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THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

Oh! tell me not of skies most clear,
And brightly, deeply blue;
Oh! tell me not of rays of light
Of purest golden hue;
Tell me not of the flow'rets fair,
And spicy odors sweet,
For these are not the precious things
My vision longs to meet.

Oh! tell me not of piles of gold,
Or gems of radiant hue;
Tell me not of my trusted friends—
Of love sincere and true;
Tell me not even that my child
Waits his accustomed kiss,
Thou dearer than my life, 'tis not
His lovely form I miss.

Tell me not that my brother's arm
To lean upon is strong;
Tell me not my sister's smile
Is brightest in the throng;
Nor tell me that my father yearns
His welcome to bestow;
Say not my blessed mother's voice
Can heal my spirit's woe.

But bring me back the pulseless heart,
Cold 'neath Virginia's sod;
Yes, bring me back the noble form
Which once so proudly trod;
Bring back to me the gentle tone
Which ne'er spoke aught but love—
The manly breast which never failed
My sure support to prove.

If this thou canst not, say no more
That earth is lovely yet,
For me the sun at noonday hour
In darkest clouds hath set;
No light, no hope appears to me
This side the open grave;
Oh! with my child to tempt the flood
Which did his footsteps lave,

And meet him on that blessed shore,
Once more my own, my own,
Bound to my heart in stronger ties
Than ever earth hath known!
But hush, weak heart, I wait *his* time,
Who holds the severed chain
In *his* own hand, till *he* sees fit
To fasten it again.

Hopkinton, Mass., 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LUCY'S LOVE, AND HENRY'S PHILOSOPHY.

ORIGINAL STORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Henry, the only son of Judge Patterson possessed a thoughtful and aspiring mind, and was destined, like his father, to become eminent. He lost his mother in early life, but was blessed with the love and confidence of his only sister, scarcely a year younger than himself. Born to trust in and reverence nobility of mind, and finding it represented in her brother, Lucy's happy childhood had passed, and maidenhood had come before thought or experience indicated to her that all young men were not like Henry; that such nobleness as his must needs lie in the souls of other men, sleeping, though never dead.

So the swift and happy years glided away. The little brother and sister strolled hand in hand over the broad acres and fair pleasure-grounds of Judge Patterson's estate. But soon the great (and good) Jurist died, and that magnificent estate became their sole inheritance. In the absence of both parents, the religious feelings of the orphans centered on heaven and its spiritual realities, while their affections toward each other were greatly deepened and intensified. Yet they continued, as before, their rambles over the hill-sides and through the expansive and bountiful orchards of their early home—only the landscape seemed somewhat sadder than when their father used to lead them, each by the hand, while he discoursed of Nature's God; showed them the woods in virgin bloom, the fields with their rustling corn and waving grain; or shook from its bending stem the early apple or peach, to illustrate the goodness of their invisible Father in heaven.

In the year 1823, on a beautiful Sabbath morning in June, the brother and sister were reading from their favorite poets in the arbor of the orchard. Memories of golden play-hours still lingered on the threshold of their departed childhood; but to Lucy had come a new revelation. Higher in the mansions of her soul than the image of Henry had ever shown, rose the revered form of Edgar Mansfield, a young lawyer whose hand and whose fortune she had promised to share. In a few days she would be separated a thousand miles from her brother and the enchanted spot of her birth.

Henry forbore sorrow to the happy lovers, admonished like a philanthropist, but yielded to the new-born utterance of fate, like a philosopher. Turning her eyes from the pages of Dante, in reply to his doubts based on similarity of temperament, the sanguine Lucy said:

"I trust your prophecy will not be verified. As I have confided in you so I will ever believe in the goodness of Edgar and in the fitness of our attractions. Before marriage, and for my sake, he has signed the Temperance Pledge as well as pledged his love. His heart is true—I know it is—and I will trust him."

"I do not know it is not," said Henry calmly.

"Indeed, I also trust his heart no less than you; but I cannot trust his head with his own heart; still less with Lucy's. We cannot defy conditions

and I doubt his moral ability to redeem either of his pledges."

"Why, Henry, how grave you seem, and how critical! Is life so fearful—is my purpose so wild and causeless—that you, who never gave me a painful word before, should reserve all your irony for this supreme moment? Know, brother, that censure may destroy as well as correct, while charity hopeth all things. Edgar has scarcely drunk a drop of alcohol in his life; and yet he has pledged himself to abstain totally, which my noble brother, who distrusts him, has refused to do, even for example's sake."

"I have refused or neglected to sign many other pledges," rejoined Henry, "to which so many subscribe through feeling rather than intelligence; not because I would not set a good example, but because I would; for why should I assume crutches for example's sake, when to walk without them entirely is a much better example? Indeed, it is because the pledge may prove a needed, if not failing staff to your ardent, generous, and not ungifted Edgar, that I would open your eyes to both good and evil. I would not see you too willingly rely on the fair promise of the lover, as though it were the infallible word of the philosopher."

"You speak very strangely," exclaimed Lucy, her eyes beginning to fill with tears, "and with cruel coldness, when coldness from you is most painful. You seem like some frigid, unapproachable, and unsympathetic oracle, pronouncing woe upon me, if I do what not for me to do were a woe greater than you can pronounce. Oh, Henry! must Edgar's love and mine, the aspirations to be good and do good which you allow, inspire us both—with all the moral and religious purposes that spring up in our hearts—go for nothing, because our temperaments agree, or we may not be able, like you, to render a reason for an attachment already authorized by its own inspiration?"

With a smile on his lips the philosophical brother answered:

"None of these things can go for naught. There is Nature in everything. It may even be best that you should marry. But if time shall illuminate my words, without abating the affection that impels their utterance, it may prove also for the best that I have spoken. For not the less, but the more earnestly will I call after you and yours, if all other promises fail, and you are clothed in sorrow and disappointment. While I am glad that Edgar has signed the pledge for your sake, I had rather he had signed it for the drunkard's sake, but still rather that he had left it unsigned and unbroken, for the sake of universal temperance. Of his good purposes I speak not a disparaging word; and yet, paradoxical as it must seem to you, in the purity of your heart, men are not to be trusted for their good purposes alone."

CHAPTER II.

Sixteen years have transpired since Lucy and Edgar joined hands in marriage, and left the town of Patterson, N. J., to reside in a Western city. The cloud that was but a small speck in Love's rosy sky, on the morning of that memorable conversation in the arbor, now spans the heavens, hiding from Lucy almost the last gleam of hope for the future of Edgar to the path of temperance. For more than three years had she sought to uphold his rapidly descending footsteps; for more than twelve months had she striven to hide his open degradation in the deep and holy chambers of her heart.

But truth is imperative. Lawyer Mansfield's once pleasant homestead is now dilapidated. The door-yard gate swings upon one of its hinges, rendering the strain nearly beyond its power of endurance. The paint has faded from the cottage walls. Even the flowers by the walk and at the entrance of the garden gate, are deserted by the delicate hand that planted them. They have faded, like those rarer flowers of Lucy's wedlock, infantile buds, blasted in the incompatible climate of their physical life, but which exhaled their fragrance in the angel home.

The beautiful scene is changed! the dream of childhood! maidenhood's Eden love! maternity's ineffable bliss! Edgar is in the gambler's saloon. Lucy is in the empty parlor. In the middle of the floor, bereft of its carpet, in the chill air of January, her only surviving infant in her arms, she is hastening to kindle a fire, for she expects a visit from her brother. She has not seen him since her marriage; nor is he aware of Edgar's fall, for in every letter Lucy trusted still to reclaim her husband. And yet with money that Henry, in his anxiety for her possible privation, had sent to her, she has just procured a bundle of kindlings for the parlor stove, and some bread from the baker's, still undone from the brown paper in which it was wrapped, upon the table in the kitchen. Her servant-girl, though long peristent and faithful, had left this very morning because her wages were unpaid.

"Henry must be already at the depot!" and a tremor of distress flashed along Lucy's sensitive nerves as the thought entered her mind. Why was it not a tremor of joy? Was it Henry's coldness or Edgar's neglect that now pierced her heart? With the unpaired infant in her arms she is struggling to produce a flame in that cold and desolate parlor—not alone for Henry's, but yet for another's sake—for the flame of her love is still burning in deathless constancy, even while the red wine flames in the eyes of Edgar, as with trembling hand he shuffles the atheistic cards in the drinking saloon.

The brother had indeed arrived; he was already at the gate; his foot rested upon the threshold. Through an uncurtained window he had caught a glimpse of Lucy as he passed—pale, emaciated, with a faded woollen shawl upon her shoulders—and he divined the rest. She thought she heard that light, deliberate, unwavering step of long ago, and in momentary forgetfulness of the present, a thrill of joy dilated her bosom as she rested her

habe upon the floor to meet the companion of her childhood. But her nervous system—unrecovered from the exhaustive demands of maternity, and a renewed struggle that no pen may describe, between her emotions of grief at Edgar's neglect, and of mingled love and wounded pride at the prospect of meeting her long absent and greatly revered brother—gave away before the pressure. She sank upon her knees on the naked floor, in the midst of the scattered wood and kindlings—the fire still unlighted—her slender fingers pale and numb with the winter's chill. In her bodily weakness and mental pain, these words—the brief, unelical prayer of the drunkard's wife, spoken in a subdued voice as if they might not be heard by mortal—fell upon the waiting and quickened ear of Henry:

"Oh, my Father God! save me from this hour, snatch me from this bitter woe. Deliver thy child, remove this cup from her lips. By thine Infinite name restore my lost one—my Edgar—wandering, wretched Edgar."

With the quickness of inspiration, as if that prayer were addressed to himself, the brother withdrew from the uncrossed threshold. For an hour he sought in street and lane of the city of Chicago, for Edgar Mansfield, the once illustrious lawyer of his native State. He penetrated to the gambler's saloon in a disreputable avenue. But not recognizing the changed figure or voice of the young lawyer—by nature manly, and of persuasive eloquence—he addressed the whole party with the story of a woman, exposed to the breath of winter without fire or fuel, and awaiting the welcome arms of death, in a part of the city to which he would lead them if they would go immediately to her relief. Most of them yielded to his appeal. But when they arrived at the spot and saw the woman and the child pale and livid upon the parlor floor, with death already pictured in their faces, they stood aghast. Addressing the half intoxicated men as one having authority, Henry said:

"It is too late! Leave them with God whose promises never fail, and who will take them to himself."

He waved his hand for them to depart. They all obeyed save one, who stood with clasped palms, fixed eyes, and a rapidly sobering countenance, gazing at the work of his own hands. Henry stepped before him, and said:

"I am this woman's brother—Henry Patterson. Sixteen years ago I resigned her trusting spirit to your love and protection. I now leave you to take charge of her burial."

And true to his word, he followed the retiring gamblers into the street, and departed from the city, leaving Edgar to his meditations.

A week transpired, during which time the brother remained at a retired watering place in the country. One fine Saturday morning Lucy, who had almost despaired of the promised visit, saw a vehicle stop at the door.

"I cannot be mistaken this time," she said to her husband, as a passenger alighted. "It is not Edgar now coming back to me. Oh, it is Henry! it is Henry!"

Why that gust of joy running through her soul, as if youth had come again, and the rosy sky? The gate hung upon both of its hinges; the doorway fence and the weather-beaten house had been painted; there was a carpet upon the parlor floor, a fire in the grate, and on the altar of two united hearts.

At the end of a three months' sojourn, on the eve of her brother's departure, the wife said playfully to her husband, as he laid their sleeping child in its cradle:

"Which was the best on the day of our betrothal, Lucy's love or Henry's philosophy?"

To which Edgar replied, glancing lawyer-like, from one witness of his case to the other:

"Your love was best for me, for without it I should not have married, nor signed the pledge, nor would you have prayed for my reform. But Henry's philosophy was best for us both, for without it your prayer would have been unanswered, and my pledge unredeemed."

"True," responded Lucy; "you have spoken well, Edgar. We did not see Henry's prophecy, for love was so strong that it blinded our eyes."

"But strong as was Lucy's love," said Henry, with a smile arching his lips, "what would have been Edgar's prospects had her eyes been opened? Would she have served philosophy by drinking the hemlock?"

"No!" exclaimed Lucy; "but I have drank the hemlock in my weakness, and philosophy has served me in the person of my noble brother."

"You must not speak proudly, as if Henry were but your handmaid, or your Edgar, who loved you but deserted you in your sorrow," said the husband, with animation.

"Oh, my noble Edgar! think you I spoke disparagingly? Did not Jesus serve his disciples—Peter among them—by washing their feet?"

"Not as a philosopher," said Henry, impatient to divest the comparison of its painful personality, "but as a religionist, and in Love's free service."

Useful Maxims.

Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises; live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue. Good character is above all things else; your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never play at any game of chance. Earn money before you spend it.

My Religion.

[CONCLUSION.]

All commentators agree that whole passages have been added to the Bible, and others left out. Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Clarke, Albert Barnes, and others, reject as spurious I John vi: 7: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." They reject this, though the passage strongly upholds the Trinity, of which they were the advocates.

1. This text is not contained in any Greek manuscript which was written earlier than the fifth century.

2. Nor in any later manuscript earlier than the ninth century.

3. It is not found in any of the ancient versions.

4. It is not cited by any of the Greek Ecclesiastical writers, though to prove the doctrine of the Trinity they have cited the words both before and after this text.

5. It is not cited by any of the early Latin Fathers, even when the subject upon which they treat would naturally have led them to appeal to its authority.

6. It has been omitted as spurious in many editions of the New Testament since the Reformation. It was omitted by Luther in his German version. In the old English Bibles it was printed in small types, or included in brackets. In 1580 it began to be printed as it now stands, by whose authority it is not known.

The Word of God should be perfect and unalterable; if it was God's book once, it must be so now; the same Deific mind which inspired the pen should have watched its work through all succeeding ages; so that no transcriber, translator or printer could mar its pristine purity.

Yet the Bible has been thus dealt with. I am not surprised at any addition or interpolation of records that came through the early Fathers. Those who could deluge churches and chapels in blood, press defenceless women between boards, pry open their mouths with hot irons and so compel them to partake of the sacrament, would be guilty of any enormity.

Dr. Congrat made a translation of the Bible some years ago, in which he made twenty thousand emendations of King James's Bible, the one now in common use. Think of it! Twenty thousand improvements of the Word of God! John Mills collects thirty thousand readings of the New Testament alone. Now the question is, which is correct? which did God dictate? If we believed in an infallible Pope, the matter might be easily settled; but as we know, as Mosheim informs us, that there were multitudes, soon after Christ's ascension, who wrote Gospels and Epistles, forging the names of Apostles and other illustrious characters, to give them currency. If you would see a specimen of such, look at the Apocryphal New Testament, and mark its puerile inventions. Now who can say that some of these spurious writings did not find favor with the Council of Nice, and form a part of "Holy Writ?"

Spirit.—"All right and unanswerable."

Here is a case where the "Word of God" has been forced upon us by "Act of Parliament." In the reign of Edward VI. Cranmer drew up the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, which were submitted to Parliament, adopted, and by it declared to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore infallible. But notwithstanding this infallibility, during the three hundred years that have rolled on since then, there have been many alterations, all by Act of Parliament, and as we know, as Mosheim informs us, that there were multitudes, soon after Christ's ascension, who wrote Gospels and Epistles, forging the names of Apostles and other illustrious characters, to give them currency. If you would see a specimen of such, look at the Apocryphal New Testament, and mark its puerile inventions. Now who can say that some of these spurious writings did not find favor with the Council of Nice, and form a part of "Holy Writ?"

The mode of baptism has long been a subject of contention. At the Council of Bavaria, A. D. 1311, it was changed from dipping to sprinkling. Calvin, in 1580, adopted the latter. The controversy continued, until about the seventeenth century the assembly met to settle the question. There were eighteen for dipping, and eighteen for sprinkling. Mr. Toplady, who was President, gave the casting vote in favor of sprinkling. But this did not settle the question, for it gave rise to the largest sectaries of the Christian Church. You may consider the form of baptism a trivial matter. Not so with the Baptist. He deems it of such vital importance, that he will not commune or hold Christian fellowship with those who differ with him in opinion.

But it is said, if you reject one part of the Bible, you might as well reject all.

That does not follow. In reading Roman History we may reject the fable of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, and yet give full credence to a thousand facts therein recorded. If Euclid's Elements and the exploits of Baron Munchausen were bound up in one volume, we surely might reject the latter without throwing away the everlasting truths of the former. So with regard to the Bible; we may reject its marvelous stories and high ideas, and all that conflicts with the attributes of Deity, yet believe the truths that it teaches and be benefited by them.

The Church and the clergy have made the Bible an idol, and those who do not bow the knee to the image that has been set up are denounced as infidels, and treated as the vilest wretches. But error cannot always rule, neither can falsehood be forever triumphant. The time has come when everything must be examined, and nothing can escape the strictest scrutiny, however old, however sacred, however firmly rooted it may be.

How can a man understand religion without investigation. He may be a devoted member of some particular church, may have listened with delight to the exposition of a certain form of religious belief, but having never compared one creed with another, what does he know of the foundation of popular theology? He may read all the publications of his denomination, may know the Bible by heart, and still know nothing beyond his own creed. Such a man is a thorough bigot. Engage him in argument, and he answers you by quoting texts. If the Bible says so, that is all sufficient.

Such was precisely my case. Previous to 1855, all my knowledge of theology was derived from the three successive pastors of my church—Nevins, Backus and Plummer—and from the columns of the New York Observer, which I diligently read for thirty years. Great was my astonishment, and hard the struggle, as gradually the light broke through the mists of prejudice which so many years had engendered. It should be known that most of the Heathen have their sacred book, or Bible, and that the veneration felt by the Brahmin for his Shaster, the Persian for his Zend Avesta, the Mahometan for his Koran, the Chinese for the writings of Confucius, is not a whit inferior to that felt by the Christian for his Bible, and all claim to be founded on the same authority—Divine Inspiration.

The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications, of unequal character, varying in the degree of light and knowledge according to the capacity of the individual through whom they were

made, and the necessities of the age that received them.

It should be remembered that the Bible nowhere purports to be a final revelation from God. It is not a book, but a collection of many books—not the writing of one hand, but of many hands—not the product of one age, but of many ages—not the collection of men for whom an infallible inspiration is claimed, but of the Fathers of Councils, composed of ambitious, and now acknowledged to be worldly churches, warring with each other centuries after the apostles and prophets had gone to their rest.

The great truths revealed in the Bible I not only do not dispute, but rejoice in. There is Truth—holy, divine, inspiring Truth—in the Bible, but it flows through the channels of human frailty and error; and there, as everywhere, God calls upon us to exercise our reason in the separation of the one from the other. A fair investigation will not invalidate a single truth recorded in it, but throw light on many dark passages and harmonize many apparently contradictory ones, making the spirit of Jesus the standard by which to judge all prophetic and apostolic teachings.

You will pronounce me an infidel, perhaps, because I do not believe the whole of the Bible to be divine. If by an infidel you mean a disbeliever in your peculiar views, I plead guilty to the charge; but with just as much propriety I can style you an infidel because you do not believe as I do. I am an infidel in all things that I regard as unscriptural, and more especially whatsoever I think conflicts with the love, mercy and goodness of the Father.

The word infidel, which the Orthodox are so ready to hurl against every one who differs from them in opinion, has no terrors for me. Socrates was an infidel, because his noble soul was in advance of his countrymen. Galileo was an infidel, because he asserted what all were now willing to acknowledge is the truth; but the Church said it was against the Bible, took him in hand, and he had to bear the name and suffer the fate of an infidel. When each of the sciences have become demonstrated truths, then it has been found an easy matter for theologians to adjust their Scripture interpretations to these truths. The clergy never lead—they follow.

Jesus was called a Samaritan, or, in other words, an infidel, because he spoke the promptings of his own heart, regardless of the Bible of his day and what the priesthood taught. He was denounced as an Atheist to what those around him worshipped as God, and so he was; but he was true to himself, even unto death, and so far succeeded in impressing others with his spirit that the obscure and despised infidel of Nazareth became the hero of Calvary, and the object of love and worship to kingdoms and nations for eighteen hundred years.

If it be infidelity to believe that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works"—that he has made a revelation of his will to every human soul—that he ever speaks to us by his laws which surround us and by the nature of things, then let me live and die such an infidel, assured that if I live in obedience to God's laws, according to the light he has shed upon my soul and the "talent" he has committed to my charge, I shall enjoy his smile forever.

But those who make use of the term infidel, do it reproachfully. When they meet a man whose arguments they cannot answer, and whose life is irreproachable, all they can do is to raise the cry of infidelity. This saves much trouble; for who is going to discuss with an infidel? What minister will soil his holy fingers by coming in contact with such an one. It also saves the Church from contamination. Only persuade the members that a certain man is an infidel, and they will shun him as they would the plague. They will no more dare to read his writings than put their hands in the fire.

That I have written it must have been perceived that my strictures apply only to portions of the Old Testament. It is unnecessary to specify them more particularly, as the tenor of my remarks sufficiently point them out.

The God of the Old Testament is powerful, terrible, partial, jealous, wrathful, bloody—is to be worshipped with sacrifice—the blood of bulls and goats, with costly spectacles by the priesthood, who sacrifice to him in a special place, at particular times, and burn their fat and kidneys "as a sweet smelling savor."

Such seems to have been the conception of God with the leading minds of the Hebrews at the beginning of their national existence. Such a God I can neither love nor worship.

As time rolled on, so did their ideas of Deity expand. The progress is now before us in the Old Testament, and the latest Psalms, written several hundred years after those before referred to. In these God is represented as all-wise and always present everywhere. How exquisite the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shalt thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me; if I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yet the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

There God is unchangeable; his eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good—no thought can be withheld from him. What grand and beautiful conceptions of God are there in Ps. 103, 104, 107. So in almost the whole of that admirable collection, as in the language of earth it speaks of the Infinite God.

There is a great change also in the manner of worship. At first it was a mere external act; offering a sacrifice; a bull, a goat, a lamb. But as time rolled on what new light seems to have dawned upon them? Listen to this from the 51st Psalm.

"Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it—thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise."

Or this from Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"

What a progress from the early times! Such a being as this whom Jesus called "Father," I love and worship with my whole heart.

Spirit.—"You have given Religion its true colors."

The advent of Moses was to separate Religion from the Fetishism of the Canaanites and the Polytheism of the Egyptians, and connect it with the Doctrine of One God. No doubt the priests of the day exclaimed with pious horror, "What, give up the garlic and the cats which our fathers

prayed to and swore by?" but it came to an end. The advent of Jesus was to separate Religion from the obsolete ritual of Moses. We know the result. The Seribes and Pharisees were shocked at the innovation, but the ritual went its way. In the time of Luther a new problem arose; to separate Religion from the forms and ceremonies and the corruption of the Catholic Church. The issue is well known.

Now a New Dispensation has suddenly burst upon us; shedding far and wide its resplendent rays of Light and Knowledge; it has broken down the barrier which separated the material from the spiritual, and is destined to restore the pure and simple religion taught by Christ.

To world objects to it because it does not flow through Orthodox channels, because the Jews never met Christ for precisely the same reason—they were not born as they had determined he should have been, and because he did not teach the doctrines which they had resolved could only be Orthodox. The clergy occupy the same position to-day that the Jewish priests did two thousand years ago. The yoke of theological despotism is hard to bear. Millions of professing Christians have bowed down terror-stricken to the superstitions which have been preached as divine truths.

The great stumbling-block of Religion was made by the Nicene Council when it admitted so many objectionable books into the Canon; that, together with the dogma, *believe all or reject all*, is the cause of so much infidelity, especially among the educated.

Look at the scientific men of England, France, Germany, America—they do not consider it part of their business to prop up a popular error. Take the hundred foremost men of science in all Christendom, who are not of the clergy, and not ten of them have any belief in the common Ecclesiastical conception of God. Some have a better, nay, a true idea of God, but dare not avow it; and some, alas, seem to have no notion at all. Accordingly men of science turn from the impossibility of becoming Atheists. The cause often lies at the Church door, and not in the scholar's study.

According to the teachings of the Presbyterian Church, of which I was for more than thirty years a member, God is an awful King, into whose hands it is terrible to fall. Originally, man was made pure and upright—he was tempted beyond his strength, and "fell." His first sin brought on him the vengeance of the all-wise and all-powerful King; and he was banished from his happiness—left him poor and miserable, and blind and naked—transmitting to each of his children all the guilt of the original sin—"in Adam's fall we sinned all." Man has now no power of himself to discern good from evil, and follow the good. His best efforts are but *filthy rags*. In God's sight his prayers are an abomination.

To all this I bowed in submission to the Church, though my heart revolted and my reason never gave a full assent.

The highest flight which the most inspired pen ever took in praise of the spotless character of Jesus, I respond to with my whole heart. He stands far above all that were ever honored with a divine mission—absolutely alone—no predecessor—no successor. God anointed him with the Holy Ghost and wisdom, and endowed him with that transcendent and unapproachable wisdom which he exhibited, and gave him the supernatural knowledge that he possessed—communicated to him the sublime and perfect doctrine that he taught, and sealed his mission by the wonders which he performed. His mission was divine, but not his person. Christ is not God, neither is he equal with God. That is an impossibility. "There is but one God." Christ is not the Creator—but, at the same time, he is the highest created Being that has ever been developed—our King and Head—our Leader and Director—our Teacher and Guide.

We read that Jesus was born in Bethlehem—not that God was born—that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man—not that God increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with himself, or any of his creatures. That Jesus himself as he began to be about thirty years of age, was baptized, was anointed; that he prayed, that his soul was troubled, that he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; that he wept; that of his own self he could do nothing; that an angel strengthened him, that he gave up the ghost; in several places that he died; that he sat on the right hand of God; Jesus is tempted; he is ignorant of many things, he corrects himself—*Math. x. 33; xviii. 19*; he is dejected, discouraged, he asks his Father to spare him trials; he submits to God like a son; he who is to be the judge of the world, knows not the day of judgment—*Mark. xli. 32*; he takes precautions for his safety; shortly after his birth, it is necessary to secrete him to avoid those who desire to kill him; the devil struggles with him, and does not go far. Can any part of this be applied to the Great Creator? Christ says, "Ye believe in God, believe all in me." He does not add, "for I also am God." He also says, "I ascend to your father and my father, to your God and my God."

Spirit.—"We say that agrees with our views, and we approve of what you have written."

I do not believe in original sin, the fall of man, total depravity, endless woe, nor the Devil. I do not believe in a partial God; consequently I reject the idea of Election, Reprobation, Predestination, and I was about to add, infant damnation, but that horrid dogma is not long since I heard from the pulpit, "there is no scripture warrant that an unbaptized infant can be saved."

I said that I did not believe in Original Sin and the Fall of Man as popularly taught. Every man falls who departs from truth, from right, from God. But neither you nor I ever felt guilt for Adam's transgression, or any man's transgression over whom with God we have no influence. You cannot feel it if you try never so closely. Adam's sin is—was Adam's affair, not mine.

Human character is depraved, but human nature, never. The soul is born of God—in Spirit of His Spirit, and however it may be enveloped in vice and crime, cannot be totally depraved. To say that a nature that came from God is corrupt, is a fallacy, and makes him the author of sin, and the remorseless punisher of his own work. But to say that a nature which may be corrupted by the passions and tendencies of his nature, and involve himself in the necessary consequences of such abuse; is alike the dictate of Reason and the testimony of experience.

In most men we find a capacity for good; in the best a tendency to evil. None perfect—none totally depraved. Not cursed of his Creator, but children of his Father. Not hopelessly lost; but endlessly related to the spirits of the Blessed by the Eternal Law of Progression.

Ignorant of the original Scripture writings, unskilled in theologic lore, I shall not attempt an argument founded on mistranslations and false interpretations of the text to show how unsound is the doctrine of eternal punishment. I leave that to able pens. But I copy from a printed article showing how thoroughly this has been done by one of the ablest scholars of the day, and what was the result of his labor.

A child is born whose parents are united in bonds of harmony and love, with affections pure and minds unfolded in wisdom. He will naturally be so educated as to render him a useful and esteemed member of society; his life here serene, and in the next world supremely happy.

On the same day comes into the world another child, scarce half made up, his body diseased, his mind enfeebled, his father, perhaps, a felon, his mother something worse; led early into crime, he is hunted through life by the ministers of the law, and terminates his career in a prison or upon the scaffold.

Had these two children the choice of their parentage and surroundings? The theology of the sectarian Church provides comfortably enough for the first, but what provision does it make for the second? He, too, is a child of God; made in his image, a creation of the same all-wise, all-powerful and all-loving Father; and what provision I ask, does this religious system make for him? It consigns him to the unquenchable flames of an eternal hell; giving him damned souls for his companions, and heads and tails for his mentors. This is the wise disposition which creeds-bound Churches make of the human race. A few, the number is but small, very small, not one in a thousand pass from a life of many sorrows into mansions of unimaginable bliss; while the vast masses of God's children add lustre to His Glory, and magnify his name by shrieks of agony and curses of despair throughout endless ages!

Horrid, thought it is not so; the mind which thus conceives of Deity, bows not in worship to a kind and loving Father, an infinite and perfect God; but to an omnipotent monster!

Monstrous, too, the thought that God had created a being, a principle of evil—the Devil—while

was forever to dispute with him the dominion of his own most glorious work, and draw within his influence, and consign to endless and infernal tortures, the larger portion of that great Creator's noblest work.

According to Orthodox theology, a man may live three-score years and ten, the time taken from year to year, that earth has ever seen. His last day approaches, he lies upon his bed, the priest comes in, supplements with him, and just before the closing scene he nods assent to the teachings offered him, partakes of the sacrament, and passes away. Where does he go? Direct and straight to heaven, and there through the ages of eternity, he enjoys all that could be enjoyed in the immediate presence of God.

Another man lives the same number of years, upright, just and noble in all his practical relations with mankind. He says, "I do not believe in the creed professed by this Church, or that—my own mind is my own Church; God is my father, I trust in him." Where does he go? Down deep into realms of woe—for what? Because he was a bad man? He was not; but because he could not accept the Church's theory, and for no other reason whatever. The other goes to heaven—for what? Because he was a good man? He was not—that is not *indispensable*, it is convenient for example's sake, but I affirm it is not necessary; the Christian plan of salvation has no absolute requirements of virtue to secure happiness in the future; a death-bed repentance is sufficient.

I believe in the atonement, but not as taught by the Church, that the Father sent his only Son to die for the death of his Son. I never could believe that my sins were to be laid upon an innocent man. I expect to suffer for my sins and no one's else. I believe that alienated man, whether estranged by ignorance or vice, must be made at one with goodness, holiness and love. I do not believe that God needs to be reconciled to man, the creature he has formed and endowed. God never was estranged. His nature is unchangeable; but man must be reconciled to God.

Spirit.—"This is all truth."

The publication of my little work on Spiritualism three years ago, which brought on me such unmitigated woe, leaves me but little to add on the subject. The comfort and consolation which the knowledge of this truth has afforded under sore trials, I can find no language to express. I may safely say, if ever I experienced the love of God and of man shed abroad in my heart, that love has been quickened, purified, intensified. If I ever yearned for purity of heart and a pure life, those yearnings have been stimulated and increased; and if I ever received aid in overcoming the world, the flesh, and evil surroundings, that aid has been imparted to me under these angelic ministrations.

If such manifestations are evil, well may we all ask, "Who will show us any good, or teach us to distinguish between good and evil?" If such are the workings of Satan, and if such are the workings of the Holy Spirit, I am transformed into an angel of light, a teacher of purity, a friend of God and man.

The loved ones from their higher home—my wife's father among the number, so unexpected, one whom I never knew—have given me, again and again, unmistakable proof of their presence, and of their continual sympathy in whatever concerns me, both temporal and spiritual. But for this I know not how I could have been sustained. My avowed and adherence to this faith, has cost me all that a man holds dear on earth; robbed me of my wife and children, and made me a wanderer in exile, dependent on charity for bread—my son living in allience—without a dollar, and of raiment scarce a change, thus to eke out in poverty the few remaining days of a troubled life. For sorrow have driven me to the gates of hell, to the bottle, the asylum, or to a suicide's grave.

I know it is because of ignorance they do it—like St. Paul, they think they are doing God service—that religion requires them to shield my grandchildren from the contaminating influence of such infidelity. But the scales will yet fall from their eyes, and they will behold the sin they have committed, in all its naked deformity. Oh, the remorse that they will feel! God grant it may not be deferred until they reach the spirit-land—then their suffering will be fearful.

We speak of the days of the martyrs, as though they were past. True, the Smithfield fagots no longer burn; the Inquisitor's rack stretches no more the quivering limb, unless in secret, but we have martyrs still for conscience' sake. But can I be faithful to my own experience, when I know that the day will come, and come in our every repentance, struggle, suffering, joy? Forbid it heaven! I must go forward no matter what awaits me; I cannot go backward and deny God's Truth. Whether in honor or dishonor, poverty or plenty, friendship or desertion, my face is set, and God leads the way. Could I by a word blot out the past—restore to me my family, with their hearts bound to me more lovingly than ever, and have also upon me the weight of the wealth and honor that heart can desire—but at the same time blot out all the light and knowledge which this New Dispensation has shed in my soul, I would say, no, no, ten thousand times no! Come rather poverty, contumely, alienation from children's love, sickness, affliction in whatever form; and come, too, that chiefest of God's blessings, which men call the "King of Terrors," but to me, my solace of woe, my Haven of Rest.

Spirit.—"This is the Truth of God. Go on, my son, the angels are your constant ministers who will record what you have written, and have it in remembrance when you are called from earth."

August 30.—I asked my spirit-friends to invite Theodore Parker, and took occasion to express my high regard for him, and I presented many of his works, which I had read again and again, and that to him I felt indebted for much of the religious knowledge I had acquired.

To my great satisfaction Mr. Parker acceded to my request and addressed me as follows:

"I am astonished, my dear sir, to hear such words from one who was to me a stranger. I am delighted to hear that I have done some good in the world, and that my books are read by those who never heard me preach. I am sure I am misunderstood by many, but in the light of the world will entertain more liberal opinions."

I was at the congress and heard you read your essay, and was delighted with every thought. I approved of it all, and the wonder is where you got it from; it is not taught in any of the Churches. All you say about the Council of Nice is correct, and I am confident there is not a spirit here who will contradict you. I am pleased with what you say about Spiritualism for it is the truth of God; with the manner you treat the Old Testament, it is precisely what I myself believe; and I am sure there is no spirit here who differs from you. I am pleased also with the noble sentiments you have expressed about the persecutions you have endured. All these things meet my hearty approbation, and I am sure every one feels as I do."

So do kind sir, as to give me your views on the subject of the Sabbath.

"I will, and give a different view from that entertained by narrow-minded theologians. When it became necessary to set apart a particular day for the worship of God, a day was fixed and all the people assembled for that purpose. It never entered into the mind of Deity to set apart a day holy for him. This grew out of the necessity of upholding the authority of the priesthood. This was the custom long before Moses lived, and when he wrote the Pentateuch, if he did write it, he merely copied the custom of the day. Then it became necessary to add the authority of Deity to enforce its observance."

It is a universal law, that man requires rest, and the day was set apart for a physical rather than a religious purpose. But in process of time it became a religious duty to keep this day of rest as holy to the Lord; and the priests endeavored to enforce this idea by making the people believe it sinful to do any kind of work on that day. Thus it went on from age to age until it became a superstition, and the day was regarded as holy unto God.

At length this day, originally the seventh, was changed to the first. This was done by early Christians, that the day might not accord with that kept by the Jews. It was done at first in order to make as great a difference as possible between the two religions; but afterwards it became necessary to fix it as a permanent thing, and the day was established as we now see it. I believe it is of no consequence what day is kept, provided a fixed day is set apart for the purpose; that is all that health requires; but all idea of sanctity attached to it is absurd."

Please give me your thoughts about the "Devil."

"When the world was first formed, no idea of God prevailed. The people were ignorant and scarce above the brute creation. All the idea they had of Deity was the sun, moon and stars. As the sun came forth, bringing light and heat into the world, they thought he was the source of all good, and began to give him divine honors; but when darkness came upon them they thought they should be the spirit of evil, and began to worship what they supposed to be a power that could do them harm. Thus two Deities are formed in the minds of these ignorant people; one the Power of Good, the other the Power of Evil."

In the course of time, as this satisfied the religious desire of the people, they began to form a regular religious service, and religion was composed of a Power of Good and a Power of Evil."

It soon became obvious to the priests that the power of evil could be turned to a good account in keeping the people in subjection to priestly rule; and it soon became a part of their religious creed. As many ages rolled on, this idea fixed in the minds of the people, kept increasing from age to age, till it became too strong to be eradicated; and when the Pentateuch was written, the idea of a devil took the form which it required ages to produce. Such has been the origin of a superstition so derogatory to the character of God.

When Christ came, such were the deep rooted prejudices of the people, that he had to yield, in some measure, to a superstition which would require ages to eradicate.

I have given a brief summary of what would fill any page. Faith in God will destroy the evil consequences of such a belief, but nothing else will."

I here copy a part of the printed article before mentioned.

"That there are those among us who take, in sincerity, the poetic fictions of Milton for Bible doctrines, is quite evident; but that there are others more deeply learned in the early history of men and things, who dare not tell all they know, is pretty evident likewise. Bearing upon these points let us take the testimony of one among them, eminent in experience and research; one versed in all the theologic lore of their most revered schools of divinity; one whose life gives evidence of the good one man can do when his intellect continually expands and blends with desire for progress, instead of being cramped into the tortuous windings of upholding a creed, which no amount of endeavor can ever perpetuate. This man is the Rev. Theodore Clapp. If the light he bears aloft has, as yet, thrown but a few gleams upon that upper pathway, it has perched to dispel the darkness from the lower one. Let us trace his progress for awhile after he has attained that position where the most highly educated among them generally settle down upon their school-taught creeds, and strive not to get beyond. He says: 'When I entered the ministry many of my opinions, though sincerely held, rested only on the principles of immature authority. As I grew older, I had to encounter just such and such noble men, belonging to each of the different denominations in Christendom. For some years after my settlement I was invited almost every Sabbath to preach on some particular subject. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of looking into the foundation of many doctrines whose truth I had always before taken for granted. Hence I became a very hard student."

One day I must prove that Samson actually lived and performed the extraordinary feats recorded; the next Sunday I was called to explain the cherubim and the four wheels, or the deluge, or the destruction of the Canaanites, or Jonah and the fish, or the case of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Every Biblical difficulty was brought to me for solution, and it was my especial province to show that the dogma of eternal damnation, so professedly derived from the sacred volume since the days of Tertullian. These efforts changed and rectified many of the opinions which had been imbibed from venerable teachers, and opened to me new wonders and beauties which I never should have seen had my life been passed in the regular, quiet, prescribed routine of ministerial duties in a New England parish."

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pit have I ever heard one argue in favor of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexplicable that educated men, closing their eyes against the irrefragable evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural world around and within them, should thus themselves believe that final, hopeless, remediless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral achievements. The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

(Original.)

RAINBOW FANCIES.

BY MISS A. W. SPIAGUE.

Science may talk of the rainbow,
And say 'tis but sunshine and rain,
'Tis may strike down my fine airy castles
In its march—but I'll build them again;
For I turn a deaf ear to their prating,
And now, at the closing of day,
With this glory of evening the heavens,
I believe not a word that they say.

Earth has not grown old or grown prosy—
Its beauty what soul cannot see?
All ages are Classic and Golden,
All gardens of Eden to me.
I believe in the Elves and the Fairies,
In Gods and in Goddesses, too,
In Dryads, and Nymphs, and Witches,
That charm you—what else could they do?

I know that the spells are no fancies,
That hind me through long summer hours,
All Nature has master magicians
Hid away in the evergreen bowers.
Away, thou stern hand of the ages,
This beautiful frostwork shall stay,
If to worship God's earth makes a Heathen,
I confess I'm a heathen to-day.

And see in the grand arch triumphal
A gateway to Isles of the Blest,
And pray, oh! so wildly, to enter,
For I know that beyond there is rest.
Or a Mussulman praying at sunset,
I gaze on this brilliant unknown,
And dream 'tis the path of the hours,
That circle great Allah's high throne.

Or a Jew, look upward rejoicing
At this bow of bright promise in heaven,
Or encircling some mountain in grandeur,
Behold some new Sinai's given;
Or when this fair circle of beauty
Bursts out from a storm-battered sky,
'Tis a wheel of Jehovah's great chariot
Of storm-clouds—now thundering by.

Or a Catholic now I behold it,
A halo around the pure head
Of the Virgin; its tints of deep crimson
The blood by her matchless son shed;
Or a Protestant, dream in its radiance
Of the crown that in Heaven I'll wear—
(Who cares for the crown, if the loved ones,
The Angels and God are but there.)

Or a child of the forest, I wonder
If those that have passed from my home,
With this Bow are the bold, fearless hunters,
O'er the hunting-grounds ever to roam;
Till I know the Great Spirit can only
His hand can alone draw the Bow,
With his quiver of arrows, the sunbeams—
And I bless him, the great Manitou.

But I find there's no end to my fancies,
They gather like stars in the sky;
So I'll laugh at your wisdom, proud Science,
The world may believe you—not I.
And oh! thou bright rainbow receding—
The Angels are shutting the door—
Take with you one love-freighted message
To dear ones who've gone up before.

And to thy last tints I'm bequeathing
This prayer to the Father most high:
Let my soul be a beautiful rainbow
Reaching back to the earth from the sky.
But I'll cling to my faith in the fairies—
There's Heaven wherever they've trod—
And I'll never turn back to the ancients
To believe in the presence of God.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
All our hearts are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTON HUNT.)

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

CONCLUDED.

No. 10.—Patient Waiters are No Losers.

We all followed Anna readily into the kitchen, because we had learned that she was a girl of more than usual penetration, and we felt quite sure that she had something important to reveal to us.

"I tell you what it is," said she, "I do believe Aunt Ratie will be married Christmas."

"What makes you think so?" said several voices.

"Well, as Aunt Deborah says, I kinder feel it in my bones."

"Which bones?" asked Willie; "in your elbows or your thumbs?"

"Now stop plaguing me, Will, while I tell you what I thought out while Aunt Ratie was reading, though I heard every word she said. I remember when Captain Staunton was here, not almost two years ago, that he said to Aunt Ratie just as he was leaving, 'It will take me only a year and a half, and then my voyage home, when will follow so merry a Christmas that the world will seem as if new-born. Don't forget; I am sure of it.' Now the reason I happened to remember this was because I had heard Elder James talk about the millennium coming, when the earth would be new-born, and I thought perhaps this pleasant captain knew something about it, and that it would come about Christmas time this year. But since I've heard the whole story, I feel sure that he is coming back to marry Aunt Ratie, and if he is, why you see we must all make her a splendid present. You see we were each going to give her something, but I thought perhaps it would be better to form a company, and get something grander."

"But what can it be?" said I.

"Oh, we must all think, and that is what I called you out for; for I didn't want Aunt Ratie to think that I suspected anything. It would n't be polite you know, to really ask her."

"Well, I don't think it very polite to stay out here," said Will, a little disturbed that Anna had thought of something that he had not thought of. "I dare say that the captain has no thought of coming back at present."

"Well, I intend to keep one eye open for a week," said Anna, "for I think it would be splendid to have some beautiful gift ready, that would show to Aunt Ratie how much we love her."

"So do I," said Willie; "but then girls are always imagining something."

"Let's go back," said I, "and wait a few days, and then we will meet again and decide what to do. I nominate Willie to call us together at such time as he shall think best."

Willie, invested with this authority, was quite reconciled, and immediately arranged to meet Anna every evening, that they might consult together. When we returned to Aunt Ratie, we found her sitting quietly knitting, with her usual sweet smile upon her face. We apologized for our absence, and took our leave, but we kept up a busy talking about the probabilities of Aunt Ratie's marriage, and agreed to keep very secret the little that we knew.

Many days passed away, and there were no new developments, and we had all decided that Anna was altogether mistaken in her conjectures, when Willie announced to us that a letter had arrived that very mail for Aunt Ratie, and that he had carried it over himself, and that he

Correspondence in Brief.

Letter from Chelsea.

MR. EDITOR—Our citizens have been enjoying for the past month some of the most beautiful lectures I have ever seen or heard, through the medium of Mr. N. B. White, the well-known inspirational speaker, late of the army of the West. His arguments were forcible and logical, his articulation clear and distinct, and the rich flowing eloquence that rolled, as if by magic, from his tongue, has held large and intelligent audiences spellbound and wonder-stricken. Mr. White's labors among us have not been in vain, and the spirit of investigation and a desire for truth is a creditable characteristic of the good people of Chelsea, and one which we are glad to say is daily being exercised with grand results. Old theology had erected innumerable barriers against the spirit of investigation, but, thanks to the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century, "tyranny is always weak, while truth is young and strong," and this sublime harmonious philosophy is making great inroads into the mysticism of the past by the analogies of Nature and the scientific demonstrations of the laws which govern material and spiritual life.

Mr. White's last lecture of the course (on Sunday evening last) was on the present rebellion and its ultimate results. Slavery in all its manifold forms—moral, intellectual, social, political and physical—was shown to be the cause of this great uprising, and not until man returns in its limited and unrestricted freedom of thought, soul and body can the great temple of universal freedom tower unsullied to the skies. It was a masterly production from the celestial spheres, and made us all realize that though the storm-clouds of war, bloodshed and carnage are upon us yet we are not alone, and that it is only the shadow, which will soon be followed by the glorious sunlight of peace.

May the day not be far distant when the dogmas and superstitions of the past shall fade away, and men and women learn to realize and feel the divinity within themselves, and recognize all humanity as brothers and joint heirs of a never-ending and progressive immortality in the spiritual world.

Mrs. Fanny Burbank Felton lectures here next Sunday and the Sunday following, and lectures are held in many private families during the week.

With success to the BANNER in its endeavors to enlighten humanity on spiritual things, I remain, yours respectfully,

PROGRESS.

Wholesome Suggestions.

DEAR BANNER—Enclosed please find one dollar to help make up deficiencies in your current expenses, although my subscription does not run out until next March, but morally, every subscriber is bound to advance the needful, in order to give the necessary support to the mouthpiece and exponent of our beautiful Philosophy. I believe every true Spiritualist should, and will willingly, give double the price rather than see it sink for want of means to defray its expenses, and others with whom I have conversed, feel exceedingly surprised and sorry that the "Herald of Progress" did not advance the price peremptorily—just as cloth or sugar advance—and every one of us ought to talk just as we do in those cases, viz., class our papers among the necessities, and then we must have them. I would rather have given five dollars than have had the Herald suspended. Such fearless advocates of human rights should not be allowed to be withdrawn from the heart of humanity.

I hope you will take the hint, and put your paper on such a financial footing as will make its suspension from that cause an impossibility.

Yours truly, JAMES THOMPSON.
P. S.—I would make speeches the other day, by an opponent asked, "What can't two million Spiritualists in the United States support two first-class papers?" What could I say? It is a shame.

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1864.

The Cause in Indianapolis, Ind.

The cause is prospering here under the lecturing of Mrs. White, and as it gains in influence and numbers, the opposition of the churches becomes more virulent and determined. I listened the other evening to a lecture denouncing and exposing the "grand humbug," which sort of lecturing I hope may be repeated at short intervals, as it evidently aided Spiritualism more than it did harm. A friend was listening who, after the lecturer was through, so thoroughly pointed out some of his inconsistencies, that I fear he will not attempt another exposure.

J. R. BUEL.

Aug. 5.

Correction.

MR. EDITOR—I have always been gratefully mindful of the fidelity, taste and general precision of your compositions in setting my copy; so much so that I am doubtful whether it was a misprint or a slip of my pen which caused the word "physical" to take the place of "psychical," in my last. I certainly meant to write this sentence:

"The use of food is to make blood; the use of blood is to vitalize and renovate the body; and the use of the vital element itself is to mentalize the brain and nourish the psychical form of the human spirit."

GEORGE STEARNS.

Leeds, Me., Aug. 11, 1864.

Will Others do Likewise?

Enclosed you will please find fifty cents, which amount please add to my yearly subscription to the BANNER, for I am satisfied that you cannot sustain yourselves at the price (\$2.50) which I paid you for the BANNER for one year; and if labor and material advance still higher, I am willing to advance for the support of the BANNER of Light correspondingly. In fact, I would rather pay \$5.00 a year for a copy of it, than have it go down for the want of support.

Yours for truth and progress, J. B. TAYLOR.

Janesville, Mich., Aug. 9, 1864.

Healing Mediums.

Last week I attended the lectures of Mr. Walter Hyde, of New York City, and I must say that I was highly pleased, not only with his gentlemanly deportment, but also with the practical spiritual knowledge he conveys to his numerous students relative to the development of media, and the cure of disease by the laying on of hands. With the sincere hope and belief that the good angels will ever continue to encourage and sustain so important an institution as the BANNER OF LIGHT and its numerous co-workers, is the wish of your friend,

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS.

306 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Help Wanted.

We hope some good lecturer will remember Monmouth and Young America in their travels. All we need is a little stirring up. Some avow their belief, but more believe who do not avow it. Creeds are strong here; the Presbyterian Church has the most members, and is best attended; the Baptist, Methodist and Universalist are comparatively weak. We much need some live speaker to "come over and help us."

A. T. SMITH.

Young America, Warren Co., Ill., July 31, 1864.

A REPORTING MACHINE.—A novel and curious instrument has been invented by Mr. Bryois. It is for the purpose of taking short-hand notes with more than the usual rapidity. It consists of a series of levers worked by keys like a piano, and acting on a set of types which impress themselves on a slip of paper that is gradually unrolled. Working only with one finger, an ordinary reporter can work as quickly as the best short-hand reporter, but by using the two hands the rapidity is increased immensely.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CENTS?—There was coined at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia during the month of July 5,350,000 cents and 2,270,000 two cent pieces. When it is remembered that the cent coinage at the mint has averaged about half a million per month for the last two years, and knowing as we do that there are not quarter enough in circulation for change of even the small fractional paper currency, the question may well be put, "What becomes of all the cents?"

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Banner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Insincerity in Social Life.

Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lives, and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, no genuine respect, no sacred sincerity; invitations issued with a fraud lurking in their politeness; getting the company together by one falsehood; greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome receiving them with another; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, sustaining their mock dignity with another; and dishonest regrets at the farwell, disavowing them with another—who will dare to affirm these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized and elegant life? When is the rugged, truth-speaking, Christian time coming, which shall tear open and rend apart these guilty illusions, plant the communion of soul with soul on some pure and just foundation, and restore the social world to its primitive and upright simplicity?

The above extract is made from one of Rev. Dr. Huntington's public discourses. It contains a volume of sober truth, enveloped as it is in caustic satire; and ought to command the reflections of every thoughtful person.

It is not well, we know, to find too much fault with our modern society, faulty as we know it to be; for men and women are but human beings at best, given to error through their ignorance, dogmatic in the possession of nothing more than half-views of things, unwilling to be set right when clearly in the wrong, loving their present habits of thought better than other habits which they will not pretend are superior in any respect, and at no time wholly devoted to the pursuit of what is true and lovely for its own sake. What could be expected of beings of so weak a character as this?

Yet in criticising we do not necessarily give way to fault-finding. Every social institution ought to receive just and constant criticism, or it cannot be expected to stand long. The quotation above is a criticism, and a timely one. It contains hints of the very qualities which should combine in the formation of all good and healthy society, though it throws out those hints negatively and positively. Of the many faults which eat out the heart and core of our social life, none are worse than this of insincerity. There can be no positive and permanent good where it is. A man covers all noble traits with a pall, when he throws around his conduct this much too fashionable garment. Many persons think it vulgar to say what they mean, and even rude to act out the sincerity which slumbers within them. A strangely vicious education must have received, to believe that the worst side is better than the best, and that untruth is preferable to truth. But when we look about us and find this state of affairs is really becoming fashionable, and that it is openly and confessedly practised by all classes of men and women who try to attract popular notice and to rule the popular sentiment, we may well pause in astonishment before a fact so full of a fatal significance.

Why should we not all of us aim to be truthful one to another? Why should it not be as "fashionable" to be ourselves as to seem to be somebody else? Upon what can that fashion be based, which forbids a person from betraying sincerity, and commands him to be insincere? And yet our people not only tolerate, they actually prefer such a base and irresponsible tyrant as this fashion, and attempt to establish a permanent society upon it, which shall stand for the real character of our whole people? Not artificial structure merely, but a thoroughly deceitful, treacherous, and false one! Is it not monstrous, that such a scheme can be deliberately devised and persistently adhered to? How long can such a social structure stand, at the longest?

Emerson remarks, in one of his Essays, on that lying-in-wait smile which lurks about the mouths of persons who would appear to be what they really are not, and characterizes it as the most disgusting badge of deception which a man can wear. Yet how many do wear on their faces that treacherous smirk, concealing either a spirit of sneakishness or of villainy? It is the falsest banner which any individual can hang out. If we would show ourselves courteous, polite, and kind, what is the need of trying to overdo it by grinning about it? For what is that perpetual grin intended but for deception—to convey the impression of a very different feeling, if only in point of intensity, from what one truly entertains. And so in regard to other emblems, and signals, and practices. When one goes beyond the limits of what the finer and nobler instincts assure him to be a kind courtesy and a genuine politeness, by the very act of overdoing the matter—even if he does not intend actual deceit, much less anything so bad as treachery—he to that extent practices untruth and is wicked.

We need not go to the extreme which coarse and vulgar natures would naturally fly to, and say to a person's face what it does not become us to say, blunt out what we conceive to be his faults, and publish the list of our imaginary grievances to him. There is no more truth in this sort of abusive truth-telling than in the other. If there were, we should all of us be by the ears every day of our lives. What we think of a person to-day, may not be our opinion to-morrow; hence it is becoming to practice patience, and silence also. Besides, we were sent into the world to be something more than censors merely, although there is no sort of danger that we shall exercise too rigid a censorship over ourselves. If we are careful to practice the simple truth with ourselves, the example which our characters will offer to others will be a thousand times more effective than all the verbal censorship that was ever coined into phrases. We can very soon purge our society of the gross evils at which we complain, by proceeding to purge ourselves first, and presenting to others pure characters, of a crystal truthfulness, through which sincerity shines as the light of heaven traverses a window. There is where the work of reformation is to begin. We need not wait for some powerful organization to take us up and turn us out all new, through the

operation of its mysterious machinery; but the work to be done we must do at home, of our own motion, and because we love purity and truth better than insincerity, and heartlessness, and fraud.

Spiritualism Abroad.

We have received the London Spiritual Magazine, from which we glean a few items of interest respecting the progress of Spiritualism in the old world. Although a party of very astute philosophers in Glasgow exposed "the delusion" not many moons since, it appears that it won't stay exposed, but having been, as these astutes thought, annihilated in one phaze, now presents another upon which they can flash their dark lanterns—and very dark lanterns they are, too. An engineer in Glasgow suddenly finds himself invested with mediumistic powers. He has been raised by the spirits to the ceiling, and has made some very successful attempts to obtain spirit-photographs. Other interesting manifestations have occurred in his presence, and it seems highly probable that our friends in that city will soon find their numbers and influence on the increase.

A gentleman residing in London, who has for many years been honorably connected with the literature of England, and acknowledged to be "a clear, vigorous, and very instructive writer," has, with his wife, conducted some experiments which have resulted in furnishing them with personal evidence of the presence and power of spirits.

A distinguished clergyman in London has had such manifestations in his own house that he has become a confirmed believer in Spiritualism. He is not less bold than eloquent, and will, ere long, enunciate in his own way the important truth which has so suddenly burst upon him. The Baron Dirckinck Holmfeld, of Denmark, thus writes of a séance which he attended at the house of this clergyman:

"Having been present at a séance in the house of that clergyman, and who is justly celebrated for his wonderful gifts of genius, and the broad view he takes about humanity and Christianity, I wish to state that nobody present, and least of all, our amiable host, entertained the least doubt about the spiritual cause of the astonishing facts we witnessed. As to the wonderful powers of Mr. D. D. Home as the medium through whom these manifestations were obtained. We had the usual raps in such a way that appropriate answers were given, we had the movements of sundry articles of furniture, a grand-piano-forte included, which was lifted entirely into the air, a motion which would appear spontaneous, if furniture could give intelligent answers to our questions. We had the music, the concertina, being played in so charming a way, with far distant echoes, that the utmost mortal skill could scarcely have produced such harmonious tunes; we had the manifestation of children's hands moving under the surface of floating gossamer shawls and dresses; we had the ladies addressing the spirits of their children, answered by distinct responding raps; we had bracelets untied, and removed, and all the circumstances of the Home séances, which are so justly celebrated through extensive regions of our globe."

Two instances of apparition are given which are very striking. In Nov. 1853, a Mrs. Smith and her son were passing through a narrow lane which was protected by a turnstile. As they approached the stile they both saw a woman approaching, and as Mrs. Smith passed through one way, the woman passed through the other. Mrs. Smith noticed her light dress, bonnet, &c., and felt her dress brush against her. The mother and son believed it to be Susan Gilbert, a friend of theirs, but they thought it strange she did not speak, and still more at seeing her, because they supposed her ill in bed. Looking after the figure they saw it suddenly disappear, which so frightened them that they ran home. On the following morning they went to see their friend, and found her in a dying state. Those who attended her said she "had gone off" several times as if dead, and rallied again. She died three days after the meeting at the turnstile.

Some years ago, Mrs. W— sailed for the West, India, to join her husband, who had obtained a government appointment at St. Kitt's.

When the vessel was within two days' sail of her destination, Mrs. W—, whilst standing in the cabin, felt her arm strongly grasped as if by the hand of a man. Looking round, she asked who had done it. None of the passengers were within reach, and all assured her they had not seen any one touch her. Shortly after she again felt the same sensation, and thinking that some one was taking a jocular liberty with her, she withdrew to her room. Later in the evening a lady passenger called her attention to the state of her arm, which was discolored, showing the distinct print of a hand, with the fingers and thumb reversed.

On her arrival at St. Kitt's, friends came to meet her, accompanied by the clergyman of the place, who gradually broke to her the intelligence of her husband's unexpected death, which, it appeared, had taken place on the day and at the hour she felt her arm grasped on board the ship.

An interesting article upon the "Spiritual Experiences of General Sir Charles Napier," distinguished for the part he took in the Peninsular War, under Wellington, and one of the greatest commanders and most distinguished men that ever lived, proves beyond a doubt his belief in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals. Spirits talked with him and he with spirits. He became informed of "table moving," and at once accepted the phenomena as real.

Reports of wonderful manifestations in the presence of Mr. Home, continue to be given. These are similar to those through the mediumship of the Davenportes, Mrs. Chamberlain, and others in this country, and are, like them, given under such circumstances that preclude all possibility of deception. Mr. Home leaves England about the first of September for Australia, with the design of giving a course of lectures in the principal towns. A renewed interest in Spiritualism is occurring in that country. At a circle there, information was received concerning a missing steamer, which subsequently proved correct.

More "Hersey."

The Third Congregational Society in Portland, Maine, desired to settle Rev. Mr. Walton as pastor, but the Congregational Council refused to install him on account of his liberal views. Whereupon the society engaged him to preach to them for one year. The Christian Mirror gives the following explanation of Mr. Walton's "heresy." "We understand that the candidate affirmed his belief that Christians and Christian ministers, in proportion to their faith, are as really inspired as were the prophets and apostles, and that this inspiration is as authoritative to themselves as is the Word of God; that God dwells in every Christian in some such sense as he dwelt in Christ; that the punishment of the wicked may not be eternal, but end in annihilation; and that heathen and others not having had the privilege on earth, may in another world have the offer of salvation. The candidate also gave the council to understand that his views had undergone a great change during the last year, as the result of an interview with some Christian friend. On several important points, he distinctly stated that his mind was not made up."

High Price of Peaches.

Rotten peaches are selling in this city for ten cents a quart, and such are scarcely fit for the pigs are displayed by dealers with the expectation that people will buy them. Passably fair peaches are selling for twenty-five cents a quart, and good ones at ten and twelve cents apiece! And this while hundreds of bushels are so rapidly decaying that there will be nothing shapable left of them in a week except the stones. Such charges as these are an outrageous imposition upon a good-natured public. If they were called for by existing circumstances there might be some reason in them, and if there were reason in them, we might quietly submit. But there is none; and the strangest of all is that buyers cannot see the fraud. In Philadelphia such a basket of peaches as we are asked to pay five dollars for, can be bought for twenty-five cents! New York is being surfeited with them, and fair prices prevail, but here in Boston we have to wait until the fruit is rotten, and are then expected to pay a price for it which would be extravagantly high even for good ones. It is not many years since good peaches were sold in this city for twenty-five cents a peck. We do not expect to get them for that now. We are willing to double it, or treble it, or even quadruple it, but when we are asked to pay eight or ten times the old price—well, then we grumble, and think we have a right to. Any fruit-grower of New Jersey or Delaware who would consign a stock of peaches to this market, and deal them out to consumers at a fair profit, would confer a favor upon Boston people and enrich himself.

The Farmers of the Country.

The London Examiner recently contained an article, whose central idea was a sound one and good one, viz: that the farmers of America give the tone and temper to the national character, and shape the conduct of national affairs. Nothing, in our view, seems more true than this very position. It is a mistake to suppose that it is by the noise and clamor, the effervescence and over-activity of the cities that the country is managed, or that the expressions of opinion in the leading cities shape or color the management of public affairs. The true influence comes from the country—from the land and those that till it. The influence of cities like New York and Boston and Philadelphia is scarcely felt at all at the West, and over the breadth of the land. The people living in our cities are surprised, on rallying forth a hundred miles or less by rail, to find how little their doings are talked about, and what slight effect they have on the great population of the country. We rejoice that it is so; that upon the population of the country at large, and the agricultural population especially, depend the fortunes of the nation, including its integrity, its power, its glory, and its entire future.

Our Mining Wealth.

A leading New York journal remarks concerning the vast mineral and mining wealth of the country, that it is a singularly assuring fact that the outbreak of the war has been accompanied by the discovery of immense mining resources and by an extensive development of mines already existing. While the country is struggling for the preservation of its political and territorial integrity, and the hearts of its citizens begin to quail lest the enormous military expenditures should exhaust their available resources, tidings come from the Pacific coast, from the interior of the far West, and from the shores of Superior, revealing the existence of mineral treasures that must lay the basis for an illimitable expansion of our national wealth and power. At the same time, the creation of a powerful iron navy, and the manufacture of arms and military accoutrements for immense armies, have produced a marvelous activity in the coal and iron trades, placing them in a position of wealth and independence they have never hitherto occupied, but which they have greatly needed to put them on equal terms of competition with the corresponding interests of other countries.

The National Convention of Spiritualists.

Last week we were only able to give a brief synopsis of the first day's proceedings of the National Convention, held at Chicago on the 9th inst. This week we commence publishing a full and official report, and shall continue to do so till it is finished. The report is very interesting, and will elicit the attention of Spiritualists everywhere, it being the first National Convention of Spiritualists ever held. We are informed by Mr. O. H. Crowell, one of our partners, who was present, that the attendance was very large, and the sessions quite animated, and important measures were discussed. No doubt much good will result from the deliberations of the Convention.

Living on Stuff.

The Detroit Free Press says that five years since a married couple in that city had a quarrel, and the wife declared that she would not speak to her husband until he apologized. For five years she has kept her ill-natured vow, and not a word has passed between the two until a few days since a reconciliation was effected. We have heard of an old lady who told a friend of hers that she guessed she could "live on stuff" just as long as anybody else; but we think she would have given in before the terrors of a five-year siege. We knew one couple—and an Orthodox clergyman and his wife, at that—who neither ate, drank, lodged or spoke with one another, for some seventeen years. It is not right that any law should compel such persons to remain man and wife, which they are not in any just sense.

Books and Tobacco.

We hear, or read rather, that the son of Dumas, the French romancer—or Dumas, *filz*, as he styles himself—is a confirmed hypochondriac, living in continual fear lest he shall be taken out of the world by consumption. It seems it has been his habit to consume cigars to the number of twenty-five and thirty a day—surpassing somewhat the limit usually reached by the Emperor himself. One day he was idly turning over the leaves of a medical journal, when he came to the article on Nicotine, which is the active principle of poison in tobacco. So impressed did he become by what he read, he immediately threw away the cigar still in his mouth, and silently took a resolution to smoke no more—a resolution which he has thus far kept with strictness.

Walworth's New Novel.

The Albany Evening Journal says of the new novel by a son of Hon. Chancellor Walworth, which is having a success remarkable for these hard times, "Hotspur has a tendency to mysticism and Spiritualism, and is generally unhealthy." On the other hand, N. P. Willis's Home Journal says, "We pronounce Hotspur, in plot and execution, the greatest success of the season, and we shall in future make extracts for our readers."

New Publications.

FIRST GOSPEL: Being the Gospel according to Mark; Translated and Arranged with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus, and His Religion: By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This work, the fruit of great labor and conscientious painstaking, fully follows our remarks of week before last on Mr. Beecher's discourse on a superstitious adherence to the creeds and the Bible. The translator has for a long time labored in this field of Biblical criticism, and brings to his task scholarly training and the results of a large experience. We are exceedingly pleased with the whole performance. It rests on common sense and plain intelligence, and throws down the pretensions and assumptions that have never helped but have always hindered in every effort to grasp the real spirit and meaning of the Bible.

Well says the author in his "Note to the Reader," "Amid the shock of arms, and during the settlement of great national questions of justice and expediency, the higher questions of religion ought not entirely to sleep." And with as much truth he adds, "Religious science ought not to languish and be feeble when all other sciences are healthful and vigorous. Christianity can only lead the world and become universal and permanent, by abandoning all false assumptions, and perfecting its doctrines and methods so as to meet the universal and permanent demands of human nature. God is the father of love and truth, never of malice and delusion."

Mr. Sawyer discusses the text scientifically, and therefore with candor and in the spirit of truth. His translations will inevitably have the effect to excite fresh interest in the reading and study of the Bible, and to add new graces to the heart of him who reads and studies in a spirit divested of superstitious influences. To deepen our piety, especially by familiarity with the Holy Scriptures, we must cultivate boldness and candor in all our investigations of God's word, whether in what is written or what is created. We cannot admit a doubt that Mr. Sawyer is doing most excellent and lasting service, in helping to scatter clouds of doubt and superstition which are sure to make anything but true Christians.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September opens with "An Adventure on the Coast of Australia," finely illustrated. The illustrated Esquimaux scenes are quite interesting. This number is above par. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for September, which the ladies wait for with so much impatience, is elegantly illustrated with its usual variety of fashion plates, etc., which, added to a fine table of contents, makes it very desirable. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

Our review of "Man and his Relations" is crowded out this week.

Cabinet Organs.

Musicians are agreed in respect to the superiority of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs. Mr. Gottschalk, the distinguished pianist, says a New York paper, pronounces the organ "truly a charming instrument, worthy of the high praise it has received, and sure to find its way into every household of taste and refinement which can possibly afford its moderate expense." He also declares it far superior to everything of its class he has seen. He knows of what he speaks, having tested them thoroughly in his concerts the past year. Our most eminent organists fully endorse this testimony. We need only add, therefore, that there is nothing in regard to which it is more true that "the best are the cheapest," than in regard to musical instruments. A thoroughly good instrument lasts a lifetime, while an inferior one soon gets out of order and is worthless.

Mason & Hamlin have their new factories in full operation, and are turning out a greater amount of work than any maker of this class of instruments in the country, and probably in the world. Yet they are scarcely able to supply the demand. This fact alone is good evidence of the excellence of their work.

The New Stamp Act.

It is important for all to know that stamps are now required on all bank checks, drafts or orders for money drawn on banks or trust companies. Also on all money orders drawn on individuals or any corporations exceeding ten dollars in amount. Receipts for the payment of any sum of money, or for the payment of any debt due, exceeding twenty dollars, not being for the satisfaction of any mortgage or judgment or decree of any court, and a receipt for the delivery of any property, must have a two cent stamp affixed; also, on all receipts for the delivery of goods. All bank checks for sums of ten dollars or over require a two cent stamp. Business men would do well to remember these things.

Appointments.

Hon. George Thompson, the celebrated English lecturer, is to address the Spiritualists of Portland, Me., next Sunday.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Dover, Me., during Sept.; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6th and 13th; in Taunton, Nov. 20th and 27th.

Mrs. A. A. Currier speaks in Montpelier, Vt., September 4th.

Warren Chase lectures in Rockford, Ill., on Sunday, Aug. 28th.

Walter Hyde lectures every week in the "Electro-Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Also, attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Miss C. Augusta Fitch will make engagements for the fall and winter to lecture and attend funerals. Address, P. O. Drawer 6506 Chicago, Ill.

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—An Irishman was brought before a court on the charge of bigamy. Being asked by the judge how many wives he had, a little woman by his side said, "Shure, and that's not the question your 'Onor shud' ask him—he knows that he has only one, and that's me; but when he gets a dhrap too much he thinks he sees me in all the women. I tell you he's as true a man as ever lived; and he loves me, his own darling Mary, better than all the world besides. It's the lickin' that gets the other wives for him."

The people of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island have voted to amend their State Constitution so as to allow their citizens who are in the army the privilege of voting.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A Maine lady, who has devoted the past two years to healing the sick, and is a medium for spirit manifestations, wishes a situation in the family of a Spiritualist, to take charge of an invalid, or would do housework, if necessary. Her address can be obtained at this office.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the California poetess, is about to compile for publication a volume of her poems. The readers of the BANNER have been regaled with some of her fine original poems within the last three or four years.

Drop in at R. Collins's, Congress street, Traveller building, and try his cool soda and delicious syrups, drawn from one of the best fountains in use.

Miss Emma Harding.—This renowned spiritual lecturer favored the citizens of this city on the evening of the 21st inst. with a visit a few days since, and on two evenings discoursed to them on the beauties of modern Spiritualism. As to whether Miss Harding is controlled by some disembodied spirit, or whether it may be attributed to natural ability and careful study, we know not, but certain it is that she possesses wonderful powers of oratory. As far as we heard, those who listened to her discourses were well satisfied with the manner in which she handled the subject.—*Dominion (Cal.) Messenger, July 15.*

Beware of having time neither to be good nor to be human. He who gives himself leisure will have compassion; he who makes himself an engine, will be of iron.

The Western engines on passengers and freight trains are all being altered to burn coal. It is cheaper than wood.

Paris has 21 mayors and 1,696,161 inhabitants. Last year there were 16,196 marriages, 42,130 deaths, and 52,312 births, 14,501 of which were illegitimate.

An Israelitish lady, sitting in the same box at an opera with a French physician, happened to yawn. "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I thought you would swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I'm a Jewess, and never eat pork."

Truthfulness—that is, the fact of speaking the truth intentionally and even to the injury of self—is less a branch than a blossom of man's moral strength of character. Weaklings must lie, hate it as much as they may.

Queen Victoria has appointed a commission, with instructions to consider the expediency of abolishing capital punishment.

An old kid glove makes excellent lacing for securing small bolts on sewing machines and other places. Out the gloves in slips half an inch wide, and roll them up tight.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

Punch says that it has been proposed to tax staves, but it was objected to on the ground that it would diminish consumption.

Rev. Dr. Hubbard Winslow, formerly pastor of Bowdoin Street Church in this city, died at Williston, Vt., July 13th.

Why do the reprimandations of married folks resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tide.

A Portland company is building thirty iron freight cars for the Panama Railroad. Wooden cars on that road will not last.

Happiness may grow at our fireside, but is not to be picked up in our neighbor's garden.

Here is an instance of Sherman's style of driving home. The railroad bridge over the Chatahochee, seven hundred and sixty feet long, and ninety feet high, destroyed by the rebels in their retreat, was rebuilt in four and a half days' work, and the cars ran on Friday the 12th to within three miles of Atlanta.

The rebel pirate Tallahassee is reported as having captured and destroyed over twenty-five vessels along the coast of Maine and Nova Scotia.

The largest gambling house in the country, outside of New York, is kept by the prize-fighter, Morrissey, at Saratoga Springs.

The Springfield, Ill., paper intimates that President Lincoln has chosen Boston as his future place of residence.

A late French writer says that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen—polite, courteous, and lovers of frogs—and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals.

Pass through a crowd of boys busy with fire-crackers, and you will see how much more fond each lad is of his own particular noise than that of his companions. The same thing may be observed among public speakers and private talkers.

"My dear Nicholas," said Lord Strafford, "I am very stupid this morning; my brains are all gone to the dogs." "Poor dogs," replied his friend.

Voltaire says, "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day called upon to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance."

The man who attempted to assassinate the emperor Napoleon was allowed his life and liberty if he would testify in court that Mazzini was engaged in the plot, which he willingly did. He was then sent to the Southern Confederacy, where he has promised to join the army, and never to return to Europe.

"Wife, I am to live but a few hours at most—I shall soon be in heaven." "You'll never be any nearer than you are now, you old brute! You'd look well stuck up in heaven—I think I see you now." "Dolphus, Dolphus," hoarsely growled the old man, "bring me my cane, and let me larrup the old trollop once more before I die."

Said one gentleman of honor to another, "If you do not accept my challenge I shall post you in the papers." "Go ahead," said the other, "I had rather all a dozen papers than one coffin."

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of the cake." "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

A clergyman writes a note to the Green Day Advocate, asking the use of two or three columns of the paper for the purpose of proving "the existence of such a place as hell," and adds, that making such proof "would cause me a great deal of pleasure."

The most remarkable result of the tax on cigars is, that it has led nearly one-half of the smokers to abandon the use of the "weed." It is estimated that in New York State alone there are five hundred thousand of the former consumers of cigars abstaining from its use.

Men of genius make the best husbands; a fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of women to be easily governed.

A little child in Easthampton swallowed two hundred and fifty homeopathic pills the other day, doing no damage beyond frightening its mother.

Comfort—It is a source of great comfort to a man with but a dollar in his pocket, to know that if he cannot invest in five-twelves, he can in twenty-fives.

A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad.

"There's sweet music in dreams," said an old gentleman. "Yes, there may be," said his wife, "but I hear nothing of it except a snore."

The young lady pupils of the Buffalo schools are to receive prizes for the "best leaves of bread." There is a good deal of common sense in that. Good leaves of bread are quite as worthy of prizes as good essays in Latin.

A newspaper carrier has paid five thousand dollars for the exclusive right to sell papers at the depots and on the cars of the New York Central Railroad.

Some fellow enamored of a young lady named Anna Bread, dropped the following from his pocket:

"While bells their lovely graces spread,
And tops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any but her."

Why is a widower like a house in dilapidation? He wants to be re-paired.

Ireland is losing population at the rate of 120,000 per year. In the last twenty years she has lost 2,500,000 inhabitants by emigration.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us, as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

If you cannot please without being false to yourself, you had better displease.

"Sally, what time do you folks dine?" asked a dandy. "Soon as you goes away—that's missus's orders." Dandy makes tracks instantly.

THE MIRACLE OF NATURE.

AN EXTRACT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We shudder when we gaze on a corpse, cold, inanimate and still, and involuntarily we ask, is it all of ours? Can a bright immortal be evolved from such a wreck? My friend is dead! I stand by his corpse. Yesterday he was with me. Brilliant thoughts awoke in the confines of this now dissolving brain, scintillating like gleams of light. Yesterday he solved difficult problems in mathematics and intricate judicial questions. He expressed emotions world-wide in their being. I saw his children prattling on his knees, and they met in those eyes the glances of love, the smile of affection—those eyes now glazed and sightless. I stand tottling on the dreadful brink of eternity; I have approached the awful precipice when life's cord is broken, and beyond—ah! hush my soul—beyond! Mortal eye sees not a span further—mortal ear hears no echoing sound of the arrest of the mortal precipitated over that brink! Before us lies a wreck. The heart, capable of making three thousand million beats without stopping, has at last paused forever; capable of propelling half a million tons of blood, cannot now move a fibre. The brain, capable of universal thought, and Godlike energy of execution, is now silent.

To-morrow, brain, heart, all this mortal statue, like marble ground to powder, will be scattered over the world by the winds, and a million hungry beings will make those atoms their own! Is there a resurrection? Nature each year demonstrates the resurrection in the revolving seasons. It is winter, and animate nature is dead. Earth and water are changed to a crystalline rock. There is no dew, no rain, only frost—the congealed damp on the brow of this corpse—snow the burial garment of vitality. Look you out now on the frosty landscape; there is a biting wind, and the leafless trees are away like hoary skeletons moved in mockery of life. The sap in their veins is stone. The insect and reptile are pieces of stone, beautifully wrought, but nevertheless crystalline stone. A few animals, protected by the forthright of man, and man himself, by superior wisdom and the control it gives him of the elements, survived.

Look out on the frozen world, and say if anything were more completely dead! There is nothing active but the wind, and that seems the infernal breath, blown from an unknown source, by which nature was destroyed. If to this scene we add one element—heat—everything bounds into life; the shroud vanishes; the stream dances down the meadow, bordered with green grass and bright flowers; the trees clothe themselves in emerald; birds carol in the branches; the little lumps of stone turn to insects and reptiles, chirping in the foliage, or basking in the sunshine. Suddenly there is a resurrection of life in exuberance of forms, and plenitude of power.

Each year we have seen this miracle of the seasons, greater by far, than the resurrection of the spiritual from the mortal.

Letter from Scotland.

MY DEAR BANNER—I had the pleasure of seeing a copy of your paper of July 20, and I see from it that you received the Glasgow Herald which I sent you, just to give you an idea of spiritual progress as it is at present in Glasgow. I am also glad to know that there are many minds in Scotland who know the spirit manifestations to be a glorious reality.

But poor Scotland! I am afraid it will be long before I will listen in this "land o' cakes," as I listened, a few years ago, to your beautiful Philosophy, at Wells Hall, Lowell, Mass., privileged to hear the peace-loving Christian, A. B. Child, the eloquent Emma Hardinge, and many others—teachings never to be forgotten or effaced from my mind wherever I may chance to be in this weary world.

Through the kindness of a friend, I am often cheered by an occasional BANNER coming to this obscure little village in Scotland, and to confess the truth, I have to put its "light under a bushel." It is a lonely feast to me, as there are none near me prepared to digest its food, and I am not prepared to stand battle in this corner of old ceremonial ideas.

Grim and suspicious looks this gray old kirk of Scotland, and woe to the new idea that would dare to enter its moss-grown walls. When the toll-vower farmer comes on Sunday to hear the text, then take his nap, knowing well that there is no new idea invented by Satan to frighten him from his repose; just as safe as his great grandfather was, who sat in the same pew a century

before him. It is all sufficiently solemn and severe. I think kind Nature for the fields where the golden broom nods luxuriantly, the green sward is full of "gossams;" the birds sing their sweetest songs even on Sabbath; the soft breezes filled with perfume coming from a heather hill; the wild bee is trying to whisper to the bluebell, while it coquettishly shakes its head, as if not to listen; the lark is away up in the clouds, with its melody—muted fit to raise the head from earth to heaven. This is where I go to church in the afternoon of this beautiful weather. JANE M. BOWMAN.

Carluke, Scotland, July 28, 1864.

We received with the above letter beautiful specimens of the Scotch Gowan, the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," to which Burns addressed his beautiful lines:

"The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and we mean shield;
But thou, beneath the random field
Adorns the humblest field,
Unseen, alone."

Also, some Scotch Heather. For these tokens of kind remembrance our correspondent will please accept our warmest thanks.

Obituary.

Passed to the spirit-world from Brooklyn, Alabama, county, Cal. James H. Smith, aged 64, of Illinois and Susan Tubbs, aged 60, 10 months and 29 days.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

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CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicines. Her Room, 410 Broadway, for Scotland. Bore, Pimples, Faces, &c., &c., 25 cents a box.

Hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. 4th & 5th Aves. SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27.

A New Monthly Magazine. "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

ON the first of October next the subscribers propose to commence the publication of a new and valuable magazine to be known as "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

Its aim and purpose will be to recognize, faithfully record, and in the spirit of fraternity to stimulate the world's progress, whether in Government, Science, Art, Mechanics, Literature, Theology, Practical Philanthropy or Spiritual Reform.

The contributors of the "Friend of Progress" believe it possible to publish a magazine upon this broad and catholic basis, which shall not be unwelcome to any true child of the Universe.

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Contributors and correspondents will be secured, who will give to the "FRIEND OF PROGRESS" a high literary tone and pure progressive spirit.

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ELECTRICITY and its laws run through all nature. Everything in Nature acts and reacts in virtue of its Electro-Positive, or Electro-Negative State. Disease itself obeys the laws of electricity, and hence all diseases are either Electro-Positive or Negative.

Such men, in all ages, have instinctively but blindly used, when seeking of those opposite states which always have existed, and which were not created by God. They used them as such words as "Active and Passive, Inflammatory and Congestive, Stimulant and Astringent, Fever and Ague, Hot and Cold, Sympathetic and Antipathetic, &c. &c. The scientific names of these opposite states, are—Positive and Negative, which is, for the first time, stated as a scientific truth, and made the basis of a true science of healing.

The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWERS being composed of the most exquisite preparations of a number of vegetable productions of nature, and of the most refined and purest of chemicals, and are of more value than a whole apothecary's shop of the most costly and expensive medicines.

It is a true scientific formula for restoring the system to the old methods, almost at random, and without any reference whatever to the Electrical Laws of Disease and of Medicines. THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS.

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BY PROF. S. B. BRITTON, M. D.

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The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Memory; The Influence of the Mind on the Imagination; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Imagination; The Influence of the Mind on the Fancy; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Fancy; The Influence of the Mind on the Hope; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Hope; The Influence of the Mind on the Fear; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Fear; The Influence of the Mind on the Love; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Love; The Influence of the Mind on the Hate; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Hate; The Influence of the Mind on the Mercy; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Mercy; The Influence of the Mind on the Cruelty; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Cruelty; The Influence of the Mind on the Kindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Kindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Unkindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Unkindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Generosity; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Generosity; The Influence of the Mind on the Stinginess; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Stinginess; The Influence of the Mind on the Magnanimity; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Magnanimity; The Influence of the Mind on the Meanness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Meanness; The Influence of the Mind on the Nobility; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Nobility; The Influence of the Mind on the Baseness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Baseness; The Influence of the Mind on the Honor; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Honor; The Influence of the Mind on the Dishonor; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Dishonor; The Influence of the Mind on the Glory; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Glory; The Influence of the Mind on the Shame; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Shame; The Influence of the Mind on the Praise; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Praise; The Influence of the Mind on the Blame; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Blame; 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The Influence of the Mind on the Punishment; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Punishment; The Influence of the Mind on the Forgiveness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Forgiveness; The Influence of the Mind on the Retribution; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Retribution; The Influence of the Mind on the Vengeance; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Vengeance; The Influence of the Mind on the Mercy; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Mercy; The Influence of the Mind on the Cruelty; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Cruelty; The Influence of the Mind on the Kindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Kindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Unkindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Unkindness; The Influence of the Mind on the Generosity; The Influence of the Mind on the Want of Generosity; The Influence of the

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit of the deceased, and the name of the deceased is given, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

Vacation for our Free Circles.

Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles are closed until the 1st of September, when they will again be reopened.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, July 5.—Invocation: Answer to Thought Question: Col. Fourke, of Virginia, to his family, and Col. Wm. Wright to his family, to his mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Stacey, at Wicksburg, Va.; Clara, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y.

Thursday, July 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hiram Ames, to relatives in Missouri, and Springfield, Mass.; Rachel Hill, to Capt. Alfred Todd, of the 1st Virginia Regiment; John Downey, to his brother, Timothy Downey, near New Orleans; Hattie Fuller, to her parents, in Cambridge, Mass.

Friday, July 7.—Invocation: Answer to Secret Question by a Minister: The Coal Oil Question: Is Allah a Hindu? God? (Hiram Ames, to his family in Portsmouth, N. H.; Wm. S. Hill, to his family in Valley's Ford, James L. Bowen, Providence, R. I., to his mother, now in New Orleans.)

Saturday, July 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. B. Hill, of Norfolk, Va., to his mother, Capt. J. T. Cooke, of the 1st Virginia Regiment; Geo. W. Shapell, to his mother and sister, in Morristown, Pa.; Jennie Rose, to her mother, and Joseph in the Army.

Sunday, July 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard S. Andrews, to Jake Porter, Charlie Allen and Philander Ure; Theodore Ellis, Jr., to his mother, in Bridgport, Conn.; Edward Wilson, to his father, Gen. Wilson, of the Confederate Service.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, let thy mantle of love fall upon us; fold us so closely within it that we may seem lost in thee. Even as night loses itself in day, so, Spirit of Eternal Love, may we lose ourselves in thee. Those whose name we cannot pronounce, by whose love we are ever surrounded, whose tender mercy never forsakes us, we praise thee; from the deepest avenues of our soul we gather up choice gems of praise to offer thee. Thou, whom the nations call God, whose presence no one is without, we lift our souls in glad thanksgiving unto thee, turning away from darkness unto light, from ignorance to enter thy wisdom; turning away from the shadows we would enter thy sunlight. Oh, our Father, thou hast no need that we bear our offerings unto thee. There is a power within us that ever prompts us to turn to thee. In darkness the soul looks up and strives to behold thy light; in sorrow the soul turns to thee for care and comfort. We thank thee, Spirit of All Time, that thou hast endowed us with that consciousness of thy presence which makes our immortality. Oh, we praise thee that in darkness we can ever know: there is light beyond. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, yet we will fear no evil, for thou art with us. Though we may be surrounded by inharmonious and confusion, yet will quiet be within us. Though war rages wildly without, the fair dove of peace shall fold her white wings closer to our souls. Oh, Spirit Presence, we adore thee, not alone with mouthed utterances, but with that deep, intuitive adoration with which soul adores thee. We give thee all praise, all honor, all glory, through Time and Eternity.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—According to your custom we now wait to receive questions from the audience. The friends need not delay, nor need they fear to offer their questions.

If the friends have none to offer, we will consider one already before us. It is this: "If I renounce my belief in old theology, shall I not be without a foundation upon which to stand?" Our inquirer further asks, "Should my question be considered, will the intelligence be kind enough to say something in connection with it by which I may know that I am the person referred to?"

We know of no better way than to give the name of the individual, which we believe to be Thomas K. Davis. We are informed by his friends that he claims the Southern portion of this Continent as his home; that he is at present an exile in Canada.

"If I renounce my belief in old theology, shall I not be without a foundation upon which to stand?" You will surely be without the foundation old theology has furnished you; but are you sure that that foundation will not pass from under your feet, whether you will or no? Are you sure that you have any volition in the matter? Question your own soul and see. It seems to us that if the foundation had not already begun to decay, you would hardly have asked the question you have; hardly have put forth this dove, which, like the fabled dove of Noah's ark, may return bearing you sweet intelligence.

The present seems to be filled with antagonism toward the past, so far as religion is concerned. It would seem, from the signs of the times, that all humanity are taking one grand stride out of the past into the present with regard to religious belief. Soul after soul is putting forth questions concerning the right and the wrong that has ever clung around religion, with every grade, every class of all time.

Our dear friend has many things to learn, but that which seems most necessary to him is a knowledge concerning himself, and the requirements of his own being. If old theology will furnish him ample food, there is no need of asking for anything better. But if old theology does not provide him with food enough, then there is need of his going out into the highways and asking, demanding something different. Nature ever furnishes a supply for all the demands; human life can make no legal demands upon Nature which she cannot easily supply.

My dear friend, since you fear to let go of that which has been your shield in the past, we would recommend you to make an earnest appeal to your God, the great spirit whom you have ever revered; turn to him and not to us. Ask that he will give you strength to stand without a foundation till one can be given you. Ask, and believe that he is all powerful; that he will answer, that as you need light he will bestow it upon you; if you need a foundation to stand upon he will sustain you until that shall be given you. Believe us, your demands will be answered. Turn to him, lift your soul out of the miasma of doubt, and pray earnestly that the sunlight of faith may fall upon you. This is all we have to say in reference to the subject you have offered us.

June 23.

Eliza Lacey.

Oh, my mother, sir, I would find her. I—I have been told if I should come here I would find my mother. [You can give such thoughts to us as you desire, and we will send them out, and they

may reach your mother. You are disappointed because you do not see her here.] Where is it? What place is it? [Boston. You remember the place? Boston, Massachusetts?] No, sir; I don't reside here, but in Washington. [District of Columbia?] Yes, sir. [Who was your mother?] Eliza Lacey. Oh, I know she's so distressed about me. Can I go to her? [Not direct. You must wait until she gets this word, that you come here.]

What happened, sir? Was the arsenal blown up? [Yes, that was the case. Was you one of the victims?] I suppose so, sir. [You're a little confused.] Yes, sir. [There was some one or twelve blown up.] Was Margaret Dunn killed? [We can't say, but think that name was upon the list of persons killed.]

Oh, well, can't I go to my mother? [Not directly.] Well, will you tell her? [We will; then she may give you an opportunity to go to her.] Oh, well, tell her I—I'm so unhappy in the spirit-world—I'm so wretched there, tell her. I am confused. [We see you are. You'll benefit yourself by coming here.] They said it would, but I supposed it would be because I should meet my mother. [All your feelings at the time of the disaster come upon you. But those will pass away, and when you come again you will feel different.] Oh, I thought all the world was going to pieces. [We don't doubt you.]

Well, then, you can't take me to my mother? [No, not to-day. Give your name and age.] Nineteen years. My name, Eliza Lacey. Oh, can't I go to her? [Be patient, you will go to her in time.] Maybe I shall understand it better when I come again. [You will reach your mother, be patient.] Oh, I'm so terribly frightened.

June 23.

Charlie Wilkins.

Halloo! halloo! halloo! [How do you do?] What's the matter? [There's no trouble with us, is there any with you?] No, sir, not as I know of. [Listening to that young lady talking; seems you don't pilot us any further home than this.] [Not at once; we send your message first to your friends.] Send an advance guard, hey? [Certainly.] All right; I understand, capt'n.

I was in the 10th New Jersey, sir—I take it this ain't Jersey? [No, it's Boston, Mass.] Well, first place, I'd like to know if the folks got my letter that I wrote the day before battle. I should like to have my wishes carried out. I asked that something might be done, in that last letter I wrote home, and I want them to do it just the same as if I was living—the same as if I was on, what do you call it? [On the earth.] That's it; you know I fell in battle.

Now I tell, do I, what my age was? [Yes, it is well to.] I was in my twenty-first year; have got three brothers and a sister, a mother and a step-father.

Now if you will just say, will you, if you can, that Charlie Wilkins, of Jersey City, would like to speak with his friends at home, will you? [Yes.] I do not know now what I shall do when I see 'em. I can't tell what I shall do exactly. But if they can, let 'em furnish me with one of these [Medicines?—wheels, I call 'em, and I'll do something with 'em. I can't tell what they would say to me if I should come, but I can do something to let 'em know I'm there; and I've got a good deal I'd like to say, but I don't want to say it here; I want to say it to my folks at home.

They needn't feel bad about my death, for I'm happy enough, satisfied enough. I went out in a good cause, could n't go in a better one. I was a little disappointed when I first got to the spirit-world, and met those I'd killed, because you don't like to have 'em coming to you and telling you that you sent them home. [Did you find many?] Oh, yes; some dozen or so; but if I'd had another dozen added to them, I should have been worse off than I am now. I guess it ain't just the right thing. You can't help it, you know, after you once go to war. If you belong to the army you must fight.

[Where was you killed?] Hal' Spottsylvania. Been down there? [No.] Better go down there; there's work enough to be done. Pretty lively times down there.

Oh, tell my sister Jennie, that that are handkerchief she sent me in that last bundle of things, I got one of the boys to tie round my arm when I was wounded, and I rather guess it's there now. I do n't think anybody's taken it.

Well, captain, the best of friends must part. You won't forget to send my letter, will you? [No.] Do the best you can.

Jonathan Withers.

I was a believer in your beautiful Philosophy, and though I lived many, many miles away from you—the ocean rose between my home and yours—yet I've read your paper many times, and tried to induce my family to believe as I did; but they clung to their old religion, and I let them alone. But I said, when I was in my last sickness, "I shall go to that place when I go hence, and I shall give you something, God willing, that will cause you to think at least that I was right, and you were wrong."

I am from Portsmouth, England, and my name was Jonathan Withers. I was eighty-four years old.

Five years ago I began to investigate this Philosophy, and was soon convinced of its truth. Before that I was inclined to Atheism. I saw nothing to make me believe in the religions of the day, for they shed but little light on all things pertaining to a future state, when this beautiful light came upon me and made me young and strong again.

I am a child in experience in these things, for I have but just been freed from my old body, that was a subject of paralysis for the last several months of my earth-life. I left it this morning, about half-past nine, according to English time. I am here so soon, to let my family know that I can come, that I live, and that Spiritualism is true. They cannot dispute the fact of my coming here-to-day. They cannot say that you had time to gather information concerning my death from England. I come myself, thanks be to the great God that ruleth in the universe.

And now I would like to make a communication to my son, who is in this country. I told you, my son, when I did pass on I should find you out here, and should speak to you; and I hoped earnestly that you would not fear to listen to me. Now I'm here; here to give information concerning my death, before the letter can reach you that is on its way here. Now visit some place where I can come and tell you of the light that cheered me through death. Let me show you that which made me joyous during the last hours of my mortal life. Oh, let me open the gateway of the great and beautiful city that has been opened to me, and in the freedom in which I now rejoice.

Had I been longer in possession of my faculties as an embodied spirit, I should be able to stay longer and talk more. For the present I am done, not with the great subject that God has given me to use for the good of others, but with the time and strength of the lady medium.

June 23.

Edward Mason.

I am Edward Mason, son of Giles Mason, sir, of New Orleans. I would like to open communication with him, if it's possible. [You can.] You, I suppose, request us to give certain facts about ourselves to be identified by. [They are necessary.]

I was killed by accident, on the 18th of May. [This year?] Yes, sir; was fifteen years of age—five months over fifteen.

I should be very glad to open correspondence with my father. He don't know anything about these things; but I've so much to give him that I can hardly feel satisfied to stay in the spirit-world without making an effort to come to him, at all events.

I remember very well what my father said to me on the morning of the accident: "Edward, you'd better not go. I would n't undertake anything of the kind, for if you do, in my opinion, you'll be sorry for it." Well, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I'm in the spirit-world now; there's no going back. I've dissolved partnership with the body I used to own, and I suppose I shall have to walk through this new life with a body not the same one I had here.

They tell me in the spirit-world, that there are many ways by which we can reach our friends. Oh, by the way, tell him his brother was killed in one of the last battles. I've met him in the spirit-world. [In what battle was your father's brother killed?] He says near Hanover Court House. He was shot by a sharpshooter. [Was your uncle an officer?] Yes, sir; First Lieutenant. He says he, too, should be glad to open correspondence with my father, but knew nothing about this thing till he was attracted here by me, by my coming. My father don't know, sir, you understand, that he's killed.

I'd like also, to tell my father that the old place in Virginia is all burned down; that there's no so much as a shell of it left. I suppose the ground is good, but the buildings are gone. [Your father once lived in Virginia?] Oh, yes. You'll publish my letter? [Certainly.] Good-by.

June 23.

G. Lewis Barclay.

In 1850, sir, I left my home, Wilmington Delaware, to try my fortune in California. I was not twenty years of age. I had hard work to obtain my father's permission to go, but I told him I was determined to go anyway, so he gave it, and I went overland. I do not know how the facilities for traveling are now. Then they were very poor. One day, while going through a mountain pass, we were resting to get a little recruited for our journey the next day, when I wandered off from our camp. I suppose I went further than I thought for, and was suddenly surrounded by some of the natives of that locality, and murdered.

I've learned since that my friends here never knew how I was killed; never knew whether I suffered much, whether I was burnt to death, shot, or how I met my death. I suppose I was disposed of by a club. At any rate, after I was surrounded I felt that I should be killed in that way. I believe they had no other weapons except their clubs. They might have had, but I did n't see them.

I've long tried to come back in this way, but could not tell now. If my friends would like to talk with me in this way at home, I should be glad to talk with them. I hear from this side, that my oldest brother is in the army. My father has something to do with it. He's not in the ranks however. My mother has passed through much suffering since I left. I should be very glad to talk with them all. I'll give them a sketch of my travels, tell them what I have seen and learned, if they will but give me the privilege of coming and talking as I do here.

My name was Barclay—G. Lewis Barclay. That's the way I always signed my name, and I shall be better identified by it.

I'll be very thankful to you, sir, for whatever you can do for me. [You had better give the names of your father and brother, as a greater test to them.] My father's name is Alexander; the brother's I have spoken of is William. [These facts are only spoken of that your friends may recognize you.] Yes, sir; I understand. [Is there any other fact, or incident of your young days you can mention?] Incidents of my young days? Let me see. I fell on the ice when I was eight years old, and always suffered more or less by it. [That is something your friends can't suppose we could know.] Don't see how it's possible. I never had any serious sickness that I remember of. My life was rather smooth.

June 23.

Invocation.

Our Father, as this glorious summer-day is laying upon Time's altar its offerings of greenest leaves and fairest flowers, so offer our souls lay upon Eternity's altar their offerings of purest thoughts, holiest deeds; and like America's bird of Freedom that is not content to dwell in the valley, but soars to the glory-crowned mountains, and then smiles in triumph upon the world peopling it below, we would ascend to thee. Oh, hast thou not endowed us with immortal aspirations? Do we not hear thee calling us through various sources? We hear thy voice, we understand thy language, and like all else in life, we obey thee. Oh, our Father, who art in heaven, we hallow thy name. We ask that thy kingdom may be understood by mortals. Give us this day that bread upon which soul alone can feed. Forgive us no sin, but rather improve us, that we may learn thereof. For thine is the power, thine is the honor, thine the glory through all life, through all time, through eternity.

June 30.

Anterior Existence.

SPIRIT.—We now hold ourselves in readiness to deal briefly with whatever questions may be propounded to us.

CHAIRMAN.—If the audience are not ready to ask any questions, we will read one from a correspondent.

QUES.—My earliest recollections go back to the age of—say three years. Can I have any proof of my anterior existence?—that is, did my soul or its germ, ever exist in a flower, or rock, or other matter, before being born in my present body?

ANS.—Contrary to the opinion of certain philosophers, certain scientific individuals, we cannot believe that the soul has come up through the lower grades of life; but on the contrary, we believe that it existed without form, prior to its entering the human body. There is no one way by which we can demonstrate the truth of our theory to any individual, for it is impossible to carry mind back while it is in the prison-house of the flesh.

Q.—Will the spirit ever be conscious of its having been an entity in the past?

A.—It is our opinion that as the soul advances it will become more and more conscious concerning its past existence. That it is an absolute entity we believe. That it ever was and ever will be such we also believe.

Q.—What relation does the body of a spirit sus-

tain to that of a physical body in material, when it appears to the material or physical eye?

A.—It sustains the same relation that your physical bodies sustain to the outward universe. You are not absolutely bound to that universe, and yet relatively speaking you are bound to it.

June 30.

Can a Spiritualist Advocate Slavery?

Q.—Can a true Spiritualist advocate human slavery?

A.—Never, for Spiritualism is the advocate of freedom under all circumstances; and he who understands Spiritualism, or is in spirit a Spiritualist, can never advocate slavery either of mind or of body. There is a difference between being a professor of Spiritualism and a possessor. One may profess to believe in the teachings of the angels, in the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, but unless that profession is projected into active life, it amounts to nothing.

Q.—Was there, or was there not, a necessity, either human or divine, for the present war in this country?

A.—We believe it to be a human necessity, growing out of your human weakness and human ignorance. When you shall have grown strong and wise, then war will be no longer a necessity.

Q.—In a national point of view will it ultimate in progression, or retrogression?

A.—We believe it will ultimate in progression certainly. The signs of the times are foreshadowing good, and not evil. Freedom is making a very successful war, we believe. Surely, then, the death of slavery and the inauguration of freedom is progression in its broadest sense.

June 30.

The Spirit's Opinion of Mrs. Hatch.

If the audience have no other questions to offer, we will consider one we have received, and which we would decline to consider on account of its being of a personal nature, were it not offered by an honest individual, who seeks earnestly for truth; at least a certain portion of humanity pretend to understand the case. We presume also, that the husband, or the former husband of the lady in question, is aware of what charges have been brought against her. We presume also, that the lady herself is fully aware of them, therefore we will not place them again before the world, but in as few words as possible hasten to answer the questions.

It is our opinion that the private life of the lady will bear the most rigid criticisms of the unprejudiced public. It is our opinion that the persons making these charges have done so without absolute foundation. That they may be conscientious, in standing upon a foundation erected by the sayings of her enemies, we do not deny; but we do deny that they stand upon a positive foundation of truth, for we know they do not.

The friend who has questioned us in regard to the lady, should remember that those persons who are taken out from the ranks of men or women, who are placed upon the hill-top to give whatever light has been shrouded upon them from the spirit-world to the multitude, are always charged more or less falsely.

It was said that Jesus of Nazareth did not lend the divine life, that we have been taught to believe; that he was not so pure in his private associations as his followers claimed for him. But notwithstanding he was persecuted by the world of Judea, still the light shone on the darkness could not swallow it up, and the ages have grown brighter under the light to the present day; and it never has been extinguished.

Now we verily believe, had that individual lead other than a pure life, the light would have ceased to burn long ere your day. The future shall give you a better elucidation of it than we in the present are able to do. "By their fruits ye shall know them," by their fruits ye may judge of them. If the light continues to shine through the person concerning whom we have been questioned, then rest assured that it shines by virtue of the blessings of the Omnipotent.

June 30.

Mary Gregg.

I am persuaded 'tis my duty to send a few thoughts to my son who is in trouble at the South. I am aware of my weakness. I know if I speak here at all, it is by the power of God our Father, and if I know anything I know I do speak here as much as ever did through my own body. It is but now I was called to enjoy the realities of this home beyond time, and how thankful I am for the change I can never impress upon my friends' minds. They may believe that I am glad to be free, but they do not know how rejoiced I was when I knew that I was the accepted of God, had outlived the ignorance and error of earth-life, for I was taught to believe strange fables concerning God and my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself, for my own joy, and that is a source of some sorrow to me. But I do hope to enlighten my son somewhat, by bringing truths from our spirit-home to him.

My son at the South is thinking of me so much that I find it almost an impossibility to live without coming—without giving some communication to him. I cannot make him feel that he is doing wrong, and that is a source of some sorrow to me. But I do hope to enlighten my son somewhat, by bringing truths from our spirit-home to him.

He has been informed by friends at the North of my decease; also been informed that he is needed here to settle affairs that were once mine—I thank God I am free from them now—but he knows nothing concerning my power to return—knows nothing concerning this beautiful Spiritual Philosophy, and in his trouble, extreme sorrow, knows not where to turn for rest and comfort. Oh, he feels such a dissatisfied feeling, and sometimes, he says, it seems as if God had really forsaken him.

Oh, Daniel, my son, God is with you, nearer now in your adversity than ever before. If you could only understand it—could only realize how much evil slavery has brought upon you, you would not be so much surprised at its death. Your father predicted it to you years ago. He said that slavery could not live hand-in-hand with freedom; that one or the other must die, and he felt sure it would be slavery. Now, in the death of slavery you must expect, conditioned as you are, that you would suffer; must expect your land to run with blood, and desolation be seen in all things for a time.

Oh, my son, look back to the days of your youth, when your father warned you to have nothing to do with negro slavery. Oh, look back to that time and ask yourself if God was not with him when he made that prophecy. Thank God that you are liberating from bondage, through this war, millions of his own children. Look up to him and thank him that he will take away that dark stain which has ever rested upon your fair land.

Oh, my son, if you can find a place where I can speak as I do here, I want you to let me come, and I'll give you positive evidence that I do live, do have the power to return and speak words of truth to you from my spirit home.

Oh, I have much to say, but I am weak and ignorant and unfit to do half my soul wishes me to do. You will please say, these feeble utterances are from Mary Gregg, mother of Doctor Daniel Gregg, who is at present in Richmond.

June 30.

Lieut. William DeLoacy.

I visit you with the hope that I may send some thoughts to my friends, relatives. I bore the name of William DeLoacy on the earth. I was a Lieutenant in a company known as the "Georgia

Hangers," and was killed in one of your recent battles. I had some slight acquaintance with this spirit talking business, having attended a place three times I believe in my life, where it was said that spirit talked to their friends; presume they did, for I know that I am here talking, even though it be among strangers.

I have left a wife and little son seven years old, who are in exceeding grief, sorrow at having lost their property, husband and father. They are separated from their friends. Some of them are in Texas, and are unable to return. Some have been taken prisoners by you Yankees, some have gone to the spirit-world. My wife and child are still residing near Atlanta. I earnestly hope I may be able to send some word to them.

First, however, I would like to reach my brother—believe I can—who is a prisoner, I believe, within your lines. I would like to have him make exertions, either to bring my wife and child here, or to go to them. I wish to say nothing concerning our political views. I presume the world will continue to roll on quite as well as if I talked much concerning it; that it will make little or no difference to those who are living upon the earth, as to whether I have changed my mind.

I find this new world a place entirely different from what I anticipated. Instead of losing any of my former faculties, I have some which I know not how to use—know not why they are given—for what purpose they are given me. I presume as I run out the highway of eternity I shall be acquainted with them and know to what use to apply them.

I will repeat the last conversation which occurred between my brother and myself. It was something like this: "When we were last together he said, 'William, if you join that company you're fated.' I says, 'What makes you think so?' 'Oh, I don't know, but I feel as though you're marked as a shot for the Yankees if you go that way.' 'Well,' I said, 'fated or not fated, I shall follow the course I have marked out.' I presume I may consider him in the light of a prophet.

I lived on earth thirty-eight years. I enjoyed, probably, as much in that time as most people do enjoy. I owned a plantation near Atlanta, Ga.; was one of your despised slaveholders. I would—really, I do not see what you are aping to do with all the slaves you free. If you cannot with them as freed men as well as we do by them as slaves, I'm sure, I, for one, shall say, 'Thank God, they're free!' But I doubt your ability to do so, very much. Good-day, sir.

June 30.

Victoria Burgess, (a Slave).

I don't doubt it, massa. [Don't you?] No, sir. [You think there is a chance of all the colored people being taken care of after they're freed?] Yes, I think there's a big heap of a chance.

Massa, if you please, I'd like to send some word to Massa George Burgess. He's in Louisiana—Orville. [Can you spell the name of the place?] Massa, I can't. Massa, I want him to know that twelve of us are in the spirit-land, happy and free, twelve of us are there. Massa, when he comes there we'll meet him, and old missus too. [You mean twelve slaves?] Yes, massa, that's what I mean.

Massa George's brother Edward is in the spirit-land, and he says, tell Massa George he wants to speak; tell Massa George he was shot at Pillow. [Pillow?] Yes, massa, that's what it was. [Say all you wish to.] I've got heaps to say, massa, but I— He knows about this, or he knows. [What was your name?] Vic, little Victoria. [How old were you?] Don't know, I reckon I was ten. He knows about this—he knows. [Say anything you think will make him remember you.] He will remember me—he will.

June 30.

Andrew Cole Perry.

I'm here at last. I've tried four times to get here; I promised, if this ere thing was true, I'd come back and report myself. And I've been here four times, and couldn't get a chance, no time, till to-day. My name's Perry, sir. I'm from the Green Mountain State. [What is the rest of your name?] Andrew Cole Perry. There, now, you have the whole of it.

I'm from Bradford, sir, Vermont, and I should like to preach Ghostism to my folks. I said if Spiritualism was true, I'd come back here as soon as I could. I kind of thought it was true before death, and they do n't believe a word of it; do n't believe I can come. Well, I did n't know anything about it, I thought I could. I've been away some time, and although I've tried to come, could n't get here when I wanted to; that's the deuce of it. It's worse than it was here on the earth, for maybe fifty will pass you before there's a chance for you. You know some folks have a faculty of getting in before the doors are open, going under the canvas instead of walking in at the entrance. Now I never could do that way. I always had to wait till there was no more room for me to get in. I come down here to Boston once, and went into your Museum. I spent some time looking round, and did n't like to go ahead. There was some kind of a big thing being performed there. So I waited, and let the folks, good many of 'em, go ahead, and then when I did get in I like to have got squeezed to death, and had to stand up all the time, and there was there, too. That's just the way it is with me always.

In coming here before, I waited for 'em to go ahead. It seemed as though I never would get in. By-and-by I met some one who said to me, "If you wait until everybody gets into that place, I reckon you'll never get in, so you'd better push ahead." "Well," I said, "I do n't like to do it." "Well," he said, "you'll never get in unless you try." Well, then I did try, and I just about came to here to-day, so I pushed ahead till

HOPE AND SIGHING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Of all the months in the happy year,
No other month could be chosen,
When May smiles out from April's tear,
And blossoms in her countless hues,
Of all the hours in the day,
He could not find a fairer one,
When clouds, from out their gloomy gray,
Are blushing welcome to the sun.

With the linnet's chirp his life has birth,
The breath he draws is morning's own,
Over an incense breathing earth,
And through the lattice softly blown.
And every bird that loads the air
With heavenly music, seems to say,
"Tis meet that all should be so fair,
A spotless soul is born to-day."

Oh, would a mother's eye could look
Far in the future's clouded path,
And read, as from some mystic book,
The blessings and the pains he'd have,
Oh, would her hand for him could write
Deeds yet undone, and triumphs great,
To hasten that slow-dawning light
Earth's troubled children yet await;
To conquer falsehood's loosened tongue,
And chill the skeptic's heartless scoff;
To scout the sophist, arrow-stung,
And hush the traitor's boastful laugh.

How, in the years that spare her life,
Her hand shall labor to create
A mind with blessed doctrines rife,
A heart with generous feeling great,
No flaw shall stain the mirrored face
Of Conscience, that reflects his deeds;
Upon his brow no man shall trace
The fruit of guilt's deep-planted seeds.
A country's praises, when he dies,
Shall grace his noble memory here;
The pure and good, with streaming eyes,
Shall group around his funeral bier.

Of all the hours in the day,
He could not find a fairer one,
To die with sunlight's parting ray,
To die and leave us with the sun.
Good-by, sweet dreams that fade with him!
Good-by, bright hopes that wear his wings!
The chambers of our hearts are dim,
We feel the nothingness of things.
A heavenly music thrills our ear,
Far-distant as the western light;
The songs of angels echo here:
"A spotless soul is born to-night."

OFFICIAL REPORT

"National Convention of Spiritualists,"

OF THE

HELD IN

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 9th to 14th, 1864.

(Reported by the Secretary, F. L. WADSWORTH.)

FIRST DAY.

Pursuant to a call issued by a Committee appointed at a Convention held at Boston, Mass., a number of Spiritualists from eighteen States and the Province of Upper Canada, assembled at Bryan Hall, in Chicago, August 9th, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Convention was called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Committee on the call.

On motion, Dr. Gardner was appointed temporary Chairman, and J. S. Loveland, of Williamstown, Conn., temporary Secretary. After a long and somewhat exciting debate, certain suggestions of a preliminary meeting were read respecting the permanent organization of the Convention, and it was voted to adopt them, and, accordingly, on motion, voted to appoint a Committee of one from each to enroll the names of their respective delegates. The following named persons were appointed:—Maine, D. H. Hamilton; New Hampshire, Miss Julia J. Hubbard; Vermont, D. T. Farwell; Massachusetts, John Wetherbee, Jr.; Rhode Island, J. Searle; Connecticut, J. S. Loveland; New York, J. W. Seaver; Pennsylvania, J. F. Furst; Ohio, A. G. W. Carter; Maryland, J. B. Canda; N. C. Whitling; Tennessee, J. E. Chadwick; Kentucky, J. E. Taylor; Michigan, Ira Porter; Indiana, J. P. Brown; Illinois, F. H. May; Missouri, A. J. Brown; Wisconsin, J. P. Gallup; California, Charles Pinkham.

On motion, the delegates were requested to appoint a Committee of two from their respective States as a Committee on Permanent Organization of the Convention.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention came to order at 2 o'clock, and the Chairman announced the first business in order to be the report of the delegates on the part of a Committee on Organization of the Convention.

The following named persons were reported:—Maine, D. H. Hamilton; New Hampshire, Miss Julia J. Hubbard; Vermont, D. T. Farwell; Massachusetts, J. A. Richardson; Miss Lizzie Doten; Rhode Island, —; Connecticut, J. S. Loveland; N. B. Storer; New York, J. W. Seaver; Mrs. L. Heath; Pennsylvania, J. Whitling; Maryland, James F. T. Smith; J. E. Chadwick; Kentucky, Mrs. L. Smith; J. L. Taylor; Ohio, Mrs. Laura C. Smith; J. F. Finney; Michigan, J. G. Wait; Mrs. Fuller; Indiana, F. M. Shuey; Mrs. P. Eddy; Illinois, M. W. Leavitt; Mrs. J. S. Fuller; Missouri, O. J. Brown; Mrs. D. Eversale; Wisconsin, C. Townsend; Mrs. Williams; Iowa, A. P. Bowman; J. A. Smith; California, C. Pinkham; Canada, H. C. Whitling.

The Committee retired for the nomination of officers, during which time the following named persons were called upon by the audience for remarks:

Mr. Leo Miller said this was the first National Convention of Spiritualists held in this country, or in the world. It was necessary on such an occasion, especially to cherish the "Protestant idea" of the "right of private judgment." Whatever might be the views entertained by any one, if honestly held, they were entitled to equal respect. Let discussion be free, and the truth would eventually come uppermost. We plant ourselves on the Spiritual Philosophy, and may agree to disagree. None but the bigot would so far violate the Golden Rule or to seek to urge his individual belief upon others. We all agree that certain ends are desirable, but do not all agree with respect to the means to be employed—those must be discovered. We must guard against jealousies and uncharitableness, and especially against that tendency too prevalent of misjudging, or judging harshly, the motives of others. He hoped all would summon their highest manhood and womanhood to aid in the councils of the Convention, that the influence of the Convention might be thrown on the side of truth and right, of free speech, free expression of views and freedom to all physically, mentally and spiritually.

Mr. Ben. Tood then spoke briefly. He thought some in the morning discussion had been over anxious about preserving their dignity. He did not care so much about dignity, if they had but a principle of action. He did not expect entire unanimity in their discussion of great principles. We all have personal views on these great questions; it was better for us that it was so; he sometimes liked to see an angular man go through the crowd; he left his mark, and was felt. It was proposed to enter into a formal organization of the Spiritualists of this country; so far as this could be done for financial purposes it might be well; but further, it would not meet with his ap-

probation. He had heard a declaration of sentiment that pleased him, viz: "We accept all truth and reject all error." This permitted all to judge for themselves what was truth, and what was error. He thought each one should stand up for himself, on his own responsibility. The cause of Spiritualism could not die; the individuality of man and woman was its grand truth, and that was what they should bend all their energies to preach through the world. There was no use in organizing and tying themselves down to creeds; such a movement would carry with it the seeds of its own dissolution.

Dr. H. F. Gardner thought there was no need to fear an attempt to organize into a body with a creed to limit their aspirations and judgments.

Mr. Warren Chase thought there was no occasion for alarm. We have been for years crowded out of various organizations, some of them worked by strong creeds; some of us have come out from the abyss of atheism; now we stand side by side, a mass of minds as dispassionate as the breeze in the Washington Monument, yet all capable of combining and forming one grand structure, and strong enough, if combined, to carry through any great measure of reform which we might feel disposed to attempt. There are many errors which need to be tumbled over, and if we all lift together it can be done, and that, too, without giving up our individuality to others. If we cannot thus unite we will all return to our several places and work on as heretofore.

Mr. H. C. Wright wished to assure the members of the Convention of one thing that was unmistakably true, viz: "you will find what you carry with you wherever you go." He came here determined to have a good time, and no power in heaven, earth or hell should deprive him of it, for he had brought it with him. He intended to be in harmony with himself, and believed it was more difficult to keep himself in order than anybody else. He wished all to bear in mind that they must be at peace with themselves, and this would ensure their peace with others. If any one saw fit to attack him personally, he assured them he would make no reply. If his life would not vindicate him, words would not.

Mr. J. M. Peabody remarked that he loved harmony. All Nature moved together in perfect order, in sublime harmony. All could agree in this one great fact. We are all one great family, having one Father, and we can all harmonize as to a belief in the law of progress. We need more earnest workers. We see in the Church evidence of great energy, resulting in Sabbath-schools, visitations, tract-distribution, all for the sake of building up their churches. We must create a similar temple, in which the human race can worship, and thereby induce others to leave their huts of spiritual destitution. The great secret of progress for ourselves is in helping others. We need not talk about heaven above. We want to have it here on the earth. Truly it has been said, "If we want it we must carry it with us."

Mr. A. G. Parker wished every man and woman to understand that we must individualize ourselves. Every great man who has stood on the summit of the philosophic eminence has taught that man is a microcosm. He had no care that any one should labor with him or for him. He cared not for the approbation of anybody; he had carried the sledge-hammer of radical truth for fourteen years, striking at error wherever he could find it. We need further organization than we have. If we believe in the great truths, and fight for the same ends, we shall naturally stand shoulder to shoulder in some attacks, but must do it without the dictation of any organization or synod. All organizations at first are humble and pliable. But wait awhile; when they become powerful they are offensive and aggressive. He was opposed to signing any paper; it was too much like signing your name to a card of gathering before you could speak in a class-meeting.

Mr. Reynolds, of Wisconsin, agreed with the last speaker. He had been persecuted by organizations. He did not think anything which limited us was consonant with that freedom which he believed to be our birthright.

Mrs. E. Warner thought we could build a new house on the foundation of the old one—man's spiritual nature. If we do not attempt to build any new house, we need not need associate power and union of utterance. We must try and understand what we need, and God and the angels will aid us to work for it.

The Committee on permanent organization reported the following as their choice of officers for the Convention:

President—Hon. S. S. Jones, St. Charles, Ill.
First Vice President, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Mass.; second do, Mrs. Laura C. Smith, Ohio; third do, Ira Porter, Mich.; fourth do, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mass.

Secretaries, F. L. Wadsworth, H. B. Storer, Mrs. L. M. Patterson, Mrs. A. Bufum.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The officers elect were called to the platform, when the President made the following salutatory remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Brethren—Allow me to tender my unfeigned and sincere thanks to this large assemblage, for the high honor they have conferred upon me by electing me to preside over their deliberations.

It is with no small degree of diffidence that I enter upon the responsible duties of the chair. I behold before me an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen from all of the loyal States of this Great Republic, and from the Canadas, presenting an array of talent and liberal proclivities, and looking to the elevation and advancement of the human race in general, and of truth, never excelled, if equaled in any former period of the world's history.

Actuated by the most noble attributes of human nature, in this hour of our beloved country's most terrible trials, you not only as true, loyal men and women, who most deeply sympathize for our afflicted country, and her suffering sons who are pouring out their life-blood to sustain the glorious principles of a free Government, but also, as true philanthropists who have at heart the future welfare of the whole world, and who desire the promulgation of those great and eternal truths which have ushered in such a halo of light and happiness to your innermost souls that you have, as it were, spontaneously lent your quiet and peaceful homes and come to this great and wonderful city, the metropolis of the North, to meet, for the interchange of thoughts, and for an external manifestation of the great volume of thought of the free and progressive minds of this sixty-fourth year of the nineteenth century—a year pregnant with mighty events!

Untold millions of human beings, yet unborn, will look back to this period—yes, to this very year—and bless all the truly loyal men and women who took a part in this terrible conflict now being waged between freedom and slavery in the most extended sense of the term. And in my opinion, no feature of this marked period of the world's history will stand forth in more bold relief than the doings of this august assemblage of free thinkers—this body of philanthropists—this assemblage of harmonious philosophers—this first National Convention of Spiritualists.

Again I repeat, it is with no small degree of diffidence that I enter upon the duties of the office to which your partiality has elevated me. To most of you I am personally a stranger. My sentiments, it is true, are widely known. They have, to some extent, become public property.

As President of the Religio-Philosophical Society, I stand upon a broad and free platform. As broad as the expansive and untroubled heavens; and as free, as unhampered by sectarianism as the etherial elements that fill immensity. We have no church, no creeds, no dogmatism to inculcate or maintain. With us truth is omnipotent; therefore we are assured that every sentiment, system of faith, or organization, must sooner or later pass through the trying ordeal; if it be sound and founded upon immutable principles, it will foreverstand; if false, it is surely destined to decay, to die and disappear!

These sentiments have been frequently promulgated by me, and long since became incorporated into the spiritualistic literature; and if they have in any considerable degree contributed to my position as your presiding officer, I am content, and I shall deem it an earnest of the broad and liberal sentiments, and highly progressive ideas of this audience, and shall feel free to call for your aid and assistance in promoting that harmony—that fraternal regard for each other during your deliberations upon the great momentous questions that may be involved in the work of this Convention worthy of the cause in which you are so earnestly engaged. To that end I most humbly crave your support and aid and forbearance.

On motion the following Committees were then

appointed on Order of Business: John Wetherbee, Jr., of Mass.; Warwick Martin, of Ill.; D. H. Hamilton, of Maine; Ira Porter, of Mich.; J. W. Seaver, of N. Y.; Dr. S. Underhill, of Ill.; On Finance Committee: Warwick Martin, of Ill.; Ira Atkins, of O.; Dr. N. Randall, Vt.; Moses Hall, Mich.; Dr. George Haskell, Ill.

On motion of Dr. H. F. Gardner, the delegates from each State were requested to select from their number a Committee of two to present to the Convention for consideration, some plan of organization. Also, a Committee of two from each State on Resolutions, such Committee to be announced to the Convention Wednesday morning.

Dr. Gardner moved that all resolutions coming before the Convention, come through the Committee on Resolutions. The motion was opposed by A. G. Parker, A. J. Higgins, the Hon. C. B. Denio and others; and supported by Dr. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Warren Chase, John Wetherbee, Jr. and H. C. Wright. The discussion occupied nearly two hours, but developed some sectional and personal feeling. Finally the motion was put and carried by a large majority.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the sale of season tickets of admittance to the Convention at fifty cents for ladies, and one dollar for gentlemen; also a fee of ten cents single admittance, as a means of defraying the expenses of the Convention. The report was adopted.

Adjourned till 8 o'clock, to-morrow.

EVENING SESSION—TUESDAY.

At 8 o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President, H. C. Wright came forward and said he wished to introduce a matter of the greatest importance. All the relations of our life were involved in the safety of this Republic. He was no politician, never belonged to a political party, but in the present crisis there was no question of more importance than the condition of our political institutions. He therefore moved that a special house of limits, developing some sectional and personal feeling, be appointed by the President on the state of the Union, and report to the Convention as early as practicable. The motion was carried, and the following persons named for the Committee: H. C. Wright, Col. D. M. Fox, Leo Miller, S. J. Finney, C. H. Waterman.

John Wetherbee, Jr., from the business Committee, reported the order of exercises for the evening, viz: Speeches from J. M. Peabody, for half an hour; S. Loveland, ditto.

Mr. J. M. Peabody was then introduced by the President. He remarked that he was not prepared to make a speech, but he would not refuse to labor, however humbly, at any time or place. He considered that the grandest subject that could be discussed was the disposition of the soul after the death of the body. Where was there any power that would answer what we call a spirit living beyond the materiality of the body? It can be found in Spiritualism. When I reflect that I am a living, conscious being, I am struck with wonder and admiration, and look with joy and veneration to the truths of Spiritualism. I learn from them the universal love of God and the universal brotherhood of man—the fact that man, wherever he is, whether in the wilds of Africa, or in the most civilized society, stands on the platform of brotherly equality. We have a great work before us, and must commence at home—turn our eyes inward, and first examine our own inconsistencies, trample our own faults under foot, remembering ever the blessed truth of universal fraternity. I feel the truths of Spiritualism, and wish all would consecrate their souls upon the altar of this truth, which so gloriously takes away all state of mind or fear of death. I would like to infuse into your souls more power, more energy, more affection for the building up of the great principles which we profess. We must all forget sectarian schemes, and labor simply for the elevation of the race. We have a better gospel, a nobler faith than the past, and should therefore work more zealously and harmoniously, so that we may be a nation of such men as say, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race." Then we shall hear the voices of loved ones beyond the vale welcoming us to everlasting happiness.

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On motion the following Committees were then

appointed on Order of Business: John Wetherbee, Jr., of Mass.; Warwick Martin, of Ill.; D. H. Hamilton, of Maine; Ira Porter, of Mich.; J. W. Seaver, of N. Y.; Dr. S. Underhill, of Ill.; On Finance Committee: Warwick Martin, of Ill.; Ira Atkins, of O.; Dr. N. Randall, Vt.; Moses Hall, Mich.; Dr. George Haskell, Ill.

On motion of Dr. H. F. Gardner, the delegates from each State were requested to select from their number a Committee of two to present to the Convention for consideration, some plan of organization. Also, a Committee of two from each State on Resolutions, such Committee to be announced to the Convention Wednesday morning.

Dr. Gardner moved that all resolutions coming before the Convention, come through the Committee on Resolutions. The motion was opposed by A. G. Parker, A. J. Higgins, the Hon. C. B. Denio and others; and supported by Dr. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Warren Chase, John Wetherbee, Jr. and H. C. Wright. The discussion occupied nearly two hours, but developed some sectional and personal feeling. Finally the motion was put and carried by a large majority.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the sale of season tickets of admittance to the Convention at fifty cents for ladies, and one dollar for gentlemen; also a fee of ten cents single admittance, as a means of defraying the expenses of the Convention. The report was adopted.

Adjourned till 8 o'clock, to-morrow.

THREE DAYS' MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Old Town, Milford, and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting in Milford, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

It is expected that the Davenport Brothers, whose celebrity is world-wide, will be present, and possibly the Davenport Sisters; also, some prominent Spiritualist speakers and lecturers. Among them, W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairchild, C. A. Hayden, J. E. Graham, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Emma Houson, Susie M. Wood, and a host of others. All lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists are most cordially invited to come and share with us our homes, hearts and hopes.

The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance, and want every niche of room occupied.

Come! one and all! Let us join hand and heart, that we may more effectually work—

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMERY,
NEWELL BLAKE,
A. RIGLEY,
J. M. ROBINSON,
J. J. MORRIS,
Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., June 26, 1864.

County Convention.

The Spiritualists of Boone County and vicinity will hold a Three Days' Meeting, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September next, in the incorporated town of Belvidere. A free platform will be sustained. Each speaker will be responsible only for his or her ideas. Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom are Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend, and to be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

By Order of Committee,
H. Bidwell, of Belvidere; D. Chapman, of Boone; D. H. Ellis, of Manchester; S. Wellington, of California; S. Lovett, of Spring; A. S. Royal, of Iowa; Wm. Wadsworth, of Leroy; H. Willard, of Boone, Committee.

CHARLES GORHAM, Cor. Sec'y., Belvidere.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The ninth yearly three days' meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins, will be held at the hall in Tucker's Grove, in Brant, Erie Co., N. Y., commencing Friday, September 2d, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers we notice Lyman C. Howe, of New Albion; Mrs. H. May, of Buffalo, and George W. Taylor, of North-Collins, N. Y.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will take the stage at Buffalo for North Collins, or the Buffalo and State Line Railroad to Angola.

Levi Brown, Lewis Baldwin, James Varney, Lucy Hawley, Elected Landing, Committee.

Vermont Annual State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of the Spiritualists of Vermont will be held at Montpelier, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 2d, 3d and 4th of September. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Mediums and speakers in and out of the State are especially invited to be present and participate in the arrangements. Arrangements will be made with the several Vermont railroads to carry members of the Convention for fare one way.

GEORGE W. RIPLEY,
NEWMAN WEEKS,
NATHAN LAMB,
GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Cor. Sec'y.
Rutland, Vt., July 30, 1864.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOPKINSVILLE, ILL.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited.

CHESAPE.—The Spiritualists of Chesapeake have hired Livery Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chesapeake, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—S. Frank White, Sept. 18 and 20; L. WELLS—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leo Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 A. M. on Wednesday evening, Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20,