

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

MADMOISELLE MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housaye, for the Banner of Light, by Laura L. Hastings.

CHAPTER IX.

Where Mademoiselle Mariani forgets Bossuet.

Luciani had a brother, one of the conquerors of Sebastopol, one of those young men who can do nothing that is not heroic. Hector could do nothing but fight; on the day of battle he was a man of genius. He had returned to Paris after the taking of Sebastopol, to see his mother and sister, but above all to show his cross to those who might doubt his valor. As soon as he was in Paris he drove his four horses, willing to spend six years of his life in his six months' furlough. He did not accompany his mother or sister much into society, because he kept company in a gayer world, or at least much more noisy.

One evening at the Italiens—two months after the meeting at the castle of the Favorite—he presented to his sister one of his friends, Count Horace de —. Mademoiselle Mariani gave her hand graciously to Horace.

"I begged to be presented," said Horace, "for I feared already I was a stranger to you."

"I do not forget," said Luciani turning pale.

They spoke of Baden, Paris, Tamberlik, fets of the season, and said adieu without knowing if they should ever meet again. When Luciani was alone with her brother, she asked him where he had known his friend Horace. Hector blushed like a young girl at that simple question.

"I do not know, my dear Luciani. I have smoked with Horace, we have given the same vote on the Cerrito, he has given my name to his horse—what more is there necessary for us to be the best friends in the world?"

"Really! Castor and Pollux had not such fine reasons for loving through life till death."

"Horace is charming."

"I find him absurd—a vane that turns at every wind."

"Not much discretion, but a heart."

"For what?"

"For love."

"Has he ever loved anything?"

"Yes, distractedly."

"What?"

"A woman—I am mistaken—Mademoiselle Olympe, who twined him round her like a grape vine round a marble statue."

"You are literary, my brother."

"No, my sister, it was the outrage of Horace's love which inspired me with that hasty sentence."

"And what has happened from this mad love?"

"A woman who laughs, a man who weeps."

"But why such Don Juanish airs?"

"He has put a mask on his heart."

"What hinders him, then, from coming here?"

Luciani, who had seated herself at the piano, disguised her questions by the variations of the Carnival of Venice.

Horace was at the last hours of his passion for that dangerous girl, who had always had the art of retaining him—in flying from him. By degrees the beautiful and poetic face of Luciani had effaced that of Mademoiselle Olympe.

The next day Hector brought Horace to his mother's house—a frozen visit, in spite of the welcome of Hector, for Madam Mariani had, contrary to her usual custom, a very morose and pithy demeanor, and Luciani, to conceal her emotion, spoke of Bossuet.

Some days after, Mademoiselle Mariani asked her brother why Horace did not call.

"He will not come here again, because it was so dull. My mother has spoken to him of morality, and you have spoken to him of Bossuet—as if you had read Bossuet!"

"I know it by heart."

"You are an extraordinary person! Horace was quite correct in saying that your heart and your mind were the unmatched volumes of a beautiful book."

"Did he say that? He is not so foolish as I thought him. Bring him here again and I will not speak to him of Bossuet."

Horace came the next day. That time he was pale and sad as love itself. He had all the eloquence of heart and mind. He was profoundly witty, knowing, paradoxical, and unexpectedly romantic. He placed himself at the piano and played with the most penetrating emotion. Luciani listened and gazed on him with ineffable joy which she tried to conceal under an indifferent demeanor. For the first time she had a foresight of the joys of love. But she did not wish to avow, even to herself, that she loved Horace.

That evening, after Horace had departed, she embraced her brother and took from her mother's hand a new romance to continue her dream.

CHAPTER X.

The First Tears of Love.

It was a terrible night for that young girl who had even then railed at love, and that love had played with her in turn.

"Horace! Horace! Horace!" murmured she, burying her face in her pillow, "it is I who love you distractedly!"

Toward daybreak she lighted her lamp and took up the Imitation of Jesus Christ to find there a refuge. But she closed the divine book with fear, and re-took the romance already read.

"The romance is here!" said she, striking her heart and throwing the volume far from her. In a few hours she had undergone all the piddiness of love. Horace was beautiful, and he had no, told her that he loved her. What was more, he was pale yet from a false love; she was seized at the same time by curiosity and jealousy. She

who had seen for a year all Paris at her feet, saw at length, a man who dared suffer before her from the falsity of a wicked woman. She wished he would bow, also, to the recognized charms of her beauty, or else she wished nothing; she loved!

In the morning she went to kneel at the altar of the Virgin Mary. She believed there she could leave her sorrow; but she was interrupted in her meditations by the arrival of a young bride who represented to her the melancholy image of happiness. Tears came in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"It is he," said she, "who has caused me to shed these tears?"

She returned to her mother's house. In passing rue de la Ferme-des-Mathurins, she saw all at once Horace, who came out of one of those singular houses—houses of the demi-world; which stood up or else conceal their life.

"It is astonishing!" said she; "he does not live there. What can he be doing there at this hour?"

Horace soon disappeared on the street, as if he had some secret to conceal.

Toward four o'clock, he met Luciani in the forest. He was on horseback—an unruly horse—which would not permit him to speak to the young girl. But his blue eyes spoke eloquently, and her eyes sought his as if there she should find the seventh heaven.

In the evening she hoped that Horace would come; but he did not. At each moment she would impatiently look at the clock. Each time that a carriage stopped in the street, or the door-bell rang, she would turn pale and drop her book—for she continued to read romances. Her brother took his hat to go out.

"Where are you going?"

"Here and there. How can one tell where he is going, unless on the days of battle?"

"Shall you see your friend Horace this evening?"

"Yes."

"Where? at the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins?"

"Who has told you of the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins?"

"Have not you? What do you do there?"

"We find friends, cigars, and cards."

"Is that all?" said Luciani, with a concerned voice.

"It is all," said Hector.

"Then ask your friend Horace to come and dine with you to-morrow."

"But to-morrow you are going to the ball at the Ambassadors."

"No; I shall not go."

CHAPTER XI.

Truth Counterfeited.

Horace came to dine with his friend. He was charming, as usual; he was witty, and all laughed at his wit; he recounted some scandals, where he had the art of putting on the stage, with a sprightly relief, all the women that Luciani knew.

After dinner, in passing into the saloon, the mother urged the daughter to dress for the ball. Luciani said with impatience, she would not go. Madam Mariani did not wish to lose such a fine opportunity of showing her shoulders, which had been marbled, but were now only marbled. She retired to her chamber to dress. Luciani had counted on that.

"Will you not come and smoke?" said Hector to Horace.

"No," said Horace.

Hector went out to smoke. Horace had counted on that. Horace was leaning on the chimney-piece; Luciani was standing before the piano, regarding, without seeing, a book of music. Horace bent down to her without touching her. She trembled and slightly turned her head. Their eyes met. Luciani turned pale, Horace opened his arms, she fell, all astonished, on his heart.

They said not a word, because they had nothing to say. But some seconds after this beautiful silence, Horace said, as if in waking from a beautiful dream,—

"I love you! Luciani, bring me life again!"

"Horace! Horace! Horace! do not cause my death, for it is love that will kill me!"

For both, it was a surprise, a delirium of joy. For Horace, it was the joy of a mind which reopens a beautiful book already read; it was for Luciani, the joy of the heart which mounts on the lips and says:—I love—before knowing how to love.

Horace knew all. Luciani was inexperienced. She mounted the golden ladder, and he descended to remount with her.

Now, whilst they were solving the mysteries and philosophies, Hector, who had lost, the day before, at play, had gone to his mother's room, hoping to gain something for his interest.

"Tell me, Hector, do you know much of Horace?"

"From the beginning to the end."

"Has he money?"

"Yes, like all those who have not any. You know there are only a few that have any."

"I like those the best."

"What is it to you?"

"He loves your sister."

"Horace! What folly! I know he has three or four loves. He has only come this evening in his own defense."

"So much the better! I like that much better. I was afraid he came to cross my designs."

"You have your designs, then, as Providence?"

"Yes; I am going to marry your sister to the Baron d'Humerolles, who will place a million in her hands."

"She will not be any richer for that. If Horace loved her and she loved Horace, she would be much richer with him. Do you see, mamma, the gold of man is perishable; his age spoils that."

"Oh! do you not know how we are situated? I have but six thousand francs income, and my expenses are three or four times that amount. It

will be necessary some day to fill up this pit of public debt or we shall be lost."

Hector shook his head, sadly.

"I know we are going to ruin, and that my sister is like the herb which grew on the old castle. She will be culled by one of the black band."

Madame Mariani entered the saloon a moment after, with the inquietude of a deer who had let her little ones play too far from her. She found her daughter at the piano, and Horace reading a journal. They loved each other too well not to play comedy.

"What have you been conversing about?" said the mother.

"Mamma, M. Horace read me the evening journal. We then conversed about the daily news."

"Accompanied by the piano, if I have heard rightly."

"As you say, madame!" said Horace.

"Monsieur Horace, shall you go to-morrow to the ball at the Hotel de Ville?"

"No, madame; Saturdays I always go to the ball at the Opera."

Mademoiselle Mariani struck the keys sharply. The mother did not see the blushes of the daughter.

"But, to-morrow, we shall see what occurs."

CHAPTER XII.

The Foolish Enterprise.

The mother and daughter went to the ball at the Hotel de Ville.

"Mamma, I give you warning that I wish to dance till three o'clock in the morning."

"But we shall not find our —"

"It will find us. You can go and chat with the Duchess in the tapestried saloon; and I will not leave Helene, who wishes, like me, to dance as long as we can without detriment!"

Helene, was a friend of Sacre-Cœur, an English beauty of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. What can one say to a girl of twenty years, who wishes to dance?

Luciani danced.

When the mother had moved away, after having gathered all the exclamations thrown like lilies or notes of admiration at the feet of the beautiful girl, so beautiful in her youth, and so young in her beauty, Horace sprang out from his place of concealment, and seized the hand of Luciani.

They did not dance.

They sat down in a corner behind the dancers. What they said, you know—and if you do not know, why, you can guess.

"Ah!" cried Luciani, suddenly, "there is Helene, dancing, yonder; she will see us!"

"Ah, well! Luciani, believe me, then, let us go to the ball at the Opera."

"What foolishness!"

"Everything is ready for the journey. I have my carriage waiting for us, yonder. You will find there a domino and mask. You will be pretty, even concealed by a mask, and you will wear the domino royally!"

"I will let you talk. It is amusing to imagine romances."

"It is much more amusing to make them. Only, think, in an hour we shall return. Who will ever know this adventure, but ourselves—and your mother—when we are married?"

Luciani became more serious; that last word of Horace went to her heart. She knew that some day she would marry the Baron, or some other gray-haired millionaire.

"But if we go to the ball at the Opera," said Luciani, trying to familiarize herself a little with the idea of the adventure, which had appeared nearly revolting, "if we go to the ball at the Opera my brother will see us."

"But he will not know you. And that will amuse you, to see everybody and still be invisible. I have a marvellous box."

And by force of eloquence, or I should say, by force of love, Horace hurried Mademoiselle Mariani away, curious and frightened. He had foreseen all. By means of a lous, a man from the vestry awaited him on the stairs with a cloak.

Luciani concealed herself entirely in the cloak. Her heart beat quickly, but danger has its dimness of sight.

Horace did not find his carriage, but he would not lose time by seeking it; he took the first hackney coach that came, and bought another domino. Horace had the force of a conqueror.

If he had sought his carriage but one moment, Luciani would have repented of her folly, and re-entered the ball-room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ball at the Opera, and the Ball at the Hotel de Ville.

Mademoiselle Mariani, nevertheless, did not wish to enter the ball at the Opera. Horace descended from the carriage and held his hand to her.

"Never!" said she, throwing herself back into the carriage. "Do you see all those masqueraders? They frighten me."

"Are you not concealed by your domino and your velvet mask?"

The young girl let him take her from the carriage.

"Hold! is it you, I see, Horace?" said Hector, from the top of the stairway at the Opera. "The duce! you match with Duchesses, then? What a stately highness!"

He did not recognize his sister.

"Be quiet!" whispered Horace, who felt the emotion of Luciani.

"Let us conceal ourselves in your box," said she, dropping her head. "I have wished to see, but I am too much afraid of being seen."

"Madame," said a friend of Horace, "have you a passport to come here? Let us see if I recognize you."

Horace wished to pass on, but another domino, Mademoiselle Olympe, took his other arm, that gave to his friend—a well-spoken man with an

opera-glass—time to say, gravely, to Mademoiselle Mariani, as if he read the description from a passport:

"A young girl of legal age. A sunbeam of June, under clouds of rice-powder; medium stature; black hair; eyebrows like raven's wings."

"Eyes?"

"Let us go from here," murmured Luciani; "I am fainting."

Horace had finally disengaged himself of Mademoiselle Olympe, but could not get out of the crowd, as the curious people pressed around him so much. Luciani recognized most of the young people that she met in society. All those who have money and French fancies, go to the balls at the Opera. Finally she entered Horace's box.

Horace pressed her to his heart and kissing her, murmured:

"I have never loved but you."

He begged her to pardon his bringing her there.

"Ah, Horace," said she, weeping, "I have given you my heart and my soul, my life and my death, for I have always thought that love would kill me."

"Reassure yourself, Luciani; love endures death. We got accustomed to it as Mithridates did to poison."

"You laugh, Horace, whilst I weep. I am at the same time joyous and despairing."

"Be always joyous; I love you, I swear it by your beautiful eyes."

"Do not speak thus. If you love me, do not keep me an instant longer in this place, where I have come against my will."

This excursion from the ball of the Hotel de Ville to the ball at the Opera, may seem a little too romantic. It is a true history. I have known more than one like peregrination. When she re-entered the ball at the Hotel de Ville, Luciani hid her face with her fan, as if all eyes would be able to read in her face the history of the two hours' absence. She threw herself into the first waltz. Nevertheless, at the last sound of the violin, she imposed silence on her heart, and returned to her mother.

"Poor Luciani," said she, to herself, "must I always be condemned to wear a mask?"

Madame Mariani was furious. She had sought Luciani, and had only found Helene.

"Where have you been?"

"I have been waltzing."

"How pale you are! Baron, will you conduct us and ask for our servants?"

A man who carried on his neck the Catholic order of the Knights of Isabella, took the right arm of Madame Mariani, whilst Luciani took the left arm of her mother.

Two young people seeing them pass thus, exchanged these few words:

"It appears that we see the future husband of Mademoiselle Luciani Mariani!"

"No; he is a lover of her mother's."

"I tell you that the Baron is going to wed the daughter. Poor M. D'Humerolles! There are some people who are born to pick up the crumbs from the table."

"I would do as much, if I was sure of being the husband of my wife."

"I believe one could be very happy with that beautiful creature. It is only necessary to have a million to lay at her feet."

"There is something that is better than a million—it is love."

"I should rather have a million," murmured a philosopher, "than love."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Influence of the Atmosphere on the Human Heart.

The next day Horace was smoking at the door of Tortoni's.

"Did you go to the ball at the Opera last night?"

"Yes; I found at the ball of the Hotel de Ville a young girl who was enamored with her beauty. I took her with me to the ball at the Opera, where I have a box. After which I reconducted her to the ball at the Hotel de Ville."

"Then you do not love her?"

"I know nothing about love; you know marriage is not in my vocabulary. It is necessary to leave that to people who have nothing to do."

"Shall you see her again?"

"Yes, this evening, if I do not go to sup with Olympe."

Horace spoke in this fine style because he was on the steps of Tortoni's. There could be a book written under this title: "Of the influence of the atmosphere on the human heart."

In the mean time Luciani had not slept—she dreamed waking. She expected Horace. She expected a bouquet of white lilies that he had promised to send to her mother. She went to the forest hoping to meet him; she met only the Baron. The evening she still expected him.

"Why does not M. Horace come?" asked she of her brother.

"Why do you wish he should come to be ennuied by the corner of your fire? He is not a man excessively gallant. He knows well that he would waste his time with you."

The bell rang. It was Horace. Luciani breathed for the first time since noon.

Horace was charming—too witty for a lover—but who would not pardon that in a lover loved? Horace and Luciani found themselves alone for a moment.

"Horace, I should die if I did not see you. I must tell all to my mother, that I may not prove false to you."

"Luciani, I love you, but say nothing to your mother. Let us conceal our happiness. Is it not beautiful for us both to live with only God for our confidante?"

"Horace, you are romantic. Love me only, but love me always."

Hector, who had been to get his hat from his chamber, appeared at the door of the saloon.

"Horace, are you coming?"

"Already!" cried Luciani. "Where are you going?"

Horace could only reply:

"We are going to play at lansquenet."

As soon as he was out of the saloon he said:

"Hector, I cannot go with you this evening. Olympe expects me to supper."

"You are in the wrong. To-day is the fete of the Reche-Tarpeienne. They will make this night the best of all the holidays."

"Ah well! I will go, perhaps, after supper."

CHAPTER XV.

A Gambling House in Paris.

There was at Paris during the past year—I say the past year, for these gambling houses are never of long duration—a gambling house for games and beauty, according to the representation of the mistress of the house. It was on the second floor at No. —, Rue de la Ferme-des-Mathurins, that Madame de la Roche, a woman of a certain age, I should say of an uncertain age, had instituted a baccarat and lansquenet, under pretence of giving tea to her friends of both sexes.

Who was this Madame de la Roche? A woman who had met with misfortune, who spoke of retiring from the world, and who went to confessional four times a year. If it will do to believe her, she was the widow of a consul with whom she had been round the world. She did not wish to re-marry.

To occupy her spare time, she kept an open table, but on condition that, at nine o'clock in the evening, the dining hall should be metamorphosed into a gambling saloon. The poor woman! disabused of all, had only that passion. "Play for play," said she, "art for art." If it would do to believe her, she always lost, still that did not hinder her, when every one was gone, from counting her gains with her last companion of adventures, a knight of the Four Emperors, a godly man, blazoned with a gilded coat of arms, who went like her to confessional four times a year. It was very useless, for both might have received the good God without confession.

When they found themselves alone, toward three o'clock in the morning, they would throw off the mask, and their hands full of gold, laugh over their tricks of jugglery. She called him the knave of hearts; he called her the Roche-Tarpeienne.

They knew perfectly their Paris; they knew that where there are women—and cards—adventurers, idlers and prodigal sons would always come to pay the contribution of love or play.

It is useless to speak of women and cards; but in love as in play, there is always counterfeit money.

The gallery changed in other respects every evening. The mistress of the house had the art of renewing her society. When the women had no money, she gave them her purse; but it was necessary they should be pretty and lively. The house of the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins acquired in a few weeks, a noisy fame, to such a degree that the chief of police gave the order, one morning, to watch near there. But exactly on that morning the chief of police received a visit from a veiled lady, who said she belonged to the best society, and who begged of him the permission to enlist in his secret regiment.

"Your name?" demanded the chief of police.

"Madame Jacintha de la Roche," answered the veiled lady.

"The Roche-Tarpeienne," said the chief of police, who knew better his Paris than she. "You have done well to come here this morning, for I have given the order to bring you here this evening."

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Correspondence in Brief.

Needs of the Banner.

We are under great obligations for your free and timely statement in regard to the financial relations of the BANNER. It is an old and tried friend, and dear to our hearts. We trust that all true friends of progress would be anxious to cherish and sustain in the hour of trial. No spiritualist that has capacities to realize the wants of our time, would permit the light of the BANNER to languish and go out, without being willing to make some sacrifice to prevent it.

Brethren in the cause of humanity, let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and assist the vehicle of our thoughts and of glad tidings to the hungering spirit, beyond these perilous times. Who would see the BANNER go down? What home would be a weekly visit, unless the family circle was lit up by its kindly lights?

Words of good cheer are proper at all times, but they cannot enlighten or feed a famishing world. The man who asks for bread to satisfy the demands of his being, cares but little for them; however profusely bestowed or kindly spoken, they cannot save him. The best and most encouraging kind of cheer to the conductors of the BANNER, and which is all important to them, as well as to its thousands of patrons, is a few dollars. In times gone by, many of us have contributed freely to keep the old ship Zion afloat, and that its sails might be made more attractive, we have made in addition a yearly donation. But these things with us have passed away. And now shall we not be equally consistent with our faith and belief in a cause an hundred-fold more dear to our hearts, and make a bestowment to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and with it an earnest and universal prayer that its light may continue to shine and throw its radiance over our pathway?

West Carlton, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1864.

Accompanying the above was a draft for \$50, for which we return our grateful thanks, as do also our invisible friends.

A Note from Ohio.

DEAR BANNER—You have so many Conventions and Grove Meetings to notice, that I shall trouble you with but a short article.

The Spiritualists of New London and vicinity met in Brundage's Grove, on the 10th and 11th inst., as previously arranged, for the purpose of holding a Grove Meeting. We had a pleasant time, and a large attendance; but our speakers are so busy that Bro. Barnum, the regular speaker here, came very near having to officiate alone. At the opening of the afternoon exercises on Sunday, Bro. B. read from the BANNER the resolutions of our National Convention, and then called for a subject to speak upon. The resolutions were given, and he spoke upon them so well, that when I came my turn, the first thing I said was "Amen," which was responded to from the audience. It is not because our people are fond of strife and bloodshed that we thus endorse the policy of the Administration, but because a race is being born from chattelhood to manhood, and to this nation is given the maternity thereof; and should this struggle cease before the object is accomplished, it would be as fatal to the nation as would the cessation of birth-pangs to the mother ere her babe was born. Yours for truth and humanity,

New London, O., Sept. 12, 1864.

A Card.

In carefully looking over the history of the past we have rarely been so much gratified at the evident progress which is now being manifested in this community, as this. We refer with heartfelt pleasure to the kindly feeling manifested by the established Church of this place, which, like every other manifestation, must eventuate in good results.

We allude to the funeral of our worthy brother private, Horace B. Pearson. The services were held in the Orthodox Church, which was kindly tendered by that society for the occasion.

We deem this notice but an act of justice, and sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when that progression shall be reached which shall cause all churches to recognize a universal brotherhood on occasions like this.

The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Henry George, of Boston, in a most acceptable manner; and we would cordially recommend Mr. George as deserving of the success as a lecturer which he merits, having heard him lecture at the town hall last evening in this place.

NATHAN NOURSE, JR.
SILAS CUTLER.
Burlington, Mass., Sept. 17, 1864.

"Nature vs. Drugs"—Reforms—The Children's Department.

Having violated Nature's law by overwork, I am now laying by to recuperate, and I have for my companion the dear old—in wisdom—BANNER. Among other valuable articles I found in it, the one on "Nature vs. Drugs," by Dr. A. J. Higgins, particularly interested me. I rejoice to notice among other reformatory subjects, that of dress is being agitated. I trust competent writers and lecturers will feel the importance of a subject that so nearly relates to our health and advancement, and labor to bring about a thorough reformation in female dress.

One word for the encouragement of those who write for children. The article of Mrs. L. M. Willis seems to take right hold of the affections of the little ones. My little girl—about six years of age—as soon as she sees your paper, sits down by my side, and says, "Do read to me that pretty story in the BANNER," before I have time to even run over the captions of its contents or read the "Messages." Yours in spirit of Progress,

Miss D. J. ONASE.
Pittsburgh, N. Y., Sept. 14th, 1864.

B. W. Stoddard, Medium.

To the many friends who have so nobly responded to the call from Warren Chardon, in behalf of B. W. Stoddard, permit me to say, that in so doing, they have made glad the heart of the widow and orphan, and for the present, they have freed from their door. And lest some may feel impatient at the long delay of an answer to their letters, I would say, that the young man has had another attack of his sickness, (itis) which has prevented him from writing for some time past; but he has now nearly or quite regained his usual health, and his time will, when able to write, be devoted to those who have so kindly aided him, and all shall receive attention. But then, remember that grateful hearts will bless you. Truly yours,

LUCIA H. COWLES.
Chardon, Ohio, Sept. 13th, 1864.

The Boy Medium.

In connection with my lecturing I have charge of Henry B. Allen, the boy medium, for musical manifestations and various test phenomena. The boy has been visited by hundreds of persons, and has been instrumental in giving satisfaction to many souls seeking for the evidences of immortality. Those who wish for lectures or circles, or both, may address me according to appointments in the BANNER. The fore part of the coming winter I shall visit Maine and Eastern Massachusetts with the boy, but will make arrangements to visit any point where friends may wish. Very respectfully yours,

J. H. RANDALL.
Morrisville, Vt., Sept. 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bond's Lecture Appreciated.

The BANNER continues to come to hand with its usual punctuality, and is perused with increasing pleasure. In No. 17, Vol. XV, is an address by Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, which should be printed upon satin, and framed, and then be put in the hands of every Spiritualist, so that their unbelieving friends can read it. To my mind it is a superior production.

The BANNER is loaned to many who are unbelievers, and they read it, shake their heads, and then, read on.

Huerfano Creek, Cal. Ter.

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine that they quitted their grave mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 3d STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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 a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Living Simply.

It does not take a great deal of money, ordinarily, to be happy. That grand desideratum, happiness, is compassed with compliance with very few conditions. Contentment is at the bottom of the secret. And although it is almost universally true that no man comes up to the object of his desire with a tittle of the eagerness with which he contemplated it afar off, it can be made a fact in every one's experience, for all that, that contentment may not necessarily be at variance with the largest and freest notions of the spirit, and that the simplest style of living is not incompatible with growth and development to the largest degree.

What is it that makes us so afraid of simple things, of things of which we cannot say that they cost as much money as somebody else's? Why are we willing to be so tormented with the merest moonshine of our imaginations, and so betrayed by the silly bugbears which are raised by our conceits? We surely may pursue a style of living in perfect keeping with our character, which of course submits to the limitation set by our means, and still not undermine any of those solid and sterling qualities by which we became useful to others and a source of happiness at home with ourselves. There is no computing how happy a man may become, if he only tries to make what he has, however little it may be, answer his turn. Besides, fully one-half of what he thinks to be wants, are nothing more than whims or fancies; he is really better off without than with them. The excess of our supplies only constitutes so much needless baggage for us to transport from station to station, from stopping-place to stopping-place; it is but what the warlike Romans used to call the impedimenta of their armies.

It is not essential for a man to live in a large house, filled with costly furniture, in order to display true elevation of sentiment and dignity of character; on the contrary, many a man of the most striking character, in which were combined breadth of culture, depth and power of thought, impressiveness of manner, and genuine elevation of sentiment, has found it one of the easiest of matters to manifest the whole in the midst of simple surroundings, and with none of the adjuncts either of large wealth or imposing ceremony. The truest dignity is always in keeping with the least pretension and parade; overload it with the social ornamentation, and it ceases to be that and instantly becomes something else.

We have seen two persons—a man and his wife—live in the shade of what other people would superciliously style obscurity, and show more real beauty of life and true loveliness of character than any of those who esteem themselves more fortunate ones, and who boast of their superior style on the ground of their larger wealth. Beyond the possession of enough, and the assurance of its continuance in the face of ordinary contingencies, riches do not operate as a means of culture, or of engendering liberality of sentiment or largeness of thought; on the other hand, where the mind is fixed chiefly and continuously on them, it insensibly grows contracted, becomes pinched and petty, and, in time, utterly refuses to offer hospitality to those sentiments which, above all others, give it expansion and elevation. So that, in fact, what was once coveted so eagerly as a means, by becoming an end, is made to stand directly in the way of the object originally aimed at. Riches are quite as apt to be a hindrance as a help to us; and that, too, not by reason of any evil spell which they are able to exercise over our secret purposes, but because solely of our own natural indecision and many infirmities.

Nothing is more attractive to other eyes, as nothing certainly exercises so powerful an influence over the mind of others, as the sight of great things being done with small means. That is the way of Nature. The universe is full of illustrations of this very same fact. Providence allows nothing to be wasted, and it will be found by us all, that, in the spiritual as in the material world, the largest results are secured with as close an economy of means as are the smallest. We may profitably take the limit in the conduct of our daily lives. The old style public men could live, and live in a state of comfort and dignity, in very plain mansions, though they were commodious enough to answer all their needs and requirements; but our modern politicians, including what there may be of statesmen among them, would hardly think they could get along except amid surroundings that will impose with their luxurious grandeur upon the imaginations of all who are brought in contact with them. It is just as true of men in other callings and professions. Very few dare be themselves, dare refuse to buy showy and imposing things when they are well able to do it. Even while their heart revolts from taking an imitative part in such a nummery show, they deliberately sign a check to cover the expenses.

When the character is overlaid and covered up with what ceases to lend it expression, it is time that the victim, if still able to perceive the misfortune, should throw off the cheap coverlets with which his nature is likely to be smothered. It is so easy, and yet so difficult, to be perfectly simple—to be just one's self, and nobody else. It costs but little, and therefore few feel that they can afford it. Society tyrannizes so much, it takes a great soul to quietly put aside its edicts and refuse to domesticate itself within its narrow limitations. But when once the first step is taken, all comes easy after that, and is perfectly natural, too. We admire the person whom society is puzzled to fix a place for, but audaciously, though ever so quietly, places his own. These are the souls that make all the real society which is worth talking about. If they rely more on themselves than on what is purely external to themselves, others feel the secret influence in due time, and at length all around them are made better by their presence.

At best, we can enjoy and place in our personal service only so much, whether it is money or something else. This very fact ought alone to suggest moderation, self-contentment, the idea of

living upon our own resources, and the fact that we can be happy if we only will. All depends on where we leave our hearts. If it is money which we covet as the primary condition to anything and everything else, then we forthwith surrender those very objects and purposes between which and ourselves we have placed so foolish an obstacle. We undertake to say that a stock of health is worth a good deal more to an individual in pursuit of happiness than a store of riches. Ask the feeble rich man how it is, and he will tell you as we have told you about it. But even health is to be had only by complying with the condition of simple living and the entertainment of innocent and refreshing thoughts. Turn which way we will, we find that Nature teaches the same plain lesson invariably, and that overloading only begets unrest, spiritual disease, and permanent unhappiness.

No Speculation.

We are glad to see combinations everywhere making up to defeat the ends of grasping and unprincipled speculators. It is a fact that the people of the country are to-day suffering vastly more from the effects of speculation than from those of war. The Government really does not levy one-half the tax upon us which we have to carry on our shoulders in consequence of the extortion of the speculators. They are the army which is fast eating out our substance. In various localities, and more recently in Boston, we see that organizations are set on foot for the purpose of bringing the plans of this class of men to naught. The matter of coal is exciting particular attention, and arrangements are making for procuring this necessary article at a lower rate, thus lopping off what the middle man has come to think is his by a sort of divine right. We only wish that traffic in every article could be taken out of the hands of these Shylocks in commerce, and they made to work like other people, for an honest living.

Letters for Camp.

Write often, and always write long and warm letters to your sons and brothers in the Army of the Union. It is scarcely possible to make an estimate in words of the value of such letters to our brave troops. Many of them pine with homesickness, and this brings the door of home close to their feet again. Many want just this sort of healthy and reasonable check, to keep them free from the entanglements of low temptations, which would in no sense be temptations, if anything else came in to fill up the time. A good home letter warms a soldier's heart better than wine. Its influence is permanent. Its kind and affectionate words echo in the heart on the march, in the dead watches of the night, and in the roar of battle. Let no one omit to write to friends in the army, very, very often.

Intemperance.

The Gloucester Telegraph learns that a gentleman named Saunders, recently deceased at Cambridge, has left the sum of ten thousand dollars to the town of Gloucester, and a like sum to the city of Newburyport, to be devoted to the suppression of the evils of intemperance in those two places. If the gentleman had left that amount to aid in suppressing the poisonous "mixtures," sold everywhere in the Commonwealth as "wines and other liquors," by unprincipled men, who are sending their victims to premature graves by thousands every year, he would have been instrumental in accomplishing much good. We fear Newburyport and Gloucester will not be perceptibly benefited by the donations above alluded to. Intemperance was never as rife as now.

Lyceum Hall Lectures.

The Spiritualists of Boston, and others interested in the promulgation of great truths tending to the amelioration of the human race from the bondage of ignorance and bigotry, are notified that the platform of the above hall will be occupied by Mrs. S. E. Warner, on next Sabbath, afternoon and evening. We mentioned this fact last week; but we again refer to it, for we desire that the friends of the cause in Boston fill the hall on this occasion.

These meetings, as heretofore, will be under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner. Several prominent speakers have been engaged, among whom we may mention N. Frank White, J. S. Loveland, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, etc.

Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, in Boston.

It will give our friends pleasure, we know, to learn that one of our best mediums for test has returned to Boston, and taken rooms at No. 6 Suffolk place.

All those desirous of communing with their spirit friends, whether skeptics or believers, should embrace the present occasion to visit Mr. F., as perhaps they may not again have an opportunity to secure his services, he contemplating at no distant day making a tour on the Continent of Europe.

Spiritual Books in London, Eng.

By an advertisement on our eighth page it will be seen that Mr. J. BURNS, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, has a supply of all spiritual and progressive works published in this country or in England. He is also agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and will receive subscriptions.

Persons on the other side of the Atlantic who desire to procure works which elucidate the Spiritual Philosophy, will find Mr. Burns's Bookstore very convenient for their accommodation.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Rochester, N. Y.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that this world-renowned benefactor is to be located for the present in Rochester, N. Y., where he will administer to the wants of the sick and suffering, curing them—if curable—by the "laying on of hands." He has taken rooms in Washington Building, corner of Clinton and Main streets, where he invites all to come and be healed—the poor "without money or price." He will be ready to receive patients on Saturday, Oct. 1st.

Jennie Lord's Circles.

According to the New York City and Brooklyn papers, Miss Lord's séances at Brooklyn are causing quite a sensation. An article in the N. Y. Daily News devotes half a column to the "Mysterious Manifestations," headed as follows: "A NEW SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—MUSIC, MIRTH AND MYSTIFICATION." And then follows the details of what was performed by the spirits, which we are unable to copy, owing to the crowded state of our columns.

The Meetings in Charlestown.

The Society of Spiritualists in our neighboring city, Charlestown, resume their regular meetings in City Hall, under the management of Mr. A. H. Richardson, on Sunday next. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will occupy the desk on that occasion and the following Sundays during the month.

New Publications.

HISTORY OF THE REBELLION: By Horace Greeley. Vol. 1. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co., Publishers. For sale by Horace King, 81 Washington street, Boston; General Agent for Maine, New Hampshire, Eastern Massachusetts, and the British Provinces.

We took occasion to give an extended notice of Mr. Greeley's history of the American Conflict, on the appearance of some of the specimen pages of the work. We said, at that time, that few pens in the country could furnish a history of this struggle, which would be half so readable and impressive as that which Mr. Greeley's pen is capable of supplying. The appearance of the entire first volume of the work is all that is needed to satisfy any one who will examine it, that for vigor of description, clearness of conception, and naturalness of division, so far as the several causes and stages of the conflict are concerned, it is hardly possible to surpass this work of Mr. Greeley. His long experience as a leading Journalist, has fitted him peculiarly for this very task. He is perfectly familiar with the subject and with its history. His habits of mind make him alive to those very points, always the most striking and salient, which the general reader will look for when he opens the volume.

His style, to be sure, is not that of Bolingbroke, not yet of Sir James Mackintosh, yet there is no denying that it has a singular rush and sweep which have very strong attractions for the reader, while finish is sunk in considerations of race and vigor. No man could tell a straighter or more stirring story than Mr. Greeley. He goes right to the heart of his subject, and lays out his work without the tediousness of very many preliminaries. Of course he has his own personal theory to support in connection with his narrative, and well and strongly does he support it, too; but no one can deny that he collects around that theory an overwhelming mass of facts, which scarcely seem to leave any room for any other theory than his own to stand upon. The slavery question, and its far and near relations to the war, are very ably and thoroughly discussed; and this portion of Mr. Greeley's work, say what party critics will, is the part which displays the philosophic turn of his active mind to the greatest possible advantage.

The first volume of this History forms a noble book, in respect of type, paper, printing, and binding. It is a noble monument of the industry, taste, and business energy of the popular house which has undertaken the task of its publication. We are glad to hear that the demand for this History of the Rebellion is enormous; the first volume is turned out by the press by the tens of thousands, and sent to every corner of the country. It will be one of the books which will be perpetuated with the recollection and history of this most important era. The publishers, since undertaking the publication, have found that the cost of each volume has increased by about eighty cents, on their hands, and they have, therefore, felt compelled to increase the retail price of the same, by the rate of twenty-five per cent.

This History, be it remembered, is sold only by subscription, and Horace King, No. 81 Washington street, Boston, is the general agent for this section.

THE WRONG OF SLAVERY, THE RIGHT OF EMANCIPATION, AND THE FUTURE OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Hon. Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. For sale by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, 288 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is a very handsome and a very striking book. It would attract immediate attention, were it only known of it that it is written by such a man, and so widely known a writer, as Robert Dale Owen. It takes up the African Slavery question in this country, and discusses it legally, historically, and politically. And in the course of such a discussion, almost all topics of leading and vital importance to the country come in naturally for treatment. Questions are here discussed, on which hang the destinies of the country. Mr. Owen has enjoyed the best opportunities for fully qualifying himself to write such a book as this, having been engaged for many months, as all our readers know, as Chairman of a Government Commission to examine into all reports upon the condition of the Freedmen of the United States. He traveled with that Commission into all the disturbed districts; and the large mass of fresh and reliable information which he then obtained was placed at his disposal by the Department, and from this he has drawn the material for his present work.

This may, in brief, be termed a text-book on the whole subject. It treats of Emancipation, and treats fairly and reasonably of it, as a measure of National policy, essential to the preservation of the Constitution, indispensable to the reestablishment of peace, and inseparable from the future maintenance, North and South, of domestic tranquility. It goes on to trace the connection of the white and black races in the past, and to set forth the duty of the one race to the other in the present; and it seeks to furnish a solution to the problem, how the two races are likely, both being perfectly free, to live together in the future; whether, in the language of the preface, "we shall have a race among us unwilling or unable to support itself—whether admixture of the races, both being free, is probable or desirable—whether, without admixture, the reciprocal social influence of the races on each other promises good or evil; what are the chances that a base prejudice of race shall diminish and disappear; and lastly, whether, in case the colored men shall outlive that prejudice, disgraceful to us and depressing to him, and shall be clothed by law with the same rights in search of which we sought this Western world, there will be anything in connection with his future in these United States to excite regret or inspire apprehension."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October has its usual variety of excellent reading matter and elegant embellishments. It is for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October opens with a finely illustrated narrative, written by the popular author, J. Ross Browne, entitled "A Tour through Arizona." The description of the "Union Straw Works, at Foxboro, Mass.," is quite interesting, and well illustrated. The other contents of this number are up to the usual standard of Harper. A. Williams & Co., have it for sale.

A Great Victory.

The recent brilliant victory of Gen. Sheridan over the rebel army under Early and Breckenridge, in the Shenandoah Valley, inspires every lover of the Union. This is the way to destroy armed rebellion against the Government. Early was doing much for Lee, while he held the Valley, but Sheridan has by this glorious victory accomplished more for Grant. We expect now to see the latter avail himself of the full advantage which has been placed in his hands by this last triumph. The soldiers of the Union fought bravely, and drove the enemy for thirty miles, making their army a disorganized mass of fugitives, killing four generals and three thousand men, and taking as many more prisoners.

Announcements.

F. L. Wadsworth will attend the Yearly Meeting of "Friends of Progress," at Richmond, Ind., Oct. 14th, 15th, and 16th. Address until that time, Box 67, Richmond, Ind. After that, till further notice, 274 Canal street, N. Y.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen speaks in Belfast, Me., Oct. 21; in Camden, Oct. 29th; in S. Thomaston, Oct. 11.

James M. Allen will speak in Waldo, Knox, and Hancock Counties, Me., until further notice. Address *Seaside, Me.*, care of M. Bailey.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Berlin, Wis., will lecture in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 30th; in Chelsea, Nov. 6th and 13th.

Lizzie Dotson will speak in Chelsea, Nov. 20th and 27th.

The friends of progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. Clark's Illness.

Uriah Clark has been prostrated with typhoid fever, for several weeks, in Janesville, Wis. At the last writing, Sept. 15th, he was convalescent, and wished us to say to the friends in Wisconsin and Illinois, where he had appointments, that he will report as soon as possible and fulfill his engagements. His address is in care of Dr. H. S. Brown, Milwaukee, Wis.

New Music.

W. S. Blanchard's spirited song, entitled "Liberty's Call; or, Hurrah for Abo and Andy," has been set to music by L. B. Starkweather, and published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street.

"Basket" Picnic.

There will be a two days' meeting of Spiritualists at Independence, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2d. Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm, M. D., and others are expected to address the audience. A pleasant and profitable time may be expected.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH has just been spending a pleasant week with a few of his very many friends in and near Boston. The Doctor looks as young, and is as full of life, hope and enthusiasm as ever. He is about to resume his travels shortly, and will spend some time in the Southern States, probably in Louisiana, whither he goes in company with his nephew, Frank A. Potter, Esq., of this city. Their main object in visiting the South is to inaugurate a movement for the secular education of the freedmen thereaway—a labor of love for which they are both eminently fitted by education and desire. We congratulate the friends of the freedmen South in being able to thus secure the services of two such gifted men as Mr. Potter and P. B. Randolph.

Bro. F. L. Wadsworth, writes us that the spiritual cause is alive in the West, despite the political excitement consequent upon the Presidential campaign. It is alive everywhere.

Gen. Fremont has withdrawn his name as a candidate for the Presidency, giving his reasons therefor.

The Commercial's special Washington dispatch says, "A Virginian reports that he had conversed with an acquaintance from Richmond, who stated that Lee has positively but 40,000 troops, independent of Early's command."

One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used.

The Wheeler & Wilson lock-stitch Sewing Machine is considered by those who have used it, the most simple and practical of any in use.

"Henry, you ought to be ashamed to throw away that bread. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, should I eat it up now?"

Henry Ward Beecher says: "I can pick out men in New York—great men, that count millions to their names—of whom, if you should take away their wealth, there would be nothing left—you might hunt with a lighted candle, and you could not find them to all eternity." That's true.

How common it is for people to use expressions which have a directly opposite meaning from that the words import. For instance, they say they shall pass when they unshuck them; that they husk corn when they unhusk it; that they dust the furniture when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes when they unscale them.

Why are pen-makers very bad persons? Because they make people steel pens and say they do write.

Dr. H. A. TUCKER.—It will be seen by reference to his advertisement, that this well known Clairvoyant Physician, has arranged definite office hours in the various places where his crowds of patients flock after him, so that no disappointment in finding him need now occur.

Water kept in leaden vessels for only a day has been found to contract a sweetness of taste and become poisonous for internal use. And yet people continue to drink lead-pipe water. No wonder they have neuralgia.

A Vienna letter states that in the aristocratic circles of that capital it is now considered most stylish for ladies not to wear crinolines in public assemblies. This change appears to be the result of an example set by the Empress of Austria. When the change first went into fashion it must have caused—so Digby thinks—a considerable bustle in certain quarters.

An English carrier-pigeon lately took a message from London to Exeter, 171 miles, in five hours and twenty minutes.

Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, recently captured by our naval forces, originally cost the United States Government, in its construction and armament, about \$1,500,000, and is capable of mounting 132 guns, and of garrisoning 700 men for siege operations.

ENGLAND NO LONGER A FIRST CLASS POWER. The London correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, says Lord Palmerston has recently made some significant declarations in explaining the policy of the British Government. In discussing the affairs of America and Poland, he said England would go to war—would have gone to war several times during the last five years—if she dared. She dare not, he says. She has not the power. She has not the means. She has only an army for defensive purposes. And again, in treating of the Danish question, he said in substance: "The German armies were too strong for us. Our object is defence, not aggression. We can hold our coasts with the help of the volunteers, but we must never again venture on a battle-field in

Europe." This is really the effect of what the Premier did say, and almost the exact language he used. No other possible construction can be put upon it, and the result is that Lord Palmerston has distinctly and formally abdicated, on the part of Great Britain, her position and character as a first-class power.

General Confidence has command of the legions of the North, just now. The last great victory of the war, by Gen. Sheridan, will encourage enlistments fourfold.

London is now connected with Sillon and Jerusalem by telegraph. St. Petersburg and Boston will be soon, when a telegram dispatched from Jerusalem at noon, may reach us before noon of the same day.

The crop of cotton will be so profitable on the leased plantations at the South this year, that one lessee, formerly a newspaper correspondent, will realize a profit of \$100,000 this season alone. The least we can say is that our newspaper friend is a lucky fellow. He possesses more sense (cents) than all the rest of the newspaper correspondents in the United States.

The ancient theatre of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. Its diameter was six hundred feet, and it would accommodate seventy-five thousand spectators. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts vi., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. It was also the scene of Apollonius's miracles.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.—The kingdom of Italy, according to the last census, counts 21,777,334 inhabitants, and occupied the fifth place in Europe in point of population. If Venice and Rome were re-annexed to it, it would present an aggregate of 27,000,000, and be, after France, the most populous country in Europe in which a single language is exclusively spoken.

Some writer says: "I call every man intolerant from principle, who conceives no man can be a man of virtue and ability who does not believe exactly what he does, and unmercifully consigns to perdition all those who do not think like himself."

The BANNER OF LIGHT is cheap at three dollars a year, and there are Spiritualists enough in America to sustain a dozen such papers.—*Progressive Age.*

You are quite right, friend Hull. And it will be sustained. The Spiritualists are waking up to the importance of sustaining their organs, since the demise of the Herald of Progress. We all have a mighty war before us to do, brother Hull, and a mighty opposition to contend with; but as our faith is based upon the immutable principles of Truth, Justice and Right, however much the storms of prejudice and bigotry may beat against our bark, we shall ride out the gale in safety, and fulfill our mission, we trust, acceptably to the Father of us all.

Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Whoever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, he is not, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good?—*Exchange.*

Mr. Ames, of Falls Village, has completed one of his great wrought iron cannons, and will soon take it to Bridgeport for trial. The gun is fourteen feet long, weighs twenty thousand pounds, and it is expected will throw a hundred and fifty-pound shell from seven to ten miles. Digby says he can't see what Mr. Ames was aiming at when he made such a gun. "Why, he aims to hit a seven-mile target," Jo Cose responded; "and as he is a very amiable man, he don't wish his country's enemies to come too near."

Washington and Franklin were of Northamptonshire, England lineage. A foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune recently rode through Stillgrove, Northamptonshire, and in the village church, read on the tombstone of President Washington's great grandfather, the brief inscription: "Lawrence Washington, Gent., 1684." He was the father of thirteen children.—*Exchange.*

Digby can trace his lineage to Whales; he says there was a large family of them, who were well educated, because they were often seen in "schools."

Anonymous scribblers are still flinging their slime at Spiritualists through the columns of a city press that should have more sense than to allow such attacks a place there.

Cardinal Wiseman asserts that the Roman Catholics are steadily gaining ground on the Protestants in England.

An employe at the depot in New Haven drove away a boy who was playing around the cars. The boy's father threatened to prosecute him if he did it again. The next day the boy was run over by a freight train, and lost a leg.

The London Times in a recent editorial on the economic effects of the American war, shows that its influence has reached the remotest corners of the earth.

The cause of this war has influenced the remotest corners of the earth; but the effects are yet to be developed.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

We are under great obligations to our host of correspondents, who have of late sent us a vast amount of interesting matter for publication, much of which it is utterly impossible for our columns to absorb. If some of our able contributors should fall to see their lucubrations in print, they must not attribute to any design on our part to reject them, for such is not the fact. Were our sheet double its present size and it would be, we were to be adequately remunerated for our labors by sufficient patronage—we should even then lack for space to accommodate all our friends.

ERRA.—Write to the Misses Bush, Principals of the Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., and you will obtain all the information you desire upon the subject.

J. B. W. COLCHESSTER, CT.—See Dr. Newton's advertisement in another column.

F. L. W.—Would like a report of the meeting of the Friends of Progress.

N. H. R. PORT HORN.—Your question has been presented to the controlling spirit of our circle, and will be answered in due time.

Spiritual Basket Picnic.

The friends of the Harmonical Philosophy will hold a two days' meeting at Independence, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2d. A free platform will be sustained, each speaker being responsible only for his or her ideas.

A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made, so far as possible, to entertain all from a distance. Friends in the surrounding country will please remember the basket of provisions.

Come, friends; come, one, come all, and let us have a Pentecostal feast, one that shall be remembered for the outpouring of the spirit of Truth. Speakers and test mediums from abroad will be in attendance.

Per Order of Committee.

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.

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE
"National Convention of Spiritualists,"
HELD IN
OHIOAGO, ILL., AUGUST 9th to 14th, 1864.

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

SIXTH DAY.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 14.

Convention called to order by the President at 10 o'clock.

Judge A. G. W. Carter said he rose to a question of privilege. He understood that the protest offered by himself and others had been rejected by the Convention. He protested against such action, considering that he had an inalienable right to protest, and the Convention were under obligations to spread the protest on the record, and allow them a hearing before the world. He respectfully withdrew, with Mrs. Carter, from all committees and appointments of the Convention, and retired.

Mr. U. Clark said it was not the protest, but the style of the protest that we objected to. It was false in assertion, and insulting in language.

The President announced the following named persons as a Committee to select a National Executive Committee of Thirteen: S. J. Finney, Dr. H. F. Gardner, W. Chase, Leo Miller and C. M. Plumb.

Warren Chase moved that the official report of the Convention be furnished the BANNER OF LIGHT and FRIEND OF PROGRESS for publication.

Mr. C. M. Plumb, in behalf of the Committee on Publication, wished to know if the BANNER would publish the official report, as he understood they already had a reporter at the Convention.

Mr. Charles H. Crowell said the BANNER would publish an official report; but he thought that others were as well qualified to decide what was an official report as the Secretaries.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth said he had always supposed that the official report of a Convention was the one furnished by the Secretaries, and signed by them and the President, and that no other was official, whether it was correct or not. There was a distinction between an official report and a fair report of the proceedings of the Convention.

Mr. C. M. Plumb moved as an amendment to Mr. Chase's motion, "that the whole matter of publication be referred to the Secretaries, and that they be requested to procure the publication of the official report in the BANNER OF LIGHT."

The motion thus amended was unanimously adopted.

"Only Waiting"—a song of unusual sweetness and beauty, was appropriately sung by the Chicago Choir.

Mr. Wm. Huddleston, of Indiana, said he was self-delegated to this Convention, but as a non-resistant and "peace" man, he wished to say a few words. He spoke in opposition to the war and the action of the Convention in its favor.

The President, in consequence of the absence of Dr. Gardner from the Convention, appointed J. S. Loveland to fill his place on the Committee of Five to select a National Executive Committee.

Mr. Loveland resigned, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Massachusetts, was appointed in his stead.

Dr. Wm. White, of Michigan, spoke in favor of reform in educational systems, and in the relations of capital to labor, urging the importance of rising above mere physical conditions.

Mr. Ira Porter said he thought the Convention had made a great mistake in rejecting Judge Carter's protest. He wished always to preserve the right of protest as sacred to all parties.

Mr. Seth Paine moved a reconsideration of the vote rejecting the protest.

Mr. Daniel Shaffer supported the motion, and hoped it would prevail.

Capt. Kilgore said in consequence of debility, he was away from the field of battle. He had called upon the Convention on his way home to seek rest, hoping that his spirit might be refreshed; but he found persons here that seemed better entitled to shoulder straps than himself. Years ago he had taken a firm stand in favor of liberty and human rights. He fought for them on the battlefield, and he would plead for them and stand by them at home. He hoped the parties who wished to protest against the action of the Convention would be granted the right of protest. Capt. Kilgore spoke of the interest felt by officers and soldiers of the Army in the subject of Spiritualism, and beautifully portrayed his own experience and longings for spiritual life and associations, during his quiet hours in camp. The Secretaries regret their inability to make a full verbatim report of his remarks.

Mr. S. Van Nest opposed the motion to reconsider.

Leo Miller said he did not deny the right of protest, but objected to the acceptance of this because of its grossly insulting language, and its flagrant misrepresentation of fact. Most of the allegations are unqualifiedly false, and he hesitated not to pronounce it a tissue of lies. Let them bring in their protest couched in respectful language, and with a decent regard for the truth, and this Convention will not hesitate a moment to spread it upon the records. He was also in favor of peace, but would not purchase it at the price of Liberty and the Union. He had little confidence in the opposition's clamor for peace. Peace Democrats were War Democrats in the Mexican War and in the present war. But now there is a war for the preservation of our national life, and all in the interest of freedom and free institutions, they would have us believe they were all "saints," Christ-like "non-resistants," "Peace Democrats." Be assured it is nothing but hypocritical cant. The Peace Democrats which support Vallandigham, murderers in cold blood Union soldiers down in the South, and are continually finding fault with the Government, is a miserable spawn of Secession, and breeds only treason and bloodshed.

Mr. Seth Paine favored the motion to reconsider, if for no other reason than to place the parties side by side. He would spread the protest on the records of the Convention. He believed that the character of Jesus shone all the brighter for being side by side with Judas.

Mr. Charles Partridge favored the motion. He was in favor of dealing equally with all, and saw no reason why we should reject the protest on the ground of improper language, when the Convention sat under language uttered by some of the speakers as objectionable as the protest itself.

F. L. Wadsworth moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table.

Adjourned till 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION—SUNDAY.

Convention called to order pursuant to adjournment by the President.

Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm was announced as the first speaker for the afternoon. She gave way, for a limited time, to Mrs. E. G. Willard, of Chicago, who read the following essay:

MRS. WILLARD'S ESSAY.

One of the speakers of this Convention has given us a text, which he would have us all remember, that "the demands of Nature are the commands of God." Perhaps the speaker did not so intend, but he did leave the impression upon my mind, and I knew upon the minds of others of his audience, that all the demands of our nature are from God, and therefore God, and ought to be obeyed. Now

I do not believe in the total depravity of human nature; neither do I believe in its total inamenable perfection in earth-life. These would doubtless be decided by every individual, according to his or her idea of what nature is. We use language in a very vague and indefinite sense, and therefore we do not understand each other. Language is not arbitrary, it is natural, and no words have exactly the same meaning. Spirit and nature do not mean the same thing. All that is spiritual is natural, but all that is natural is not spiritual. Now I see the many so-called Spiritualists are only naturalists; and I am sorry to say that some of them are only natural sensualists. They have not arisen above the natural, intellectual, phenomenal plane of Spiritualism.

The speaker said he "did not mean that the demand of the perverted appetite of the tobacco-chewer was to be obeyed." Now I ask, are not our very natures, more or less, a perversion in many ways, from all that is right and good? We know that it is the nature of the lion or the wolf to kill the lamb. This is right to the lion or the wolf, but it is not right to the lamb, nor to us, and we do not permit it; we guard and fold our lambs. The natural instincts of brutes are right to them, because they are not endowed with sufficient reason for individual cultivation, education and progress.

But with human nature to-day it is very different. We cannot and we must not excuse the vicious appetites, passions and demands of our nature on the ground of mental imbecility, or a lack of sense and reason. As intelligent beings, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to seek to excuse the indulgence of our vices and call them right, on the ground of mental imbecility, or a lack of sense and reason. What do we mean—or rather, what does this audience understand by nature, as manifested in human beings? When we say that a man's hair is naturally black, we understand that it is not dyed black by human artifice. We understand that a child is a natural idiot, when it is born so, and not made so by the abuse of its mental faculties. When a child is born with a curvature of the spine, or any other deformity, we say that it is a natural deformity—a deformity not produced by accident, or after natal misfortune.

Our nature, then, as generally understood, is in our organization; it is whatever is developed in us from outer natal conditions. It is whatever is born in us with our birth, and grows up with our growth. Now the various vices of humanity are organized into us. They are wrought, by natural forces, into our physical, mental and moral constitutions; and they are developed in us with our physical, mental and moral growth. A vast number of our children are conceived, and generated, and born in the very worst kind of iniquity, and are vice is natural to them.

"The world is full of vices, natural to tobacco-chewers, natural drunkards, natural gluttons, and natural libertines. Now it will not do to say that all the demands of such natures are the commands of God; if they are, God is only a very bad man and a very bad master. If we are to obey all the commands of such natures, we put ourselves on a level with the brutes—ay, we put ourselves below them, for the brute is a lower level—for the demands of such natures are unspeakably lower than the brutes."

If all the commands of such natures are right and ought to be obeyed, then we ignore the very first principles of progression—we ignore our reason, we ignore our intelligence, we ignore our moral responsibility, and we ignore the power of our own will.

Of all the most pitiable objects in creation, it is a man, or a woman, without a will—with no strength of purpose for good or evil. Such are always passively either good or bad, according to surrounding circumstances. But because men and women are naturally weak-minded, or weak in the will-power, shall we censure them? Shall we punish them when they fall into vice, and curse them to the lowest depths of infamy? Nay, let us rather impart to them the strength of our own will; let us lift them up; let us surround them with our own will-power, as crutches to support their feeble steps through life. But let no man, with strength of purpose and with a glorious intellect—an intellect that can understand the laws of life and health and spiritual elevation—seek to excuse his vices, his degeneracy, his weakness, his head and debauchery, by the (the) false maxim that all the demands of our nature are the commands of God, and therefore right, and to be obeyed.

I do not believe that "whatever is, is right;" but I do believe that whatever is, or ever was, or ever will be, is a necessity. All that is to-day, is a necessity from all that is past; all that will be to-morrow is a necessity from all that is to-day, and so on ad infinitum. We cannot develop an intellect, and the power and exercise of our own free will, from which comes our moral responsibility, are the most glorious necessities of the universe, and they shall redeem this beautiful earth from sin and shame and blood.

A patriotic song was well sung by Mr. Harris, of Indiana.

Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm, M. D., of Philadelphia, then came forward and announced as her subject, "WOMAN'S FALSE AND TRUE CONDITION." "In every department of nature are unmistakable signs, that health is the true and natural condition of all things, and that all laws tend to one end, namely: to the establishment of perfect harmony; and there is nothing so completely qualified to enjoy and represent that condition as the human constitution, which is attainable through a knowledge of, and practical obedience to the laws of health."

Of the several departments of knowledge, she declared to be the most neglected, and the most deserving of attention, or embracing a larger sphere of practical usefulness, than the study of the human organism, based upon the well-founded sciences of "Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry," a proper understanding of which furnishes the key of solution to many truths heretofore mystical, and opens the door of investigation into the causes, relations, and laws of our being.

Notwithstanding the opposition of conservative scientists, and the educated prejudices of our own sex, against any advancement in this direction, the demands of the age are claiming its truths in behalf of woman for the highest good of humanity. All credit is due the few noble, daring men who have stepped aside from the beaten tracks of a selfish despotism, ventured to enlarge the sphere of practical usefulness, and to the study of the human organism, based upon the well-founded sciences of "Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry," a proper understanding of which furnishes the key of solution to many truths heretofore mystical, and opens the door of investigation into the causes, relations, and laws of our being.

"We can see no limit to the power of woman to enter the chambers of knowledge; we can see no bound which should hedge in her genius, but we can see in the fine and ever revolving wheels of her nature so many levers or propelling powers that demand a mission, from fathers and mothers, guardians and society, from the very cradle to the grave, to begin to develop the nobility of character, and every institution, should be opened which will instruct, upon whatever plane of action her adaptations have determined for her."

"Let it be as disgraceful for the daughters and sisters of life to have no occupation, as it is for man to fritter away the noble energies of manhood—the thrones of life—and woman can no more bear the absence of this specialty than can man, without injury to body and mind. Such are the dolls of the dressing-room, the glittering children of fashion, who wander along the highways, desolate, for want of an occupation, with aspirations that cannot be crushed out of existence; hence, when misdirected, they find an outlet into the paths of disease and crime." Such is woman's false condition to herself and the world. Again, she has been falsely educated as to the modes of labor. Sewing has been considered a noble and able, while other branches of labor have been ignored, by the over fastidious, as belonging only to a certain class, whom we should call helps, but only recognize as servants. This distinction of honor or dishonor should never exist or become associated with any form of labor so long as individuals possess morality and worth. Mothers, for the sake of your daughters, and for the sake of younger sisters exposed to the vicissitudes of earthly changes, instill no longer such precepts of error. Labor is glorious, and ever elevated by the mental and motive power. Such false sentiments have crowded your needle market, and to-day there is found, in the city of Philadelphia, twenty thousand of the sewing women working at almost starvation prices, ap-

pealing tearfully for help and strength to every earnest worker of humanity.

Need we linger over causes that add to the number of the trait and erring slavehood? Here they stand out in all their painful realities; "a false education," "the small remuneration of female labor," and "disease," and never can we look for reform, until we strike at the causes.

"Woman's true condition, the uses and abuses of the marriage law, its influences upon our children for good or evil, its high design when properly understood, and its lowly uses when misapplied, were lastly discussed by the speaker, and listened to with deep attention by a highly appreciative audience."

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley was introduced as the next regular speaker. Mr. Tooley had prepared an essay for the Convention, but time did not permit its full presentation. He spoke substantially as follows:

"The world has its serious and its comic sides; and religion has its internal and its external—besides its inner and innermost depths. These natural divisions are forgotten, and logically confounded; so that mental confusion follows, to the great hurt of the science of life and the practical dismemberment of some portion or portions of the grand-man. But in keeping this easy and practical division in mind—the ideal and the actual balance each other—and suggest the order of development, in pointing out the characteristics of individuals or society."

As an idealist, he was sympathetic to and worshipped with the Hindu, the Egyptian, the Jew, the Christian and the Mahometan, and every son and daughter of earth; but practically and dogmatically there were few to fellowship with. In aspiration he knelt with the humble dweller in the log-cabin, and cherished the desire, that promote him to stand beside "the rarest of the rare" in "the Inner Temple" of the Infinite Spirit.

This was the transcendental, sympathetic, dreamy side of the reverent and venerative in Nature; and in passing from its ideal splendors to the things of earth and the developments of time, it often seemed like passing from one extreme to another. Yet such were the necessities of life and the needs of the individual, that man must continue to be for a time, the distance and the difference between the ideal and practical of religion."

But to be more direct and definite. Marriage in Christendom is supposed to be a Sacrament, and the existing form of conjugal union, combines the moralism of law and the solemnities of religion, for which it is supposed to be the result of "Bible" teachings. And so general is this conclusion, that it is presented as convincing and conclusive proof of the efficacy of the Christian religion and the uselessness of any other. More: it is disreputable to think otherwise, because of its supposed injury to social order; and writers and speakers, in discussing marriage, appeal to the Bible—particularly the New Testament—for proof of its being a way to a happy and a foregone conclusion. This, in America in particular, has silenced investigation; cut off inquiry, and for centuries made marriage exceptional to the searching spirit of reform. And reflection, it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise, historically or practically, considering the popular notions held of Jesus and his teachings. But these assumptions, like much that belongs to the theologies of the schools, are built on the credulity of the believers, rather than on the statement or practice of Jesus. They assert more for the master and his man, than they affirm of themselves. Let us learn of them.

1st. The three leading expositors of marriage in the New Testament, are Jesus, Paul and Peter. Each springs from these sentiments as elements of the social system, are conditions of permanency in any people, nation, or race."

6th. Resolved, That this Convention express its heartfelt sympathy with our brave sons and brothers who are now seeking by exposure to mutilation and death, in the camp and on the field, to defend the Republic and Free Institutions against the forces which seek to oppress and enslave the United States from the States of the world, and we will do all we can to care for their loved ones at home, whose natural protectors are exposing their lives to defend freedom from earth's worst tyrants.

7th. Resolved, That Spiritualism in theory, is belief in man's immortality and eternal progression, and that departed spirits from earth-life, can and do undergo favorable conditions, commensurate with their moral and climatic conditions of life in the days of Noah, Moses, and Daniel, and that inspiration is now vouchsafed to man and woman, as surely and effectually as in the days of Jesus, Paul, and Peter.

8th. Resolved, That any people or class of people, who demand the attention of mankind, and challenge the faith and philosophy of ages, ought not to be able to present valid reasons for their position, but also to present clear and definite statement of a system of their own.

9th. Resolved, That to merely assail—to occupy a position of simple negation or cynical criticism, is unworthy of this age of progressive philosophy and positive science.

10th. Resolved, That we recommend the "Children's Progressive Lyceums" as the highest and most desirable method for the education of the children of the liberal people of this country, and that we believe that its adoption in the various localities of the whole country, would redound to the triumph of the greatest intellectual and religious revolution the world ever saw; and that we do appreciate the men who have for long years labored, under the most trying circumstances, to advance the cause of truth and progress, and who have expended their time and money for that purpose, and made other and great sacrifices to attain the great end to which all true Spiritualists labor.

11th. Resolved, That this Convention utterly repudiate and disavow, on its part, all and every statement on this floor expressed, which in the least tends to create the impression that we are actuated by any unworthy feeling, or to disparage or to disparagingly mention any section, and that we most heartily and cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to every true friend of progress and reform, be he or she from the East, West, North, or South, be he or she from the continents of the Old World, or the islands of the sea; that we do appreciate the grand and untiring efforts of those men who have used their time and money, and jeopardized their all to sustain the great truths of Spiritualism. And we pray that God may not only bless them in their glorious enterprise, but we pledge them our cordial support and earnest endeavors to aid them in rolling forward the car of progress, and to that end we agree to go to our respective places of abode, and wherever practical, to organize local societies under the resolution passed by this Convention, and see that delegates are elected to represent them in the next National Convention.

On motion the report of the Committee on Resolutions was received.

Mr. H. C. Wright moved the adoption of the Resolutions entire, as reported.

Mr. Charles Partridge said he was disappointed that so little of the fundamental teachings of Spiritualism had been brought before the Convention. He moved as a substitute to Mr. Wright's motion, that the Resolutions be taken up in order and discussed. Lost.

Mr. H. C. Wright thought the Resolutions should be adopted as a general expression of the Convention; we had no time for discussion now.

Mr. Partridge thought Resolutions should not be adopted without discussion.

The vote was then taken on Mr. Wright's motion to adopt, and carried by a large majority. The Resolutions reported by the Special Committee, on the "Social Condition of the Country," were called up and adopted.

Mr. Leo Miller reported the following named persons to constitute the National Executive Committee: S. S. Jones, St. Charles, Ill. Chairman; Warren Chase, Mich.; Mrs. S. E. Warner, Berlin, Wis.; Sedgwick Elmey, Plato, E. Ohio; Mrs. F. Davis, Orange, N. Y.; F. L. Wadsworth, Maine; H. B. Storer, Conn.; Dr. H. T. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. H. F. Gardner, Boston, Mass.; Amanda M. Spence, New York; M. F. Shuey, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. M. M. Daniels, Independence, Iowa; Miles O. Mott, Brandon, Vt.

The report was received and adopted.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at eight o'clock, by the President.

Ira Porter offered the following protest:

Whereas, At an early stage of the Session of this Convention, a Special Committee on the State of the Union reported a series of resolutions intended to express the convictions of a majority of this Convention on the political issues of the

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER is a chain of thought, by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who love the earth-sphere in an unevolved 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.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Gen. Wm. E. Jones, of Virginia, to his wife; Capt. Geo. Gordon, Co. I, 2d New Hampshire, to his friends; James McCauley, drummer in the 1st New York Cavalry, to his mother; Mary Ann, of Georgia, to her mother; in Omaha, S. D. **Thursday, Sept. 15.**—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Rev. Wm. B. Plafing, to his family; in Connecticut; A. L. T. Ayling, to his mother, Margaret Ayling, in Chester, La.; Richard Souers, of Manchester, Eng.; Patrick Magan, to his wife Alice; in Chicago; Louis, to, to his husband, Thomas Bag, at Nevada City.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, like the breath of morning laden with the perfumes of sweetest flowers, comes the remembrance that we are thy children; that thou art our parent. Though we are called to walk through dark nights and gloomy places, still thou wilt be with us; thy strength shall be ours, and thou wilt ever shield us with thine arm of love, for so sure as thou hast given us the crown of immortality, so surely we know that thou wilt not forsake us. Therefore, O Infinite Spirit, that we look to thee with confidence—that we turn to thee ever with the voice of praise, knowing that thou art not afar off, that thou wilt hear, and wilt answer and wilt infinitely bless us. Oh, our Father, we feel that these thy children have not seen all of thy dark hours; that their unborn future is full of we. Oh, Spirit of the Universe, may they feel thy nearness that they may overcome their weakness and rely upon thee fully. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we would that it were our mission to lead them away from the present, to show them the glory, also, of the future, as well as the darkness. Oh, give us, Great Spirit of Love, to feel always that we are thy children. Give us to know that when shadows of sorrow and grief are filled with blessings. To thee this hour we commend the aspirations of these thy children. They ask for light—we know thou wilt bestow it upon them. They ask for wisdom—we know thou wilt come. They ask to know the one right way—we know thou wilt lead their feet in the path of righteousness. We know that when they ask thee, Oh Father of the Universe, to lead them, thou wilt send forth thy angels to guide them. And, therefore, O Infinite Spirit, now and forever, we render deathless praises.

Sept. 8.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to consider any questions the friends may have to offer.

QUES.—We are informed by intelligent spirits that the incentive life of spirits is a perfect type of earth-life, though enlarged, beautified, &c. That each one, gravitating to the society according with their own development morally and spiritually, immediately—so to say—takes up the thread of the earth-life to resume the uncompleted business which was most congenial here. That the new life, though as seemingly real as the past earth-life in its manifold manifestations to the spirit-senses, is nevertheless, but an ideal one, and so appears to those spirits who have passed on to a higher stage, and have outgrown all desires, purposes and occupations that characterized in any manner the former material life.

Now what is the nature of this higher life of spirits who, having risen above all influences or attachments for materiality, can behold the stage of spirit-life through which they themselves have already passed, as an unreality in fact?—ideal, like our own experiences in dreaming, perhaps? Is this higher life ideal, also, to still more advanced spirits? or is it the "real reality," being purely spiritual, and therefore unclouded by any fancies which are the offspring of materiality?

And what is the nature of the change from the "ideal world" to the real, the above hypothesis being correct? Is it similar to death? And does it occur when spirits graduate to the third sphere, or, as some spirits have told us, the seventh circle of the second sphere; which change, they say, is analogous to the first death? Does the entire appearance to the higher gradation of spirits, in like manner, an illusory world—or ideal?

ANS.—It is impossible for the disembodied spirit to fully portray the condition of his or her life, so that they will be clearly understood by those dwelling in the form. While you are confined in the tomb of materialism, it is absolutely impossible for you to understand clearly the meaning of a future state. We know that from time to time many spirits have labored—and earnestly, too—to give you as much light upon the subject of a future state as they were able to, and of their own condition, each one offering as much as they were able to offer.

It should be remembered that the condition through which the intelligence passes is by no means perfect. Therefore, much of the light that is made for all communications received from time to time, coming from the land of disembodied spirits. All that through which spirit has passed is, to the present conception—in the present conception of the spirit—but ideal, unreal. Every returning spirit will tell you that you live in a world altogether unreal, and they attempt to prove it to you by the fact that those objects they termed by you through the material senses are fast passing away; not one remains any great length of time. Now, to a certain extent, this is true. Your earth-life is to them unreal—an ideal condition to the spirit who has outlived its earthly proclivities, or has passed through those spheres, or degrees of life—if you see fit so to term them—that belong alone to the material world.

Much is said with regard to the different spheres, different circles in the spirit-world. When applied to spirit, the word sphere signifies compass of mind; not a locality, not a special dwelling-place—by no means—but a condition of mind, in which spirit lives, through which it acts. It is true all spirits do, by virtue of natural law, gravitate to their own plane. No one can and no one wishes, in the spirit-world, to occupy a position higher than its own condition demands. To occupy a higher position would make the individual exceedingly unhappy; quite as much so as if it were to fall to a lower one.

Q.—I would like some light upon an idea in regard to the amalgamation of the human races. I wish to ask whether a mixture or intermingling of all types of the human race would improve the race in the same manner as it has been claimed that fruit can be engendered?

A.—Much pains is taken with regard to the improvement of all things lower than the human; but little or no pains—at least with the majority—has been taken with regard to the improvement of the human races. Instead of studying the law of adaptation, and applying it according to nature, you have been led by false fancies and the free fusts of your nature; and the result has been the presenting you with a picture certainly not very pleasant to look upon. Civil war is one of the results of this oversight of yours. Had you paid one half as much attention to improving the human races as you have paid to the lower orders, by this time war would have been only in the past, and the many evils that float upon society would have become extinct.

The amalgamation of the races, when properly understood and properly applied, is of great use to mankind. Man is gregarious by nature. Men naturally flock together like herds of buffaloes upon the western plains; cannot be content alone. Instinct prompts them but reason goes a step further, and tells you to study the law, and when you have learned it, to apply it for their high-

est good. We know that the races are fast approaching to a new and more glorious era. They are beginning to learn that much depends upon themselves with regard to their spiritual and physical being. It has been said by a certain philosopher, and with some degree of truth, we think, "that we were what we made ourselves." He believed that it was in the power of the human to make itself either a God or a Devil. Although we cannot fully sanction his idea, yet we know there is much of truth in it.

All the sorrow that is incident to human life comes in consequence of ignorance. You do not know the right way, so do not walk in it. But humanity—thanks be to the great God—is fast learning the right way, fast unfolding out of those conditions of ignorance it has so long dwelt in, into those of wisdom.

The present age has made rapid strides with regard to the laws pertaining to human life; but there is a longer step yet to be taken. And when you shall have passed to the spirit-world, and years hence in the future shall be able to look down upon this material world, you will say that the world has changed somewhat, that the great law is better understood and therefore better obeyed.

Q.—I recollect reading about a traveler in Africa who was said, had discovered a tribe of negroes that possessed a language that, in its grammatical beauties, exceeded those of the Greek, or the Hebrew, I believe it was. Now if this is so, I have thought or considered this an evidence that the negro race were, at some past time, a great nation, possessed of arts and sciences like the nations of the present day. I think—I have been impressed with the idea—that because they possessed a language and arts superior to the tribes that surrounded them in Africa, those tribes combined against them and crushed them. If the spirit would be kind enough to investigate the subject, if it is not acquainted with it at this time, and discontinue upon it at some future day, it will confer a favor not upon me only, but upon those who might wish to know if the negro is capable of improvement like the white man. The question is not offered for discussion at the present moment, particularly, you will understand. It is a request as a favor to the spirit, that at some future time, when it has become acquainted with the subject, it may give us its ideas in regard to the matter.

A.—It is our good fortune to be somewhat acquainted with the subject. The negro race has always occupied the position we find him occupying in the present. On the contrary, the race was once mighty, possessing arts and sciences superior in many respects to those you are blessed with in the present day. Many things conspired, however, to crush them, to render them, according to the conception of the white man, an inferior race. It has been said, and is believed by many thousands, you, by many millions, that your beautiful earth has been in existence but a little more than six thousand years. Now we do know that over one hundred thousand years ago the negro held a position grand and beautiful in earth-life. This is not belief or speculation, but is absolute knowledge, that has been derived from sources not illusory by any means, but sound and real. You know, I think, that the entire history of the story of the creation of the world. It is to us but a fable, a priestly fable, deserving of no credence whatever.

Q.—Could spirits impress the medium to speak a foreign language?

A.—That is done always when it is necessary. We never tax the powers of our subject unnecessarily.

Q.—Are there many spirit-friends gathered with us now?

A.—Many thousands. Sept. 8.

Joseph Ball.

Stranger! [How do you do?] How do you do? I see you send papers to our place—Conway, Michigan? [Yes.]

If you had any objection, I should like to send a few ideas of my now down there. [We have not the least objection.] I haven't been in this 'ere spirit-world long enough to get a great deal of knowledge, but I've been here long enough to get rid of some foolish ideas I had, and to get some new ones. [That's a good thing.] That's a good thing, surely. I know something about coming back in this way; not a great deal.

I've left a wife and family here, brothers, and a sister; and I should like to, if you had any objection, I should like to talk to them in my own way—scold them a little. [Say what you please, it's your story you're telling, not ours.] Yes. Well, you see, when I was here, my folks and my wife do not exactly hitch. She likes to go, and likes to dress, and likes a good many things, well, that they don't; and she's a pretty stubborn, and will have her own way, and they do not like her. Now I want to reconcile both parties, for there's no sense in their living so; 'tain't pretty. I want them to feel that my wife has a right to do about as she pleases, providing she don't tread on their toes. And I want her to feel, too, that something's due to them; that she mustn't say to the children, "You shan't go to see your father's folks," because that makes trouble, you know. They don't feel clever about it.

I've been in the spirit-world about three years, and it's the prettiest three years I ever spent; 'tis, truly. There's no sickness to contend with; no mortgaged to get rid of; it's just you don't want no more land than is necessary for you to have. On the whole, I think it's a pretty good country, and if I could only see my folks living about right, I think I should be happy as a king.

I'd like my sister Martha to sit down alone, and let me see what I can do with her in the way of writing through her hand. I don't know as I can write at all; I can't say you don't, stranger, but I kind of think I could use her to write through. At any rate, I want her to sit down and see if I can come. Never mind what Mary does or says, anyway. What if she has spent the few hundred dollars I left when I died, 't won't be of any account a hundred years hence. There'll be some way provided to take care of the children. I can do something toward taking care of them myself—not a great deal, perhaps, but something; if the folks will only try to live harmoniously, that means happily. They've got to remember, on each side, that neither are perfectly right; that one is about as much in the right as the other, when they come to look at the thing disinterestedly. So they'd better pull in and call it an even thing. Stranger, I don't know as you are in the habit of reading the columns of this sort—kind of personal, you know; but then, when you can't talk to your folks any other way, what then? [It's all right.]

Well, my name's Joseph Ball. I am from Conway, Michigan. You say your paper goes there? Yes, I know it does, for I've seen it there myself. So I'm all right. [We'll send your message to your folks, if you like to address it.] Well, stranger, I think your paper will do them about as soon as you could send it. [We can direct it to their address.] Right to their house? [Yes.] Well, I think it will go there. I'll ask them to write you, if they get it. How'll that do? [Well.] And if you don't get any answer, then you may send it. [To whom?] Send it to Mary Ball, Conway, Michigan. Good-afternoon. Sept. 8.

Lieut. Samuel Gilbrith.

Samuel Gilbrith, sir, First Lieutenant, in the Andrew Sharpshooters, 15th Massachusetts. By the kindness of the lieutenant who preceded me, I am fortunate enough to be able to control your medium.

I fell in action, about the 1st of July, and never found myself able to speak in this way until today. I am rather chary about making public speeches—do not feel exactly at home with this uniform on. But if you'll be kind enough to say that I should be very glad to make communication with my own friends, privately, I shall be under obligations to you.

Johnnie Goss.

Ha! that's all right, never mind. [All right, is it?] Beg your pardon. [What's the matter? Don't you know where you are?] Oh, yes, only I tumbled in a little carelessly, that's all.

I'm a little anxious to send a letter, few words or so, to the folks that remain—that's what I want to do.

I was color-bearer in the 83d Indiana; got popped over at the battle of Kennesaw, Georgia.

Please, sir, to say that little Johnnie Goss comes back here, informing the boys—particularly the boys of the regiment—that he's all right. If they've got any way by which he could go and talk to them, he'd like to. Ain't much acquainted with this way of drilling, but suppose I shall do better as I get further along. Tell 'em, too, that Joe and

I are together. He took the colors after I was shot, and fell about twenty minutes afterwards. We were going up the mountain, and the rebels gave us pretty sharp fire.

Never mind. The folks it's all right. And about the money; if they haven't got it—but I think they have—if they haven't, take the usual way and it will come all right.

I was twenty years old, and not a bit afraid of a reb. Good-by, sir. Sept. 8.

Lieut. Samuel Berry.

Samuel Berry, First Lieutenant, Company B, 35th Massachusetts. I died at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, on the 6th of July. I am anxious to be able to telegraph freely, back and forth, to friends I have left here, although most of them are prejudiced against these things. But, seeing as their friends can return from over the river, it may not be a bad idea for them to overcome their prejudices, and let us in.

I feel the effects of my last sickness pretty sensibly. I am told I shall be all over it at the second coming. I hope there'll be no more tears shed over me, now that I am gone. They'd better shed tears over the folly of the nation, than over my death; better go to the Capital at Washington, and shed a few tears there. There they are needed.

I'm ready to make any talk with my friends, if they'll be kind enough to furnish me with a medium, as you call such folks as the one I'm talking through. Sept. 8.

Mary Kennelly.

I don't know how it is, but I'm a sort of a miserable wretch, any way. [What's the matter?] Oh, there's much the matter. I'm dead. I'm gone away, and I've no business to be dead. I ought to be here, on the earth, taking care of my children, myself, now. [It is unfortunate, but then you couldn't be here. Faith I could be if I had any sense.] You must make the best of it. I don't know at all how to make the best of it. [Try and be contented.] Ah, that's good to talk about. The fact was, I took too much liquor, sometimes, and one day I got to taking fits, and I die in one. I suppose me husband's at sea, and the children are left without any one to care for them. What'll I do? Faith, I want something to do.

I live on Naper street, No. 15, Naper street. [You'd better get some one on your side to tell you what to do.] Ah, can't some of you go there, and see what can be done for my children?

I been in the spirit-land since August. It's only a little time. [What was your number?] 15. I think it's that; I'm not sure, but I think it's 15.

[What was your name?] Mary Kennelly. [Is n't that Mary Kennelly?] Yes, sir, it is. Connelly, Mary Kennelly. [How do you spell it?] I can't tell. [Does it commence with K?] It does sir; there's a K in it. You'll inquire for Mary Kennelly, and they'll tell you she's dead. [Then we shall not find you there?] It's not me that I like you to find, but some others. [Who are they?] All me children. [How many did you leave here?] Two. [Boys?] Yes, the boys, and the girls, too. [Do you tell the truth; you needn't be at all afraid.] [What are your children?] Small, little ones. [Where are they now?] Faith, I don't know; upside down, some way, turned out and in; that's what troubles me, sir. [What do you want us to do for them?] Oh, I don't know, sir, what you'll do. Oh, I don't know. I want to get in the way of doing something for them myself. [Do you want your children get caught out?] Ah, may be they do, and may be they do not. I no business to be away, that's it. I should be here. I can't help it. I can't help it now, that's true. I'm sober, now; that's it—I'm sober.

Well, sir, if you say you'll go, I'll be satisfied. [We'll go.] What will you tell the folks? [If we tell them you are alive, and sent us there, they'll laugh at you.] Faith, I shall say, I shall think n't. May be they'll send you to the priest. [What is his name?] McCarthy. [Do you want to see him?] Are you a Protestant? [Yes.] Of course, then he'll not mind you at all. [He won't be frightened, will he?] Not frightened, but he not mind you at all, sir. [We can talk to him, if he don't mind us.] Ah, very well, then, you can do so.

Somewhat, sir, I got unbelieving in the spirit-world. [Don't you and any priests to confess to, in the spirit-world?] No, sir, not a priest; not a confessional, or anything of the sort. [There's plenty of priests gone to the spirit-world.] Ah, faith, I suppose so. They got a place by themselves. Maybe they're holding high mass, somewhere. [We shouldn't wonder. Does Father McCarthy know any of the poor?] He'll say like as he know any of the poor—he'll say like a church. [Maybe he'll be willing to do something for your children.] Ah, he'll say, "Very well, we can't take care of all the poor." He'll say this and that. It's the poor that can take care of him. [That's a fact.] Ah, well, maybe it will always be so. You go and see him, anyway. Maybe you'll get a blessing, if no more. [That's very good.] Don't forget me please. Good day to you. Sept. 8.

Lillian Rogers.

Lillian Rogers, sir, of Castleton, New Jersey. I lived here eleven years; died in May, 1894, of diptheria and diphtheria.

I have a father in the spirit-land, who was wounded at Bull Run, and died shortly after. I have a brother in the army, and a mother at home. I have also a sister in the spirit-land, who died when she was an infant.

I was very sick when seven years of age, with lung fever; never had any other serious sickness since. My father sends love, and says to my brother George, "When you know you're right, be strong." And to my mother, "There is no death." Sept. 8.

Invocation.

Soul of the dewdrop and mighty rolling worlds peopling space, thy loving smile beams in upon us through the darkness of the external world, and falls lovingly around us like softest sunshine, assuring us of thy protection, talking to our souls of things beautiful and grand. Our Father and our Mother, there is no need that we commend ourselves to thee, for thou art the power by which we live, the power that protects, and if thy love rounds the dewdrop and great world rolling in space, surely thou wilt not fail to care for us. Though kingdoms pass away, and mortal governments are no more, yet thy love remains the same, thy power outworks newer and grander things at all times, under all conditions. Oh, thy spirit, mighty in power, is manifesting itself through every human life, calling upon the souls to know thy laws and thee, through all things. Oh, Wondrous Spirit, we can trust ourselves with thee. We can lean upon thee even though darkness be around and above us. We know thou wilt lead us out of the present darkness, into future light. So unto thee, Oh, nameless Power, we render all honor and praise, now and in the future. Amen. Sept. 12.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—In accordance with your custom, we are now ready to receive any inquiries from the audience, if they have any to propound.

QUES.—Please explain how memory acts—especially the memory of the dead?

ANS.—Memory is a something that is eternal with the spirit. All the experiences through which the spirit has passed, it retains in memory. Although it may not be able to project that into its outer life, yet it is held in reserve, and can be called up under proper conditions. It only wants the proper external conditions to renew any portion of the experiences through which the spirit has passed.

Q.—Will you please explain how spirit retains those experiences?

A.—The soul may be likened unto a plate, having an innumerable number of surfaces. Each surface is presented to the outer, and also to the inner life, for the soul or spirit, or inner man, if you please, is, for the most part, passing through the spheres of the material world, and the material world. You cannot say with truth that you have never lived in the soul-world, never experienced any of the realities of the spirit-land, for the soul is constantly passing through experiences spiritual and material, and retaining them all, on some one of the innumerable surfaces of this glorious soul-plate.

If the soul could forget, then it could not be immortal, for it must be remembered that all the ex-

periences through which soul passes make up its own being. It grows through these experiences, and can no more afford to part with any portion of them than it can afford to part with any of its life. Its qualities, its life, and God lives through all life, and truly said to God, and if he does, all things are permeated by his presence, sustained by him. Therefore do not consider that we speak falsely when we declare to you that all things are, in a certain sense, immortal. Even the crude elements that go to make up your material world are all moving by virtue of this same immortal principle, sustained by it, and therefore must be, in a certain degree, immortal also. We do not mean the form, for forms are constantly passing away, constantly crumbling into dust, because they belong only to external life; but the internal life, the power, the grand presence by which all these things are held and sustained in their proper place, is in itself immortal.

Memory is one of the attributes of the Infinite conferred upon soul by virtue of its relation to the Infinite, and it would be folly for any one to suppose that it could sink into oblivion at will. These outer senses are under the control of human laws, and are an outgrowth of material life, and therefore they are limited. The soul can only project a certain amount of its own being through these crude senses into the outer world, and it is a power almost infinite. And yet how very small a portion is projected into external life; so small that sometimes it would seem that there was no immortality, no God-image behind the external.

Q.—Why can aged persons more easily recall the incidents of their childhood than those of yesterday?

A.—In the order of Nature, it seems to be a law for certain individuals who have passed the meridian of mortal life, to turn back vividly to the experiences of their childhood. We say it is law with certain individuals, and by it they easily retrace, or pass over, we should say, the present into the past. Some persons when they are passing transported into the past. They see, realize, and live virtually over again the scenes of early life. This is all done by virtue of the law of their own physical being. Each person has a law peculiar to themselves, and by which they can be led on from universe to universe. This is why no two are alike. Each one may be compared to a world within itself. This mighty power, or principle, which is held dependent upon all outside things, has been in the Confucius service. It is not so; which it revolves, and that is its God, and that God is certainly not yours, nor mine. It has been said by an ancient philosopher, that every individual had a God of his own. What a grand truth underlies that assertion. He furthermore said that however much he wished to worship him, he was obliged to worship the God within him. He could not get outside of himself, his own being. When he bowed before his Maker, it was his spirit that lived within himself. Oh, if mortals could but fully understand this truth, instead of searching through the great universe of this material world for God, they would turn within, and have little trouble in finding him. Sept. 12.

Tom Morgan.

I should like to make a brief communication to General Joseph Morgan, if you have no objection. [We have none.] He is a near relative of mine. I was Tom Morgan. I lived here in Boston, died a few years since, and used to keep the "Ben Franklin" down in Morton place.

Now what I want to say to Joe is this: Joe, did it you tell me, about sixteen years ago, if ever old England interfered with these United States, this Federal Government, you were ready to lay down your life in defence of it? Now how in the name of God is it that you can take up arms against the Federal Government, unless you are changed very much in your feelings since then? What are you thinking about? Are you fighting for a position? Because, if you are, you may get the position of street scavenger, or something of the sort, for the course you are taking now. But if you're fighting because you think it's right for you to do so, then I've not a word to say; but I do not think you think it's right. At any rate, I want you to come to the gate, and talk with me. I think clear into the city, maybe I'm sent out at the gate. I want you to tell me what in the name of God you're doing as you are for? Then I'll tell you why I've come across the bridge to ask you to talk with me. Good-day. Sept. 12.

Richard Isalls.

I was wounded before Petersburg, and died at the Lincoln Hospital, Washington. I was from the 11th Vermont, Heavy Artillery. I am as green as the mountains of my native State at this business. But I've got this to console me, that all I care for here is to get home, and talk with my folks. I don't know how to come back and talk.

I do not feel very punky here, do not know as I could march a great way to-day, but I should like to go into old Vermont with a good nice medium, and talk to my folks; but suppose I must wait for the moving of the waters, or for the wagon, before I can get into it and ride. I'm kind of happy in my new quarters, but I suppose I should have a little better if I had not gone out before I saw the rebellion crushed. I'd liked to have seen that all dead before I died, then I'd have gone out without much regret. But it's no use to feel bad about anything now; all you've got to do is to go ahead.

I've not seen a great deal of life on either side, but I've learned a good deal going to the spirit-world, and that is, that it's a pretty sure thing that we've got to continue on—well, I suppose from the beginning of time—though some folks don't believe it ever had a beginning—but it's pretty certain, anyway, that we've got to live through all eternity. It's pretty certain, too, that there are many churches up in this new country, so I do not suppose religion amounts to much, anyway.

I want the folks to know I feel sorry I could n't be with 'em when I died, but I died like a soldier, and I was n't afraid to go. Oh, my name—Richard Isalls, 11th Vermont, Heavy Artillery. [How were you?] Thirty-two. [Where did you live?] In Chelsea—not out here. [Have you a father living?] No, sir—yes, living, not in the same place as I was when I was living. Yes, well, kind of thin up in religion; I don't know about getting round there; going to try, anyway.

Well, I should think, if I did n't know, that I was back again in the hospital. [Do you feel bad?] Well, rather so; so bad that I don't care to stay a great while here. [You'll feel better the next time you come.] Hope I shall. There has to be a great deal of suffering, you know. We're glad you are able to come at all. So am I. Sept. 12.

Phil, a colored boy.

How are you, Massa? [How do you do?] I got here. I want to send a summons to Cap'n Parker. Yes; he's in the 16th New York. Well, sir, I was first owned by Colonel Burrows, of Georgia. I got away from him, went to Virginia, and Cap'n Parker took me to wait on him. In the first battle we had after Cap'n Parker took me to wait on him, I was killed. [You did n't have very good luck, did you?] Yes; good luck. [Do you call getting shot good luck?] Yes, sir. [Did you suffer much when dying?] No, sir; I went out pretty easy. [Do you like where you are living now?] Yes. [What do you find to do there?] Oh, sir, "I flukes" around—do most anything—do most anything. It's not much we have to do, anyway, in the spirit-land. [How do you see there?] Why, sir, I see everybody. [Do you see General Washington?] Yes, sir, I do n't know him. I's hear about him, but I not see him, because I not know him.

Well, sir, what I want to do is to let Cap'n Parker know I come back. Cap'n Parker say, "My boy, when you get across to the other side, come back, if you can, and let me hear from you." [Is Cap'n Parker a Spiritualist?] I don't say he is, but I think he is. [Do you think he's something?] He said that to me. [Could you read?] Yes; [Could you read?] No, sir, I couldn't read. [When did Cap'n Parker say this?] After I was wounded, and I lays me down to die; he goes on and leaves me on the field, and when he was going, he says, "Well, my boy, when you get across to the other side, come back, if you can, and let me hear from you." And do n't you forget to say it's Phil. [How old were you?] I don't say; I expect I's 'bout twelve—don't, though. [Where were you shot?] Massa, a ball went through the hand and the lungs. [Did you live any time after you were shot?] Oh, yes; about an hour. [Did you suffer much pain?] Yes; considerable. [Did they take good care of you?] Yes; I did n't need

much care, for I die on the field. Yes; Cap'n Parker fix my head when he was going away, and tells me when I gets away over there to come back, if I can, and let him hear from me. And there's plenty of folks to show you the way back to earth. [There are?] Yes; heaps of 'em.

Massa, tell him I come because he asks me to. [He will be glad to hear from you, we have no doubt.] I's only been with him two or three days. [You did not know him very well then?] Yes, Massa, I did, for he was very kind to me. And he give you piece of candy? Yes; yes; he's Cap'n Parker, of the 16th New York Regiment. Yes; because I asked soon after he took me to wait on him, what regiment he belonged to. [Do you remember the Colonel's name?] No, sir; don't. [The Major's name?] No, sir.

I see old Massa Burrows here. I don't see him now; did before I come here. [Why do n't you come back?] I don't know, for maybe he tired. [Then?] Yes; tired because he has no one to wait on him now. [Would n't you do it?] Ah, sir, I won't do it. No, sir; I free nigger. [Were you not free when you waited on Cap'n Parker?] Yes. [Would n't you wait on Colonel Burrows, if he asked you?] No, sir; he knows I could n't do it, so he won't ask me. [Then you don't like him, do you?] No, sir, I don't like him. [Would you wait on Cap'n Parker if he were in the spirit-land?] Yes; think I would.

Well, sir, I go now. [Come again sometime.] Yes; maybe the Captain tells me to come again. Maybe I will. [We will send Cap'n Parker your letter.] Sept. 12.

Annie E. Cramer.

It is two years and a half since I died in Savannah, Georgia. I was in ill-health, and went there with the hope of recovering my health; but while I was there the war broke out, and I grew sicker, and I was waiting for some favorable opportunity to return home. But that never came.

I have a mother and sisters in New York. My father has died since the breaking out of the rebellion. Oh, if I could only have died at home, I should have been satisfied to go; but it was impossible for my dearest friends to reach me, and I could not go to them.

It has been said that my husband went voluntarily into the Confederate service. It is not so. He was impressed into the service very

