lieutenants, with all the privates, form a regiment that will defy the attacks of the enemies of our race: Ignorance and Superstition.

The 25th of October I met with another regiment of brave, patriotic spirits in Troy, but there were rather more enemies in their camp. But I found that some of the noblest and most influential minds there have enlisted in this our glorious cause. They have not much to fear from the weak, undeveloped ones. From thence I went to Hyde Park. Here curiosity called forth some, while a few earnest souls, with our Ed in hand, filled our hall nearly full. Bro. Crane, with his deep, searching mind, has beautifully laid before the people of Hyde Park this harmonious Philosophy; and though they have not listened to public lectures, yet are better prepared to receive the truth when it comes. What an influence one well developed individual may exert upon a community! God bless Bro. Crane for his efforts. Mrs. C. P. WONES.

Proctorville, Va.

FROM OSKALOOSA, IOWA.—I discover that my subscription expires with the next number of the BANNER, and I hasten to renew it. I cannot do without the BANNER. Its perusal is one of my great sources of enjoyment. Skeptical from a child upon many of the absurd dogmas of the Orthodox religion, I was among the first to grasp at the earliest spiritual phenomena in our country, and most earnestly and anxiously have I watched its advancement up to the present time. I have been a subscriber to the BANNER for several years, and while noting the progress of the beautiful truths it disseminates, and the increase of lecturers all over the country, and especially in many parts of the West, I have waited and hoped that one this we should be visited here in Iowa. We feel too weak in this place to send for lecturers, but were they to visit us, I feel sure that a good work might be done amongst us. Very many bereaved ones, whose hearts and homes have been made desolate by the ravages of war, would gladly aid the messengers who would assure them that their loved ones not only still live, but can yet communicate with them.

My BANNERS serve a three-fold purpose. When read, I send them to my husband in the army, who in turn distributes them amongst the soldiers, thus scattering all the light he can. Now I wish I could give pecuniary aid to your excellent paper by sending you a list of new subscribers; but the people here want their interest excited, and some of their prejudices removed, by listening to a good spiritual lecture before they are ready to subscribe for the BANNER.

Yours for Truth, P. A. JONES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### TO S. S.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Well, may we love them, the beautiful flowers, Scattered through wildwood and blooming in bowers; Flinging their fragrances from window and tree, Gently they whisper of Heaven to thee. In the still night, and in the morn's clear light, Sweetly they whisper of Heaven to thee.

Tremble their leaves with a deeper delight, As the song-birds soar in the azure bright. And in rich melodies, liquid and free, Carol of Heaven, read Heaven, to thee. In quavering notes from a thousand throats, Softly they carol of Heaven to thee.

But sweeter than whisper of beautiful flowers, Voices of angels fill all the glad hours. Richer than carol of bright bird can be, Loved ones are talking of Heaven to thee. Thy being they fill with a rapturous thrill, These spirits that whisper of Heaven to thee. Philadelphia, Pa., 1868.

### Panned to Spirit Life.

From Milton, Vt., Oct. 25th. Mr. John Huey, aged 40 years.

He leaves a devoted companion and three lovely children. He was ardently attached to his home and friends, yet when the summons came from beyond the river, saying, "You must go over," he bowed his head in sweet submission (though suffering from that dreaded disease, diphtheria) no longer escaped his lips, for he was upheld by his strong faith in Spiritualism, which robs death of its sting, and gives martyr-like endurance to the spirit—and so he passed on without a struggle, and was permitted to see the bright angel hosts that were to lead him heavenward. He will be missed in the neighboring circle as a healing medium, a good citizen, and an honest man. I will here relate an incident illustrative of his remarkable healing power. While his little son was sick and suffering, he left him for a moment to attend to other cares, and while thus engaged, a power came over him, impressing him that his son would be healed. At the same moment the child sprang upon his feet, saying, "I am well—I am well! See the angels, father! I see they have cured me." The mother of the boy thought her child insane, and went in search of her husband, who met her in the way, saying, "Our boy is well."

Who can doubt the power of Christ after the living proof we have to day? Some might say of such an individual, "Physician heal thyself!" but why did not Christ say, "I will be delivered from the hands of mine enemies?" Oh, Constantine! precious jewel, find a place in the soul of humanity. C. P. WONES.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is much like yourself that he will judge very much as you do.

### Yearly Meeting of Friends of Progress, AT RICHMOND, INDIANA.

BY MRS. LAURA CUPPY, GEORGE KATES, DR. JAMES COOPER AND OTHERS.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Tuesday morning, Oct. 23d, a delegation, respectable in numbers, left Dayton, Ohio, for the Richmond Convention. A more happy and harmonious company seldom travel together; and as we sped over the track, and left behind us the crowd-bound City of Steeple, we were presented with a free ticket to the magnificent panorama that greeted our view on either side. Mother Nature, ever indulgent and fond of change, had dressed the grand old forests with artistic skill for a fancy ball; while the glad, joyous foliage danced to the merry music of the autumn breeze. But her wayward son, Jack Frost, always bent on mischief, had slipped the rippling crown and crowned it with grey old age. While the wheat fields lay calmly in the distance, clad in tender green, like a "bow of promise," inspiring us with confidence and trust, and as earnest that the seed we were going forth to sow would spring up, and in due time yield an abundant harvest. The rugged rocks, with high arched brows and keen perceptions, looked gravely on, as if trying to divine the cause of all this *frank and frolic*; but the modest brooklet, teeming with Truth's pure emblem, murmured a kind approval, and sang the anxious elements into peaceful slumber.

At the Richmond depot we met with responsive hearts and sunny faces from Cincinnati, whose memory will bless us through the long night of our earthly pilgrimage. Thence we were conducted to the pleasant home of Mr. Edwards, where a cheerful fire and an atmosphere of welcome awaited us.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends convened in "Starr Hall," and organized by the appointment of Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, and Louisa M. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio, Secretary. The speakers present were Laura Cuppy, Mary Thomas, Dr. Cooper and George Kates.

The President stated in brief the objects and aims of the meeting. Mr. Samuel Maxwell, of Richmond, moved the appointment of business committees, which suggestion was carried into effect. Mr. Maxwell then read a beautiful extract of a letter from Henry C. Wright.

After a short conference the meeting adjourned. Friday evening, 7 o'clock, the session opened with music by Dr. Hill. Dr. Cooper read a poem, entitled "Old Opinions."

Our sister, Laura Cuppy, then took the rostrum—we regret that we cannot give her admirable lecture in full—and after stating her subject, "The Truths that Spiritualists Believe, but do not teach," she proceeded as follows: As the Spiritual Philosophy comprehends all reforms, rejecting nothing as insignificant, or devoid of interest, they can by any possibility benefit the human race, we desire in this, the opening address of the Convention, to impress upon you who compose it, the necessity of action with regard to the many human wrongs that wait to be redressed. At these Conventions, the laborers in many fields of reform meet together, to impart and receive strength. Your mission is to comfort the afflicted, sustain the weak, strengthen the wavering, lift up the erring, and inspire with fresh courage your co-laborers in the great work of spiritualizing the world. Let this meeting be characterized by the utterance of thoughts so noble, exhortation to live so sublime, catholic, and comprehensive of all that your divine aspirations reach out after, that every great soul throughout the world will involuntarily respond to their published expression. But there are truths that Spiritualists believe, but fear to teach, lest their advocacy should bring them into disrepute. They have not taken any great step in throwing off their bondage to old Theology. But, alas! I appear to deem this all sufficient. Reformers have ever been too ready to rest satisfied after taking one step in advance, waiting, as it were, for the popular current to glide in their direction, and then follow it to the end, without availing themselves of their motto, "Onward and Upward!" Their watchword, "Excelsior!" And this is too much the case with Spiritualists to day. Their beautiful Philosophy, or rather phenomena, has ceased to call down persecution upon its advocates, to any great extent, and they dread making any step in the march of progress, lest they may be called "heretics" and "fanatics," and "take to itself wings and fly away." And as they receive, through their intuitions, new light, and begin to perceive the necessity of reforming many legalized evils, that are eating, like great scores, into the very heart of the social body, they either either either either either born convictions, or confound their discussion to a *safe*, *few*, who, like themselves, find a panacea for their awakened conscience, in the assurance "that the world is not ready for these things," or the more wretched and senseless assertion that the Cause would suffer by the promulgation of these unpopular ideas. If the Cause can be injured by the promulgation or the utterance of a divine idea, let it be injured, let it fall, and God speed its decay. But, oh! men and women—Reformers, so-called—of the nineteenth century, it is not the Cause, but your own standing in public esteem for which you tremble. And with regard to the timely argument that the world is not ready for these things, we ask you, that the world ever been ready for any great reform? Was the world ready for Calvin, Luther, and the reforms they introduced? Was the American world ready for the abolition of Slavery, when its advocates first appeared in the land? Was the world ever had anything save biases, contempt, and persecution for the world's savior, from Jesus to Theodore Parker? If you wait for the world to be ready for your truth, you will wait till you have passed through the lower schools of earth, and graduated from the universities of this sinner's life. If you would live out your noblest conceptions of truth, right and justice, you must be willing to continue in the road the martyr trod; you must wrestle in the Gethsemane of Misapprehension, and be nailed to the cross of Censure and Criticism while you remain on earth. Like Alexander, you must not rest satisfied with your victories, but press on in the search of new conquests; brave soldiers in the great progressive army, recognizing no such word as *fail*, knowing no desire for rest, while there remains one wrong uncrushed, one evil to destroy.

We need not particularize the truths you believe, but let us testify only to what we well what we mean. Fanaticism (for these are found clinging to every organization in the world) misrepresents every day; they do not possess your cowardice, and are destitute of your wisdom and discretion. They seize, therefore, your reformatory ideas, as they are imperfectly expressed by yourselves, and expose what is really good in a group, to be evil spoken of through their blundering rendition of the same. Dare to be true to yourselves, to live out purely and bravely the truth as you perceive it, and leave the issue to Eternal Justice, remembering that the agitation and discussion of great questions must ever precede all reformatory action and the dawn of wisdom.

After being favored with some of Messrs. Harris and Park's sweet music, Mr. Kates, by invitation, proceeded to say: I feel a delicacy in presenting a subject before this Convention, against which the *progressive* of the world has hitherto been paramount to resist—a subject that has heretofore been considered contraband. With me it is an axiomatic truth that those who would labor efficiently for the emancipation of mankind, must first elevate themselves to the sublime estate of free men and free women—free to accept of any and every truth that comes to them well attested, by their high reason, and free to live out their highest conceptions of truth and right. "Free Love" has come to be a stench in the nostrils of this hypocritically sentimental world, and this for want of a proper understanding of its true significance. Were I to stand here and declare myself a "Free lover," you would be likely to turn me from this platform; but when I tell you that I am free to love every man and every woman that stands upright, having received the impress of Deity, you acquiesce. When I tell you that I am free to exercise all the loves that have been implanted in my nature, to the extent of their several capacities, you will agree with me; and when I further say to you that I am free to bestow upon every individual, man or woman, all the love which he or she may be able to call upon, you will accord to me the right to do so. But were I to avow myself an advocate of "free love," I should justly incur your disapprobation. I am free to love, and I therefore I condemn it. It is in nature's law to commit the experiences of mankind in laying down rules for human conduct. That experience, if duly considered, will abundantly prove that promiscuous intercourse of the sexes corrupts the body, pollutes the soul and *degrades* the first essential condition of human progress. But does the present system of marriage favor personal purity? The world has a large and painful experience in this direction.

What God has joined together, let no man put asunder," say the churches. But I hold that neither legal enactments nor priestly nunnery can sanctify that which Nature has declared to be unholy. What God has joined together, no man can put asunder, say I. I hold that true marriage is inviolable, for the reason that perfect satisfaction accrues to each of the persons who are united in no void feeling, but is filled from other sources. More than approximate personal purity is impossible to men and women who live in wrong relations to each other. The purest and divinest relationship known to mortals is true marriage. True marriage is consummated when all the loves, senses and forces respectively meet in divinely blended. The benefits accruing therefrom are commercial in their character, and mutually advantageous in their results. Reluctantly being the governing principle. Thus who would the divinest relationship possible to mortals, must learn to distinguish between the clamors of the blood and the wants of the spirit. The most degrading slavery to which humanity is subject, is slavery to the passions. All marriages which are not true are temporary. Marriages may be divided into three general classes, viz: the true, the approximate, and the false. The benefits accruing from approximate marriages are more or less mutual, but never entirely so, perfect reciprocity being wanting to constitute the marriage a true one. The miseries arising from false marriages condemn them as wrong, and therefore they ought to cease. Offspring have claims upon parents, which may not be disregarded, even though in rendering obedience thereto, the child's sacrifices should be involved. When the good of offspring demands that parents should continue to reside together, it is righteous for them to do so, assuming the only relationship that Nature has established between them, viz: that of brother and sister. By abandoning the conjugal relation when Nature does not sanction it, much discord will be driven from the household.

The meeting then adjourned. Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.—Conference.—Dr. Cooper read a poem, after which a Resolution on the marriage question was offered, which was discussed by Mr. Kates, Mrs. Cook, Dr. Hill, and others, and laid on the table.

Mrs. Rosa Ward, of Cincinnati, gave a beautiful exhortation to kindness and charity, and urged us to extend a helping hand to the erring.

Mrs. Knight, of Dayton, said she considered that the Orthodox belief and the marriage law both grew out of the Bible, and stand side by side, and as Spiritualists have disposed of the one, they will in due time dispose of the other. In other words, it will, right itself.

Mary Thomas also spoke on this question. Messrs. Harris and Park then gave us the sublime piece of music, "Friends must with but once leave." Adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock P. M.

We regret not being able to report in full Dr. Cooper's excellent lecture on the wrongs and false position of women, and the effect that inharmonious marriages and forced maternity have upon offspring. He said: How many hearts are agony to day. If the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, we must study to find out what is the cause of unhappiness. The miser with his pence, glowering over it, finds happiness. The child finds its happiness in the direction that suits its turn of mind, as does every individual that is free to act. The Christian Church has a Saviour, but I say that the world will never be redeemed until redeemed by women. She must arise in her majesty and might, and free herself from the thralldom and bondage under which she is now groaning. The slave in the South is free beside her. My profession has brought me to the bedside of the suffering, and my heartfelt sympathy has gone out for women, whom I shall always love and respect. The doctor then brought up in vivid contrast the purity and consideration of the so-called barbarous ages. The women of Sparta were free, and loved their children, because maternity was never forced upon them. What is to be done? Must we cease to be a puny, insignificant race in the world, and be a puny, insignificant race in the only man in the world to raise his voice against such gross injustice. Women have no chance as to the choice of a partner: she must marry for a home, for money or position. A true woman, compelled to endure the embrace of a man she loathes, suffers the tortments of the damned. Mothers are *caused* with children, in whose breasts is implanted the germ of love, and who reach out their tiny arms for affection and tenderness, only to find themselves repulsed, and have no real mothers, because forced upon them, while the wretched mothers cannot respond to their demands. The memory of their wrongs, the bitter words that come welling up and poison their domestic peace. And maybe the periods of gestation have been with them a round of toil, misery and want.

Equality would benefit both men and women. The latter are more susceptible and intelligent in their nature, and consequently need more tenderness and love. Let man try the hot kitchen, the washbasin and the mudgry that the perfumes, and see how he likes it. We want agitation on this subject to go on until it makes it effective. I grant that there are those who are willing to allow each other the rights they claim, of exercising their individuality. During the period of gestation, the mother should be surrounded with flowers and beauty, and love; she should be required to do nothing, but should follow her own inclinations, in order that she may bless the world with happy, harmonious and beautiful children. Public opinion is *down* upon those that divorce, but to make the marriage contract as easily *undone* as it is *made*, will do much good in this day, though Spiritualists are not in favor of dissolving the marriage tie on trivial occasions. In my own marriage experience, I have been most happy, as no unkind word or act has ever ruffled the waters on my ocean of life.

He then read a poem entitled "Happy Love." Adjourned to 7 o'clock.—After the opening of the session.

Laura Cuppy gave a beautiful invocation, and then addressed the meeting on the subject of "Spirit-Intercourse, or the condition of the spirit beyond the grave." She commended the Orthodox view of the matter, with those of the Spiritualistic teachings, and drew a very happy contrast in favor of the latter. The Convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock. Sunday morning.

Morning Conference opened with music—"There's no such thing as Death."

Mr. Von Vieck was introduced to the audience, and defined his position in regard to Spiritualism. Said he did not deny its truth, but had detected fraud in some mediums, and mentioned Dr. Hecol's case as an instance. Several persons present gave their testimony in reference to that individual, and said that they knew he possessed excellent mediumistic qualities, but had detected fraud in him; for what purpose he practiced, they were unable to discover.

Mary Thomas then proceeded to read forward evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, and also of the benefits arising therefrom.

Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.—After reading a poem, Dr. Cooper, by appointment, spoke in a very large audience on "Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern," arguing that so far back as we have any history, we find Spiritualism. That it has existed in all ages of the world. The Hebrews, instead of worshipping hundreds of gods, are worshipping the spirits of great and good men and women, who have lived in different ages of the world, whom they believe at certain times of the moon are permitted to return to earth. They believe there is one God and none other. Their system of religion is founded on that of the Hebrews and Persians. The Hindus believed that the spirits of all men and women came from God, and that when a person dies prematurely, the spirit passes into some flower, and has a chance to enter into some child born, and live out its life and mission. There is also a class of persons called *Ascetics*, who live in the open air, and in time become clairvoyant and clairaudient, and talk with spirits, and hear music in the flowers. The Egyptians also believe in Spiritualism. Pericles believe that a class of spirits that they call *genii*, control the destinies of the human race. The Hebrew religion is founded on Spiritualism. Some first got the idea of the immortality of the soul from the Persians. Jesus was an inspirational, sympathetic, healing, speaking, and clairvoyant medium. Conditions were necessary then, as well as now. Though there is not a word, or line, in the Old Testament that teaches or demonstrates the immortality of their soul, though the stories recorded therein, bear a remarkable resemblance to the phenomena of table and chair demonstrations, are denounced as the works of the Devil—though Spiritualism has done more for the little than all the prophets of the day. Mediums mean simply mediums. Spiritualists alone can lay down on the bed of death without a fear. Death to us is the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the human family. To us it is only change. The question is often asked, What has Spiritualism done? It has converted thousands of the immortality of the soul, amongst whom are Holman and Dr. Hare men of the finest literary and scientific minds. Through the mediumship and instrumentality of Home the Czar of Russia liberated the serfs. It almost universally makes people happier in this world, and prepares them better for the higher



life. It takes the sting from death, and robs the grave of its victory. Spiritualists have no organization. When they numbered three, they had no corporate body; when they numbered fifty, they had no capital; when they were brigades, they had no general; and now, when they are in regiments, they have no general.

Music—Over the River.

Adjourned to Sunday evening, 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Cappy spoke to a crowded and attentive audience, of "The Condition of the Spirit in the other life."

Mrs. Thomas followed, and met some objections, or rather answered a question asked by a minister. If spiritualists discard the Bible, how are they able to arrive at any definite conclusion in regard to the future?

The Secretary reported the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Convention be tendered to the citizens of Richmond, who have so hospitably entertained the strangers in attendance.

Miss Jordan, of Monroe, attended the meeting, and gave several very satisfactory answers.

Mrs. Hicks, of Cincinnati, gave many private communications, which secured for her the good wishes and kind remembrance of many made friends.

As musicians, Messrs. Harris and Park have a few songs; and the Convention is greatly indebted to them, as well as to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Samuel Maxwell, of Richmond, for its decided success.

Thus closed a very interesting annual meeting, which as it swept rapidly by, as on "the wings of the morning," left its impress upon the records of Time, and its blessing upon the many friends that met then. "Like ships at sea," that hail and answer and are gone. May it so tell upon generations that succeed us, that they will be wiser and happier than we have lived and occupied a place on the stage of existence, and acted a part in the Drama of Life.

LOUISA M. PATTERSON.

#### New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December is out with the following list of contents:—The Man without a Country; The Birds of Killingworth; Literary Life in Paris; The Great Air Engine; A Loyal Woman's No; Eugene Delacroix; Sympathetic Lying; Something about Bridges; Internal Structure and Progression of the Glacier; In an Attic; Longfellow; Letter to a Peace Democrat; Reviews and Literary Notices; Kirk's History of Charles the Bold; Fuller's Good Thoughts in Bad Times; Wendell Phillips' Speeches, Lectures, and Letters; Cullum's Systems of Military Bridges, etc.

The next number of this popular monthly will commence a new volume, which the publishers say will be in no wise inferior to the previous one, for their aim is to advance the high standard already established for it.

HANPER'S MONTHLY for December has the following list of contents:—Saint Christopher, with an illustration; Twilight on Sumner, with an illustration; Scenes in the War of 1812, with illustrations; Pictures of the Japanese, with illustrations; Cup-and-Bells—A Novel in ten chapters; William H. Prescott: The Telling Treasure; Light Through Darkness: An Experiment; Overland from St. Paul to Lake Superior; The Small house at Allington; The Gull; What's in a Name? My Friend Crackerjacks Again; The Ethics of Love; The Rev. Mr. Alonzo; Job Warner's Christmas; A Woman's Complaint; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer; Fashions for December, with illustrations.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for DECEMBER.—Our readers will find the following table of contents of sufficient interest to merit their attention: The Nation; Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History; Diary of Frances Krasinska; The Sleeping Soldier; My Mission; Letter Writing; The Year: The Great American Crisis; Was He Successful? Dead; Reconstruction; Virginia; She Defines her Position; Whiffs from my Meerschaum; Literary Notices; Editor's Table. Next month this favorite and ably conducted magazine will enter upon its fifth volume. As it is devoted to literature and national policy, it seems almost indispensable to the political, as well as the literary reading world.

THE RUSSIAN BALL; or, The Adventures of Miss Clementina Shoddy, a humorous description in verse, by a New York editor, is a capital satire on Shoddyism, just issued by Carleton, New York.

#### The Organization of the Freedmen.

So large has become the collection of freed slaves in what was but recently the military department of Gen. Grant, and so pressing are their needs to-day, meetings being held in our large cities for their relief, it has been proposed to organize them for the purposes of labor, thereby offering them what they never enjoyed as a class before, a chance to earn their own living by working for regular wages. On the banks of the Mississippi there are thousands and thousands of black women and children, scattered about in rough camps, under nobody's care or authority, suffering from sickness, exposure, and hunger, and dying in numbers to make one who reads about them start in surprise. Something must yet be done with them, and for them. The nation itself, too, is held responsible for their life and care. Everything has hitherto devolved on the War Department; but they are now becoming so numerous as to make it impracticable for the Department to do anything more. Various plans are proposed respecting these unfortunate, but nothing is yet determined on. The subject is engrossing many of the advanced minds of the nation, and will be an interesting one for some time in the future for us all.

#### Correspondence in Brief.

A correspondent at the West says:

"All appreciate the noble course of the BANNER. You have ever been on the side of right and justice."

A Western friend, on renewing his subscription, says:

"The good time is coming; the Spiritual Philosophy is being eagerly sought for in Wisconsin."

Miss Lattie Small, of Portland, Me., writes that she will enter the Government service as nurse, provided her services are needed and she can go with ladies (volunteers) who are about to start on such a mission of mercy.

Charles A. Hayden, of Maine, in a postscript, says:

"The cause is flourishing in this State; the interest felt in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy was never better than at the present time. Meetings are being held in new places, and speakers have all they can do to answer the calls made upon them for lectures. I am speaking from three to five evenings every week, besides Sundays, and could do more if I were able to."

Phœnix—I have seen Mr. Editor, at various times, in the Banner and Herald, since this rebellion commenced, prophesies given through mediumism, from the spirit world, concerning this rebellion, and of this class I will transmit you an extract from a prophesy given through the medium powers of Joseph Smith, of the Mormon notoriety, which was published in a little pamphlet called "Pearl of Great Price," by a publisher in Liverpool, England, in 1851. The publisher's name is F. D. Richards, 15 Wilton street. The prophesy was given through Smith in December 25th, 1851. The following is the extract:

"Concerning the war that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and victory of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured upon all nations, beginning at that place; for behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves, and there shall be poured out upon all nations. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, and shall be marshaled and disciplined for war."

Yours, N. B. BURLING, M. D.

Lo Hays, Hays & Co., St. N. B. 11, 1863.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

#### The Future.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to—

"Wade through slaughter to a throne, And shut the gates of mercy on mankind; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north 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.

#### The Threshold of our Future.

We have many times said that a new order of things is to be established in this country, and that, too, at no distant day; that the State, the Church, and the body of Society was to be thoroughly renovated, and the machinery set going again upon higher and better principles, and by the hands of a purer class of public men than we have had in the past. Much of this has, no doubt, looked dreamy and indistinct to many who would really like to believe it, while others have poked at the very announcement of such a change, as if it were altogether impossible. Yet they do somehow feel that we have come to the threshold of different and better things in this country, which are to extend until the new influence is spread abroad over the world.

Now, on the least reflection, it is obvious enough to almost any intelligent and penetrating mind, that all this movement and progress is to be produced after the most natural methods, and in a perfectly clear order of events. In the first place, a new class of topics—of larger, broader and profounder import to humanity—is to be brought forward for public discussion; and, in the second place, nothing is plainer than that the introduction of such discussion is to call for a class of minds such as have not hitherto taken any part in public questions. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. The exigencies of the time naturally push up to the surface a class of questions which could not be reached before, and the very need of meeting and treating them will press so strongly that only men competent to the task will duly make their appearance.

Who supposes, however his wits may happen to be benumbed with old-fashioned partisanship just now, that we are to be overruled with the same style of party leaders for the next twenty years with those from whom we have suffered for the last two decades of our history? Who professes such a perfect lack of faith in all progress, even under the stimulus of the strongest motives and the most urgent circumstances, that he thinks the Old is never to be born into the New, that there is no result from experience, that years bring no wisdom, and that life is but an empty repetition of customs and habits, generation after generation? It is our belief that very few of the people of this nation would be found willing to prosecute the war for the Union, even for another day, if they thought that the same men, or like minded men, who have fashioned its politics and governed its movements for the greater portion of the last generation, were to be invited to share in either the deliberative or the executive departments of the Government. And why? What is clearly to be inferred from this? Nothing, of course, but the one fact at which we are aiming, and to which we would direct the attention of our readers—that the people have an instinctive faith that these present troubles are but the herald of better things.

We are not destructives. In any sense in which it can be rationally charged; but we are advocates of growth, and believe that it is secured sometimes by violence—because short-sighted and ignorant men combine to resist the operations of growth—and sometimes by more slow, patient, silent and natural processes. However it comes, we are on the watch-towers to welcome its coming. The confusion and temporary chaos has nothing to do with growth itself, nor with progress; that is the result alone of the violent resistance of men, whose passions take them off their feet at times, and render them blind to the proper methods of personal and national advancement.

One by one the new class of public men are making their appearance. The President is a great deal more accessible to higher influences than Presidents have been in these modern days. He is not at the head of a noisy party organization merely, clamorous for spoils; but he confesses to the people his dependence upon the Power which rules above his head, and thus inspires the country with a profounder faith both in himself and the source of all his wisdom. When, until now, was a mind like that of Robert Dale Owen at all influential in our politics?—a man who is not afraid to give forth his belief to the world, content to do the good which it is allotted him to perform, in his own way? And we could name a score more of progressive, liberal, and always receptive minds, that are as certainly to mold the future of this nation, as they are permitted to live. Some are writers, some are talkers, some are men of thought and silence chiefly; but all are wanted, and all will be felt in the future which is opening at our door.

Why will we not, every one, prepare himself to perform his part in the great work that stretches before us, without delay or the further urging of circumstances? He who can do even a little is of as great consequence in the sight of heaven as he who does the most, if he performs willingly, and with the unabated force of his faculties. It is no work for men to be petty and jealous about. The more heart and soul there is put into it, the better it will speed. The day has dawned already: let us be up and doing.

#### Children's Department.

With pleasure we announce to our thousands of readers that we have completed arrangements with Mrs. LOYD M. WILLIS—whose stories for children we published several years ago were so well appreciated—to edit a CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. She will enter on her duties in this department next week, with an introductory to the children who read the BANNER OF LIGHT; to be followed by a beautiful story entitled, "MARTY AMES; or, The Broken Promise."

#### "Peculiar."

Epeo Sargent's new novel, which we fully noticed last week, was unexpectedly delayed in the hands of binders, so that dealers were unable to obtain their supply as soon as was expected. It will undoubtedly be on sale by Monday, 29th inst., when we hope to be able to supply all our friends who may desire this exceedingly interesting work. Price, (cloth bound,) \$1.50. Copies sent by mail free on receipt of price. Send in your orders.

#### The Sewing Girls.

A leading New York journal comments on the contrast between the scene to be witnessed at the mansion of Secretary Chase, in Washington, on the evening of his daughter's marriage with Gov. Sprague, and another scene in New York, on the same evening, in a public hall where several hundred sewing girls were met to discuss their forlorn condition and petition for an increase of wages. It was a very striking, if not startling contrast, to say no more; and raises reflections of a painful character in every mind. The poor girls who expend the best energies of their lives in sewing at a rate of not more than two dollars a week, need to have justice done them before all others. They are patient under their heavy burdens, generally carrying burdens, too, of which few of our readers have any idea. They are deserving not merely of the pity of the community, but of their aid. That they should be crowded down to starvation prices, when all around looks so plentiful and promising, is a grim satire on our system of social life, which should incite every living man to strive to correct it as soon as possible.

It is said that the sewing girls in this city are talking about holding a mass meeting soon to discuss the matter of asking from their employers an increase of wages. There is certainly need of this, but we hope that employers—at least those who have one spark of humanity and benevolence—will themselves forestall any action of the kind by increasing the wages paid to their overworked and meanly remunerated female employees.

#### Gen. Grant's Campaign.

When Gen. Grant took Donelson, it opened the way for him to Southern Tennessee. When he fought and won the bloody battle of Shiloh, he won his way practically to Vicksburg. By the taking of Vicksburg, he opened the entire Mississippi valley to the Federal arms, and put an end to the war in the whole of that vast region. He did as much as one man to cut off the rebellion in the rear, and by hemming in the rebels into the Atlantic States, to compress them into an area where they must fight, without the power of escape. At the head of the large armies he has now in hand in Tennessee, North Alabama, and Northern Georgia, he is preparing now for one more grand movement, without doubt the grandest of all the combinations of the war, which will terminate the fighting virtually on both sides. He probably has it in design to take either Montgomery and Mobile, in connection with our navy, or Augusta. If he does the former, he completely coops up the rebellion by taking possession of the entire Alabama river, allowing nothing to escape; if the former, he has command of the entire Savannah river, together with Savannah, while getting in the rear of Charleston at the same time. This will drive the rebellion from the coast, from the Gulf, from the mountains, and leave nothing but its brains to be beaten out with a single blow at Richmond.

#### Cause and Effect.

If the visit of the Russian fleet in our waters has worked no other good effect, it has let an idea into the head of Napoleon which he perhaps did not entertain before. He can now see how easy it is for Russia, by the aid of our ports and shipbuilders and naval constructors, to put upon the ocean with very little delay a first class fleet, in case she should go to war with the Western powers of Europe. Hence he would not affront us, when he sees how very efficient we might become in helping his greatest enemy. On account of this wholesome fear he has ordered the six rams building for the rebels in French waters to be stopped, and given prompt assurance that we should suffer annoyance from nothing of the sort. It was a lucky thing for us that we had so convenient an ally, at just the right time. We played off Russia against France and England to excellent advantage, and made them pull in their horns just when it was of the utmost importance that the rebellion should receive no further word of sympathy or encouragement from outside parties. Diplomacy is powerful, and has proved particularly so in the present case. We cannot be too grateful to the Northern Bear for coming to the rescue at so opportune a time.

#### Exchange of Prisoners.

The papers have been publishing the several letters which have passed between the agents of exchange for the United States and the rebels, in the matter of the thirteen thousand unfortunate Union prisoners at present confined in Richmond. It does not appear that any sound and substantial reason exists why our Government should not yield a point to the rebels, rather than permit the poor fellows who belong to their country, to starve and die at Richmond. Grant says the rebels have cheated us in putting paroled prisoners (captured by us) in the field before they were fairly exchanged, according to the terms of the parole, we can only resolve to suffer ourselves to be cheated this once, and to be sure and not let them do it again. Had Grant sent North the prisoners captured at Vicksburg, instead of paroling them, by which means the greater part of them were very soon afterwards put into the rebel army again, all this delay and suffering would have been avoided. There has been talk of retaliating for the sufferings of our prisoners in Richmond, by starving as many of their prisoners in our hands; but we hope no such measure will ever be set on foot. It will disgrace us forever in our own sight, and in the eyes of the civilized world.

#### The Canada Plot.

From the revelations which we have of the Canada plot, and especially by the open admissions of the Montreal Advertiser, a Journal in the open interest of Secessionists and refugees, it was the rebel intention, and it had been set on foot by the rebel government in Richmond, to set at liberty the two thousand rebel prisoners now held on Johnson's Island, and escape with them to Canadian territory, and thence to Halifax and home. Doubtless they would have carried out all their intentions; had opportunity offered in the line of burnings and laying waste; it having been reported that they were going to lay Buffalo and Ogdensburg in ashes, besides destroying all the shipping belonging to Americans that they could get hold of. Their pretty plan was fortunately nipped in the bud, thanks to the timely intervention of the Governor-General of Canada, and Lord Lyons at Washington. All these things seem providential. Indeed, we have full faith that they are ordered by the higher powers, and are all working to the end of permanent peace and the healing of the wounds of the nation. At the critical times in the history of this war, we have not failed to observe that the benign powers all worked together on the side of our country.

"The BANNER is not 'unfaithful to true Spirituality,' friend Davis, and you do us great wrong when you intimate that it is. What do you mean by publishing 'lengthy tirades'?" etc. Have you forgotten the confidential conversation we had together previous to the Clark Davis controversy? If you have not, please to deal justly by us. When you even hint that we 'endorse false-loveism,' you do us great injustice. We have always, on all occasions, repudiated it in toto, as our columns abundantly testify. Do us justice, friend Davis. This is all we ask. We seek no quarrel. If Spirituality cannot live in harmony together, with the light and wisdom and truth they have, who possibly can?

In God's name we ask Spirituality everywhere to work shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of the holy cause in which they are engaged.

#### Mr. Beecher's Return.

Mr. Beecher arrived in Boston, from England, on Saturday night, Nov. 14th, and took the cars for New York on Sunday night, arriving home before morning of the next day. He received a public welcome at the hands of his congregation on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings following. All turned out to greet him. His church, sabbath school room, lecture room, and church parlors were all thrown open, and people admitted by tickets in order to avoid a rush and crowd. The Stereopticon was exhibited in the body of the church, and a fine band discoursed welcome music. The delights consisted in conversation, refreshment, flowers and music. Green letters were secured to the walls, as well as green wreaths and hanging baskets of flowers, with singing birds interspersed. The stranger had a pleasant greeting for every one, and was offered in return expressions of the warmest feeling. This affair caused a good deal of comment at the time in New York, it being the most remarkable and characteristic one that had occurred there in years. Mr. Beecher comes home with a much broader reputation than he took away with him, even if he has not added strength and robustness to his faculties and actual riches to his fame.

#### Gen. Banks's Movement.

Our promising Eastern General is doing all that could be expected of him in Eastern Texas, carving his way with the sword as fast as the stars permit. He has threatened Brownville, on the Rio Grande, so that a conflict of a bloody character took place in the streets of the town upon the approach of his troops, part of the citizens being in favor of burning the place, and part of them being opposed to it. It is probably the lot of Gen. Banks to march across and take military control of Texas, rallying around the old flag the vast numbers of still resolute Union men of that State who are ready even to die for their country, when resistance promises results of a decisive character. We shall watch Banks's career in that far off section of the country with much interest. He has an excellent element to operate upon and cooperate with, whenever he can reach it; and we look to see the same qualities of character displayed even more conspicuously on this broader field than he had an opportunity to do at home. If he trusts himself to the higher powers, as we have reason to believe he does ever, we look to see him leading the great movements of our national future in the appropriate field to which his capacities will surely assign him.

#### Church of England Patronage.

If we would know something of the value of the Church patronage which is at the disposal, or control, of Lord Palmerston, an English paper will inform us that it is a great deal beyond what the most of us ever dreamed of. Lord Palmerston has been Prime Minister during the terms of two ministries, for the space of seven years and a half in all. In this time twenty bishops and archbishops have been promoted at his hands to the rich livings they enjoy. The incomes of these twenty-seven bishops and prelates amount to more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and Lord Palmerston has had the disposal of at least seventy thousand pounds worth of it. The primacy of England and Ireland have both been at his disposal, and on two occasions he has filled the archbishopric of York. His Irish patronage, yearly, has amounted to nearly thirty thousand pounds. It is stated, however, that Palmerston does not enjoy the full perquisites which were enjoyed by Peel. To recount a list of the incomes, with their sizes and value, which Peel and Russell, and Aberdeen, and Derby, and Melbourne, and Liverpool, and Wellington, is enough to appal a reader accustomed to read even of the gold miracles yearly performed on the soil of California.

#### Rebel Correspondence.

The capture of the rebel steamer R. E. Lee, off Wilmington by Union vessels, has brought to light a mass of correspondence of more than ordinary interest. The packages of correspondence found on board come from influential residents abroad, and addressed to the leading men of the Confederacy, from Davis down, let in more light upon the present condition of their affairs than anything we could ask for from any other quarter. One man, named De Leon, discloses what he styles his "most thoughts" to the rebel President. He tells him just what he thinks about matters and things. He does not believe Napoleon is going to do much for them. "God grant," says he, "I may be unduly suspicious and distrustful; and that we may get more substantial aid and comfort from Napoleon than I either hope or expect." Again he says: "I am not a prophet, and may be deceived; but as far as I know and can see, there has been, and is to be, as little real intention of speedy recognition by France as by England." "We are all groping," he adds, "in the dark, at this moment." This is important news to us just now, and should help encourage us to additional effort to bring this matter to an end. It will end, it is known to all.

#### The Poor Prisoners.

The cry of complaint still goes up from the press, that twelve or thirteen thousand Union prisoners are suffering and dying in the loathsome prisons in and around Richmond, for no other reason—if indeed any can be actually stated—than that a point of etiquette, or veracity, or something of about the same importance, is at issue between the Commissioners of Exchange. It is shameful beyond expression, if it be indeed so. Our Government will never stand excused before the civilized world, nor exculpated to the popular conscience, if it will tolerate such barbarity as even the possibility of starvation for several thousand unfortunate men, for the fancied advantage it is to gain in the field. There can be no gain by such a practice. Let the Government waive—not yield—the point at issue for a time, and go forward and exchange men for men just so far as they have of our men to exchange for theirs. We are certain that the advantage of numbers is on our side very decidedly. Then let such as remain be argued over; after exchange has been effected, just so far as they will agree to it. We see no reasonable objection to some such course as this, nor have we heard one raised by any journal or individual competent to the giving of reasons at all.

#### France and Mexico.

A party is now springing up in French governmental circles—so says a Paris writer—which openly favors the annexation of Mexico to France. The party probably originates with the fact, now being rapidly discovered, that Mexico is not conquered, after all, and that there is no way but to annex, because they cannot conquer. Some of the Paris papers are giving publicity to a correspondence from Mexico, in the course of which it is stated that the truth about the French occupation has been suppressed, for that the whole thing was odious to the great body of the people who were ready to throw off the yoke when they deemed the opportunity a proper one. It is confidently affirmed that the Emperor sees and feels the difficulty of the Mexican situation. Now that Russia defies him with her diplomatic thunder, and by her friendship with us makes it hazardous for him to come to an open rupture for the sake of befriending the rebels, he hardly knows how to dispose of his Mexican elephant, and stands wishing some one would come along and take it off his hands. Napoleon is hardly "master of the situation."

We call attention to Miss Belle Bant's fine poem in another column.

#### Mrs. Cappy's Closing Lectures.

On Sunday, Nov. 14th, Mrs. Loren Cappy gave the closing lectures of her course, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, and considering the dreaching rain storm which prevailed all day and evening, she had large audiences, and all listened with marked attention to her interesting discourses, no doubt feeling themselves fully compensated for their attendance on so important a day. Mrs. C. evidently gave in favor with our people, her short stop with us, for the more they heard her speak the better they liked and appreciated her. We hope she will pay us another visit, for there are many other places out of Boston where she was expected and would have been warmly welcomed.

"The Ideal and the Real" was the theme of her remarks in the afternoon. She gave some fine reasoning in support of her assertion that the ideal world was in fact the real world; maintaining that everything in the real world, as it is called, is, in substance, while in the ideal world everything is eternal and has an imperishable existence. Among her many illustrations she took the human form, which is generally conceded to be the real; but this was not so, for the form, which only encased the ideal or spirit, was perishable, while the soul—which we could not see, and consequently was ideal—was imperishable, immortal, and real. In her allusions to the works of the great minds of the past and the present, showing how widely differed was the ideal pictures formed of them, from reading or examining their works, to that formed after a personal acquaintance with them, she made a very happy point in reference to Charlotte Bronte, who, she said, had lived in obscurity for thirty years, attracting the attention of us one—for her real self was not seen—until she had described the world by the brilliant productions of her pen. What glorious ideals were created in the minds of the million. How they yearned to behold the real woman. And yet how great was their disappointment when they saw the plain-looking, uninteresting and unattractive Charlotte, modestly shrinking from the world's gaze. And why? Because they only saw the woman-form and not the real woman, for she could only be seen in her writings. They had not the key to open her inner soul. Every thing we behold, in one sense, she said, is imperfect, every thing of beauty and design lives forever, for it is an expression of what the designer intended, though not to his fullest extent. It is the inventor's ideal which lives for the future, while the material passes away. What we see in daily life is but a faint idea of the reality within. Thus many pass through life misunderstood because they cannot give expression to the feelings of their souls. On materials, do not be too hasty in passing harsh judgments, but when you neighbor for what he is, and not condemn him for what he seems, for you see not the real.

This brief review hardly gives the reader an idea of the happy manner in which she handled the subject. In the evening she announced her subject thus: "Prosperity regarded as a barrier to political, social, spiritual and individual progress." After some preliminary remarks, she proceeded to show that man's first and greatest object in life was to obtain property, but after that was accomplished, then came the evil results which generally follow, from the effects of indolence and relaxed energy. After dwelling upon this for awhile, she took up, as a further illustration of her subject, the ancient nations of the Old World, beginning with glorious old Rome, which she said, prospered all too well; for in her abundant prosperity she forgot her duty to herself and humanity. Her works of art are but mournful monuments of her departed greatness, and poor, starving mendicants throng her streets.

She proceeded for awhile to hold up to view the contemporary nations who are in a little decaying condition with Rome, only a little more so, and came down to France of the present day, which, with all her apparent greatness, could only keep the Emperor on his throne at the point of the bayonet. She is now lecturing, and will long be remembered among the great nations that were.

Then, in a voice of earnest import, she exclaimed, England! what is she? An aristocracy, treading in the dust the poor and the weak! Her Queen a mere puppet in the hands of the ministry. She left England by quoting this significant sentence: "A proud spirit exults before a fall." Then bringing her observations nearer home, she descended upon America, asking the pertinent question, "What has prosperity worked out for her?" She then proceeded to give a word-picture of her rapid growth to greatness, prosperity and power, asserting that she had forgotten the simplicity of her early days—the simplicity and truth of her Washington and her supporters—that prosperity had led her to adopt many of the follies and mistakes of the older and decaying nations of the Old World, till she almost lost sight of the simplicity of a Republican government.

She then proceeded in a happy vein, spoke with occasional sarcasm, to show why prosperity was a barrier to religious and individual progress. But we will not attempt to follow her in detail. Her points were clear and well made, showing that in all ages men have been unable to bear too much prosperity, that it was detrimental to their personal good, and stunted their religious growth and spiritual aspirations.

At the close of each lecture, the listeners united themselves of the opportunity to ask questions, while the speaker answered with great promptness and politeness.

#### Adulterated Coffee.

People who buy ground mixtures for coffee, do think they are getting the real article, are wholly mistaken. We venture to say that diseases of various kinds are engendered by the use of the coffee in our grocery stores as "pure ground coffee." Read the following, coffee drinkers, and you will see at once that what we say has some foundation in truth. The Legislature ought to take this matter in hand, and "smash" it to the bottom. The health of the people should not be tampered with in this way:

"A London Professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed round coffee which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that it was adulterated, showing a mixture of belladonna, cayenne, absinth, liver dried, and old coffee-ground. He gave them capital porters, too, made of spiritual wine, gum arabic, and burnt sugar."

#### Promotion of Col. Shepard.

Our townsman, Col. Isaac P. Shepard, of the Third Missouri Regiment, recently stationed in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has received the appointment of Brigadier General of Volunteers. His appointment was unanimously recommended by Brig. Gen. T. Kirby Smith, Major General Grant, Steele, Sherman and others. He is a military and civil engineer, and distinguished services in the Southwest. Gen. Shepard, after a campaign of over two years' laborious service in the field, obtained a short furlough, and paid Boston a visit last week. His family still reside here, we believe.

#### Aid the Government.

Great efforts are being made in all directions to recruit our armies now in the field, and with success. The people are waking up to a sense of their duty, and are moving in earnest. This is right. Aid the Government in every possible way.

#### Give us Music.

If the city authorities would employ a few kind of music to occasionally play at the different points for parades, we are of the opinion that it would do more good in stirring up the patriotism of the people than anything else could say on the subject.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by a spirit who came to the BANNER, through the instrumentality of a medium.

**Mr. J. M. Bennett.**

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, the Messages were written, and were given, as per day, to the spirit-guides of the circle—all reported as such.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in a higher condition, 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 consideration by the spirit-guides of the circle, therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the suffering multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

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

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Tuesday, Oct. 20.—Invocation:** "What do you understand by 'Chastisement'?" Questions and Answers: Wm. Briggs, to his friends in Boston; Annie T. Wallace, to her parents, in Quebec; Thomas F. Allen, to his friends, in New York; in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter Kelly, to his wife, in Utica, N. Y.

**Monday, Nov. 8.—Invocation:** "The Law of Necessity." Questions and Answers: Alice M. Braman, of Troy, N. Y.; John Drew, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friend, Amos Todd, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Tim Brooks, to his family, in Springfield, N. Y.

**Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Invocation:** "The Natural Goodness of Man." Questions and Answers: John J. Low, of New York; Thomas Andrews, master of the ship Wm. Kent, to his wife; Anna Abbott, to her father, Alexander Abbott, now sick at Fort Union.

**Wednesday, Nov. 10.—Invocation:** "Fidelity, Responsibility and Accountability." Questions and Answers: Thomas Dwyer, who died in America, to his family; Fanny Elwell Barnard, of Boston, to her parents; Wm. B. Grover, to his mother, in New York; in New York, to her parents, in New York.

**Thursday, Nov. 11.—Invocation:** "The Condition of those who pass from earthly life to the spirit-world." Questions and Answers: John J. Low, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York.

**Friday, Nov. 12.—Invocation:** "The Resurrection of the Dead." Questions and Answers: Joseph W. Widdell, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York.

**Saturday, Nov. 13.—Invocation:** "The Control of Evil Spirits." Questions and Answers: Andrew Rogers, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York; in New York, to his friends, in New York.

**Sunday, Nov. 14.—Invocation:** "Can a man control his own destiny?" Questions and Answers: Ruth (Dwight) to her friends, in New York; in New York, to her friends, in New York; in New York, to her friends, in New York.

### INVOCATION.

Oh, Life, where wondrous volume we are ever reading, what art thou? Oh, we are confused and bewildered as we listen to the roar of thy ceaseless changes. Oh, Spirit of Eternity, the human soul continually demands to know more and still more of thy power, and then turns and beholds thine angels giving human life, volume after volume, and reading sentence after sentence, calling the human soul nearer, still nearer to thee. Oh, Life, yet we are bewildered; yet we fail to comprehend thy spirit; yet we fail to fully realize that we are reading upon thy parental bosom, and are receiving lessons from thee hour by hour, moment by moment. Oh, Life, we demand still another lesson. We ask for still higher manifestations. The human soul stretches out its arm toward thee, oh Father. It cannot fully comprehend thee, for thou art Eternity, all of the Past, all of the Present, all of the Future. Oh, Life, teach us to be constant readers of the book of life, to read well the lesson of the present. Teach us, oh Life, to adore thine every creature; to call all things sacred and nothing common or unclean that owes its existence to thee; for art thou not a parent to the lowest grain of life? Oh Father and Mother, the human soul calls thee Father and Mother, because thou hast taught it to look up to thee for support. It feels its weakness, its childlike dependence; feels that thou art infinite, and realizes that it is itself but finite. Oh Spirit of the Hour, baptize us anew with the spirit of Truth. Though it come in simplicity crowned with meekness of form, through the humble sphere of human life, yet we will hail its coming, and know it is from thee, Father, and we, for the gift, will chant thee praises through the present and through the future.

### The Spirit's Consciousness in the Spirit-World.

**SPIRIT.**—What subject have the friends to propose for our discussion this afternoon?

**SUNSHINE.**—Please state something of the cause why some spirits barely leave their consciousness while leaving earth, and are so quickly sensible of the spirit world, while others are unconscious of the change for months or years?

There are many causes that would produce such an effect, but one of the most prominent that presents itself to view may be found slumbering, if we may so speak, in the darkness of ignorance pertaining to ourselves as human beings. If you fully understood the laws which govern you as physical machines, you should have less sleeping in the spirit-world. Instead of slumbering for months, years, or centuries, it may be, after death, the condition of unconscious life would be but momentary.

It should be remembered that nine-tenths, to say the least, of all who pass to the spirit-world before old age, come in consequence of ignorance, of disease, which is the child of ignorance, either mental or physical. When the physical form takes on disease, or the spirit loses control of any portion of the human body, which is equivalent to disease, then you straightway fly to some remedial agent, that you may remove the disease, and thus enable the spirit to resume its control again; for disease is but a withdrawal of the spirit from that portion of the human physical form, either total or in part.

As you go forth to seek after remedial agents, you are apt to employ those not best adapted to the case. It may be, and doubtless is, the best you are conscious of; but if it were the best, far better and higher ones would not be given you. Now in consequence of making use of remedial agents found in your kingdom, it is, alas! often to the injury of the spirit. For if you force that spirit to yield up its control of the physical brain, then the physical body will take on disease, and the consequence will be the spirit will lose its power of consciousness and thus slumber, it may be, a week, a month, a year, or thousands of years, as the case may be.

Now you should see with extreme care such agents as are employed in producing your artificial sleep. These bodies had better pass through the crucible of intense physical suffering, than to be made the servants of ignorance. But, as I have said, it is imposed upon the living spirit. You think you produce a stupor along through physical life. This is a mistake, for the human spirit is in a greater or less degree affected, and when that spirit is freed from the physical body, it is obliged to carry with it to its new home the unconsciousness which it had while in the body, and through physical life it is deprived, to a very great ex-

tent, of the power to grasp its consciousness, and of womanhood, in the spirit world.

Human beings have ever felt a dread of physical pain, hence they have devised various means to rid themselves of it. But all these agents employed by you for that purpose, bring you, as it were, silence for the moment; but they will only bring upon you greater suffering in the end. You had better atone for sin to-day, than to wait until you are added to it; for rest assured Nature asks for compound interest all ways.

This one great cause may be called the parent of all other causes, leading to loss of consciousness after death. If the spirit passes out of the physical form under proper conditions, it can remain unconscious but a short time; so short that you scarce realize that you have lost the power of consciousness even for a moment.

We have known many a spirit to bid farewell to their friends on earth, and at the same moment to be revelling in a welcome on the other side. And again we know of thousands who remain locked up in an almost eternal sleep. It would seem, its length is so great. Now there must be a cause for this difference of condition after the change called death, upon the part of different individuals. We believe if the passage were natural, there could be no long silence, no great sleep upon the part of the disembodied spirit after death. You dissolve the connection between spirit and body, because you shrink from physical suffering, and because you do this you impose upon the spirit a long term of unconsciousness.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—What changes does the spirit undergo that sleeps a thousand years?

**Ans.**—We believe the spirit will wake up and take hold of the conditions of eternity, precisely where time left them. We cannot realize that it passes through any change during that slumbering condition.

**Q.**—Is it conscious of the lapse of time?

**A.**—No, certainly not; for unconsciousness can never be made consciousness.

**Q.**—Do not all spirits wake up eventually in the spirit-world?

**A.**—Certainly they do; for total unconsciousness, or eternal slumber, would be equivalent to annihilation. The power of the human spirit may be temporarily arrested, but never annihilated. There must be a condition of waking up, as there was a condition of passing into unconsciousness.

**Q.**—Why is it necessary to have a fixed time for waking up to consciousness?

**A.**—The necessity depends upon surrounding conditions, upon conditions that attended the spirit at the time of its resurrection—what you call death. When once it is surrounded by the right element, death becomes life. During the hours of sleep you live in another element from what you do when awake. In reality you are not the same spiritual being during sleep, that you are during your waking hours. This may seem to be a strange assertion, nevertheless you will find it to be a very correct one.

**Q.**—Will not spirits who enjoy sound health here wake up earliest in the spirit-world?

**A.**—Generally they do, but there are exceptions.

**Q.**—Is not purity of life upon the part of individuals here necessary to their early awakening in the spirit world?

**A.**—No, we do not think it is. All life is pure.

**Q.**—Is not the life they have lived here a condition of their waking to consciousness in the spirit world?

**A.**—No, we do not think that consciousness depends upon that.

**Q.**—All other things being equal.

**A.**—All other conditions being equal. You may judge something concerning the condition of a spirit who has slumbered for thousands of years, by asking your medium, on her return to a normal condition, how long she has been away from her body. She will doubtless answer, Why, a moment or so. Yet we might have held her in control for hours. The unconscious spirit knows nothing of the lapse of time. It is in all intents and purposes a resident of eternity, and therefore takes no cognizance of the things of time.

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whether they're dark or light. The God that puts up a high wall all around you is not worthy of worship, nor the one that puts a tree of forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden—that is the most attractive tree there—and then says, "If you eat of the fruit of this tree you shall be eternally damned." [Then you would be sure to eat it, would you?] Yes, it's human nature to do so all the world over. It always wants to reach the fruit that is highest, you know. It seems to me that if God knew anything about human nature, he would not do any such thing.

But I guess the old God that took care of the Garden of Eden, was not much of a God, after all. If we'd only let our common sense rule us, we'd do much better. I've had a little time for reflection since I've got across, so I thought I'd improve it. Now I've reflected a good deal upon some parts of the Bible, for I had read it pretty thoroughly, and have a good memory; so when I see what perfect folly it is in—oh, to believe all that's written there, I could not smile at the ignorance of nearly all the people who dwell upon the face of the earth. They've all got their Bibles, and their particular Gods, and must worship them in some way or other. We are told in the spirit-world that all that kind of worship is nothing but idolatry, and I'm inclined to think it is.

[What is your idea of God?] I think I'm just as much of a God as any one. [What is your opinion of him?] Well, man's opinion of himself is generally pretty good. [What idea have you of God now?] It's the power of life. You may call it the spirit, or soul, or whatever you please. I believe you'll never know any other God than the one that manifests within yourself. That's my idea of God; that's what I've learned since I've been here.

Well, I should like to have my dear old mother know something of these things before she comes across the river. If she don't feel it will cut up her religion too much, I'd like to have her talk with me. She would have given the world to have spoken a word with me before death in my own body. Then why not now? I'm only a little better. I'm much obliged, sir. Good-day.

Oct. 15.

### Edward L. Cleveland.

It seems a long time since I spoke through human lips. I have a very dear child in the midst of human life, with whom I should be most happy to talk. He knows little, if anything, concerning this new light; but he has often asked in mind, "If the freed soul can return and give intelligence from the shadowy hereafter, why cannot some of my friends return?" I would be glad to believe, but I still ask for positive proof. I shall not be easily satisfied.

I still call Troy, New York, my earthly home, for I called it home at the time of death. I was blessed there with a fair companion and one child. It became my duty to leave them, to go away from the place I called home; and while crossing the water a storm arose and our ship was lost, and I had no privilege of saying farewell to those dear ones.

My companion has joined me, but our child remains, and he speaks to the people concerning Gospel truths. He thinks he knows something of God, but, like thousands of others, he knows very little of him. He seeks him in glided temples, and courts his presence with crowns of earth, but fails to recognize him in the simple walks of life.

Oh, my son, my son! though years have passed since I folded you to my bosom and prayed that God might care for you until my return—he has cared for you, he has blessed you, he has blessed me with the privilege of returning and speaking through foreign human lips, to speak to you of the glad tidings of the Kingdom, to ask you to be to me not as an enemy, but as a father and a friend.

I was Edward L. Cleveland here. My body was lost in the Alton, in 1823, but my spirit lives—lives to proclaim glad tidings to my son, if to no one else—lives to ask him to stretch out his hand and shake hands with me across the River of Death.

Oh, my son, bend my voice, test me as much as you will; let your reason be thrown into the scales, and then you shall weigh me well. Farewell. Oct. 15.

Oct. 15.

### Rachel Hastings.

Oh, be kind enough to send a letter to my brother and to my father, too, from mother and me. We were turned in the Richmond Theatre. My mother's name was Mary Hastings; my name was Rachel Hastings; my father's name was Thomas, and my brother's name was Charles. I lived in Richmond. My mother and myself were burned in the theatre. My brother was with us in the theatre, but he escaped, and we were burned. My brother is in the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner by your forces once, but escaped.

Ask my father to go to that lady—her name?—Falloway; yes, her name is Falloway. She is in Richmond, and some of the folks call her "the Sleeping Prophetess." Ask my father to go to her, and mother and myself will come to him.

I wish I could go myself there, now I've got a body. I wish I could. I was nine years old. Can't you let me go? [We should be glad to let you, but you would not be able to take the medium so far.] Would I die? [Yes, and the medium, too; that is, you would lose control, as you did of your own body that was burned. You'd have to give up control of this one.] Would this one be burned? [No; but the medium's spirit would be unable to reclaim it, under the circumstances.]

Will you send my letter? [Certainly, as soon as possible. The mails are obstructed now, on account of the war.] Oh, folks do get letters. [We'll do all we can for you.] A gentleman here says, "Send it to Nassau—by way of Nassau, unsealed." [Ask him if a newspaper will go in a common wrapper?] No, sir; no, sir; cut out the letter, and send it in an envelope unsealed, and it will go. [We'll do so. Who shall we direct it to?] My father, at Richmond, Virginia.

Oct. 15.

### Invocation.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Oh Jesus, our brother, what means these words? Is there indeed a blessing underlying the mourner's mantle? Is there indeed a joy slumbering beneath the external of sorrow? Oh, it would seem that and if this be so, surely the earth must be full of joy; surely this nation must be indeed blessed. The mourners may be counted by thousands, and tens of thousands of green graves greet our vision everywhere. There is scarce a family circle that is not desolated, scarce a household that is unbroken, and the voice of lamentation, ay, it is heard amid the crash of arms, amid the booming of cannon; far above the wild tumult of war, the voice of lamentation is heard. Oh Spirit of Eternity, who speaks through Jesus, our elder brother, wilt thou not speak anew to the children of this age? wilt thou not teach their untold souls to look up to thee? wilt thou not comfort those mourners of earth? Oh, wilt thou not send ministering angels to tell them that their loved ones still live, and can return and speak to them? Oh, hear their reply; we know thou hast not forsaken thy people. We know that we are creatures of thy hand, and therefore will be cared for by thee. Oh, we feel the truth of Jesus' words, "Blessed indeed are they that mourn, for truly they shall be comforted." They listen, etc.

log to catch some faint echo from the shadowy land of their loved ones, and though religion, the religion of external life, make it a midnight of gloom, yet the human soul has hope, hope large in the ascendency, and hopes to meet its loved ones in another world. If this be so, will not the spirits come? will not the loved ones respond to the loving call of their friends on earth? Oh, really we tell you they are awake and alive, and are ready to answer the call of loved ones here. Oh God of the present hour, may the shadow of superstition be swept away, and the bright light of the New Dispensation illumine the pathway of thine earthly children. Then shall they be indeed assured of the existence of their loved ones: then will the veil be rent in twain; then will the kingdom of the hereafter be made manifest to their senses, even while on the earth. Oh, we return thee thanks, our Father, for this consciousness. Oh, we return thee thanks for the past, for the present, with its countless joys and sorrows, and for the future, which shall give us still more and more of light.

### The Chastisement of Sorrow.

**SPIRIT.**—We are now ready to consider any question the friends may see fit to propose.

**SUNSHINE.**—Why is the chastisement of sorrow greater and purer than constant joy?

Can you tell us why war is sometimes much better than the opposite condition? Do you fully realize that sorrow is the handmaid of joy? In other words, it is the life of joy. You would not comprehend pleasure without the existence of the opposite condition. One could not exist without the other. As life would not be life without death, so joy would not be joy without sorrow.

Oct. 15.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—Has religion done anything toward the elevation of humanity?

**Ans.**—It is very apparent what it has done, and also very apparent what it has not done. We need not rehearse its beauties and deformities to humanity. If it will look at the subject with the calm light of reason shining upon it, humanity will then see how much it has done for its elevation, and how much it has not done.

**Q.**—What was the epiphany David consulted, spoken of in the First Book of Samuel, thirtieth chapter, seventh verse, when he went to war with the Amalekites? Was it an instrument? If so, how made? He inquired of the Lord by it whether he should be successful? The Lord told him he would.

**A.**—The chapter preceding and following the one containing these passages will explain it, perhaps, much better than we could. Read the three, and you will have a definition of the subject.

**Q.**—Are not the opportunities to progress in the spirit world much greater than on earth?

**A.**—No, they are not. We are aware it is generally so considered, yet it is not so. You have many facilities in your condition of life we have not, by means of which you may progress. And again, we have many that you have not. We believe that progression to progression everywhere and anywhere. We have certain conditions by which we progress rapidly in spirit life, and you have a physical body with which to work certain conditions of earth life. When you lose that physical body, then so much of your power is gone. To be sure, another degree of power is added, but the human spirit must learn the conditions of spirit life ere it can use its powers to any great extent. You are children for a time here in earth life, and then you go to the spirit-land. Upon entering spirit life, we cannot help looking with wonder at our surroundings, and know not what to lay hold of first to improve ourselves. But as we walk along through life, and become familiarized with our surroundings, then we begin to progress rapidly. It is even so with you.

**Q.**—Is it a law that spirits who have passed through spirit life in darkness should return, before they can progress?

**A.**—We believe it is, inasmuch as all are exceedingly anxious to retrace their steps. If there was not an order current propelling







