

The Banner.

It may not be fully appreciated at the office, or known to the readers of the BANNER, as it is to me, that the BANNER is emphatically the people's paper—the poor man's and poor woman's friend, and the hope of many almost despairing hearts struggling with the crushing weight of false systems—freighted with loy customs—oppressed with the suffocating smoke of a false and burning religion, or drifted ashore by the running currents of popularity.

Hundreds of persons or families who can, scarcely secure the necessities of life take the BANNER, and think they cannot do without it; and many I know who cannot get together the sum to send for it six months, contrive to save five cents each week, and buy it at a newsroom—often at rooms where they will not keep them to sell, but will get all that persons will take regularly.

I find in traveling extensively over the region and through the ranks of Spiritualism, that a majority of the wealthy families who take but one spiritual paper take the Herald of Progress, while a majority of the middle and poorer classes take the BANNER, and some take both and cannot spare either, or tell which they like best. I am glad to find such, and wish there were more, for surely there is variety and value enough in each to pay the yearly price of both, even to a man who has to earn the money by labor of his hands. But what I have especially noticed and attempted to note here, is the thousands of broken hearts that are hung on this willow—the thousands that look through weeping eyes and saddened countenances to your spirit messages and other messages, as the only sure promise and reliable hope of a fairer and happier hereafter for the down-trodden, the oppressed, and the broken-hearted. Weekly your sheet carries healing balm to thousands of hearts wounded by the darts and daggers of envy, malice, hate or scorn, and who look in vain to the popular societies and their papers and books, in religion, politics, or morals.

I send you the following little poem, written by one of these struggling souls, whose pen and needle have been barely able for years to save her and her lovely daughter from the frosts of poverty, now a resident of Indiana, with a soul refined and well-developed, struggling to educate her daughter, and asking where and how she can do it, and not sell her soul for a mess of sectarian postage. I cannot answer. Shall we ever have an answer for such? WARREN CHASE.

Ripon, Wis., Sept. 12, 1863.

The following is the poem alluded to above:

I've hung my harp on the willow,
Yet I cannot forget its tone;
Like the voice of the weeping willow,
Seems the echo of my own.
And its murmurs often haunt me,
Like the voice of Love, in dreams;
Like sweet memories when they chant me,
A requiem dead, it seems.

At times, when my heart seems breaking,
I take it up, and try
To forget in its voice the aching
Void, that within doth lie.
But so sad is the plaint it gives me,
As I wake its feeble strain,
That the effort only grieves me,
So I lay it down again.

Yes, "I've hung my harp on the willow,"
And I hear the wild winds play
All night, in its trembling wires;
Its whisperings seem to say:
"No more will thy weary heart-beats,
Keep time with this feeble strain;
For the storm that hath crushed thy spirit,
Hath broken thy harp in twain."

VIOLET.

Correspondence in Brief.

Ms. Editor—I send you the following extract from a private letter I received a few days since from my brother, to show you in what estimation your BANNER is held in Ohio. It is dated North Union, near Cleveland, September 20, 1863. North Union is a Shaker village, seven miles from Cleveland, the writer being the presiding elder.

A. H. P.

"I received some copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT from you, for which please accept my thanks. I consider it the best, most reliable spiritual paper published in the United States. I think we shall subscribe for it ere long. There was one extraordinary communication in it not long since, purporting to come from Theodore Parker on the subject of 'The Future of America.' That was a valuable document. We read it with much interest. The subject was worthy of the author. Those who were acquainted with him while in the form could easily identify him all through the whole lecture. These gifts and spirit manifestations were familiar to us, and had been for some twelve years before they went to the world in their present form or phase.

It is not strange, my brother, that any should call in question the truth and reality of departed spirits returning and communicating to their friends on earth in the form? Some good, some bad, some reliable, and some not reliable; but all are spirits of some kind, or grade, just as they were here in the form; many of them undeveloped and unimproved. Soon, very soon, the millions on earth now will be in the other world, and what will be their existence there? Will it not be spiritual or spirit-existence? What else can it be? Our physical bodies will be in the grave, returning back to dust. Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return, our mortal man. This is the irrevocable decree of the Almighty. And who can escape its universal application to the whole human race?

Let us live every day as though it were our last. Let us live for God and eternity. Let us live for the spirit. Let us cultivate love and good will to all men, and especially to the household of faith who believe in a true and rational Spiritualism on earth.

I am as ever, yours, &c. J. S. P."

Enclosed I send you two and a half dollars for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Your new paper makes a splendid show, and the story you have just commenced excites the curiosity of readers here very much. The Messages, Lectures, &c., are all very interesting. The paper is well thought of by those who read it about here. Yours, &c., BENJ. GUNNISON.

Eric, Pa., Sept. 28, 1863.

A THOUGHTFUL SUBSCRIBER is the following, as the subject noted will testify:
BROTHER COLLEY—You'll receive subscriptions for the BANNER, I won't you, and care me the trouble of writing again by and by? Please accredit the enclosed half-year subscription to Anna M. Stmonds, Foster's Crossing, Q. She has already paid to me of February, 1864.
SUSAN O. SIMMONS.

A Youthful Medium.

Henry Allen, only eleven years of age, who resides with his uncle, Myron Brewster, in Hyde Park, Northern Vermont, is said to be a remarkable medium for varied spirit-manifestations. His friends possessed no knowledge of his medium powers nine months ago. Since that time they have rapidly developed. In his presence, in open daylight, writes a correspondent, musical instruments will play and bells be rung, keeping good time, without contact of hands. When the light is taken away the manifestations, however, are much more powerful. The musical instruments will float over the heads of those present at these sittings, playing the while. B. Britton informs us that young Allen visited his house at South Hartwick, on several occasions. Our correspondent adds, "The half is not told about the wonderful things that are done in the presence of this boy-medium. Some of the most respectable people in Vermont can bear witness to the truth of what I assert."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
E. W. R. KESSE, S. H.—We decline inserting your advertisement.
Mrs. E. P. M. R., WAVERHAM, Ill.—\$5.75 received.

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LUTHER COLLEY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to
"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";
but 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 to our broken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm 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 Great Struggle in this Country.
In perusing the tart, talented, more or less spiritual, and wholly antagonistic "Letter to Thomas Carlyle" in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly, we came to a passage which so truthfully stated the purport of the terrible struggle in which we are at present engaged on this continent, that we quote it as a text from which to hang some reflections which are naturally suggested by current events. The writer is endeavoring to demonstrate to Mr. Carlyle why he has no right to judge us or our affairs. He says:

"There is a spiritual nature of man, which is ever and everywhere the same; and, through the necessary presence of this in every human being, there is a common sense and a common conscience, which make each man one with all others. Here in America we are seeking to give the force of political sovereignty to this common and sensitive nature—assuming that all political problems are at last questions of simple justice, courage, good sense, and fellow-feeling, which any sound heart and healthy intelligence may appreciate."
It is an excellent statement of the issue; and, further, it happens to express just the idea with which our labors have been inspired. In the treatment of those great practical questions which have to do with the future of our national life. To this common and sensitive spiritual nature of our people we are striving, so far as in us lies, to give the force of political sovereignty. It must, in fact, result in this, or else in some, thing worse. Our politics are of a certainty to become spiritualized, or they must grow worse than they were before. The ward-room odor must give way to a purer one, and the coarse politician to the lead of higher and nobler influences. Were the destinies of this great nation of freemen to be in the hands and at the mercy of the coarse and common men who once held us in their unrelenting gripe by the force of custom and party drill combined, what would become of the hopes which are centered in the advancement of this people, and the aspirations which torment the best of us with their perpetual unrest?

It is, as the writer of the article already alluded to says—"We do not deny Difference (in men); we recognize the truth of spiritual Degree; we merely add the common element as the material out of which to constitute, and the force by which to operate, the State." Now then, what do we do with that "common element"? It is not only a power in our State, we are to recognize it as the power, and the only one which may claim to be supreme. It must, therefore, be exalted; it must be made noble; it must be rendered as intelligent as possible; it must be infused with the highest and most vigorous spiritual qualities. It cannot be kept longer out of sight, whether by parties in the State, or classes in the Church, or insiders and outsiders in society, that a great spiritual fact lies at the base of our political system. This family of sister States was never drawn together, by sympathy in a common course of suffering and by the ties of a common interest afterward, just for a few ambitious men to supply themselves with offices and display to the public view an assumed importance by virtue of such trifling possessions, nor yet for the sake of demonstrating to the foreign world that such a fraternity could centralize a power in a brief time, which all other nations would be obliged to respect; none of these cheap and more obvious purposes would in any sense correspond to the extended preparations which were made for the birth of such a people.

Our career was mapped out by the superior powers on a very different scale from this. It was to make a great people, noble and exalted, rather than a strong government; a large community of individuals, rather than of one which should be represented by a few men of power; a happy fusion of a variety of human elements, which should in turn produce a new style of character, to be infused with a spiritual life and vigor such as never entered distinctively into a race before. Events have, in the hands of superior directors, been all along combining, like the clouds of heaven, to collect these thunders which have been rending the atmosphere; but the bow of heavenly promise was truly set of old, and, after the tempest and the uproar shall cease, there will certainly ensue a calm that will be glorious beyond description. The rains that beat with such power will by that time have revived the earth, and forced a fresh vigor into every plant and blade which before was drooping.

Our struggle is to elevate the Common to that point where it will become the Good, and so will of right rule and govern our national destinies. The popular sentiment requires to be raised to that standard at which it will exercise a controlling influence over public servants, so that they shall conceive and cherish no other purposes than those which rule the public heart and mind. As a free people, the average sentiment must always govern us; and hence it is of the highest importance that it be worthy in its respect of the governing place. We have followed at the heels of interest and self hitherto; henceforward we shall pursue higher aims, and be inspired with more worthy motives. The interior life is to become more demonstrative in the future, and usurp the place of the too exterior and superficial. We are to live in and for meanings more, and less for shows and professions. We are to come out of our present trials purified of the dross which clung to our national character, and enter upon a career whose splendors we would not have believed possible but yesterday, had they been distinctly revealed to us.

There is nothing but hopefulness in any view we choose to take of our present circumstances. The doubt, the oppressed feeling, the anxiety, the tumult of thought, the outright fear—all these will be gone through as children pass through dark places, filled with imaginings far more terrible than any realities could be; and when we reach that place above the reach of them all, where we can look back and behold the fog and clouds and tempests through which we have safely passed, then we shall, for the first time, awaken to a proper consciousness of the experiences which have for wise purposes, been laid upon us, and to the actual growth and advancement of our altered state; and then, "our politics, our laws, our public servants, our institutions will all answer to the new order

as faithfully as the answers unto face in the water. We shall have become a truly spiritual nation, and our pure light will attract the eyes of the world."

Autumn Thoughts.

"The melancholy days have come; the saddest of the year," say some, while others, disciplined in heart and spiritualized by the trials and experiences of time, feel that the earth is beautiful even in her waning season. The gorgeous magnificence of field and forest is no more indicative of decay; it suggests only change, salutary and needed, out of which shall blossom new forms of beauty. And as the outward world is typical of the inner, so the calm autumn of life offers no surprising proof of disengagement to the gatherer of immortal treasures; it gives a harvest yield of glorious plenteousness. (The spiritual crown of the noble worker is decorated with the imperishable roses of eternal spring; the soul's un fading youth-embell. There, too, flash in perennial lustre the glorious misadventures, glooms, and the wealth of autumn fruit and flowers—all assembled in accordant beauty, and the trine seasons smile in the regal adornment of a kingly soul. To the true harmonical philosopher—that is, the simple, loving, ever-hopeful child of the Great Father of all—there is no winter of the soul, no gloomy looking forward to long nights of spirit coldness and storm, to days unbrightened by the vivifying sunshine of God's smile. Winter is in the external only; beautiful, home-blessing, and fraught with many joys. But in the inner realm there will trail festoons of roses over summer-swards, and the perfumed breezes of June will regulate the sense, and the unbound waters mirror the cerulean deep of heaven. The tried and faithful heart need fear no change in time; the passing seasons all are revelations of beauty, imbued with lessons of wisdom, enlivened by sunshine from the realms of endless summer. The circling years but bring us nearer to the world of fruition and lasting peace.

France and England.

If stories run true, there is a speck of trouble between France and her ancient rival across the channel. Should it lead to anything like an outbreak, it would prove a decided advantage to us, under present circumstances. It appears that the Sultan of Turkey, tried to bring about an agreement between these two western powers on the Suez Canal question, but he has finally failed in his endeavor. Lip has withdrawn certain privileges from the French Canal Company, such as the concession he formerly made of lands bordering on the fresh water canal, and likewise abolished peremptorily all forced labor on the public works of Egypt. This new resolution he has communicated to the French Company by a special messenger. Such a step cuts off the prospect of the French obtaining a foothold on the isthmus forever. It is said that Napoleon does not like the intelligence any too well, and it is currently believed that he will oppose it with might and main. The Paris Journals say the French Government will not yield an inch. If not, then England must, or there will be trouble; for it is not to be supposed that France will readily abandon its dreams of Eastern power, all of which rest upon this connection by the way of the Suez isthmus.

Ours and the Rebels.

The difference in the treatment of our men in rebel hands and their men in ours, is marked enough to stand as a lasting illustration of the different ideas that inspire the contending powers in the field. Our two unhappy captives, who are confined in the rebel prison at Richmond, under sentence of death, are kept in a narrow cage, with no light save from the top, and neither ventilation nor facilities for ordinary cleanliness. The two men whom we have ordered into confinement—equal for us threatened lives to see other two, are treated like gentlemen, and with every consideration for their comfort and self-respect. It must clearly be, the intention of Davis, to follow in his threat to execute the two Union Captains, to take their lives by the slower process of hard usage and ignominious treatment. Thus they may seem to have died, although they would not less be murdered than if they had been shot to death with musketry. Their lives is what Davis is after, to appease the clamor of certain persons and presses behind him. And this is chivalry! This is a basis of the better order of government which is promised at the hands of the Southern leaders!

Reverdy Johnson.

This gentleman remarked, in the course of a late speech in Maryland, that "slavery must forever be the cause of national trouble and weakness," and that "it will be matter for national rejoicing when it becomes constitutionally extinct." This language is held by a prominent Southern man, with any but radical views in his mind, and influenced by none of those higher and abstract views which are supposed to enter into the conduct of speech of professed Abolitionists. Mr. Reverdy Johnson is and long has been, one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the country. He has held the important office of Attorney General of the United States. He is a leading citizen of Maryland, and may be supposed to know somewhat of the institution of which he speaks. We may hear the doom of slavery pronounced by the words of such men. The people desire, more and more, to be rid of the one trouble which embroils their happiness. Relief will come to them in the form of emancipation, in some cases, and of outright abolition in others. The people will free themselves at last from the load which has so long bowed them down.

These Days.

Could there be more spiritual weather than that which goes with the days now emptied from the skies over the earth? They are more than golden; and their atmosphere has a strange influence in shaping the thoughts and coloring the sentiments. There are brisk, bright mornings now, and sunny noons, and gorgeous sunsets. These are the days of the "come and yellow leaf," to "melancholy days" are some—the "saddest of the year." It is harvest time for the heart, as well as for the farmer. To take long and solitary strolls on the shore, over the hills, and in the woods, is just the sort of reaction which the nature seems to crave. For or the thoughts are so tempered and toned by the atmosphere, and the heart feels with such delight the influences of sun and warmth, that none but sweetest emotions can be inwardly consumed, and the darts are altogether of happiness and heaven. Beautiful thoughts come to one while he sits upon the old sea wall, and the most treasured experiences dwell thence in the shadows of the obstructions.

Negro Cavalry.

The reports the wonderful deeds of negro cavalry are more than interesting—they have an air of romance about them with none of us dreamed possible. One story is told some negroes from a Mississippi plantation, who, the news of attack by the former owner of the plantation, suddenly mounted bareback upon the mules, a put off half-chase after them. The black cavalry riding with no other means of guiding their animals a rope halter, kept far ahead of the white men, followed on their horses, and drove the assailant across a stream, killing and wounding several of them, before their white friends could come up. The news showed themselves quick, brave, and persistent. They even crossed the stream themselves, and took every horse that had been stolen from the plantation, proud to have their white co-workers who their feet on the side of the Union.

Miss Little Dotson's Lecture.
This favorite exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy was greeted on Sunday, Sept. 27th, with crowded audiences, and many were obliged to go away for want of room. In the afternoon she gave an address unusually sound in argument and philosophical reasoning upon the theme of "Personal Identity; or, an answer to the question, 'Who am I?'" Under a strong inspirational influence, she treated the subject in a manner long to be remembered by all who heard it. We hope to be able to print this lecture in the BANNER before many weeks.

Popular Delusions." was the subject of her evening discourse. It was one of deep historical research, very instructive and interesting. After the lecture was through, she gave the following beautiful poem, under the inspiration of Robert Burns, entitled,

WORDS OF CHEER.

GUIDE: FAITHFULS:
Although not present to your sight,
I give ye greeting here to night;
Not claiming to be perfect quite,
True faith o' passion,
Yet will I thank my speech aright,
In gold Scotch fashion.

Oh, could some castle's word o' mine,
But make your careworn faces shine,
Or cause the heart in grief that pine,
To throbb with pleasure,
Then wad my cup to auld lang syne,
Fill to its measure.

The gracious powers above us know,
How sair a weight of want and woe
Must be the lot of those who go
Through earth to heaven;
But say, the life aboon will show
Wherefore 't was given.

And that guid God who loves us a',
Who sees the chattering sparrow fa',
Will never turn his face away;
Though ye should flee astray;
But all his wandering sheep will ca'
Back to the way.

So muckle are the cares o' men,
That Truth at times, is hard to ken,
And Error, for her grouseomey den—
So dark and eerie,
Wiles those who have na heart to men!
Puir wanderers weary.

Aldik! how many a luckless wight
Has gane agley in Error's night,
Not that he had less love for right
Than countless others;
But that he lacked the keener sight
Of his guid brethren.

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther, cry—
"I have the truth"—and I—"and I"—
Puir sinners! if ye gang agley,
The de'il will tae ye,
And then the Lord will stand abeigh,
And will na save ye.

But hoople! hoople! na sae fast,
When Gabriel shall blaw his blast,
And Heaven and Earth awa have passed,
These lang syne saints
Shall find bith de'il and hell at last,
Mere pious feints.

The upright, honest-hearted man,
Who strives to do the best he can,
Need never fear the Church's ban,
Or hell's damnation;
For God will need a special aim,
For his salvation.

The one who knows our deepest needs,
Recks little how man counts his beads,
For Righteousness is not in creeds,
Or solemn fables;
But rather lies in kindly deeds,
And Christian graces.

Then never fear I'll purpose foul;
A head to think, a heart to feel—
For human woe and human weal—
No preachin' loun!
Your sacred birthright ere can steal
To heaven aboon.

Tak' ye tent o' truth, and heed this well:
The man who sin makes his ain hell;
There's na waurer de'il than himself;
But God is strongest,
And when our human hearts rebel,
He hauds out longest.

With loving kindness will he wait,
Till all the prodigals o' fate
Return unto their fair estate,
And blessings moun;
Nor will he shut the golden gate
Of heaven on any.

• Cheerful. • Lethargic. • Stagnant.
• Trembling. • Frenzied. • True.
• Great. • Apathy. • Follow. • Pay attention.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt at Lyceum Hall.
Just as we were sending our forms to press, we learned that the Lecture Committee of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists in this city, had engaged the services of Miss Sarah A. Nutt, to fill their desk in place of Mrs. Chappell, who was obliged to disappoint them on account of indisposition.

Miss Nutt, we are informed, is a young lady not yet seventeen years of age; that she was a medium for spirit control at the age of nine. From that time to the present she has been under the guiding and developing influence of the spirits, who have so fully developed her powers as to pronounce her capable of doing credit to the cause and to herself. She has already spoken many times in public in New Hampshire, her native place, with astonishing ability, as we are informed by competent judges.

Her course of spiritual development has been somewhat similar to that through which Mrs. Cora Hatch passed. Mediums who are trained and developed under the guidance and wisdom of the spirits from an early age, rarely, if ever, fall to make good and reliable mediums. The worst enemy they have to fear is the too laudable flattery of personal friends.

Mrs. Chappell, of Potsdam, N. Y.

We understand that this lady, who was engaged to lecture in this city last Sunday, was not able to meet her engagement, on account of illness. She did not inform the Committee of the fact till late in the week, hoping to the last that she would feel strong enough to come. But it appears such was not the case, and our friends were much disappointed, for there was quite a growing desire to hear her in this city, as well as in our neighboring cities and towns.

Dr. Garrison says he don't know as we wish he did. He would find us one of the clearest fellows in the world; fully alive to the sufferings of humanity everywhere; whose soul yearns continually to aid his fellow creatures less fortunately circumstanced than himself. Call round, friend Garrison. We should be most happy to shake you by the hand, &c.

Another of Mrs. Hatch's lectures will be published in the BANNER soon. It is entitled "THE NATIONAL STRUGGLE."

Father Dean's Visit to Boston.—His Meaning.

The worthy subject of this sketch, who is familiarly known throughout the State of Ohio, as Father Dean, arrived in Boston some two weeks since, bringing letters of introduction from Brother Andrew, Tuttle, Sewer, a conversation with the old gentleman, we learned that he was advised to go to Boston by his spiritual friends, with the assurance that if he did so, he would receive benefit thereby, both in mind and body. When he inquired of his spirit-guides, whom he was in the habit of consulting as his hope in Columbus, Conn., from time to time, if it would not answer him to go and see Doctor Newton, then in Hartford, they still insisted upon his going to Boston. Finding that his spirit-guides would not relinquish the idea of his visiting the Puritan City, and that all arguments of his own failed against them; he at last acquiesced upon his journey under the most favorable circumstances.

Upon his safe arrival in our city, Father Dean was directed to this office, where he at once presented his letters of introduction to our brother associates, Messrs. Crowell and Rich. After stating to these gentlemen the object of his visit to Boston, which was to recruit his bodily health and acquire all the knowledge possible from consultation with the most reliable mediums of our city. It was at last agreed upon that our aged brother should become the guest of Mr. Crowell during his sojourn in town. This proposition was received with delight by Father Dean, who to quote his own words—said:

"It seemed to remove a burden from me in a moment, when Mr. Crowell said he did not know of anything better he could do for me than to take me home with him, if I could put up with his accommodations. I was drawn right to him, and felt easy, as soon as he said I might go with him, and anticipated that my situation was ordered before I came to your city."

He further remarked, that every one he was introduced to, and got acquainted with, during his stay in Boston, seemed to enter into sympathy with him, and made him feel that they were his friends, and almost his kindred. It may be well for us to here state, that Father Dean was an ex-minister of the Gospel, and for some time a resident of Milan, Ohio—has three children in the spirit-world, a daughter and two sons. To the loss of the latter, may be attributed the feeble health of our aged brother. During his visit to Boston, Father Dean was the grateful recipient of some three or four spiritual favors from his loved ones in the spirit-land. The circumstances which led to the bestowal of these gifts, are related in the following letter of our friend, Dr. J. F. Gilman Pike, of this city:

"On the evening of the 17th of September, I was at Mrs. Conant's room. About eight o'clock she was entered by a female spirit, known as 'Marion.' After a conversation of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes with her, she remarked that a gentleman stranger was present, who wished to speak with me. 'I asked if he would be able to do so? and she replied that he would, and immediately said 'good-by,' and gave up control. In a few seconds Mrs. Conant was controlled by the stranger, who, begging pardon for the intrusion, stated that he wished to learn something of the manner of controlling the medium, who, although personally a stranger to him, he felt not to be entirely so, from the fact of his having been a reader of the 'Message Department' of the BANNER OF LIGHT. He then proceeded to say:

"I was Surgeon of the 25th Ohio Regiment, and was present at the last Bull Run fight. All was confusion, and by some strange neglect, or mistake, no provision was made for the subsistence of the Regiment. I was four days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I performed my duties to the sick and wounded, until I could no longer stand, then sunk exhausted to the earth. I was taken to the hospital in Georgetown. Fever followed as the consequence of my exposure and suffering, and soon terminated my earthly life.

I left an aged father and mother. My father is a medium, and a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. At the time that he announced himself as a Spiritualist, he was a preacher of the Orthodox faith. His congregation, instead of receiving the 'New Light,' turned a deaf ear to his appeals and deserted him. There was always a perfect understanding between my father, myself, and a younger brother, who was a physician. This younger brother, shortly after my death, came to the spirit-land, and is now here with me. Another brother, with whom my father has been stopping, is a preacher of the Orthodox faith. He has no sympathy with Spiritualism. My father has passed through many trials, and is now bowed down with sorrow and sadness. He has not long to stay on earth, and I wish to do something to relieve him now he comes to the spirit-world. I also left a wife and six children in earth-life."

To my inquiry, 'Where is your father?' the spirit replied, 'He is now in your city.' I then said, 'Do you wish to communicate with him through the medium? If so, I will endeavor to aid you in the accomplishment of your desire.' The spirit answered, 'I shall be very happy to do so, and shall feel grateful to you for any aid you can render me.' Here our conversation terminated.

The next morning I went to the BANNER OF LIGHT office, and there learned more of the old gentleman, whom I had as yet never seen. In the forenoon, Father Dean called upon me, in company with Mr. F. H. Crowell. I stated to him what is here written, and engaged to meet him at Mrs. Conant's room the same evening. I was present at the appointed time; but I shall not attempt to picture to you the meeting between father and son. It was one of those affecting scenes that cannot be described.

Very respectfully yours,

J. T. GILMAN PIKE.

Hancock House, Court Square, Boston, Mass.

The spirit who held the above conversation with Dr. Pike, and who subsequently communicated with his own father, was known in the army as Surgeon W. F. Dean, his name in full having been William Franklin Dean. An eminent surgeon, a faithful husband, and devoted child, he fell a victim to typhoid fever, while nobly discharging his duties to the sick and wounded of his regiment.

Deprived of the earth-presence of this beloved son, may our aged brother feel the nearness of his spirit, and like the poet, still have strength to cry:

"Immortality o'ersteps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and leads
Into my arms this truth—Then live it forever."

Before leaving for his home in Connecticut, Father Dean received a written communication, purporting to come from his daughter in the spirit-land, the manuscript of which he kindly placed in our hands for publication. Here it is:

"My Best of Fathers—From my spirit-home I send you words of love and cheer. Oh, may the light of those who have loved me, shine upon you, and may the angels of heaven be with you in their death. Let me bring you good news of all. Let me bring you the love of the Lord, but the best is the glowing of wisdom."

The individual whom the spirit calls James, is the above communication, is doubtless her brother, Reverend A. A. Dean, of Colchester, Conn., with whom Father Dean is at present residing.

May the memory of our newly-made friend's visit to Boston long live in his heart, as it will in our own, and when in time the angel Death shall bear his spirit to the celestial spheres, may he return in spirit to gladden the souls of such of his brethren as labor in the earthly vineyard of the Father.

What's the Great Picture—Monument at Boston?—It is a new and beautiful monument, and is now on exhibition at Bow's Gallery, 14 Summer street, and at A. M. to C. M. See it by all means.

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the BANNER was taken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of—

J. M. Cresson.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The messages have no names attached, were given, as per desire, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported credibly.

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 an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

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

The Sessions are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 135 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.—Invocation: "The Alignment of Brothers." Questions and Answers: Cyrus Downing, to his brother, Thomas Downing, of Springfield, N. Y.; Harriet Cummings, to her mother, in Troy; Col. Moses Delano, to wife, Evelyn Delano, of Richmond, Va.

Thursday, Sept. 17.—Invocation: "Do accidental injuries to the human body, or malformation of growth, cause or produce deformity of the spiritual body, when introduced into the spirit-world?" Bayley Phillips, to her son, Andrew Jackson Phillips, of Frederickburg, Va.; Moses Dwight, to his wife, Caroline Dwight, of New York; Arthur K. Delavan, to his father, Richard Delavan; Julia French, to her mother in St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, Sept. 21.—Invocation: "Are there specific influences of the Arts and Sciences to external objects (the spheres)?" Questions and Answers: Thomas Christian, to his friends, in Montgomery, Ala.; Moses Adams, to his mother, Olive Adams, of Newington, O.; Ada Delavan, to her grandmother, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Tuesday, Sept. 22.—Invocation: "By what principle or theory do the spirits tell where lost or stolen property may be found?" Questions and Answers: Richard Stanwood, of Portsmouth, Va.; John Scully; James Dunahoe; Josiah Leonard, to his parents.

Thursday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: "The Origin of Species in Nature." Questions and Answers: James Peck, of the 5th Mass. Reg., to his mother, in Boston; Jeremiah Elliott, to Rev. Hiram Elliott, of Maine; Melissa Larchu, to her brother, Peter Larchu, New York City.

Monday, Sept. 28.—Invocation: "The spirit of the late Gen. Beauregard." Questions and Answers: Robert B. Edmonson, to his family in Baltimore, Md.; Dan Swencer, to his wife in Hamilton, O.; Maria Louise Decker, to her husband, Thomas P. Decker, of the Federal Army.

Tuesday, Sept. 29.—Invocation: "What does the controlling spirit mean, by being again outwrought through mortality?" Questions and Answers: Colonel Tom. Allen, (rebel), to Nathan Benton in Georgia; John E. Graves, to his mother, Abigail Graves, of New Haven, Ct.; Agnes Somers, to her brother in New York; Philip Royce, to Appleton Mason and Thomas Kennedy, of New Orleans, La.

Invocation.

Father, Mother, Spirit of all Life, the human soul stretches out its tiny arms and vainly strives to encompass thee. Although we may never be able to even pronounce thy name, yet we will worship thee, we will forever adore thee. Oh Spirit of Life, we praise thee for the wondrous manifestations of thy power. We praise thee for those mountains of beauty and power that are rising up on Humanity's continent, speaking of law immutable, yet ever changing law; for we recognize change everywhere, and although to us thou seemest to be the same God to-day and forever, yet as the soul marches upward, as years of progress are added to it, it begins to acknowledge that thou art ever changing, that thy manifestations are wondrously grand. Oh Spirit, who art ever holy and divine, we acknowledge thy presence, thy power, thy beauty in all things. We feel that though we are finite, thou art infinite; though we may not and cannot perfectly comprehend thee, still we know that thou art our Father, that we are a part of thyself; and if thou art good, verily, we are so also. Oh our Father, this wondrous law by which we are controlled as we journey through darkness, and lay hold of these things that are mysterious in themselves, that seem surrounded by dense darkness, we know that the future will unfold them. We know that the future will sweep away the darkness, and what we cannot understand this hour, Oh Spirit of Life, we shall surely know the next; and although we closely study thy law, yet we can only grasp those things that are necessary for our good, for our happiness hereafter. So we rejoice in thy love, in thy wisdom, Oh Father. So we rejoice in thy name forever and ever. Sept. 14.

Explanation of the Parable of the Loaves and Fishes.

What subject will the friends present for our consideration in the present?

Question.—Will you explain the full meaning of this passage in John, where Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost"—referring to the loaves and fishes?

We believe that all the teachings of Jesus were fraught with a double meaning, but we believe this no more of him than of others spiritually endowed. History, or the Record, tells us that he told his friends to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. If he did indeed issue this command to his followers, we are to suppose that he intended to preach them a sermon thereby, to give them a lesson that might not only serve them for the hour, but their entire lives; not merely the life which was mortal, but their entire lives, stretching into the far and distant future.

In view of the destination which exists to-day, and existed, doubtless, in the days of Jesus—for he tells us, or told his followers, that the poor should always be with them, that there should never be a time when poverty, as pertaining to this life, should be swept away from the earth—"The poor ye shall always have with you." Materially, our brother, Jesus, probably intended to impress upon his disciples, that they should make no waste. Nature makes none. Then gather up all you do not need for your special benefit, that others who stand in need of bread, may receive it at your hands. He desired them, doubtless, to feel that there should be no waste in any form of life, as there was none with Nature.

Nature never wastes anything in her creations. Whatever is unnecessary to the unfolding of one form of life, is taken on for the building up of another. Olive and oak, is written throughout the entire realm of Nature. Go where you will, you will find the words, "I give but to receive, and I receive but to give again," stamped on all her forms of life.

Now we said that all the sayings of Jesus had their double meaning. We believe we have spoken the truth. How many, we ask, are there who have pursued life, or the manifestations of life properly? How many are there who have not grasped more at life material than at the spirit of life, who have not swallowed the letter, and never come nigh to the spirit of the letter? The present forms of religion will answer the question. If all had understood the spiritual meanings attached to the sayings of Jesus, then you, had wiser forms of religion, then you had worshipped in spirit and in truth, instead of the dead letter. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of any of the old forms of religion. We know that they have served you well. We know that they have served the children of past ages well; but we know, too, that there is a higher and better form of religion than that which the past has bestowed upon you, and from which you would have received higher light, diviner truth, and a better unfolding.

"Gather up the fragments, let nothing be lost." It was said by one who was the constant friend of Jesus, that he was continually striving to impress this truth upon the minds of his followers. He desired to teach them that they should not eschew the small things of life; they should not ignore the little truths that were offered them from obscure places; that they should not call common law unclean, that had an existence on the earth; they should learn that the impress of truth was everywhere—that truth might be given through publicans and sinners, as well as through the lips of Jesus.

Now this friend tells us that many who followed our elder brother, who professed to believe in his doctrine, did so, trembling between faith and God, and their duty to God and humanity. And he tells us, Jesus took occasion to impress this truth upon them at all times and seasons, that they should gather truth from all sources, and learn that there is no truth, however humble, that does not carry with it light to humanity; and although oftentimes only a small star might be seen in the firmament of morality, yet it nevertheless was a star, that would light some benighted souls on their way to heaven. So at the time referred to by us, "Gather up the fragments, let nothing be lost." This remark, although applying directly to those who needed material substance at the time it was made, has also a spiritual significance. It teaches mankind to make use of all things, however small; that they should learn from the world of Nature to let nothing be lost. This is our view in brief upon this subject. Sept. 14.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will you please to explain the phenomena of objects being stamped on the bodies of those who have been struck by lightning?

Ans.—According to the law pertaining to the element light, it would be an absolute impossibility for any object to stand between the element existing in lightning and the person to be struck, without printing that object upon the body of the person struck by lightning. We say it would be an absolute impossibility for any object to come between the element existing and the body to receive the lightning stroke, without the impress or stamp of that object upon the body struck.

Your spirit pictures or photographs concerning which there has been so much controversy of late are produced by the same law, by action of the same power. And although you are not acquainted with that law, still that law exists, else spirit photography could never exist. The same power is there, and whatever object becomes so far condensed as to be denser than the rays of light, must be stamped upon the object on which it is concentrated, or upon which the power is thrown. And again, the human body is a perfect plate, whereon certain objects, or all objects, may be fully photographed under the condition spoken of. If it is a galvanic battery for foreign thought, or spiritual light, it possesses also the elements requisite for the bringing forth of those forms of life spoken of—the case in question, for instance. We will suppose that this body—[our medium]—is placed in a position to receive the rays of light as thrown from the lightning flash during a thunder-storm. What would be the result? There would be the impress or print upon her body of all the objects that intervene between the body in question and the rays of light. Here is the plate, there the sunbeam, and between the two the object to be photographed.

Q.—Are the pictures of spirits produced in reality as you speak of?

A.—Or, in other words, was a disembodied spirit ever photographed, or made apparent to the physical senses, or vision? We have just affirmed that this has been done; we now declare our belief in the genuineness of spirit photography, although we will not pretend to deny that there is at the present time much imposition mingled with it. It is like the human soul in early youth. When it is in childhood, then it is weak; it is not surrounded with the power that it has in after years, or at a more mature period of life. Thus the science of spirit photography is but in its infancy at the present day; but, nevertheless, it is a truth, and this truth has been demonstrated, not only in your day, but fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, in the old country. Many, very many facts, concerning spirit photography are upon record in the Old World, and though as a science, spirit photography is as yet but in its infancy, nevertheless, it is full of truth, and the future will demonstrate its truth to you, too. Now you have only vague demonstrations here and there; but, by-and-by, they will become so numerous that none need ask, Are they indeed true? Sept. 14.

Theodore Fayson Dunbridge.

I wish to identify myself as clearly as possible. I shall be obliged to ask that you be very patient, while I rehearse a brief portion of my past life, in order that I may be known to those I wish to open communion with.

I was forty-six years of age—forty-six years five weeks and three days—when I was called to leave my body. I was born in Tennessee, and nurtured under influences that seemed to come from North and South. I was attached to the North, but more particularly attached to the South. My interests were all there, and I adopted the customs of the South, and believed in all honesty that I did right.

Ten years ago, while on a visit North and West, I chanced to hear of two ladies. I believe, I am not certain, but think they were called the Fox girls. They lived near Rochester, in New York, and I remember I went some thirty-five miles out of my way to visit them—not because I supposed there was anything supernatural and spiritual in their manifestations, but more for the sake of curiosity, as thousands have done. So in company with my good friend, who is at this moment, I believe, occupying a high position at Washington, I visited the ladies just mentioned.

Among other manifestations, I received a telegram purporting to come from an elder brother I had then in the world of spirit, and was addressed to Theodore. I should say this came in answer to a proposition of mine, which was, "Can the spirits tell me how long I shall live, and how I shall die?" Now I knew that several members of my family had died of cancer, a disease which I dreaded exceedingly, and I asked the question, because I felt a desire to know my own fate. The answer which I received in reply to my question was, "Theodore, you will die by violence at the hands of loyal subjects." If I remember correctly, the answer was rapped out and written down by the smallest lady, or one of the sisters. I did not pay much attention to the telegram. Still I could not but feel that there was some slight degree of truth in it. And there was my name, and I was a stranger to the ladies, while the initials were those of my deceased brother. I said it was very singular, and the ladies merely asked, "Do you know such a person?" I said, "Yes, I think I have known such an one;" and although I determined to give the telegram no further thought, still I thought enough of it to keep it. I took it home, exhibited it as a curiosity to my friends, and, I may add, I had a good deal of sport over it.

I showed it to one friend in particular, and that is the friend I spoke of as being in Washington now. He says, "Theodore, I think you are going to desert your country, to come under English rule. Perhaps you are going to enter the army or navy, or are going to pass out of this mundane sphere. We cannot tell what the future has in store for you." "Well," I said, "I don't know; I certainly do not contemplate any such movement now, and I cannot for my life conceive

why the spirit, if spirit it was who communicated this intelligence, should have so answered my question. It cannot be that our own country is about to be involved in war." My friend replied, "I'm not so certain about that." "However, I don't think that will have anything to do with you or I."

Well, as I said before, I preserved the telegram, and I still think it may be found among my papers—though I'm not certain of it—at my former residence in Montgomery, Alabama, for there I resided up to the time of my entering the Confederate army. My name, in full, was Theodore Rayson Dunbridge. The name of the brother coming, was James K. Dunbridge, and I believe the signature received was J. K. Afterwards I requested, mentally, that the name should be given entire, and I received the James, and filled it out myself upon the paper.

I lost my life at the battle of Chancellorsville. How true the prediction was, you may all judge. "Theodore, you will die by violence, at the hands of loyal subjects." Did I die so? Am I not a living witness to the truth of that simple spirit telegram? My God! I am. I appeal to your Secretary of the Navy for the truth of what I state, as, being on the other side of the river, I cannot prove it. But, thank God, I am not out of being. I have told my story. I have given the truth, and I call upon the remaining friends in earth-life to prove what I cannot.

I have simply one purpose in view by coming here to-day. I care very little about convincing the public of this new truth, for I know very well that sooner or later all must believe. But I come because I am selfish; all are, to a greater or less degree. I feel that I shall be happier by coming, because I feel that I shall excite a desire upon the part of my friends to speak with me, for they know very well that I entertained a hope that I might some day return to them, and if I know aught of human nature, they will very naturally suppose that I might be looking round in this new spirit-world, to see if there was not some way by which I might return to earth again. Now I believe that I have given evidence strong enough to prove my identity to the friends I have on earth.

I have not much to say in defence of my own position as regards this war, but I will simply remark that I do not regret the step I took, for if there is a spiritual overturning going on throughout the length and breadth of your fair land, I am satisfied there must be two sides to the question. There can be no great more made without contending forces. There must be light and darkness. If there had been no Southern opinion, there would have been no war; if there had been no war, you would have had no better government, and if no better government, my God! it seems to me you would have gone to hell. Farewell. Sept. 14.

Gana—A Slave.

Major Jason Conrad, of New Orleans, Louisiana, was my father, and I was his slave. By the assistance of kind friends I came here to-day, not to speak hard words to the man who was my master, but to tell him of a home beyond the grave, of a country beyond the turmoils of this life. He does not believe in any hereafter. I need to think that his infidelity was a solace to him, and the only heaven he ever knew, for did he believe there was a hereafter, he might possibly fear that his place would be none of the best.

I have been in the spirit-world eight years. I was seventeen years of age when I died. I was sold when twelve years of age, and went down to Georgia. My mother was afterwards sold, and happened to be bought by the gentleman who owned the next plantation; so we were frequently together. After that, my mother was bought by my master. My father often visited the place where I was, and saw my mother, and I had been taught by my mother that he was my father—so it was nothing new to me.

During the eight years that I have been a spirit, I have gained much knowledge. I longed to know something of the world when here. Books were denied me, and I used to often try to read what was written upon the pales of cotton and the casks of turpentine on the plantation, by the help of others who knew more than I did. But I knew very little here. But oh, I am free to gain knowledge in the spirit-world, for there is a school here where all can go who wish to.

I've often listened, as I have been listening to the conversation of those who are upon the earth, and I've often known them to talk like this: "If the negroes or slaves were aware of the object of this war, it seems as if they would rise themselves. Oh, I wanted to tell them that this rebellion, this outbreak was nothing new, but had been talked of for years. I remember we used to pray God that war might come and we be liberated, for we knew that in that was our only hope of freedom, and I have prayed in my childhood way that God might come in his vengeance and smite our oppressors. But after I came to the spirit-world, I learned to think differently about slavery, and was willing to wait God's time for abolishing it, or wait until the spirit of Progress should teach men and women better things."

My father has some knowledge of Spiritualism. He is not a stranger to it. He's heard of it. Some of his acquaintances are believers in it, and he has often said, in talking of it, "Why do n't somebody come to me? If there is any hereafter, if spirits do live after death, why don't some one that I know come to me? I'm thinking," he says, "that it will take more power than they are said to possess, for any spirit to convince me that there is an hereafter." It may be so, and again it may not be so. It may be that his own child will be the one appointed by God to win him back from infidelity, and to tell him that there is a world beyond the grave, and a hell of conscience more terrible than the one our pastor used to tell us about.

My master's daughter, Lucy—the whom the world recognizes as his child—is with me here, and is one of my chief instructors. She says, "Father, the voice of your child comes across the waters of Death, speaking to you. Gana! Gana speaks!" You sold her into slavery years ago. You brought her into life again in the spirit-world. She is free now. But she speaks! She lives—she do n't condemn. [She only says, "Father, there is a spirit-life, and you'll sooner or later be obliged to come to me." She will not let you judge, but God will." And Lucy says, "I, too, through Gana, speak to you. You mourned when I left you, and you said your son of life had never met, and your brightest hopes were crushed. My home is in the spirit-world now, and I live to teach Gana that which custom denied her here."]

Ask my father that he meet his children—the one whom the world recognized as his child, and the other who was his slave—but both now free, where they can come, and speak to him; and if they do n't convince him of the immortality of the soul, and of the world beyond the tomb, at their first coming, they'll try no more.

Send my letter, please, perhaps to New Orleans. He may get it. Try; it will do no harm to send. Sept. 14.

Timothy Orman.

Egad, this Spiritualism is the old broom that sweeps out all the dirty corners. I can't say to tell me something like this: A new broom sweeps clean. This is Spiritualism, I believe, is said as the hills, for if it was n't I think it would n't know how to creep into the corners as it does. It's just like any way, I'm thinking.

Well, Major, I come here to see something about what I can do for my little son and wife. My story is a long one, but I'll cut it as short as I can. In the

first place, I suppose you want my name. Well, I was called Tim Orman—Timothy Orman. Now I'm where was I born. In Belfast, not down here in the East, but across the big pond. [Ireland?] That's where I got two sisters and a father, and I suppose a mother, living.

I've a wife and two little ones here in this country, one sister and a brother's widow, and plenty of cousins and acquaintances besides. I don't know anything about this spirit religion, anyway, though they say it's a something we've all got to do with. I used sometimes to think when I was here, egad, I'll throw away the Catholic Bible, and go to heaven my own way. I used to think so when the old fellow, within me would get up. He'd sometimes rise up and want to talk, but I'd generally say, sit down, for the priest and the Church has only a right to speak. The Mother Church is the one to speak, and all the time I'd not feel so at all. Egad, that's done with, and I'm myself.

Well, now I want to talk to my family. I want to come right into their consciousness. To be sure, I've not got the physical power in the hands and feet that I had when I lived here on the earth, but I can come, and I got the power outside. Egad, I am the spirit. That's what I want to convey to my wife and friends. I have no trade. I was a laborer, and worked by the day. I saw wood, or do anything else, if there was anything to be done. I was not a beggar by any means. When I was here I earned my bread by the sweat of my brow, and my God, I was as independent as Queen Victoria; but I don't think much of her, anyway. I got that feeling in me against England when I was in Ireland. I suppose she's well enough in her place.

Now about my folks. I suppose there's bodies like these everywhere. Suppose I ask my wife to go to one of them. [That'll do.] Now she knows that I belonged to the 11th New York Volunteers, Company I. I was a soldier, and after I lost my life in war, I got some of the glory, or took some away to myself. I was no coward, and when I lost my life fighting for my adopted country, I thought I'd just take some of the glory, and whatever we take and appropriate to ourselves, is our own forever. I fight and die, and here I am back again, not exactly in the body of an Irishman, but a small Yankee lady.

Now I want my wife to go to some place where I can prove to her I'm nothing but myself, and I'll tell her about the children. I don't want them cooped up in the Catholic Church. They've got heads, and the priest sees they've got heads, and he'd like to educate them for the Church. And one of the little ones has got a good voice for singing, and the priest would like to get him for the Church choir.

Now I should like to have Mary, my wife, know that I am myself just as much as I ever was; then she'll not feel afraid to trust things to me. How do you send our letters? [We publish them in a paper.] Yes, so I heard. Is it a pamphlet, or newspaper? What is it? Is it the Ledger? [No, the BANNER OF LIGHT, a Boston paper.] Ah! it's not in New York City I am in then? [No, you're in Boston.] What permission is your paper? [No particular permission.] Ah, sort of an infidel thing. [It's a spiritual paper.] Ah, yes, I ought to have thought of that before. [Were you killed at war?] Faith, I was killed, and in battle, too. There was a number of battles before Richmond. The Seven Pines, that's what it was called. I was killed there, that is to say, I was wounded, and somehow I was not taken out of the field. [Did you die there?] Yes, and was chucked into one of the trenches. [Where was your wife when you last heard from her?] In Finley's Court. [Her name?] Mary—simply Mary, that is all.

Well, now, Major, what is it you expect of me? What is the damage? [Nothing; come again.] Faith, I'll come when I can. But it's just like this, it's a very small place we have to come in. There's always a big crowd waiting to come, and what's the most lucky gets in. [How did you expect to pay?] Faith, I don't know; but when I was on the earth, I had to pay for everything, if it was only to go to Confession. [What power have you to pay now?] Not any at all, perhaps. I was told in the spirit-world to come here. To-day is the first I know about this place. I was told to go to such a place, and send some word to my family.

[What did you mean by an infidel paper?] Faith, it's not Christian. When he told me it was not any persuasion, I thought it must be infidel. Faith, I had that question turning over in my mind about the Catholic religion. It was all the light I had. It was a small one, and I could hardly see the way with that.

Well, now, Major, I do the best I can to make myself known here. They say you give to any one, and I suppose you'll not withhold it from me. Some time, perhaps, I'll be able to give you. [Give to others there that need it.] There's plenty here that needs it. Faith, there's one asks of me, and egad, I ask of another. It's pretty much the same in the spirit-world as with you on earth. Well, I'm much obliged to you, anyway, for this, and all I hope, is, I'll succeed in reaching my friends, so that I can talk this way at home. Good-by to you. Sept. 14.

An Indian Council in Spirit-Land.

Mr. Enron—Although little is said to direct public attention to Spiritualism in this city, still there is a deep and growing interest in the subject, and private circles are all the time kept up among the most intelligent families.

It is proposed to have regular spiritual meetings, and arrangements are now being made to secure lecturers. One is already engaged to begin a course early in December next. At one of our circles, a great Council of Indian Spirits held, they gave us many communications of interest. The following, given through the hand of our medium, we deem best to offer you for publication in your columns.

Yours, &c., ONE OF THE CIRCLE.

Washington, D. C., July 24, 1863.

Mr. FRANKS—We, the representatives of the various tribes that have once inhabited your earth, are here assembled to express to you their high appreciation of your labors, venerable chief, John Beeson.

You have been for years the champion of the Indians' rights. You have lived amongst the Indians, and consequently are able to testify to the wrongs and great injustices done to them.

We need and we know the minds of the public concerning our poor, down-trodden, hunted race. All of the injuries which the White man has inflicted upon the Red man are written in our great book, and when our white brothers come to this place, we will show them the account we have for them to settle.

We love our white brothers, and smoke our peace-pipes with them; but their friendship is that of the coward—it is pretence—it is cowardice. We do not mean to say that the Indians are not likewise; but take both, as a mass, and the greatest falling will be found in the White man.

Our white brothers, not content with killing, shooting and hunting us, incite different tribes of our nation to kill and murder each other. The Utes, the Camanches, the Kiawis, the Ocherokes, the Chipeways, the Chinookas, the Slocks, the Utegis, the Pawnees, the Winnebagos, the Penobscots, and hundreds of tribes of all the remnants of these various tribes, and this night assembled to tell you that they wish their nation to be preserved and not exterminated. They wish peace with their white brothers, although some of these various tribes that we have mentioned, who now

inhabit your earth, are at war with each other, the same as our white and stronger brothers now are.

And why are the various tribes at war with each other? Simply because the White man has wished to enrich his pocket, to amass wealth by speecheing, and robbing, and stealing the Indians' oil. They even tear us away from our homes, remove us from our familiar spots, take our little ones away from us, hunt us and sell us as slaves.

Now if one hundred thousand Frenchmen should come into this city, or into your city of New York, and take possession of it, drive you out of it, force you away from all that is dear to your memory—tear your children from you and sell them—make an unmerciful war upon you, hunt and shoot you, in the name of Justice and Right, white brothers, we ask how would you feel? Would you stand silently by and make no attempt to defend your all? No, no; you know you would not. But when the Indians attempt to defend himself, indignant millions raise their voices to annihilate the "Red-skin." Instead of endeavoring to protect him, Oh, realize something of the police we have drunk from the cup which the White man has pleased to our lips. We wish our race to live, having equal privileges to live the same as the White man, and not be hunted down like wolves, and suffer extermination.

We are aware that the majority of our White brothers believe we are doomed to extermination by the rolling wheels of Civilization and Progression. They tell us, should not civilization and progression defend and protect us as a nation, and see that our rights are maintained? We wish the Red and White man to be toward each other, and not as brothers; but instead of that being now the case, the White man excites hatred in the Indian by his cruelty. "We meet you here as brothers, and greet you as such. We give you oil, blessings, and our health-giving power, and we beseech you to give us your aid in our behalf. Implore your great father, your President seated at Washington, as it is our wish, and request him to specially set apart for your Red brothers four grand reserves, and to no longer drive those of our race yet remaining from their own native soil, and we can assure you they will all live together in harmony."

Request him to send his regiments of armed men and his cannon to protect us, instead of exterminating us. Tell him to send our race agricultural implements instead of bullets, and we will show our White brothers what we can do. Give us education and take away the bad fire-water which is destroying our people at the instigation of the white speculators and traders, and you will see that in a short time you will have a very different opinion of the Indians than you ever entertained before. Give us rice, some education and agricultural implements, we implore you. Our race, as yours, is capable of improvement—we know it; and to-day, conditions, as well as they are, which surround the Indians, we say there is not an Indian agency in the country that is not capable of self-sustenance, were it not for your thieving agents.

Now look to this, dear White brothers, for our people, and to you, noble Chief Beeson, we would say we will stimulate you on in your good work, until victory shall have given you your crown. We are able to give you a history of our origin, and we hope that we shall be able to give a good history of the destination. We are here with smiling faces—we who have warred against each other on earth. But we have forgiven each other, and are now true brothers in act and deed; and we appeal, White brothers, to you, that whatever fault you think you have to find against us, that you lay it aside, and be in thought, deed and act, our brothers. Prove to each other your firm and devoted friendship.

We will come to you again at some future time, and give you more information relative to ourselves and our race. We now bid you an affectionate farewell, and though we may not at present commune with you again very soon, we would have you know and realize that we shall be with you and around you, and urge you on to do your destined part.

KING PHILLIP.
TOMMUS,
CHUMBA,
BULLY BOWLENS.

The Indians.

I am highly gratified, Mr. Editor, with Father Beeson's proposition with regard to the Indians. That looks to me like justice—simple justice, not misplaced philanthropy. I am glad, heartily glad, that there is a man to write such a proposition, and a paper which will allow it to reach the eyes of the people.

And now I wish to propose that those who approve that proposition express their approbation, and petition Congress to consider it and act on it. I know numbers of good men and women who would sign such petition, and I would gladly aid in its circulation. The Indians have better reasons for their hostility toward us than have the white rebels and guerrillas of the Southern States. They have been wronged by individuals connected with the Government, and they have doubtless been incited to these acts of hostility by the enemies of our Government. If we are a superior race, let us show it by acts of justice, or even mercy, toward our inferiors. Let us remember that all races of men, red, white and black, are the children of our common Father, and have a right to some portion of the earth, on which to live and develop as best they can, the lands they possess, whether great or small. Let them have a permanent home, and thus secure to themselves a permanent peace.

Suppose another race of men—even a superior race—were to land on our shores, deal with us as our fathers did with them, and finally drive us back, away from our homes and the graves of our sires, as we have them, would not we make some retaliation? Would we not remember these things and retaliate on the aggressors? Then let us be merciful, and not incite them to our own ravages.

Poster's Evening, Warner Co., O., Sept. 2, 1863.

PICTURES—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differs about as much as a room with windows, and a room without windows. Nothing is more marvellous, particularly to a person who has passed much time in his room, than black walls, with nothing on them; for pictures are like holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person gazing at writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to find his eyes of vision checked off by an object which would find to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are reminders of loneliness; they are a relief to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are tales and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

Married.

In Seaboard, N. H., Sept. 10th, by Rev. Samuel Pratt, Mr. Charles E. Smith, of Seaboard, N. H., to Miss Emma G. Coffey, daughter of John L. and Mary G. Coffey, of Franklin, N. H. and one of the most beautiful couples we have seen in our own relations. The bride was dressed in white, and the groom in a suit of blue, and both were very happy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Pratt, and the wedding feast was a most delicious one. The bride and groom were both very happy, and the wedding feast was a most delicious one. The bride and groom were both very happy, and the wedding feast was a most delicious one.

May peace and happiness and love attend them all.
And every blessing from above
Make bright all their days.

