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THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.

BY JAMES M. DONNELLY.

I speak to the hapless mourner's heart,
To the weary wanderer's soul,
And the sound of my voice shall relief impart,
When the manes of affliction roll.

I will sooth the orphan's poignant grief,
And the widow's woes assuage;
I will give to the suffering want relief,
And soften the pangs of age.

I will free the captive from his chains,
And open the dark prison door;
I will go to the house where dejection reigns,
And peace and joy restore.

When the wintry blast blows loud and keen,
I will visit the sick and the poor;
I will drop a tear o'er the mournful scene,
That my bounty, alas, cannot cure.

"HANS HEILING'S ROCK."

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

Translated for the Banner of Light from the German of Theodore Korner, by Esther Marlowe.

A long, long time ago, lived a rich farmer in a small cottage on the banks of the Eger. The name of the place has not come down to us, but people conjectured that it was the village of *Auch*, situated on the left shore of the Eger.

Veit, for so was the farmer called, had a lovely, graceful daughter, the pride and ornament of the whole country round. Indeed, Elsbeth was truly beautiful, and, besides, was so good and well-bred that her equal was not easily found.

Near Veit's house stood a little hut which belonged to a young man by the name of Arnold, whose father had just then died. Arnold had learnt a mason's trade, and had been absent on his apprenticeship tours a long time. Like a good son, he now wept heartfelt tears at his father's grave, who had left him only a miserable hut, excepting that precious inheritance within his breast, *honesty*, *truth* and quickened sense for everything good and beautiful. When he came back to the village his father was already sick, and the sudden joy of again beholding his son was too much for the poor old man. Arnold faithfully nursed him, never leaving his side, so it happened that even to the death of his father he had not seen the acquaintances of his youth, excepting those few who had sought him at the sick-bed. Before all others had Arnold loved Veit's Elsbeth, for they had grown up together, and he never forgot the little friendly maiden whom he had so wept to leave when he went to his master in Prague. Arnold had become a tall, handsome youth. Elsbeth had also grown into maidenhood, and "very beautiful must she now be," had Arnold often repeated to himself.

On the evening after his father's burial sat the son in a sorrowful meditation upon the fresh grave, when he heard some one in the churchyard tread softly behind him; he turned himself and saw a lovely girl with a basket of flowers on her arm moving lightly between the turfed hillocks. An elder bush concealed him from Elsbeth's eye, for it was her who had come to adorn the grave of their good neighbor. She bent herself over it with tears in her eyes, and spoke slowly whilst she folded her hands together:

"Rest softly, good man—the earth be more light than was thy life, and thy grave shall never be without flowers, though thy days were.

Then sprung Arnold from behind the bush. "Elsbeth!" he exclaimed, and he clasped the astonished maiden in his arms, "Elsbeth, dost thou not know me?"

"Ah, is it you?" lisped the blushing girl.

"We have not met for such a long time, and thou art become so beautiful and good, and hast so loved my father and thought of him now so kindly, lovely, sweet maiden!"

"Well, good Arnold, I have truly loved him," said she, gently withdrawing from his arms, "and we have often spoken together of you; and the joy in his son was his only happiness."

"Did he truly have joy in me?" said Arnold, quickly kneeling down and exclaiming: "Oh God, I thank thee that thou has kept me brave and good. But, Elsbeth, think only how all has changed. Formerly we were so small, and the father sat before the door and we played at his knee, and thou wert so happy to be with me, and we liked never to be separate—and now the good old man slumbers here beneath us, and we are so grown; but, when I could not be with thee, I have, indeed, very, very often thought of thee."

"And I also of thee," murmured Elsbeth, and looked at him with her large friendly eyes so truly.

"Then," exclaimed the enraptured Arnold, "see here, Elsbeth, we have early loved; I must away again, but when I find thee here at my father's grave, both in silent remembrance of him, now do I feel how hard a separation must be for us. That childish liking has now awakened into a strong manly passion. Elsbeth, I love thee; here, on this holy ground, for the first time say I, I love thee—and thou?"

But Elsbeth concealed her glowing face on his breast and wept silently.

"And thou?" interrogated Arnold again beseechingly and mournfully.

Gently she raised her head, and gazing at him through tears of joy, said:

"Arnold, I am truly thine. I have ever, ever loved thee."

Then drew he her again to his arms, and kisses sealed that confession of their hearts. After the first transports of their happy love, they sat for a long time in sweet felicity on the father's grave. Arnold related how it had been with him, that his thoughts had ever turned toward home. And Elsbeth then spoke of the father and the joyful days of their early childhood. The sun had already long gone down, but they had not remembered it. At last a noise in the road near by awoke them from their dream, and, after a hasty kiss of separation, Elsbeth fled from her lover's arms. Arnold remained till late at night, absorbed in silent musing upon the grave, even till the dawn of the grey morning, when with a full, rich heart, he entered the paternal cot.

On the following morning, as Elsbeth was preparing breakfast, her father began to speak of Arnold.

"I pity the poor fellow very much," said he; "you shouldst remember him well, Elsbeth, for you know you always played together."

"How should I not?" murmured the blushing girl.

"Then it would not be pleasing to me, nor would it look well for thee to act haughtily toward the poor lad. It is true I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always been poor wretches, but brave and honest they have always been; the father certainly was, and of the son I hear much praise."

"Certainly, father," exclaimed Elsbeth hastily, "the young Arnold is very brave and good."

"Ah, how knowest thou that?" suspiciously answered her father.

"They say so at the village," stammered she.

"Well," he rejoined, "I rejoice to hear it, and if I can help him I will not fail to."

Elsbeth, who could not overcome her blushes, made an excuse to go into the kitchen, thus withdrawing from the searching glances of the head shaking old man. The next forenoon Arnold found Elsbeth according to agreement in the garden of Veit's house. She related to him the conversation, and he drew from it sanguine hopes for their happiness.

"Yes," said he at last, "I have been thinking the whole night what it is best to do. I will go to-morrow to thy father, acquaint him with all, that we truly love one another, and ask his consent to our marriage. I will show him my papers and the certificates of my master, and beseech him for his blessing. My frankness will please him; he will give his consent. I will then go away with fresh courage, earn some money, come back faithful and joyous, and we will be happy. Is it not so dear, sweet Elsbeth?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the overjoyed girl, "yes, father will certainly consent, he loves me so much." So, full of joyous hope, they parted.

In the evening, Arnold dressed himself with care, went first to his father's grave, inwardly begging his blessing, then turned his way back to the house of Veit with silent agitation. There Elsbeth welcomed him with joyous trembling and brought him directly to her father.

"Neighbor Arnold," exclaimed the old man, "what brings you here?"

"*Myself*," answered the other.

"That means?" inquired Veit.

"Neighbor," began Arnold stammeringly, but soon recovering himself, said firmly, "Sir neighbor, let me explain matters a little, and you will the better understand me. I am poor, but I have learnt some things, as these papers will show. The whole world stands open; I will not remain merely a hand workman; I will study art, so I shall become an able architect; that I have promised my dead father. But, sir, all the world must have a centre, and everything be by labor accomplished. Like the houses I build, not for the *buildings* but the *profit*—so with my Art, I shall practice it, not merely as a science, but that I may the more readily acquire gold; and now what more I desire, have *you* to give. Promise only that I shall have it when I shall have accomplished something worthy, and I will tax my strength to the utmost."

"And what, pray, have I, then," exclaimed Veit, "that is of so much consequence to you?"

"Your daughter, sir—we love each other—and after the good old custom I have come directly to you to ask your consent, that after I have traveled and worked for three years more, and have acquired some property, you will not deny us your blessing."

"Young man, I have allowed you to speak. Now listen to me, and I will give you my answer plainly and truly. That you love my daughter pleases me, for you are a brave lad; that you come straight openly to her father pleases me no less, and is much to your credit. Your master calls you an ingenious young man, and gives hopes of something great, and I wish it may be so—but, *hopes* are an uncertain good, and should I build thereon my Elsbeth's future? During these three years some one may come whom my daughter may better like, or if not, whom *I* may prefer. Should I refuse such a one because you *may* come? No, young man, that is nothing. If, when you return, Elsbeth is still free, and you have made the fortune, I will not hinder you further; but now—no more words about it.

"But neighbor Veit," besought Arnold trembling-ly, seizing him by the hand, "consider—"

"There is nothing more to consider," answered Veit; "and now I commend thee to God, and ever wish thee well, and be ever my worthy guest, but have no more thoughts of Elsie."

"And is that your last decision?" stammered Arnold.

"*My last*," repeated the old man coolly, and moved away.

"Now, so help me God!" cried the other, and rushed out of the door.

Weeping, he corded up his bundle and took his departure from his humble inheritance, and then wandered to the church-yard to visit the grave for the last time.

Elsbeth, who, through the door, had partly heard the conversation, remained bathed in tears. She had thought all would be so delightful, and now all hope appeared lost. Yet once more would she see Arnold, so she stationed herself at the window and watched till he stepped out of the cot and bent his way towards the church-yard. Quickly she followed him there, and found him praying on his father's grave.

"Arnold, wilt thou go away?" she exclaimed, embracing him; "O, I cannot, cannot let thee."

Arnold started as if awakened from a dream. "I must, Elsbeth, I must—break not my heart with thy tears, for I must."

"Comest thou back, Arnold? ah, and, when wilt thou come?"

"Elsbeth, I will do all that a man is able; I will economise every moment—in three years I will be here again—wilt thou remain true to me?"

"Until death, dear Arnold," cried the sobbing girl.

"And if thy father should constrain thee?"

"Should they drag me into the church, still before the altar would I cry—No! Yes, Arnold, we will be true to each other—and *here*, or on the *other side*, will we find one another again."

"So let us separate," said the young man, a beam of hope now gleaming through his tears, "let us separate. I fear no more any obstacles. Nothing shall be too great a daring for me. With this kiss betroth I myself to thee—and now farewell. In three years we will be happy!" and he tore himself from her arms.

"Arnold, do not forsake thy Elsbeth," cried she; but he was already gone. From a long distance did he wave a parting salute with his handkerchief till the thick wood concealed him. Then Elsbeth threw herself upon the ground and prayed fervently to God. Convinced of Arnold's faithfulness was she entirely. Every morning she went to the place where they had parted. Old Veit observed it well, but said nothing, being satisfied that Elsbeth was so calm and sometimes even gay.

So a year passed, and to Elsbeth's great joy no suitor appeared whom her father liked. At the end of the second year there came back to the village a man who, for disorderly conduct, had formerly gone away. Hans Heiling, for that was his name, had gone from there a poor devil, and had come back in the best circumstances, and as it appeared, purposely to show himself a rich man to his former enemies. At first it seemed that he would make but a short stay, he spoke of weighty affairs requiring his presence; but soon it was said he was preparing for a long residence. People told in the village wonderful things of him, at most of which honest people shook their heads; and many intimated that they knew where all his wealth came from.

However this may be, Hans Heiling sought daily the old man Veit related to him his travels, that he had even been into Egypt, and sailed a great distance over the seas; so that the old man had much pleasure in his society, and missed it if Hans failed of coming to his house. He indeed heard many strange things of him from his neighbors, but only one thing puzzled him—that Hans should every Friday lock himself up in his house and remain alone all day. He directly inquired of him, "What he was doing at that time?"

"A vow," answered Hans, "binds me to spend every Friday alone in silent prayer."

Veit was satisfied, and Hans went as formerly in and out, and let it be clearly seen what were his intentions concerning Elsbeth. But the maiden had an unaccountable aversion for the man—it seemed as if the blood in her veins was chilled by his presence. Notwithstanding, he made a formal proposal to the old man for his daughter, but was told he must first seek his fortune from the girl; therefore he made use of an evening when he knew Veit was from home. Elsbeth sat at her distaff as he trod into the door. She started up affrighted, and assured him her father was not within.

"Oh, well, let *us* have a little chat together, sweet girl," was his answer, and forthwith he seated himself at her side. Elsbeth removed herself quickly from him. Hans, who mistook the motion for girlish modesty, and whose maxim was that caution was necessary in wooing, spoke flatteringly,

"Will not the beautiful Elsbeth sit beside me?"

But she withdrew herself away with the words, "It is not becoming for me to be alone with you," and left the room. He hastened after her. Then perceived he for the first time a little cross that Elsbeth had worn from childhood on her neck, in memory of her dead mother. Strangely was he agitated at the sight of it; he trembled, then rushed out of the door.

Elsbeth thanked God for her safety, and as soon as her father returned, related to him Hans Heiling's strange behavior. Veit shook his head, and appeared much offended. He spoke of it to Hans when he next met him, but he urged for excuse the ardor of his love; but the occurrence evidently caused him to forbear for a long time the pressing of his suit. Elsbeth wore the cross, (that she knew not why had been her saviour,) free and open upon her bosom, and remarked that Hans never directed a syllable to her when he found her thus adorned.

The third year was drawing to its close. Whenever Veit would speak with his daughter of her connection with Hans, she always had the art to interrupt and break it up with some gay saying. Every day she went to the old man's grave, and then over the Eger, the way toward Prague, quite up the heights, in hopes that her eyes might greet her returning lover.

One morning she was much alarmed at missing from her neck her beloved little cross. Some one must have unfastened and taken it while she slept, for she never laid it aside. She was directly suspicious of one of her maids, whom she saw the evening before whispering behind the house with Hans Heiling. Weeping, she related her loss to her father, who laughed at her suspicions, asserting that Heiling could never care anything for the little trinket, and that he was above any such lover's trifling—she must certainly have lost it in some other way.

Notwithstanding, she held to her opinion, and very clearly observed that Hans urged his solicitations with greater earnestness and more confidence; her father also became sterner, and at last told her plainly that she must now give her hand to Heiling for it was his *unalterable* will—that three years were almost over, and Arnold had certainly forsaken her. Heiling swore to her, in the presence of her father, his eternal love—that it was not with him as it might be with another, on account of her father's gold, but for *herself* purely—that of money he had enough, and that he could make her a happier and richer girl than she had ever dreamed of. Poor Elsbeth, who despised him and his riches, was so urged by both, and tormented by the thought of the possible unfaithfulness, or the death of Arnold, saw nothing more hopeful than that which ever remains open for all despairing lovers—the grave—begged only for three days' delay, for she could not give up the hopes of her lover's return.

The three days were granted her. Full of hope that their wishes would soon be satisfied, both men departed from the house, Veit giving his escort to Heiling.

There came just then down the street, the priest of the village, and before him the Sacrista; they were bearing to a dying man the last consolation. All bowed before the image of the crucified, and Veit threw himself down before it, but his companion sprung with a frightened bound into the next house. Astonished and not without horror, Veit looked after him, and returned home sorely troubled. Soon came a messenger from Heiling, saying that his master had had a sudden attack of dizziness, and requested Veit would visit him, and not suspect anything wrong. But the old man, on the contrary, crossed himself, saying,

"Go back and tell him I shall be rejoiced if it is nothing worse than *dizziness*."

Elsbeth sat meanwhile weeping and praying on a hill before the village, which commanded a view of the road leading toward Prague. A cloud of dust arose in the distance; her heart beat tumultuously, yet she could distinguish nothing. At last a troop of well-dressed men could be perceived, and her anticipations were again disappointed. In the front of the procession rode a venerable sire—on his left a fine-looking young man, to whom the quick tread of his horse seemed slow to his impatience, and the old man could with difficulty hold him back.

Elsbeth, abashed before such a crowd of men, cast down her eyes, and so did not see the procession as it passed. All at once the young man sprung from his horse, ran up the hill, and threw himself before her, exclaiming,

"Elsbeth! is it possible? Elsbeth! my beloved!"

Frightened started the maiden up, and with an ecstasy of emotion rushed into his arms, crying,

"Arnold, my Arnold!"

Long time remained they thus in silent transport, mouth to mouth and heart to heart. Arnold's attendants stood full of joyful surprise around the happy pair; the old man folded his hands and thanked God—and never had the descending sun shone on a happier man. When the lovers recovered from this first intoxication of joy, each waited for the other to speak. Elsbeth began at last, and in a few words told of her unfortunate position and connection with Hans Heiling. Arnold's blood chilled at the thought of how nearly he had lost his beloved. Elsie brought Arnold triumphantly to her father, who could not trust his eyes when he saw the multitude of richly dressed men. Arnold commenced:

"Father of my Elsbeth, here I am to sue again for your daughter's hand. I have become a wealthy man, stand in favor with those high in authority, and can boast of *more* than I promised."

"How!" stammered Veit, "you were the poor Arnold, son of my safely departed neighbor."

"Yes, he was called so," spoke up the venerable sire, "when he departed from this village three years ago, poor and despairing. He came to me. I saw he would become master of his art, and gave him work. He accomplished it to the entire satisfaction of all, and in a short time could I make him overseer of my most difficult performances."

"Is this all true, that you tell me?" asked the astonished Veit.

"Ay, true, true," shouted they all.

"Now then may I not hinder your happiness longer," addressed he to Arnold. "Brave master, take thou the maiden, and God's blessing be with you."

Unable to thank him, the happy pair fell at his feet, and he drew them lovingly to his arms.

"Mr. Veit," said the venerable man, interrupting their sobbing joy—"Mr. Veit, I have now a favor to ask of you. Give the children to each other to-morrow, thereby shall I have the pleasure of seeing my good Arnold, whom I love as a son, (for Heaven has never granted me one) entirely happy. The day after I must return to Prague."

"Ah, well," answered Veit, who was beginning to grow gay again, "if it will be such a pleasure to you, we certainly must try to accommodate you. Children," cried he, "to-morrow is the wedding-day. Out of doors at the farm at Eger, shall everything be arranged. To the priest will I announce it, immediately, and thou, Elsbeth, go into the kitchen and see that our worthy guests are suitably entertained."

Elsie obeyed, and there Arnold followed her, and with arms entwined, were soon walking in the garden. The remembrance of his father was in the good son's thoughts, and as soon as they recovered from the delirium of their joy, they went arm in arm to his grave, where they had parted so despairingly. Here they renewed their vows, both feeling the wonderful sacredness of the occasion. Then Arnold exclaimed, as he fondly embraced his bride:

"Outweigh not this moment's felicity the three long years of pain. We are at that point where no higher joy has life to give, only beyond, above, will greater be given."

"Ah! that now, arm in arm, and heart to heart, we might die," softly murmured Elsbeth.

"To die!" exclaimed Arnold. "Ah, yes, to die *thus!* Good God, chide us not that in this excess of our joy we have this longing for its higher, perfect continuance. We acknowledge with grateful hearts what Thy goodness has done for us. Here on our father's grave let us give thanks, dear Elsbeth, for such heavenly grace."

Silent was the prayer, but deep and holy, and with subdued emotion they went back to the house.

Beautiful and lovely was the following morning. It was Friday, the festival of St. Lawrence. The whole village was alive. In all the doors stood well-dressed maidens and lads, for Veit was rich, and all were invited to the wedding-feast. Only Heiling's door was fastened, for it was the day he was never seen.

Soon the procession was formed to lead the happy pair to the church for the holy celebration. Veit and Arnold's master went together, shedding happy tears over the welfare of their children.

For the feast, was chosen the space under the linden trees in the midst of the village. Heaven radiated from the eyes of the happy lovers. The festive meal lasted many hours, and shouts resounded from the confused table of "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride."

From the lindens the bridal pair, accompanied with both the fathers, and a few of Arnold's and Elsbeth's young friends, went to the farm at Egerburg. The house lay strangely beautiful between the shrubbery and the high vale; and in this small, but intimate circle, the hours flew like moments. In the rich orchard of the garden was laid the evening meal, where costly wine foamed in full beakers.

Twilight had long deepened in the valley, but the joyous circle heeded it not. Then the last glimmer of day disappeared, and a clear starlight night greeted the enraptured pair. Then old Veit at last began to speak of his youth, and was so discursive (the wine had rendered him chatty) that midnight came, and Arnold and Elsbeth with delight hailed the end of his narrative. Finally he closed.

"And now, good-night, children," cried he, and would fain have led the bridal pair to their room.

Then from below in the village, twelve o'clock was sounded, and a frightful tempest roared out of the depth. Hans Heiling stood with a face terribly distorted before these frightened ones.

"Devil!" he shrieked, "I release thy service, only annihilate me *these*."

"Thou art already *mine*," was howled out of the storm-wind.

"And because I do belong to thee and expect al the pains of hell, destroy for me *these!*"

There was a rushing like a flaming blaze on the mountain, and Arnold and Elsbeth, Veit and their friends, stood transfixed into *rocks!* The bride and bridegroom lovingly entwined, the others with their hands folded in prayer.

"Hans Heiling!" was thundered with a scornful laugh, out of the tempest—"they are blessed in death! Their souls soar to heaven! But thy guilt falls upon thee, and thou art mine!"

Then Heiling fled from the high rocks down into the foaming Eger that hissed to engulf him, and no eye ever saw him more.

The following morning Elsbeth's acquaintances came with flowers and garlands to adorn the new couple, and the whole village followed after. Astounded, they found the hand of destruction over all—they could perceive the features of their friends in the Rock group, and loudly sobbing, the maidens and youth entwined with flowers the stone image of the lovers. Then all fell on their knees and prayed for those loving souls.

"Blessed are they," at last broke out the voice of a venerable man—"blessed are they; they have gone together in joy and love. Arm in arm and heart to heart did they die. Adorn even more their graves with flowers. This Rock remains to us a memorial that no bad spirit's presence has power over pure hearts that truly love!"

Since that day every loving couple pilgrimage to "Hans Heiling's Rock," and beseech of the glorified pair blessing and protection.

The pious custom is now extinct. Yet the legend remains in the hearts of the people, and still to-day, the guide repeats the names of "Arnold and Elsbeth" to the stranger, and shows him the stone image in which they remained unchanged; also the bride's father and the worthy guests.

Still for many years did the Eger at the place where Heiling so mysteriously disappeared, horribly and strangely roar, and no one went over without crossing himself and commending his soul to his Saviour.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS

ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER II.

MIRACLES OF THE BIBLE CONTRASTED WITH MODERN PHENOMENA.

CHRIST'S ASSURANCE OF THE PERPETUITY OF MIRACLES—PHENOMENA OF THE BIBLE EXAMINED—SPIRITS SEEN BY ABRAHAM AND LOT—APPARITION OF SAMUEL—CASE OF SPIRIT-SEEING, NARRATED BY DR. GRAY, IN NEW YORK CONFERENCE—A SPIRIT SEEN BY BALAAM AND HIS ASS, B. C. 1452—SPIRIT SEEN BY A MAN AND A HORSE A. D. 1764—SPIRIT HAND AND WRITING SEEN B. C. 569—SPIRIT HAND AND WRITING SEEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—OUTPOURING SPIRIT A. D. 33—OUTPOURING SPIRIT A. D. 1832—SICK HEALED A. D. 30—PROVINCETOWN MIRACLE A. D. 1857—DEAD RAISED A. D. 32—DEAD RAISED A. D. 1855—PETER RELEASED FROM CHAINS BY A SPIRIT A. D. 41—TWO BOYS RELEASED FROM CHAINS BY A SPIRIT A. D. 1857.

"Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;
No line of all thy loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by time, and thrust
Into the solemn gulf that covers all."
BAYARD TAYLOR.

In my last chapter, I dwelt upon the prevalence of the belief in surper-mundane phenomena among ancient nations, based upon a certain class of facts recorded in history. In this I am to take up the phenomena recorded in the Bible, commonly called miracles. There are two extremes: those who reject all phenomena, and those who receive everything in the past, and sanctify it as divine or miraculous, while they reject the evidence of the present. The phenomena of the present have strengthened my belief in the past. Those who receive the past, and deny the present, tell us that the age of miracles is past; but they do not point out the boundary line between the past and present, nor tell us at what particular date there was a final cessation of super-mundane phenomena or miracles, as the church see fit to call such events. Christ said to his disciples:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."°

No limitation of time here! The promise is good to all coming generations! Again he says:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do he shall do also; *and greater works than these shall he do.*"†

With these assurances from the head of the Christian faith, or, as the church claim, from divinity itself, what are we to infer but that manifestations witnessed during the ministry of Christ, were to follow down through all succeeding generations to the end of time; and that the Protestant Church has degenerated, and lost its power and vitality. The Catholic Church claim that the promise is good, and that, even now, they enjoy the power of working miracles; and it is only the Protestant Church that deny this power.

With these remarks, we will proceed to examine a few instances of super-mundane phenomena, recorded in the Bible—commonly called miracles—and shown by well authenticated examples, that we who live in the nineteenth century are surrounded by similar phenomena.

CASE I.—SEEING SPIRITS.

B. C. 1898, according to the date fixed by modern chronologists, Moses relates an instance of spirit-seeing in the following language:

"In the self-same day was Abraham circumcised, and Ishmael his son. And all the men of his house, born in the house, and bought with the money of the stranger, were circumcised with him. And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre: and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, *three men* stood by him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. ° ° ° And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat. ° ° ° And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto me. ° ° ° And there came two *angels* to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom; and Lot seeing them, rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face toward the ground."‖

I will not pursue the narrative further, as most of my readers must be already familiar with it. I would, however, call their attention to the fact, that in one place they are called men, and in another angels. That Abraham and Lot had a vision of the same objects, is evident from the language addressed to Abraham: "*I will go down now,*" &c., and immediately after they appeared to Lot. I will give another case of spirit-seeing, which occurred, according to Bible chronology, about the year 1060 B. C. I will also give this in the language of the author.

CASE II.—SPIRIT SEEING, B. C. 1060.

"Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him and buried him in Ramah, even in his own city. And Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land. And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem; and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa. And when Saul saw the hosts of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled. And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets. Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night. ° ° ° Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice; and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul? And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth. And he said unto her, *What* form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself."§

° Mark xvi: 17, 18.
† John xiv: 12.
‖ Genesis, chapters 17, 18 and 19.
§ I. Samuel, chapter 28.

CASE III.—SPIRIT-SEEING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

As a parallel to the above cases of spirit-seeing, I could cite a hundred or more instances, which have occurred within the last ten years in our own country. But one instance, read by Dr. Gray to the Spiritual Conference in New York city, March 19th, 1861, will be sufficient. The question before the Conference, was on the Identity of Spirits. The paper read, was written by a gentleman, whom, says Dr. Gray, from personal knowledge of the writer, he could testify: "That he was a competent observer; and that he was not in the trance condition; and in short, was as good a witness as could be found on earth for making out proof of identity." The manifestation was witnessed through the mediumship of Miss Catherine Fox, and is related by the husband of the spirit, purporting to manifest herself, and in the following language:

"The room had two doors, one of which was locked. The other, the key of which was lost, was secured by placing against it a heavy sofa. The lights were extinguished; after which a heavy, polished mahogany centre-table, standing in the middle of the room, was lifted frequently, with great force, five or six inches from the floor, and allowed to fall back with startling effect. Footsteps were now heard as of persons walking in stocking feet and a rustling as of silk dresses. A globular light arose from the floor behind me, and became gradually brighter; and it was rapped out, 'Do not talk to her.' By this illumination, a face, surmounted by a crown, but of which the features could not be recognized, was seen, first by the medium, and then, when the light, at my request, was brought in front of me, by myself. Next, the head appeared as if covered by a whitish veil, which was brought in contact with my face; this was withdrawn, after the figure had risen some feet higher, and I recognized the full head and face of my wife, surrounded by a semicircle of light about eighteen inches in diameter. This recognition was instantaneous, but was unmistakable, being derived alike from features and expression. The globe of light was then raised, and a female hand held before it, was distinctly visible. Each of these manifestations was several times repeated, as if to leave no doubt in our minds. Now, the figure, coming lower down and turning its head, displayed, falling over the globe of light, long, flowing hair, which, even in its shade of color, appeared almost exactly like the natural tresses of my wife, and, like hers, was unusually luxuriant. ° ° ° On my requesting to be called by name, a gurgling, unpleasant sound followed, like an unsuccessful attempt to speak. An arm was passed round my neck, on which I asked to be kissed, when the light immediately approached, and a body, like a face, touched me successively on the left side of my mouth. ° ° A bright light now appeared in front of the window, and enabled us to see a dark figure with the arms raised over its head. I put a question about the nature of the drapery, which was answered by raps, thus: 'It is a spiritual garment naturalized.' ° ° Miss Fox and myself were touched, as by cold hands, and touched and pulled on various parts of our persons."°

CASE IV.—SPIRIT SEEN BY BALAAM AND HIS ASS, B. C., 1452.

Moses, the Jewish historian, relates the following remarkable Super-mundane Phenomenon which occured according to Bible chronology, about 1452 years before Christ, in the land of Moab. The example given is almost without a parallel in history. It is related by that author as follows:

"And Balaam rose up in the morning and saddled his ass, and went with the princess of Moab. And God's anger was kindled because he went, and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him. And the ass *saw the angel of the Lord* standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand; and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way. ° ° ° And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where there was no way to turn, either to the right hand or to the left. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass; and she said unto Balaam: 'What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?' And Balaam said unto the ass, because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee. ° ° ° Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face."†

Had I related the above as an instance of modern spirit manifestation, I should hardly expect that it would be credited; but coming as it does from sacred history, I shall expect that the Christian world, at least, will receive it as authentic and reliable; and I hardly know where to look for a parallel in modern phenomena, but will give the following, which is the best I have at hand:

CASE V.—A SPIRIT SEEN BY A MAN AND A HORSE, A. D., 1764.

The following incident was published in Manchester, England, in 1827, in "News from the Invisible World." The testimony is given by J. Haine, son of a reputable butcher and glazier at a place about twenty miles from Plymouth, to the editor, who bears testimony to the young man's sober behavior, and believed the account to be true. The apparition was that of a lady, who died of small-pox at St. Ives, in Cornwall. It seems also that they were engaged to be married, but the young woman's friends disapproved of the match, and during her sickness would not allow the young man to see her, although she greatly desired to see him. Her remarkable appearance to him after her death is related by him in language as follows. He not only saw, but conversed with her. He says:

"After I had recovered from my illness, I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing, and returning home just at dark, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something pass very swiftly by me, which so affrighted my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her. And what is remarkable, when I was on horseback she seemed on horseback; when I was on foot she appeared so too, and her appearances to me were so frequent that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her. It was about a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak, though she gave me all the opportunities she could, by walking often by my side, or very near me." ° ° °

CASE VI.—SPIRIT-HAND AND WRITING SEEN B. C., 569.

The following remarkable phenomenon which is said to have occurred in the ancient kingdom of Babylon, under the reign of Belshazzar, about five hundred and sixty-nine years before the commencement of the Christian Era, is related by the sacred historian in the following language:

"Belshazzar the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. ° ° ° Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God at Jerusalem; and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. ° ° In the same hour came forth *fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace:* and the *king saw the part of the hand* that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him. ° ° And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon: Whosoever shall read this writing and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then came in the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing. ° ° Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house; and the queen spake and said, O king live for ever; let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods. ° ° Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation. Then Daniel was brought in before the king. ° ° Then Daniel answered and said before the king; let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another. ° ° ° And this is the writing that was written: *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.* This is the interpretation of the thing: *Mene*—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*—Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. *Peres*—Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians. ° ° In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain; and Darius the Median took the kingdom."°

° Banner of Light, March, 1861.
† Numbers, chapter 22.

CASE VII.—SPIRIT-HAND AND WRITING SEEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Republic, after relating several instances of a remarkable physical demonstration witnessed in that city, gives the following:

"On the same evening I also saw a person's hand distinctly write the word truth on the wall, while we were all sitting around the table with hands joined. The writing was evidently done with a preparation of phosphorus, but any one at all acquainted with the nature of that article, knows that it cannot be handled with impunity, unless it is kept in water or excluded from contact with air, otherwise it will take fire immediately.

What is still more strange, the word would disappear, and in a moment come out again as bright and perfect as when first written; and twenty-four hours after it was written, it appeared again, and on rubbing it over with the hand, the brighter the light would shine. Some one may say it could be done with a match, by leaving particles of phosphorus on the wall, which would show in the dark. This was tried, but before a letter could be made, the match would ignite, and in making marks with a match, it would leave an impression on the wall, which was not done in the other case, as no mark could be found while the light was in the room. The medium is unconscious at the time, and is as much surprised at what is written as any one about the table. And as for having any preparations of phosphorus about him, it is not so. Now where does the material come from that makes this light on the wall? Not only lights, but full sentences, such as 'Truth will prevail;' 'Oh seek the truth;' 'Spiritualism will be victorious;' and several other mottos of like significance."†

CASE VIII.—OUTPOURINGS OF THE SPIRIT, A. D., 33.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they [the disciples of Christ] were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance."‖

CASE IX.—OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT, A. D., 1832.

The following case which occurred at Toronto, C. W., is related by E. V. Wilson. There is a striking similitude between the two cases. He says:

"It was in the spring of 1832; I was living at that time in the city of Toronto, and there was a great revival going on under the ministration of the Rev. James Caugha. I went at first as an idler; and in this capacity I was listening to a very earnest sermon, when all of a sudden there came a rushing sound like a mighty wind, and it was in every part of the house. All heard it, and there were two thousand people present, the most of whom at once prostrated themselves before the "Mighty Power of the Lord," as they then believed, and as I now believe—but acting through an innumerable host of His spirit messengers, attracted to the audience as of old through their peculiar magnetic and spiritual condition—they being harmonious and in rapport with the spirits and themselves. Most were frightened. The minister took his seat, and men cried unto the Lord for help, and the help came. The influence continued until the minister became alarmed, and called upon the choir to sing, and then began to pray. As soon as this took place, the influence ceased; the spirits lost control, the conditions were broken, and we thought that God had withdrawn His power. How very like the Pentecostal influence was this manifestation: 'And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.' Acts 2, 2. Many now living in Toronto will recollect this meeting."§

CASE X.—SICK HEALED, A. D., 30.

The following case of healing the sick by Christ is related by Mark the Evangelist. He says:

"And they came unto him bringing one sick with the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was; and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.

When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick with the palsy: 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.' But certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, 'Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?' And immediately when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them: Why reason ye these things in your hearts, whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say arise, and take up thy bed and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thy house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all."¶

CASE XI.—PROVINCETOWN MIRACLE, A. D., 1857.

As a parallel to Case X, I will give the following remarkable case of cure which occurred at Provincetown, Mass., under the mediumship of Dr. John Bovee Dods, as related by him and well attested to. The lady healed was Mrs. Betsey Cook. She had been a great sufferer from neuralgia, and tried various physicians and remedies without obtaining help. Mr. Cook, the husband of the patient, was not at the time a Spiritualist, but he endorsed the statements given of the cure by Dr. Dods. The facts are condensed from Dr. Dods's statement. He says:

"I tried to produce upon her a psychological effect, but entirely failed. And this being all I was sent for to attempt, and their last hope of relief, I left her bedside, and her husband in tears. ° ° ° On Monday morning, Feb. 16th, I awoke as if with the touch of some hand, and heard the clock strike *three.* Suddenly the room was filled with a yellowish blue light. The spirit-form of my father, mother, Joseph Atkins, and Charles Parker appeared. Also the spirit-form of Mrs. Cook's father, mother and brother. The latter two I had never seen in the flesh, but I was informed by my father who they were. I was directed what to do, to entirely effect her cure—every particular was stated, which I took down in writing and most faithfully pursued. According to instructions given me, I called upon Mrs. Cook on Monday forenoon, and stated the circumstance of my vision. She remarked that she had no faith in spirit manifestations, and that I must be mistaken as to her having a brother in the spirit world. I described his appearance, and said that he seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, and described also the appearance of her mother, which she granted to be correct; but again said, she had no brother in the spirit world. Her husband said: "Yes, Betsey, you had a little brother who died in infancy when you were but a child." This proved to be correct. At this instant her father, mother and brother appeared to me at her bedside, and continued to be her guardians till she was taken into the Hall.

That Monday evening I announced to the audience, as I had been directed to do, that Mrs. Cook would be healed on *Friday evening*, and walk the streets a *cured woman.* ° ° ° But during those five days, you may ask, was she not improved? Certainly she was, and scores, to their surprise, knew it. It was no secret. But how was it done? Answer: From beginning to the end, the *whole* was done under *spirit-direction* and by *spirit-skill.* I followed out to the letter what I was requested to do, and so far as medical skill is concerned, I had no lot nor part in the matter. ° ° ° °

After she was carried into the Hall, and near the close of the ceremony, (which was a written one) I used these words: 'Betsey, in the name of the great Master Medium of our race, *be whole of your infirmities. Arise and walk.*' And did she not arise in *health*, and walk in *strength and firmness?* She did. The death-blow to all her diseases was that moment struck by an immortal hand. Did she not declare herself free from pain and weakness, and was not her step firm and elastic? Yes. At nine o'clock, did she not leave the Hall and descend a long flight of stairs with rapidity and ease? Yes. Did she not walk home in a storm, and sit up discoursing with her friends till after ten o'clock? She did. The next morning did she not walk about a quarter of a mile, spend the day at Mrs. Gifford's and walk home again? She did; and continued to do so till I left Provincetown."°

CASE XII.—DEAD RAISED, A. D., 32.

"Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and Martha his sister. ° ° When Jesus heard that, he said, this sickness *is not unto death,* but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. ° ° ° These things said he, and after that he saith unto them: Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep. ° ° ° Howbeit Jesus spake of his death. ° ° ° Then when Jesus came he found that he had lain in the grave four days already. ° ° ° And some of them said, could not this man which opened the eyes of the blind have caused that even this man should not have died? Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. ° ° Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. ° ° And when he had thus spoken he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth! And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said unto them, Loose him and let him go."†

CASE XIII.—DEAD RAISED, A. D., 1855.

The following statement of facts which I have selected as a parallel to Case XII, was given by a Rev. Mr. Ferguson, an eloquent and intelligent clergyman in one of the Western States. Relating to this remarkable, and I might say, almost miraculous case, Mr. Ferguson says:

"June 1, 1855, I was called upon by the brother in-law of Mr. J. H. Compton, a native of this county, and well known to a large circle of city and county acquaintances, to see him in his last moments. He had been suffering for weeks from an erysipelas affection, which had been succeeded by typhoid fever. His brother, a young physician, and two others of eminent reputation, had pronounced him dying, and his friends had gathered to bid the last farewell. I was sent for as a minister to offer the expected religious consolation. I found him to all appearance dying. ° ° ° ° Every member of his family anticipated the termination of his earthly life that night. The night passed in refreshing sleep, and the morrow came with another positive statement from Mrs. F. that he still lived and with proper care could be restored. Living some distance from the patient, I paid no further attention to his case till we arrived at church. There I learned that he was dying and had 'been dying all night.' This statement seemed to confound Mrs. F., and she made no further reference to him until the service at night was over, when she proposed that we drive by and see him. We did so, and so certain was I that he was dead, that I left her in the carriage, saying, 'If he is dead, it will not be necessary for you to go in.' I went in; found him to all appearance gasping his last. He was cold in all the extremities of his body; the dew of death was upon him, and it was almost impossible to recognize a pulse. Mrs. F. came in, looked at him with evident doubt in her thought, and after a moment or two took hold of his hands, while he grasped hers as with a death grasp. Such was the impression of his manner of grasping her hand that one of his friends made an effort to release it, but was moved back by the medium. She remained in that condition thirty minutes, he seeming to breathe by the power of her lungs, and all the time, to all appearance, unconscious. ° ° ° She visited him the next day, and the next, in company with another medium; and then persuaded Mr. Champion to visit him, who afforded him direct and permanent relief. And we have the pleasure of now recording his entire recovery. I hesitate not to say that we have seen a dying man restored contrary to every opinion and appearance, and we rejoice that God has indeed visited his people.‖

CASE XIV.—PETER RELEASED FROM CHAINS BY A SPIRIT, A. D., 41.

The following remarkable manifestation of Spirit is recorded by the sacred historian, as having taken place at Judea during the reign of Herod about the year 41. The account is given as follows:

"Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church; and he killed James the brother of John with a sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews he proceeded further to take Peter also. ° ° And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him, intending after the passover to bring him forth to the people. Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him. And when Herod would have brought him forth the same night, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side and raised him up saying, 'Arise up quickly;' *and his chains fell off from his hands.* And the angel said unto him: 'Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals;' and so he did. And he saith unto him: 'Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.' And he went out and followed him."§

CASE XV.—TWO BOYS RELEASED FROM CHAINS BY SPIRITS, A. D., 1857.

As a parallel to Case 14, I give the following manifestation which occured in Lowell in 1857; and which, in a similar form, has been witnessed by thousands in this country. I give the case, as I have every preceding case, without expressing any opinion as to the genuineness of what purports to be the phenomena witnessed. The reader, must, and will, judge by what appears to him to be reliable evidence. The case in one instance, is as strong as that in the other, and as well attested to. If we cannot rely upon the evidence of the living present, we certainly cannot upon the dead past. And if we are told that in the former case there was an interposition of divine power, we would answer, that the same power is equally manifest in the latter. The case is attested to by A. P. Shepard, of Lowell, who was a careful witness of the whole phenomena and related by him in a communication to Dr. Hammett, as follows:

"I have attended several of the spiritual circles, but never until yesterday, saw the first thing done that I could not account for satisfactorily, to my own mind. But I have been completely nonplussed by the Davenport boys, who have been with us now near three weeks. A party of us, young men and old, have been trying to get an opportunity of investigating the matter for the last two weeks, but could not succeed, being put off by the manager from time to time. One of our number being determined to get into the box with the boys, yesterday we succeeded in getting a private circle, some fifteen going together, with a full determination to ferret out the humbug. One of us carried a pocket full of stout leather hand-cuffs, and got permission to bind the boys, with them, and as firm as we pleased. Two of the party then bound them, their hands behind; they were tied by their wrists to the seats, so that it would be impossible for them to aid each other, being face to face at least five feet distant. The doors were then closed, the lights extinguished, and instantly there was a rustling sound in the box, and in about two minutes one of the boys called for a light, as the spirit (John) was beating him with the strap, which we could all hear applied as by a powerful man. The doors were then opened, the boys were free, and the straps and cuffs scattered on the floor!"°

The narrator goes on, and gives a minute detail of other manifestations, witnessed on that occasion; but as they do not materially differ from the manifestations witnessed through the mediumship of the boys, by others, and which have been so generally published, I will not repeat them. I would, however, say, that during the evening one of the party was tied in the box with the boys; and he positively declared, that he placed one foot upon each of the boy's feet, and that they did not move. He said that he was also struck by the spirit hand. The spirit also pulled his mustache, and grappled at his throat, and untied his cravat.

I might persue this analogy between the past and the present to a still greater length; but I have carried it far enough, I think, to convince every candid and truthful reader, that there is a striking resemblance between the manifestations of the past and the present; and, while the Christian world class the past under the head of Miracles, I claim that all phenomena, whether in the past or present, are produced through the established laws of nature; and that the law which produces the effect, is co-existent with infinity itself, although not always comprehended by finite minds. Hence, according to the accepted definition of the term, there are no Miracles; for it is just as absurd to speak of any phenomena being produced contrary to the laws of nature, as it would be to say that they were produced contrary to the being and will of God; and because we cannot see the primary cause that produces them, it is not to be supposed that a natural and legitimate cause does not exist.

° Daniel, chapter 5.
† Buffalo Republic.
‖ Paul's Acts of the Apostles, chap. 2, v. 1-4
§ New Eng. Spiritualist, Jan., 1859.
¶ St. Mark, 2: 3-12.

° Spiritual Age, May, 1857.
† St. John, chap. XI.
‖ Spiritual Telegraph.
§ Acts 12: 1—9.

° Boston Investigator, Nov. 1857.

FREEDOM.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

No blots on the Banner of Light!
No slaves in the land of the Free!
No wrong to be rampant where all should be Right,
No Sin that is shameful to see!
America—show the wide world in thy strength
How sternly determined thou art
To cut from thy soil in its breadth and its length
The canker that gnaws at thy heart!

Uprouse thee! and swear by thy Might
This evil no longer shall be;
For all men are brothers, the black as the white,
And sons of one Father are we!
America—now is the perilous time,
When safety is solely decreed
To ridding the heart of old habits of crime
And simply repenting indeed.

Away to the bats and the moles
With the lash and the goad and the chain!
Away with the buying and selling of souls,
And slavery toiling in pain!
America—this is thy chance, now at length,
Of crushing, while crouching to thee,
Those rebels and slaveholders, slaves to thy strength,
The curse and contempt of the Free!

Father Beeson and the Indians.

The Chester County Times informs us that a meeting was held at the Court House in West Chester, Pa., August 18th, on which occasion Father Beeson gave an interesting address. The meeting then adjourned until the 20th, when Rev. W. E. Watkinson, Simon Barnard, R. M. Frame, John Wood, John J. Parker, Daniel Nields and Wm. Shields were appointed a committee to report on the wrongs of the Indian. They reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have reason to believe from well-authenticated facts, that there has been in the past, on the part of emigrants to our Western borders and official agents of the government, a most wicked system of cheating and robbing the Indians of their just rights, and in many instances on the part of emigrants a wilful murdering of them. And whereas, Southern Secessionists are now endeavoring to fasten these outrages upon the North and the present government, and kindling a spirit of revenge which may lead them to take up arms with the rebellious States against the government. Therefore,

Resolved, That while we confess to our Indian brethren that they have been greviously wronged by immigrants and government agents in the past, we in no wise sympathise as a people, here in the North, with these outrages; but on the other hand, we hold the authors of them and all who sympathise with them, up to the scorn and contempt of the civilized world.

Resolved, That we assure our Indian brethren that it was no part of the plan of our government in the war which is now being waged against the rebellious States in the South in any way whatever, to infringe upon their rights; but, on the other hand, the government will throw around them its strong arm of power to protect them in their rights.

Resolved, That we do pledge ourselves, that we will use our influence as far as possible to put a stop to the outrages which have heretofore been practiced upon them.

Resolved, That we do solemnly believe that if our Indian brethren give heed to the seductive lies of the Secessionists and allowing themselves to become parties to the present rebellion, that it will lead to their utter destruction as a people.

Resolved, That we do pledge ourselves to use our influence through our representative in Congress and otherwise to urge upon the government to faithfully fulfill all treaty stipulations made with the Indians, and also to pay punctually to them their trust funds as they become due.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AMERICA.

BY NATHAN OSGOOD.

When long in unsuccessful strife,
Young Freedom fought in eastern lands,
Till on her altars paled the life
That caught and kindled from her hand,
She bent her eagle gaze afar
To where the golden sunset burned,
And from the toil of hopeless war,
To seek an exile's home she turned.

Then to her sheltering arms she called,
With bleeding heart, a chosen few
By death and danger unappalled,
And to her banner tried and true
She bade them seek beyond the sea,
A land whose unpolluted air
Should bathe alone the brave and free,
And plant her beaming standard there.

Then 'neath thy skies, America!
They gave her banner to the breeze,
And bid thy hills forever be
Her heritage from lakes to seas;
They called the sturdy sons of toil
From every land and every clime,
And gave to them, upon thy soil,
A shelter for all coming time.

All hail to thee! our favored land—
Thou youngest born of Liberty!
And palsied be the dastard hand
Would pluck a star or wreath from thee.
We'll feed thy beacon fires that flame
To point the onward path we tread;
Living, we'll guard thy spotless fame,
Or dying, greet thy patriot dead!

East Newport, Me., 1861.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, OSWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 13 to 18, 1851.

(Report of the Senior Secretary, continued.)

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 14th.—This evening's session was devoted to individual reports in regard to the conditions and prospects in the spiritual and reform field.

Mr. Toohey, the President, till lately of Cleveland, O., and recently visiting Chicago and other Western localities, spoke of the West, and reported many encouraging signs. Railroads and other facilities for traveling and communicating, were now so efficient, the whole land was easily put into fellowship, and an interchange of thought and aspiration was ensuing. He spoke of the favorable change going on in the public mind as to free discussion; the people were now preparing to hear on every topic of human interest; many subjects till lately deemed as too delicate for the public platform, are now demanded. He alluded to Chicago, and instanced the eagerness with which the people now listened to lectures and discussions on social laws, marriage, divorce, physiology and physical as well as spiritual culture. He referred to an invitation he received to form a physiological class in the conference room of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y. This was an illustration of the growing liberality of the religious public. We needed more solid, practical, scientific, philosophical and social lectures, as well as high flown inspirations in regard to the spirit world. The age has higher demands, and there are men and women who must prepare for the work, however hard. There are such workers who have solemn and sublime missions laid on them, and who seem forced through the most terrible ordeals of poverty, suffering and contumely, in order that they may be tested and prepared. Some would fall by the wayside, but others will be called to take their places. We are now in the midst of our most fiery trials and all laborers are to be tried to the utmost. If ever a great work was demanded of lecturers, pioneers, heroes and reformers, that work is now before us, and all the signs are as auspicious as could have been anticipated.

F. L. Wadsworth alluded to Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, in which he had lately labored. He reported the interest, on the whole, rather encouraging, though the audiences, of course, were not as large as they were before the war, and aid extended to speakers was reduced about one third. There was less interest, at present, in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism, but more with reference to the practical principles involved and their application to every department of life. He spoke of the flourishing condition of the cause in Battle Creek, Mich., Toledo, O., and several other important places.

G. M. Jackson spoke of places in New-York. He advocated the need of visiting rural districts. Country villages and neighborhoods were ready and needy; he ignoring the "starring" system, recommended more pioneering. The country people were hospitable and large hearted, and called for spiritual lecturers and mediums.

Miss Laura De Force gave an interesting and encouraging account of the field in Minnesota, Iowa, and other Western States, alluding favorably to St. Louis, Mo., Springfield, Ill., and other large places.

U. Clark drew a comparison between the past and present; seven years ago last May when he first started out as a pioneer, he knew of only a score or so of places open for Spiritual lecturers in the whole country, and there were only about a dozen regular public advocates; now he knew of and had lectured in nearly fifteen hundred places in the Northern States between the Penobscot and the Mississippi; and there were about one thousand speakers, nearly four hundred of whom were in the field or ready to take it whenever their services were demanded. As Editor of the *Spiritual Clarion* for nearly five years, until the pressure of the times had compelled a suspension, and as lecturer for a large period, he was enabled to report a gradual change of public mind unparalleled in human history, and the prospects of the present hour, though darkened by gathering armies and the smoke of battle-fields, were more hopeful for the future than any era since the advent of modern Spiritualism. We were now in the grand crisis so long predicted by numerous prophetic spirits, and when this great revolution shall have wrought out its disintegrating and union influences, the people will be the better prepared to stand forth in the light and liberty of the opening spheres and hail the millenial morn of earth and heaven.

Mrs. Wilcoxson followed with some allusion to her efforts and discouragements in public life.

Henry C. Wright arose, as the oldest pioneer in the Convention. He had been in the reform field for about thirty years, but these were the best times he had ever seen, when all things were viewed from the right standpoint. Everything—laws, customs, creeds and governments—had been in antagonism with humanity; there was meaning in this war; it had been brought about by a previous war of ideas. As reformers, we are now engaged in a war of ideas, and this war is more momentous than a war with carnal weapons. We are to arm ourselves with weapons of spiritual and moral warfare. We are in the midst of a mighty conflict, and Spiritualism has a mighty battle to fight against the enemies of humanity and rebels against the right. New ideas are rising in antagonism to the old, in church, state and society. New ideas of right and liberty are coming up in conflict with wrong and oppression in every department of life. Bullets cannot settle this battle; you may shoot oppressors, but not oppression; you may shoot slaveholders, but slavery can be killed only with moral weapons. We must arm ourselves with more than guns; we need the highest moral fortitude to stand out, regardless of all our friends, our neighbors, or what the world may say. No matter whether they understand us to-day or not. They may grieve for us, and think we are in wrong and danger, but it matters not; we must be true to ourselves and to God, as revealed in our own souls. There was something grand in the heroism of a Daniel, the three Hebrew sons, and many other of those venerable Bible characters; they were men who dared to be true. Let us be the same; we stake all on the gospel of liberty, individual liberty. Spiritualism has a work to do which has scarcely yet begun. Let us not dream away our lives amid visions of a beautiful hereafter; to do this would be like a caterpillar becoming absorbed with dreams of its future butterfly state, and careless of following into the jams of present evil. We must work for the living present, and take hold of the evils and errors now around us and in us; make ourselves pure, pure from all vile habits and abuses, and worthy to commune with angels.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The morning session opened with a moderately increased attendance. F. L. Wadsworth presented the following in behalf of another brother:

Whereas, It is self-evident that man has certain inalienable rights, among which is the right to "life, liberty, and the permit of happiness;" and whereas, individuality is pivotal to the soul, and fundamental to all progress; therefore,

Resolved, That in protesting as we do against the excesses of persons connected with Spiritualism, we neither wish to interfere with them as individuals, nor limit the most comprehensive rights of men and women.

The President spoke on the resolution. He maintained that there were limitations and qualifications to the doctrine of individuality. We must consider the conditions and the relations we sustain to humanity and to each other. We might confer with each other, and counsel or suggest a protest, without condemning. There are certain standards of right, and neither men, nor customs, nor institutions can infringe on these. The consent of the governed is essential to government. Our individuality must conform to certain acknowledged principles, aims, aspirations and interests. We have no right to ignore all standards. We have certain ideas of right and wrong, and we must abide by these. In acknowledging certain self evident principles of right, it becomes necessary for us to pronounce some things as wrong, and we must protest against the wrong, whether it comes under the name of Spiritualism or not. There are individuals who seem to ride over all individuality except their own, and who recognize no laws admitted for the general good. The dogma of "Whatever Is, is right," may be suggestive of the largest charity, but our better consciousness must pronounce it false, however specious its sophisms may seem. We need to erect the most elevated ideal of right, and govern all our aims and acts according to that standard.

F. L. Wadsworth said we should find some good in all persons, however erratic their course. Yet it was needful for us to keep in view certain principles of right and truth conceded by all. We are occasionally called on to utter our protests, in order that we may not be held responsible for that which we repudiate. But in protesting we need not destroy, nor cast off. All sorts of things and persons have been palmed off in the name of Spiritualism; we are called on to discriminate. We may admit that all kinds of experiences are necessary to some persons; some seem destined to reach heaven only through hell; but are these experiences necessary? Must we *all* get to heaven in this way? Not unless we are born on the other side of hell, totally depraved. We have been rather easy in our philosophy; it will not do for us to sit down in sin and suffering, and content ourselves with the belief that all is right, and all will come out right. There is a right and a wrong, as well as a high and a low. We have no business to fold our arms in passive ease or stultification, and say, "Whatever Is, is right."

Dr. Lyon followed Mr. Wadsworth, and maintained that, in one sense, "Whatever Is, is right." He contended that we needed to see the past, present and future.

Mr. Wadsworth replied, that man was finite, and could not see all causes and effects, and therefore could not, without exercising the grossest presumption, pronounce as to the dogma in question. None but the Infinite could take such a position.

Mrs. Cora A. Syme, of New York, spoke very well on the law of development and progress, and maintained that all things in the universe came under that law.

She was succeeded by Mr. Toohey, Mr. Barnes and Mrs. A. M. Spence, but the reporter was necessarily absent.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Henry C. Wright opened with remarks on the resolution, and especially on the doctrine of self-evident rights. He maintained no authority more sound than that which God set up in every human soul; we must be true to our own better self-hood. Each man had some moral consciousness of right and wrong, and must act accordingly. We have convictions of positive right and truth; we can distinguish between right and wrong as well as we can between heat and cold; some things we can approve, and others we cannot; some things are self-evident, and others are against all evidences of the right and true. We are not always able to reason out and explain our convictions, and yet we are certain of them. Talk as we may about "Whatever Is, is right," and yet we feel and know there is a distinction between what we call right and wrong, and we can never so far stultify our consciences as to practice otherwise. Mr. Wright closed by offering the subjoined:

Whereas, Man has no power to create or annul a moral obligation; therefore,

Resolved, That whatever is right in a state or nation, is right in each individual; and whatever is wrong in one man, acting alone, is wrong in millions, acting as a State, or Nation.

Resolved, That whatever is right acting with a commission, license, or certificate from human government, is right, acting without it; and whatever it is wrong to do without such sanction, it is wrong to do with it.

Whereas, Each one must give account to himself for all the deeds done in and out of the body, therefore,

Resolved, That we will receive nothing as true in principle, or right in practice, on the authority of any being, or combinations of beings, outside of our own souls.

Whereas, Health is heaven, and Disease is Hell; therefore,

Resolved, That the only way to escape from hell and attain Heaven, is to expel disease from body and soul, and secure to ourselves healthy souls in healthy bodies.

Whereas, Man's natural demands are God's only commands; therefore,

Resolved, That those who most perfectly understand, and most healthfully supply these demands of Nature, are nearest to what God designed them to be, and to what they are capable of being.

Miss De Force argued, that as God was omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, all things were in harmony with his government. All things were pronounced good, and designed in keeping with certain grand results. Yet this view need not be understood in a manner to rob us of our individual responsibility—we must each feel an accountability of our own, and in the exercise of the rights of our being, we might protest against what we deemed wrong in others, yet in so doing, we could claim no prerogative to condemn.

Mrs. A. M. Spence advocated the need of our seeking for practical principles, and troubling ourselves less about mere abstractions. There are those who cannot dispense with guides, standards, authorities. We have our convictions of right and wrong, and must act accordingly. But we are to distinguish between the standards of a false society and the standards of the spiritual, intuitive soul. The former may be nothing more than whims, prejudices, customs; we are to go down below the superficial, and seek to find the deep, divine elements and inspirations of our being in communion with loftiest celestials; and when we find these, let us act accordingly, no matter what are the standards and opinions of the external world. It is our business as Spiritualists and Reformers, to take this high ground, and to sustain all true souls who dare come out and maintain this position, no matter what odium may be cast on them or ourselves. We shall never make one step on the road of progress until we learn to speak and act in a measure regardless of reputation, or what the Grundies may say. It is not ours to justify certain excesses indulged by those calling themselves Spiritualists. Yet it is not well for us to grow too sensitive, or fearful that the cause may be ruined. In our struggles along the journey of progress, we often need sympathy and strength. Our spirits are faint, weary, lonely, and awful despair gathers around; many of us know what it is to suffer thus for years, and to pass through experiences too terrible ever to be told. But we learn, after all, lessons of strength and endurance; we learn to dispense with a morbid sympathy, which is next to pity; it is often that we need more wisdom than sympathy, and we shall gain this wisdom only in the school of trial.

Mrs. Wilcoxson made a few remarks, and was succeeded by Mrs. Chappell, who said none were free from the need of fraternal sympathy. We are brothers and sisters, exposed to the like errors and accusations; no man or woman in the public ranks of Spiritualism had been spared; we all need the sustaining influence of each other and the angel-life.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

An Unpublished Letter from Theodore Parker.

MR. EDITOR:—Inclosed is a copy of a letter from that brave man, Theodore Parker. I believe it has never before appeared in print. He addresses me as a minister, but the excellent hints are equally useful to an occasional lecturer, in which capacity I have acted for many years. Yours truly,

HORACE A. KEACH.

Mapleville, R. I., Aug. 5, 1861.

BROOKLINE, NEAR BOSTON, *Sept. 3d*, 1851.

Dear Sir:—You ask how you can acquire an impressive mode of delivery. That will depend on qualities that lie a good deal deeper than the surface. It seems to me to depend on vigorous feeling and vigorous thinking in the first place, then on clearness of statement in the next place, and finally on a vigorous and natural mode of speech. Vigorous feeling and thinking depend on the original talent a man is born with, and on the education he acquires, or his daily habits. No man can ever be *permanently* an impressive speaker without being first a man of superior sentiments or superior ideas. Sometimes mere emotion (feeling) impresses, but it soon wearies. Superiority of ideas always commands attention and respect. The habit of thought is easily formed; you doubtless know the way to attain that as well as I can tell you, one help to it is the habit of reading hard philosophical books, and giving an account of them to yourself. Bishop Butler is a good man to try upon, so are Lord Bacon Hooker, Scott, Clarke, Hobbes, and any of the great masters of thought. The Philosophers are generally the best reading for a minister, so much for the habit of thought. I need not speak of the mode of cultivating the feelings—either such as relate to the finite objects or the "feelings infinite" which relate to God.

We refer to the clearness of statement; if you have something to say, a good deal of your success will depend on the amount of the matter. It is a good plan to put the least important first and the most important last of all. Thus there is a continual ascention and progress of thought. The speaker runs up hill and takes his hearer to higher ground at every step. In the expression of the thought, the *shortest* way is generally best and it is better to state one thing once and no more, the good marksman hits the mark at the first shot and then puts up his piece, the bungler misses it, and blazes away a second and third a time. Things well known require no illustration except for beauty and the delight it gives, things new or abstruse and hard to grasp require illustrative figures, &c. It is better to use definite than indefinite terms, to say a *man* and not an *individual* or a *human being*. I love specific terms, such as Thomas or Ellen and a *man* or a *woman*.

It is a good plan before writing any thing to think over the subject and see what you know about it, then to make a plan of your work, putting down the points you intend to make in their order, and under them the propositions, the proofs, illustrations, facts, &c. Time spent in the plan is time saved in filling it up. Then in writing—a tired man cannot write so well as a man not tired; a sleepy man, an unwilling man cannot write well—he will have sleepy readers (or hearers) and unwilling ones. Good, plain, words are commonly the best, not fustic and yet not mere *literary* and dictionary words; the language should be chaste and not vulgar.

In the mode of delivery—there is little difficulty. If you have felt with vigor, and thought with vigor, you will write so too, and must speak with vigor. The best way that I know is to speak *distinctly* and in the *natural tones of voice*—in the tones of conversation as far as possible. In most (country) churches we need not speak above the natural tones of voice in order to be heard. It is a great help to be familiar with your manuscript. A man that never lifts his nose from his notes cannot interest an audience much. About gesture—I cannot give much advice—to some men they are natural and useful; to others not at all. Nature is the guide. Commonly the gesture ought to precede the word it is to illustrate, "Look there!" says a little boy and points at the sun. But he begins to point before he begins to speak, such is the method of nature.

You will see that I find the chief helps to an impressive modes of speech in the man and not out of him. There are no tricks in real eloquence; they belong to the stage, not the pulpit—nay, only to a low practice of the stage. The best books that I know are Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, and Whately's Rhetoric. Maury, Part 1st, Eloquence is good. It is well to read the works of great Orators, (Webster, the greatest master of Oratory in the world,) Burke, North, Taylor, &c. The arguments of lawyers will help you much; you will find them in celebrated trials, in "State trials," for example—those from the time of James 1st to James 2d are full of such things as I refer to. The study of Poets is a great help, both to the thought and the form of expression. Shakspeare is a valuable ally. If you read Greek easily—then Homer and Eschylus will help you much. But a personal acquaintance with the Bible will be of incalculable aid. No book will so help the development of the religious feelings, no book in the world has such deep and beautiful poetry; then it is a great mine of illustration, because it is the only book that is known to everybody. You see how Jesus illustrates his great truths by reference to common things before the eyes of the public, and to the common events of the day. I have written you a very long letter.

Truly your friend and servant,

Rev. H. A. Keach. THEO. PARKER.

Correspondence.

Undeveloped Spirits, or "Spirits in Prison".

For more than a year past I have had a desire to find a medium through whom individual spirits might come, and obtain light, as those do through Mrs. Conant, and I was led to this from my experience for twice six weeks, in attending private circles in New York for this object, and witnessing the results of our labor.

A few weeks since I found the desired medium—Mrs. Getchell, in Chapman street, two doors from Washington street, who was willing to take control for this purpose, and having also the assent and aid of her guardian spirit, who was a physician in life.

In the six or eight sittings I have had, there has come to me eight to ten inebriates, five or six suicides, one murderer, one adultress, and four or five laboring under the delusions of pulpit theology. It may not become me to state the result of my labor. Perhaps there has not been time to judge of its ultimate fruit; but this much I may say, that the teachings they have received, have been apparently "tidings of great joy," for those who have come railing and swearing have gone away rejoicing—some with prayer—some singing and others shouting, and not one desponding. But my principal object in this communication is to give the mode of treatment to the inebriates.

About a year since, at a circle in East Cambridge, where Swedenborg sometimes controlled, I related to him the annoyance we had had at Mrs. Conant's circles, from a spirit who called for rum, or something to allay his longing. He said he had died with delirium tremens, and begged the captain to give him but a single glass, as that, *then*, would have cured him.

"And did you give him any?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"That was wrong. I have known them to remain in spirit-life a century without outgrowing the longing, and unable to think of anything but their sufferings, while a single glass would *cure* them."

"And would not the longing return?"

"No, sir; rarely, if ever; and I was charged never to withhold it in such cases."

The first that came to me through Mrs. Getchell, gazed round the room as if seeking for something—was asked what he was looking after.

"To see what you have to sell here—if you have got any rum?" was the reply.

He was told that we did not keep any.

"Then why in —— do n't you?" and indulged in the grossest profanity. When more calm, he was questioned. He did not know how long he had been in spirit-life, but it seemed an eternity; did not know if he had parents living; did not know anything; all he wanted was rum. Then the teaching of Swedenborg was recalled to my mind, and he was told to come again on Saturday, (this was Thursday) and I would see what I could do for him.

Well, on the Saturday I was prepared with a vial of whiskey and a paper of loaf sugar. "John" was there, impatient for the "medicine," which was a lump of sugar saturated with the whiskey—nearly a teaspoonful. He was told to take it slowly, and nibbled it first, as a mouse does cheese, but soon the bites were larger, and it was gone; and, believe me, I waited its result with great anxiety, as involving a mighty good, if successful. I was not to remain long in doubt. When the dose was all taken, he stretched out his arm, patted his stomach, and then came the shout that he was *cured*. And so it has been with each and every one. Most have returned—some several times—but not one has asked for more. And those who have not returned, I am told, are with *the others*, "working out their salvation," not with fear and trembling, but with joy and gladness.

Some of these benighted brothers have been from fifteen to twenty years in spirit-life, and each has his tale of sorrow and suffering. But I will only give in detail one more special case. This is of one whom I knew in life—a well educated man, of strong mind, and great command of language, but who died a victim to what is called his "appetite for drink," and his description of his sufferings were terribly graphic. For nearly ten years he had had a constant burning, like a live coal; had wandered about in the spheres like one in despair, but could get no relief—it was the hell he was to endure to eternity. When I told him to stop his lamentations, as I would cure him in two minutes, he laughed with derision.

"You cure me! no, I am not to be cured."

But before the two minutes had expired, he was shouting with joy,

"Cured, cured, cured!"

He has been to me since, his heart full to overflowing with the conviction that he *is* cured.

The teachings that the ignorant and benighted have received, are very few and simple—one only prayer: "Oh God, fill me with happy thoughts," that putting their feet upon a rock, is to believe they are children of God and created for his glory—that working out their salvation, means doing good to others by giving light to those who are more benighted than themselves—that Christ's mission is upon the earth, and that this is their mission, not to look back to the past despondingly, but look forward to the future hopefully—that it is not God that judges them, but they judge themselves.

These teachings I know are not good pulpit Orthodoxy, but they seem to be adapted to their wants; and if you should hear some five or six of them talk, you would suppose they thought themselves capable of doing a mighty work with the "spirits in prison."

I believe that I am engaged in a good work; but while I have the will and the time, I have not the means to accomplish much, for I cannot, with my present resources, go to the medium oftener than once a week. I would willingly go daily.

Now if there are any who read this communication, and think well of the work, and have means, I shall be pleased to receive thrir contributions through the BANNER OF LIGHT, from a dime upwards, only promising that no money thus received will be applied to my personal use. And, in conclusion, I will add, that in most cases I have been able to call those I have desired to come, and if any have friends who they wish to hear from, and will send the needful description, I will endeavor to obtain for them a message.

PAUL PRY.

Boston, Mass.

Vermont.

Farewell to thy rocky slopes and verdant vales. Thy hills, green with the slowly decaying hemlocks and firs, "like childhood's memories in the old man's soul," have oft painted their rich scenery on the canvas of memory which this heart shall carry far along in the space and time of after years. Thy babbling brooks and bubbling springs shall long return in dreams to variegate the quiet hours of night, as I sleep in the far-away homes; and thy mountain peaks overlooking thy villas and valleys shall be visited again, in the day and night visions of the western prairie homes. But the love of thy sons and daughters entwined in a wreath of affections, shall be worn by this spirit forever.

Thou canst never be forgotten, old State, with thy green, granite hills, whilst memory clings to the earth, but the souls of thy sons and daughters shall outlive thy hemlocks and firs—shall outlast thy granite peaks, and shine when their splendor is gone—shall live on when thy brooks have ceased their music, when thy springs have dried forever, and thy surface is smoothed by the hand of time—aye, and when thy name, so appropriate now, is forgotten forever.

Then far, far away in the regions unknown of time and space, where the soul has its fountains of bliss never failing, there and then may I hope to be still, with some loved ones now known to me in their mountain homes. "Hand in hand with angels" I already see them go—already linked to the upper life—already joined to the loved ones above, who come to sweeten the hours of life and prepare them for the home where dwell forever the loved and the loving.

Many such I know among thy hills and scattered along the winding paths that follow thy streams to the upper and lower waters. And oft has my heart been made glad, and my spirit been refreshed, by the welcome and care which I have felt in their homes, and full well do I know we can only part to meet again. The winter and the death may come, but a spring and a new life shall surely follow. These hills and these homes may fall and decay, but our hopes and our souls and our loves shall perish never.

The shortcoming days of August are closing the summer and flowers, as I take my leave and the farewell clasp, and a tear steals down as the dew; for well I know full many a fading ray and setting day must come and go ere we meet here again. But the "veil is torn away," and we can see from here or there, the opening dawn of our future home, and we know we shall meet again, and no winter shall come to drive me away, and no war shall need my tongue or pen to aid in restoring peace, or to hush its roaring thunder, and save a falling nation; and when no haughty priesthood with curse and creed shall require my labors to root out the cruel and encumbering dogmas that so blight the souls of earth.

Aye, we already see the portals of that "heaven by prophets seen." Already our blessed Spiritualism has begun the work of making up circles and societies for the happy homes of the upper spheres, and well do I know some from the valleys and slopes in the Green Mountain State will be with me in the circle to which I belong; and though we may meet no more here, it will not be long till we meet in that brighter home where the flowers never fade, and love never dies.

To the many friends in their several homes scattered over the State, whom I have met during the present Summer, I send my parting blessing, and a brother's farewell wish. To those who have seen and heard me now, on the slopes of Bethel Lympus, in the valleys of Stowe, Morrisville, Troy, Glover and Hardwick, I have many thanks to return, many kindnesses to remember, many pleasant interviews to recall, many happy hours to live over in memory, and many hopes to meet you again in the here and the hereafter; but of this be ever assured, you have the blessing and best wishes of WARREN CHASE.

South Hardwick, Vt., Aug. 21, 1861.

P. B. Randolph.

I saw in your paper recently, Messrs. Editors, an account of the dangerous illness of P. B. Randolph, with an expression of your hope that he might be spared to give forth to the world of the deep, rich stores of his mind. In this wish, I, and all who really know the man, most heartily join. Mr. R. has been very ill, and during a part of his illness I saw him every day. He thought his last hour was at hand, and therefore abandoned all hope of either carrying out his military designs, or of doing anything more in this world. His complaint is disease of the heart, and although at times he is brought to the verge of the grave, he is not to pass away till his work is done. His friends have advised a sea voyage, and accordingly he has gone. His intention is to visit the Orient before he gets back—Arabia, Felix, Muscat, Syria, Egypt, India, if possible, and return at the end of two or three years.

Before he left, Mr. Randolph desired me to return his heartfelt thanks to all connected with the BANNER, to Dr. Child, Dr. Gardner, Jacob Edson, and to *all who ever gave him a kind word*; while to his enemies, if any such there be—which I doubt—he desires me to convey his blessings.

He has given his medical business to a firm in New York, and his literary to another firm, who, as soon as the times get better, will bring his works properly before the public. In the meantime, all letters for him should be directed to the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office, whence they will be forwarded by myself, as his letters to me may direct. Mr. R. expressed the intention of writing the BANNER whatever of interest he may observe, in this contemplated journey around the globe. G. L. PRICE.

136 *Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 16.*

AMERICA AND HER DESTINY.

A Lecture by Emma Hardinge, at Sodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, August 25th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

"Adam! Where art thou?" Such is the voice of the Infinite which is now arousing the American nation from its long dream of peace and luxury. Let our response be—"Here am I, Lord; Thy will be done!"

In the view of those who have passed behind the veil, all individual and national interests are lost in the world's wide destiny; and therefore it is of God's America, as her fate involves the progression of the race, that we purpose to speak, not of the schemes of party. And, first, we consider the position of America with respect to other nations.

Progression, the Genius of Creation, is the grand element in human destiny; and so we find the social strife and restlessness which distinguishes man, always tending to his elevation and improvement. The race is now only in its infancy, and its turmoils and conflicts are nothing more than the inevitable trials attendant on that stage of growth. Every portion of the earth must be subdued and replenished and civilized—but, at present, not two-thirds of its surface are either known or inhabited. Vast deserts and untrodden mountains are to be reclaimed; the polar regions are to reveal their mysteries; the secrets of the deep are to be explored, and the splendors of Paradisiacal isles of the sea made manifest.

The career of man began in Central Asia, where it culminated in the barbaric splendors of Persia and Assyria. Then Europe started in the race with the advantage of this past experience, and attained the height of her glory in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; when the young giant America was ready to leap from the arms of two oceans, at the bold summons of an obscure mariner. He launched out in search of the new world at the bidding of the same voice of inspiration which cried "Adam, where art thou?"

From this period, we can trace all through the history of the Continent, a special purpose of Providence to afford mankind, through these new settlements, higher conditions of liberty—civil and religious. Adventurous spirits broke forth from the bounds of crowded cities, and sought a land where their restless aspirations might safely be indulged. After braving the perils of unknown seas, they could not be contented to remain in the spot first found, but were still driven forward, over every portion of the land which was thus to be consecrated to Liberty.

We believe that America now stands in the same relation to the Old World, which Europe once occupied with respect to Asia; that of the Sun to the planets—the centre and governing power of the nations. But to complete this position, America must possess, within herself, first, a perfect Government; second, a perfect Religion; third, an amalgamated People; fourth, a favorable Soil.

1st. The analogy of the Universe shows that the family is the true type of a perfect government. The father is the source of sustenance to the rest; the mother represents the affectional element—she is the medium between the strong and the weak, which distributes what the master-hand supplies, and round her all the younger branches twine in beautiful tendrils of mutual affection. Thus, in every good Government there must be some strong central point of authority—there must be a representative medium, a congress or a parliament, between this and the many, who are as the children in the household. Nations have been striving for this perfect form, but hitherto they have failed, because, in monarchies, it has degenerated into governments administered in the interests of the rulers only.

2d. Defective religion has been another source of failure. The true office of religion is to teach man his relations to the Great Cause through the phenomena and operations of the material world around him. Nothing in that world is shut out from the investigation of man's enlightened faculties. Ignorance is the only parent of Error and Failure. True Religion, therefore, must embrace the whole range of social and political sciences, and dive into all the relations of man. Such a religion is possible; but priestcraft has hitherto forbidden its existence.

3d. Man is an amalgamation of all other natural forms—and hence a compendium of creation, a microcosm. His own perfection, therefore, can only be attained by a complete mingling of all his various types and varieties. Wherever a law of caste, or exclusive intermarriage prevails, as in the case of the Jews, we find a marked physical and moral degeneracy; and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons results from free amalgamation. Europe, embracing every variety of climate and population, presents great advantages for the amalgamation of her nations, yet they are still kept widely apart by physical impediments, which make them more distinct among themselves than the populations which inhabit a far larger territory on this Continent. This country, indeed, presents the highest type of perfection in the above points, which has yet been attained. Her government is still too much infected by the virus of corruption and chicane, but the divine idea on which it is founded has a better chance of manifestation than elsewhere. The fault is in the reckless, scrambling boyhood of the race, rather than in the sober judgment which framed her institutions. In respect of religion, the same freedom of choice prevails as in political affairs, and this independent and intelligent spirit leads to a keen scrutiny of all forms of doctrine and stimulates inquiry. Still America has not attained to that perfect union of science with religion which is essential to the Divine perfection of the latter; nor will she, untill she has learned to close the book of man's writing and open the Scriptures of God. When she dares do this, America will know but one religion, and that will pervade all her institutions. Meantime she has carried out still further than the Anglo Saxon the principle of amalgamation. Hardly is there any portion of the earth which has not contributed to swell the tide of her civilization, and she presents a mixture of all the highest conditions of human progress.

4th. In her soil, too, America possesses all the elements demanded by the most varied and most advanced requirements of human nature, corresponding with the qualities of the impetuous pioneer race who are to use them. Thus do you stand, Americans. It would almost seem as if, in you, the world of struggling men possessed a home and an exemplar. But alas, in this your high and palmy state of prosperity, you hear the voice, crying, Adam, where art thou? and you look around to find your Eden bathed in blood, and the fiery sword waving before its gate. Wherefore is this? Because this is God's America, not yours. It is no question of Union or Disunion that is to be solved, for by the firmest bonds of nature, you are and must remain *one people*—the North with the South—the producers with the operatives. But, at the foot of the standard of hope and deliverance which you have planted, are two mighty graves, and in them rest two Abels whose blood cries for vengeance. The deceived and slaughtered red man, whose inheritance you fraudulently gained at the price of a few baubles, whose trusting fidelity you abused, and whom you have pursued to extermination, rests side by side with the black victim to whom you have refused the independence your fathers fought to gain for you, and which it was appointed to you to hand down as an increasing inheritance. You cannot keep your slaves in bondage without crushing out their aspirations and denying them all opportunities to rise, thus reversing the order of nature—the very outrage for which you denounce priests and despots who have attempted it in your own case. Judge ye, if the Great Father will not listen to the voice of your brother's blood. It is in vain to point to their growth in civilization. Your works are evil, even if good comes from them. Though you have done this for helpless Africa, you have done it at your own cost—the cost of your own degradation and suffering. These graves you must fill up by the sacrifice of your darling vices before you can regain prosperity. And thus you find war before your doors, and probing the very heart of your social state. These three master-evils then are brought to light: 1st, African Bondage; 2nd, The Tyranny of Capital over Labor; 3d, The Great Social Evil, which your speaker has personally examined into, and which nightly sends forth, in this city alone, 6000 wretched beings in the shape of women, to prowl about your streets in search of the depraved and the unwary. Where are the 6000 men who ruined them? In the saloons of wealth and fashion; in places of trust and honor; flattered and caressed. Is this Fraternity?

And this is in America, the home of the free and the good! Why has brother armed against brother? None can name the precise object of the conflict, but you are really battling together with all the world, in a time of universal trial. You must take part in the great struggle for *individuality*—the emancipation of atoms from the absorbing attraction of the mass—the right of each to think for himself.

The world's wealth is no longer to lie at the mercy of brute force, but mental energy is in the descending scale. Men will come into governmental order only in obedience to divine order. Not that there will ever be absolute social equality among men. A variety of faculties and endowments are as necessary in humanity, as the different tones of instruments in an orchestra, and great minds will ever force their way by virtue of their right to rule. But every human being has a right to unfold his spirit in the order of progression; and if you deny this right, a destructive antagonism will sooner or later result. Even the gentle and loving Jesus, when he saw his Father's temple defiled by thieves, seized a scourge and drove them from the sacred shelter; and among you those who have outraged the shrine of humanity, must be visited with a just retribution, and expelled forever, as robbers of their kind. This war, then, is not of your making, but you are become the instruments on behalf of others.

The spirit of war is different now from that blind, brute impulse which in former ages made it merely the means of elevating some ambitious demagogue. It is conducted under the guidance of cool reason, and tempered by mercy and forbearance; and as soon as this is felt in its full force by the audacious spoiler, the contest will be virtually ended. Let it be remembered that groups of the mighty dead are thronging around your councils and assisting them with the voice of inspiration. God demands of you the just penalty, not as a vindictive punishment, but to teach you where your error lies, and make of every man a helper and comforter to his brother. Yes! truth and justice shall yet prevail, and out of the ashes of present desolation, glorious America shall rise, a Phœnix from her burning nest. Take heart, then, ye who, in this conflict, have lost the light of your eyes, and joy of your hearts. Your beloved ones have but passed beyond the veil; and ye should give thanks to God that they strove on his side, and were found worthy to assist in the work of purifying His America! And oh! be joyful that you know where they are gone, and that it is still their privilege to fight the good fight with the sword of reason and the tongue of inspiration.

The Spiritualist Picnic at Waukesha, Wis.

Our Picnic came off according to advertisment, and was a perfect success. Our speakers were Dr. Wheelock, of this city, Miss Knox, of Mich., Miss Dickinson, of Milwaukie, and E. V. Wilson, of your city, and they all acquitted themselves well. The day was all that could be wished for—clear, warm, and fresh from a light shower the evening previous, which laid the dust, made fresh and green the trees, gave freshness to the flowers, and set the wee birds to singing a new song of praise to Him who noticeth the fall of the sparrow.

We were about six hundred strong, on the ground, all marshaled and cared for by that Spiritual sledge hammer of the East, E. V. W., who concluded the day by remarks on "The War, and the Cause of the War," which gave great satisfaction.

Dr. Wheelock opened the forenoon and afternoon services with most appropriate remarks, manifesting marked ability. He was followed in the morning by Miss Knox, of Mich., and her remarks were received with marked approval. Mrs. Dickinson spoke for the first time before an audience, and did well; and over all presided that well known and whole-souled friend of our cause, Dr. Holbrook, who acquitted himself of his duties admirably.

Our day ended, as it began, with sunshine and joy. Long will it be remembered as a bright and happy occasion in this brief journey of life.

At the conclusion, a resolution was offered, to the effect that "We again meet at Churchill's Grove for a two days' meeting, on the 19th and 20th of Sept. next. Yours, for the Truth, VINDEX.

Waukesha, Wis., Aug. 24, 1861.

To Correspondents.

H. BARBER, WARWICK, MASS.—We are sorry to say that we never received it.

E. L. L.—Your note the compositor could not possibly decipher, hence its non-appearance. Correspondents, generally—we here take occasion to say—should write more legibly, if they expect their matter to be printed. We desire to accommodate all our friends; but we have not the time to make the *necessary* corrections, ere sending the MSS. to the printer.

"BELLE BUSH," NORRISTOWN, PA.—We should be happy to hear from you often. "The Artist and the Angel" is on file for publication.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1861.

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Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston or New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Payment of subscription will be received either in one or three cent stamps of the new issue. Subscribers will please send none of the other denominations, for they are of no use to us. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

☞ ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED

"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

ISAAC B. RICH,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

The New Postage Stamp.

The U. S. Government having repudiated all the old postage stamps, those of our friends who forward us postage stamps to pay for subscriptions, will be careful to procure the *new* issues.

TO THINK ABOUT.

Turning over the leaves of an English Quarterly of a dozen years ago, the other day, we were struck with a brief article that embodies the reflections which all thinking persons have indulged in, from time to time, concerning the increase of population in modern times, and the results growing out of it, both to individuals and nations. Mill treats on the same important subject in his "Principles of Political Economy," a book that is not read and studied as widely as it deserves, and that would greatly benefit any of our thoughtful readers who choose to give it their careful attention.

The point considered is no more than this: that, speaking for England especially, the man who marries is bound by the highest considerations, as well for the state and society as for himself, to exercise great parental prudence and forethought in the matter of progeny; and it is insisted, that if the publication of facts and the dissemination of ideas upon the subject shall in due time make their impression, then that some legislation be attempted by which a man shall be prohibited from having more than a fixed number of children born to him, the penalty of transgression being the loss of his additional children to him entirely. Of course, no such law would be good for anything in practice, until it was indeed the reflection of public sentiment; but it is not so difficult a matter to educate public opinion up to that point where that sort of legislation would be demanded.

What we all want and strive for is—*society* and *happiness*. We cannot very well have one without the other. But is that a state of happiness where society is so dense as to produce suffering? or is that properly an enjoyable society, where excess of numbers condemns each and every member to a state of lifelong drudgery? In England, and in the more populous districts of the Continent, this matter is of more pressing need socially than it at present is with us; for we have, fortunately, an empire still in reserve, a whole continent almost to this day virgin, besides another of gigantic dimensions to the south of us and beyond the Gulf of Mexico.

Still this is a matter that concerns the *individual*, if it does not yet reach the State. They who are able, pecuniarily, to subsist a family of anywhere from seven to twenty children, to keep them warm, well fed and clothed, and generally well provided for, may insist upon the right to have as large an offspring as they choose; but we contend that, in their case even, the matter of mere pecuniary ability does not settle the question, for there lies back of that the more important and larger one of proper *training and education*, without which life is worse than an useless gift to such as happen to be endowed with it. No man has a right to a child more than he can not only provide for, but educate and nurture properly, also. By what reason, we ask, does he claim to be appointed special guardian over an immortal spirit, whose tutelage and tender care he is going to neglect altogether? Assuredly there is no valid one; and hence all his assumptions are founded on no better ground than the strictly barbarous one of a man's sole and entire right to the person of his wife, under the law—an animal instinct that still finds adequate protection in the low spirit of our modern legislation.

But it is not to the rich that we are just now addressing ourselves; it is rather to the thousands that are laboring from the beginning to the end of every week for nothing better than a bare subsistence for families already overgrown, to which they can give little or no personal attention beyond the mere clothing and feeding of them, and for whose intellectual and spiritual advancement it is impossible for them to have a care. These are the men who comprise the bulk of all populations; industrial classes, those on whom the State must ever rely for its greatness and its prosperity.

Why is it not seriously true that no man, of the class already mentioned, or indeed of any class, has a *right* to more than a limited number of children? Let us fix the number at either two or four. If a married pair devote their leisure to the thorough education of even two children, instead of letting six or eight come into the world and go their ways pretty much at random, would it not plainly prove a benefit as well to the parents as the children? To parents, not merely in the pecuniary way but in a higher, also? Take away the penalty of incessant drudgery from a workingman, and you have already lifted him a long step up toward his exaltation; for leisure brings all the *opportunities* of life, and the smaller the family, other things being equal, the more time to spare for domestic improvement. Every decent man may be presumed to be eager for the highest welfare of his own children; hence, with more time to see to the task, and with his attention concentrated on but a limited number, he insensibly catches the spirit of improvement for himself, and finds his own progress making as fast as he labors to advance the welfare of his offspring. Such matters are reciprocal, always.

When a poor man, with a family increasing at random—we were about to say, in a geometrical ratio—complains that he cannot seem to make any headway in the world, that he has no time for self-improvement nor to bestow upon the improvement of his offspring, and gives up the thought or hope of ever doing anything for them but merely try to feed and clothe them, we cannot but pity his ignorance, that he has not yet found out the sure remedy for all this trouble—and it is trouble of the most grievous sort, because it entails nothing but slavery—in the simple resolution to overcome, or exalt, his animalism, and exercise that parental forethought which is one of the genuine tokens of thorough civilization. He will find his remedy right there, and nowhere else.

It is arrant nonsense—worse than that, it is outright wickedness, for the pulpit, or the press, to hold up to man the idea that "to increase and multiply" is the first duty of man; and it is not many removes in guilt for them to *abstain* in these latter days of investigation and enlarging intelligence, from setting forth what *is* the "higher law" on this momentous subject, and from inculcating the strictest obedience. For ourselves, we have only ventured in this instance, to glance at the subject; but it will bear wide and thorough discussion, and, for even this extended country of ours, deserves the serious attention of all who regard the *quality* of their offspring before *quantity*, and their own happiness as well. To follow the opposite rule, is anything but a high testimonial to the chastity and continence of any man. He may point with pride to his "little flock," but it is a pride that does not belong to beings of an order very much above animals. More than they can well and truly develop into a higher state of earthly existence, they have no right to, by any rule either of safety or propriety.

The Mob Spirit.

It is cause of profound regret, with all those who do indeed prefer the principles of liberty to the chaos of anarchy, that here in staid, law-abiding, example-setting New England there should have been such flagrant illustrations of the devilish and intolerable spirit of mob violence. This is just what may be expected to come from fanaticism, on any subject. Either we must abide this odious, tyrannical mob doctrine, taking it just as it is, with all its train of consequences, or it must be put down under the iron heel forever. We must have order or anarchy. If laws have been instituted, why do we refuse to obey them?—*we*, who make profession of being before the rest of the world in practical civilization? Have we no faith left in the ability of our own statutes to protect us? Are we so much in love with the example set us by Southern anarchists, that we must straightway go beyond them in their own practices?

Let us see just how this matter is going to work. Logically, the moment we say one word, or *refuse* to say one word, that shall in any way or degree tend to encourage this mob spirit of lawlessness and vandalism, we are all at sea again, and violence and retaliation become the law of the day. The party, or crowd, that is uppermost to-day, will be certain to be at the bottom to-morrow, so rapidly do passions change when only passions rule. As a matter of safety, therefore, no doctrine can be more full of danger than this. But as a rule of public conduct, what could sooner blast every principle and postulate of public order, and destroy all the hopes for humanity that are therein contained? We see in the riot of this fell spirit far more danger to true liberty than in any separation of the States; for that implies corruption at the very *core*, dissolution in advance, while this may only mean the repugnance of one section to close political alliance with the other—a totally different matter. We repeat in all possible seriousness—if the recent events in New England are to be copied as examples by the people everywhere, we may bid a long farewell to any government or order but that which is sustained by the iron hand alone.

Southern Newspapers.

It really makes one feel sad to witness the immediate effect of the blockade on the newspaper interests of the Southern States. Not only have the smaller and less important sheets through that country been compelled to wind up their affairs, but the larger journals of the commercial cities have been curtailed of their dimensions and their business brought to a dead stand-still. The accounts we get of the once flourishing Picayune and Delta, and such like papers, of New Orleans, carry their own reflections. In the matter of size, the Picayune has been reduced to a single small sheet, where it formerly used to be issued as a quarto, and occasionally with an extra—like the New-York Herald. As for arrivals and clearances, under the marine head, the regular daily report is—"No arrivals this day—no clearances." In advertising, the business amounts to just nothing; a few columns of old advertisements are kept standing to save the cost of composition, for which the proprietors have received their pay long ago; and that is about all. They must feel this blockade sorely; how long they will stand it, is another question. The Paris Journal of Debates says that the true policy for saving this Union is to "blockade and wait." We think so, too.

Old Kentucky.

We attach, ourselves, more importance to the stand taken for the Union by Kentucky than to almost any other movement. Kentucky, by her sense and firmness, has already broken the line of the Slave States, as such. She is the entering wedge that will, in due time, rend the gigantic power of rebellion in sunder. With her already is Eastern Tennessee, Western Virginia, North-Western Carolina, and Northern Alabama—that entire Alleghany region, flanked on the west by the Cumberland mountains, and on the east by the Blue Ridge, where only freedom can live and free men can dwell and prosper. The present attitude of Kentucky is going to solve this question, so far as *active* measures will do it. Already Tennessee throws taunts in her face because she chooses to arm herself in order to keep the peace. Her threats and insults will undoubtedly lead to a rupture—we think it is nearly ripe for exhibition now; and *then* we shall see this secession question beginning to be debated in the South itself, among the men who themselves have an interest in it, on their own soil, and for institutions which they love and refuse to give up. We expect to shortly see an uprising in Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Northern Alabama, in response to that of Kentucky, which will kill the dogma of secession forever and ever.

Wanted.

A few copies of the BANNER of August 24. Those of our subscribers who do not keep a file, will oblige us by forwarding this number.

ANNA CORA.

She came like the light of the rosy morn
Into this world of ours—
Her gentle spirit, it seemed to us,
Had strayed from Heaven's bowers.
She lighted our home with her peaceful smile,
A few short, cherished hours,
Then went away, when angels called,
And sleeps beneath the flowers.

Immortelles bloom round the marble stone
Which marks where she lies sleeping,
And the moss-rose blossoming on her breast
Is watered by our weeping.
And o'er the grassy-velvet mound
The honeysuckle creeping,
Wafts incense up, like holy prayers,
To HER, in angels' keeping.

A New Anniversary.

On Friday evening last—August 23—the members of the Fraternity of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society celebrated the fifty-first birthday of Theodore Parker—which they propose doing every year to come, till it becomes as widely observed on earth as the birthday of Washington or Christ.

Allston Hall, where the exercises were held, was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, which breathed forth praises and thanksgivings to the Creator, with a "potpourri" of fragrance and beauty. A pyramid of bouquets was piled up before the stand, more than half hiding the speakers from the gaze of the audience, giving them the appearance of swimming in an ocean of roses.

S. B. Stebbins, Esq., President of the Fraternity, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Boston, presided, and on the platform with him we noticed the early and constant friend of Mr. Parker, Mr. John R. Manley, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Wm. R. Alger, Dr. O. H. Wellington, Frederick H. Henshaw, Frank B. Sanborn, C. H. Brainard, and C. W. Slack, Esqs.

The exercises were prefaced with a prayer delivered by Mr. Parker over nine years ago, phonographed at the time, and now read from manuscript by Mr. Manley.

The choir of Music Hall, under the direction of Prof. J. D. Willard, sang an appropriate hymn, to the tune of "Siloam."

Dr. O. H. Wellington, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, was then introduced. He stated that it was his privilege, when a boy, to be side by side with Mr. Parker at school, and his companion in his boyish pastimes. Dr. W. spoke feelingly of the struggles Mr. Parker had to undergo in those early years, fighting obstacles stouter hearts might have quailed before; and he told the audience that he believed Mr. Parker was with them to-night, participating in the festivities of this occasion; and could he speak, he would tell them not to let their thoughts dwell upon the dead and buried past, but to be up and doing their duty as men and women in this momentous crisis of our nation which he loved so well.

Wendell Phillips was next introduced, and delivered himself of one of his characteristic, morbid, ebullitions, finding fault with the action of the government, and displeasing his friends with his vituperation and venom. He paid, however, a deserved compliment to Gen. Butler's letter to the Secretary of War, on the contraband question, praised Douglas dead, whom he never found words hard enough for while living, and hoped noble things of McClellan and Fremont.

The Hutchinsons—all that is left of the noble band who once seemed to penetrate all the recesses of our souls with their matchless melody—then sang a beautiful song.

The President then introduced Rev. Wm. R. Alger to the audience, who, in his noble, disinterested, healthy way, paid an eloquent tribute to the man whose memory we all revere and whose name we love, chaining the audience in rapt attention for half an hour, and leaving nearly all in tears when he closed. We regret that we did not report his remarks entire. The speaker said there were four great pangs in Theodore Parker's lifetime. The first was the outgrowing of early belief and dear friends; but there was a compensation; for how much better is it to outgrow old belief, than to be outgrown and left behind. *That* pang, *he* never knew. The second was, misinterpretation. How deeply he felt this, his farewell letter to the Music Hall Society will show. But how much better to be misinterpreted by little, narrow people, than to be merely an unthinking follower of the rabble. His third pang was, seeing the beautiful system of true religion which he had taught, not received by mankind The fourth pang was dying in the midst of an unfinished work. But it was little for him to die, for he had uprooted venerable, hoary superstitions, and had done a work of centuries, etc.

Chas. H. Brainard, Esq., next gave some interesting personal reminiscences of Mr. Parker.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, "the Concord schoolmaster," then read the following ode, which he had written for the occasion:

ODE.

BY F. B. SANBORN.

No more for Thee shall summer bring
This day's well-marked return;
Nor, whirling round his yearly ring,
The sun of August burn.
Another splendor shines for Thee
Than that we welcome here—
Our days must all forgotten be
In Heaven's unchanging year.

But we with rites of love will keep
The day that gave Thee birth,
Though far away thine ashes sleep
In free but foreign earth.
The life that with thy years began
Can never wholly die—
For still thy spirit speaks to man,
And still our hearts reply.

God's truth, by Thee so long proclaimed,
Spreads wider, day by day,
And they that shrunk, afraid or shamed,
Seek now the better way:
While half the land, to anger stung
By deeds by Thee foretold,
Remembers how thy fearless tongue
Rebuked and prayed of old.

Then since the weak and base who would,
Cannot forget thy fame,
Let us, who once beside Thee stood,
With honor speak thy name
While rivers run and mountains stand,
And Love and Faith are strong,
Thy memory in thy grateful land
Shall live in speech and song.

Mr. Garrison next followed, and afterward Charles W. Slack, and the exercises closed at a little after eleven o'clock.

☞ Our friends everywhere are earnestly requested to aid us in keeping the BANNER on a paying basis during these hard times. As the present volume is nearly out, we trust those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with number 26, will continue their papers, and induce others to subscribe.

England and America.

Our good friends over the water are, it is reported, putting their heads together over what has now taken the name of the "American Question." What they will do with it, or with us, for that matter, passes our present understanding. Some people af feet to feel, or do feel, uneasy on account of this apparent accord on the part of these two leading foreign powers, and especially fear lest they are plotting some mischief for us, such as taking the blockade business out of our hands by first recognising a Southern Confederacy; but it will not do to be frightened too long before we are hurt; England and France having years ago formed a treaty of mutual friendship and advantage, of course, when one finds its interests touched, as England does by our blockade of the Southern ports, she would naturally call in the advice and counsel of the other. There is nothing in all this to grow nervous about. Still, should our foreign friends determine, after the expiration of what they deemed a proper time, to extend to the Seceded States the recognition due an independent power, it would be admitted that it would put an entirely new face on the affair, and bring about a complication not at this moment thought of. But then, will they hasten to do it?

Henry Ward Beecher.

They are hauling our friend Beecher "over the coals." By "they" we mean the constituted exponents of the doctrine which he was educated to preach—the sectarian press and the dogmatic grayheads of his denomination. They are taking him severely to task for daring to preach his "heresies." It appears that he has been preaching, recently, about Christ as a means of salvation, and he has not laid that stress on the *vicarious* element of the atonement which the old creed demands—whether it has reason and sense in it or not. They charge him, therefore, with being *Unitarian* in his views, and even our friends, the Universalists, say his sentiments on that point of doctrine suit them very well. So the sectarian press are cracking the lash about his head and ears, and warn the Church against suffering itself to be led away by strange guides, no matter how much soul and brains and magnetic power they may possess. We guess brother Beecher can stand it, if they can; and we are very sure the people can stand it, any way. All such things are but tokens and signs, whereby we know and see the approach of day.

Down on Us.

Russell, of the London Times, continues to satirize us in his way, in his correspondence hence with London. And the paper for which he writes takes up the strain, playing several variations on it. First, the Times warned everybody over there against lending us money; then it blacks us about the famous "time" we made at Bull Run, and thinks we may as well give it up altogether. But how long is it, since this same Times, with all the rest of the articulate and spouting force of Great Britain, kept taunting us with the one blot of slavery on our national escutcheon, and telling us that, when *that* should be removed, we should be without blemish before the world? And now, at the very time when the crisis for the solution of this problem of evil seems to have come, hastened, too, by the harangues on political morals which we have been obliged to listen to from English philanthropists for a quarter of a century—*now*, we say, we are turned upon with a look of malicious delight by this same press and many of these same speakers and writers, and mocked when our woe comes, as we all knew at some time it *would* come! Who is there that cares for criticisms from such sources?

What a Lie!

There are men on whose countenances is stamped such manifest insincerity, that, whenever they make a profession of unusual goodness, or attempt to gain some advantage by a course of conduct that is full of deceit, we cry out instantly in our hearts—"What a lie!" It is unfortunate for their countenances, we agree; but if they entertained honester guests in their hearts, they would wear honester expressions of the face. Nature will publish herself forever, refusing to be cheated of what is hers by any child she supports. How easy it is for many to *feel* this insincerity in those with whom they come in contact; it is in the atmosphere of their presence where the poison lurks, a malaria from which all honest souls flee. An untrue person cannot long pass for that he is not; he *will* betray himself, while he thinks he is most secure; there are a thousand chinks he never thinks of stopping up, even if he succeeds in plastering over the single crevice at which he toils so industriously. What a reflection, that we must forever be accusing ourselves to ourselves!

Gen. Beauregard.

The ubiquitious and invincible P. G. T. Beauregard is to be made the victim of a popular testimonial. On the part of his Southern friends, we mean. Not a bad idea for *them*, whether *he* seems to like it or not. The people are urgently solicited to contribute testimonials of not less (or more) than one dollar each, through the length and breadth of the Seceded States; said dollars to be invested, however, in approved Confederate Bonds, and presented to the hero in that most questionable shape. As somebody said to the Ghost, in Hamlet, we should think Beauregard would say to the kind proposers of this scheme—"take *any other* shape than that!" If he *should* happen to have an unexpected fortune settled on him in this way, he would have good reason to say of his luck as Paul, the Apostle, once remarked: "I would ye were all as I am this day, *except these bonds!*" The question is not, whether they will ever be worth anything—but does anybody *believe* they will ever be worth anything? That is it, exactly.

New Music.

Ditson & Co. have just put out, "Then Wave ye Stripes," an anthem for all time. Words by John R. White; Music by Miss Mary F. Howell.

H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph st., Chicago, have sent us of their publications, "Flowers of Affection"—"Only going Home." By J. P. Webster. "May," solo and chorus, by J. P. Webster. Words by G. W. Babcock.

Special Notice.

All Western Bank notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, are uncurrent in this section; hence our subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Bank, in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured,—or one cent or three cent stamps of the *new* issue.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, by Dr. Child, THE ARCANA OF NATURE, by Hudson Tuttle, or, TWELVE LECTURES, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Spiritualist's Picnic.

By a notice in another column, it will be seen that there is to be a grand Picnic and Clam-bake at Island Pond, Abington Grove, on the 11th inst. It is to be under the immediate supervision of DR. J. F. GARDNER, who has conducted similar *re-unions* in former years with so much success, and consequently a good time may be expected.

Our Cause Gaining Ground.

Bro. E. C. Vincent, writing us from Otsego, N. Y., says that, notwithstanding the dull times, Spiritualism is steadily on the increase in that section, and that the spiritual meetings are largely attended, notwithstanding sectarian opposition.

AFFLICTED.—Rev. E. Case, Jr., writes us that he has been called home from the field of his recent labors in Central New York, on account of the death of a little daughter, and his engagements in that locality have been postponed for the present, in consequence. Our brother has the sympathies of a large circle of friends and well-wishers in his hour of bereavement. Only a week or two ago we published an affectionate little poem from his pen, dedicated to his wife and little ones, and now one of the number has spread her spirit's wings and flown away to be with the angels.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ "Cleeves Durand" will please call at this office.

THE HESPERIAN for August is a charming number. It is published at San Francisco, Cal., by Mrs. H. F. Day. If this work improves in the future as rapidly as it has up to the present time, it will most assured eclipse some of the older literary magazines on the Atlantic seaboard. Mrs. Day is a decidedly *wide awake* editress.

Every year proves us to be wiser than our ancestors, and that what we call antiquity, and venerate as such, ought to be called the childhood of the world In fact, philosophers have enough to do in exploring the prejudices and mistakes of this venerable antiquity, many of which a school boy would be ashamed of now-a-days, and which we have never done wondering could be entertained an hour by a rational generation.—*Investigator.*

The government has made another requisition on Massachusetts for five thousand more men. This will make twenty-six thousand soldiers which the State furnishes for the war thus far; besides her thousands of sailors who have enlisted in the Navy.

"My dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect little pearl." "And, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

The old postage stamps are good at all offices where new ones are not furnished.

Some of Nature's human productions are written in *cypher*—a kind of cypher, which, like that in mathematics, means *nothing*.

However little we have to do, let us do that little well.

LOOKING UP.—The brightened looks which one sees everywhere, and the unmistakable evidence that times are improving, we record with feelings of gratitude. The extract below, taken from a New York paper, applies to this city as well. It says:

"Business is everywhere reviving. The people are on the *qui vive* as they have not been before since the days of the great Washington. Go into our hotels, streets, thoroughfares, omnibuses, on 'Change, anywhere where the masses congregate, they all say, war to the death until rebellion is put down and the Union is restored to its pristine integrity. Old fogyism is dead. Shoddyism, democracy and Republicanism are defunct. There is but one party now, and it is that of the Union, and war to restore it to the prosperity and strength it enjoyed one year ago."

Envy none that know more than yourself; but pity them that know less.

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "did n't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa, but this is a *yellow* one." Papa collapsed.

The entire Catholic clergy of Chicago, by concerted action, have advised all unemployed men in their congregations to enlist in Gen. Fremont's army.

HEAVY WEATHER.—It is is stated during the late gale the sea dashed completely over the Minot's Ledge Light House. The old sailors say they have seldom if ever known so severe a storm in August.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A lady, who had received a severe bite in her arm from a dog, went to Dr. Abernethy, but knowing his aversion to hearing any statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part and held it before him in silence. After looking at it an instant, he said, in an inquiring tone, "Scratch?" "Bite," replied the lady. "Cat?" asked the doctor. "Dog," rejoined the patient. So delighted was Dr. A. with the brevity and promptness of her answers that he exclaimed. "Zounds! madam, you are the most sensible woman I ever met in my life."

The New Orleans Delta finds time and space to be be wickedly witty on Lowe, the balloonist, in the following:

Professor *Lowe* would fain get *high*,
At government expense;
With big balloon he'd scale the moon,
To spy Virginia fence.
To see the camps of rebel scamps
With telegraph and glass—
You ask me, friend, how this will end?
And I reply—in *gas!*

The War Appropriations made by Congress, amount to 270 millions of dollars, instead of 240 as before reported. Treasury notes are to be issued of any denomination not less than $5, to be used in the payment of public dues and circulate as currency—not to exceed 50 millions.

CRUELTY ON SHIPBOARD.—John Williams, second mate of the ship Parthenia, of Newburyport, recently arrived at this port, was arrested on complaint of two of the crew, whom it is alleged he has beaten with brass knuckles and otherwise maltreated during the voyage from Calcutta to Boston.

APOSTOLIC AND LUCONIC.—Follow the example and creed of Luke; but cherish not the creed of lucre!

It is a remarkable fact that, as sugar makes the sourest vinegar, so there is no misanthrope like your acidulated philanthropist.

The condition of the army in and about Washington is now such as to cheer and encourage every loyal heart. Gen. McClellan is constantly at work inspecting the troops and remedying the evils from which nothing but the closest care can defend a camp in war time. It is believed by all that at no time has the National force been in such good spirits as at present. It certainly has never before been so excellently organized.

A regiment of Choctaws, one regiment of Chickasaws, a battalion of Seminoles, and a company of Creeks, all under the command of General D. H. Cooper and Captain Albert Pike, the Southern papers say, are about to enter Kansas to fight for the rebel cause. They are armed with rifle, butcher knife and tomahawk, and have their faces painted one-half red and the other black.

The subscribers or depositors for the Government loan in New York on Wednesday week numbered over one hundred and twenty, and the aggregate of their subscriptions amounted to over $170 000 This was made up of sums ranging from $50 to $15,000, the largest number of subscribers being for sums below $500.

The first invoice of arms from Europe, 10,000 to 15,000 stand, is expected this week. Another large invoice is expected at an early day. Col. Schuyler, of New York, who sailed soon after the battle at Bull Run, is negotiating for further purchases.

The "Privateer" seen off Cape Ann was nothing but a "Wild Pigeon."

Russell, of the London Times, is called a good fancy picture painter.

One of the most significant results of the midnight meeting movement in Great Britain is, that up to the present time, six hundred and twenty-nine fallen women have been rescued from a life of sin, and are good members of society.

GENERAL LYON'S MORAL COURAGE.—General Lyon was a man of true moral courage. He never would recognize the code of the duelist. It is said he was once struck in the face, but refrained, on religious principle, from challenging his adversary. This subjected him for a time to the contempt of his fellow-officers; but long before his death they learned to understand and respect his position on this subject. No one can doubt his bravery.

Who fights with passions and overcomes them, is endowed with the best virtue.

Six months ago our vessels were scattered all over the world, and there were but one hundred and ninety seven available seamen on board our receiving ships. To-day there are at least two hundred pennants afloat, and eighteen thousand seamen to defend them.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a young gentleman of a pretty, but not well-educated young woman, at a ball. "What is to be the dance, sir?" "Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, then," said she, "I can't dance ditto."

FOREIGN ITEMS.—A letter from an emissary of the Cotton Supply Association, reporting the result of his visit to Egypt, gives an encouraging prospect of the productive capacity of Egypt for cotton. The Viceroy expressed great interest in its extension.

It is reported that the French Government has instructed Guyon not to oppose the entrance of Cialdini into the Papal territory, should the necessity of war require it.

The Italian soldiers had taken more insurgent positions.

It is asserted that the Austrian Government intends calling on the population of Hungary to elect deputies direct to Reichsrath.

Postponement.

Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 25th, 1861.

The meeting of the FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS in this State was appointed to meet at this place some time the last of next month. A majority of the Committee of Arrangements, in counsel with a number of friends here, deem it best to postpone the meeting on account of the present condition of the country—subject to the call of the Committee.

Yours for good,
R. B MERRITT,
Per order of Com.

Spiritualists' Picnic and Clam Bake

—AT—

ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON,

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1861.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts are invited to a Social Re-union and Clam Bake, at the above Grove. Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the exercises on this occasion

An excellent Band will furnish the music for dancing. No refreshment stands, or exhibitions of any kind, allowed upon the grounds, except such as are furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of these an abundant supply will be found.

Clams fresh from the sea will be had in abundance, and will be served up in the best manner, together with Green Corn, by an experienced cook. Tickets for the dinner not to exceed 37 1-2 cents each.

A special train of Cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and at 11.30 A. M; and returning, leave the Grove for Boston and Way Stations at about 5 o'clock P. M., or in season for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn, Salem Marblehead, Lynn. Stations on the Worcester Railroad, Readville, and the South Shore Railroad, and Stations between Boston and the above named places on the different Railroads connecting therewith, the same evening.

On the Old Colony Railroad, between Plymouth and Hanson, ONE HALF the usual fare, by the regular trains.

On the Fall River Road, from all the Stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at ONE HALF the usual fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford, Fairhaven and Taunton, can make their own arrangements upon favorable terms, thus preventing confusion.

Fare from Boston to the Grove and return, by special train: Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depot.

Friends from all the Way Stations between Boston and South Braintree, will take the regular train that leaves Boston at 8.30 o'clock, A.M., just in advance of the Special Train.

Fares from the Way Stations, to the Grove and return, will be as follows: From Harrison Square, 60 cents; Neponset, 55 cents; Quincy, 50 cents; Braintree, 45 cents; South Braintree, 40 cents, for Adults. Children, half price.

☞ Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will take place on Thursday, the 12th instant.

Boston, September 3, 1861.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. and at 3 and 7 1-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"There is no positive evidence of a future life except that furnished by Spirit-intercourse in the present and past ages."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists Jacob Edson Chairman.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M., 3 P. M. 7 1-2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is chairman of the Association.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings will commence again on the first Sunday in Sept. in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, Miss Emma Hardinge occupying the desk the two first Sabbaths; Mrs. Mary M. Macumber speaks through Oct; Miss Fannie Davis the three first Sundays in Nov.; Warren Chase, Dec. 1st; Miss Laura DeForce Dec. 8th, 15th 22d and 29th; Miss Belle Scougall, Jan. 12th, 19th and 26th. Meeting Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. An admission fee of five cents will be received to defray expences.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougall, Dec. 1st., 8th, 15th, and 22d

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1-2 and 5 1-2 P. M.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1-2 and 7 1-4 P. M.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForce during October; Miss Susan M. Johnson, the three last Sundays in November; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sabbaths in December; G. B. Stebbins, during January, 1862; Belle Scougall, during Feb.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougall in Nov.; Leo. Miller in Dec

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

The oldest and largest paper in America and the world, which is devoted to the elucidation of the science and religion of Modern Spiritualism, will enter upon its TENTH VOLUME, September 28th, 1861. Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many newspaper establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, yet we are proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and been able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability; yet we need, and *must have*, in order for our continued existence, the support of all true Spiritualists. We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonymously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

Its pleasing variety

Has always been acknowledged to be one of its greatest merits, since every one can find that within its columns suited to his growth and scope of mind—from the witty joke to the philosophical discourse; from the absorbing novel to the labored essay.

Our Literary Department,

Always so popular, will never be the less so, for we have made arrangements to publish two or three continued Stories during the next volume, which will equal, if not surpass, anything we have ever published.

Original Essays

Will hereafter appear, as in the past, from the best pens in the field of Spiritual, Theological, Political and Social Reform.

Our Message Department,

The publication of which we feel is an instrument of incalculable good to the denizens of both spheres of life—giving as it does, exact portraitures of character existing in the future life, and demonstrating the beautiful and rational faith of Spiritualism that, as we leave this world, we are destined to enter the world of spirits, and so remain until by labor and perseverance we are able to ascend the road of progression—is under the care of an experienced and skillful reporter, and the

Public Circles,

At which these communications are given through the mediumship of MRS. J. H. CONANT, we shall continue to sustain, trusting the public will investigate for themselves, and become fully satisfied in their own minds of the truth of these phenomena.

Our Editorial Department

Is under the care of a gentleman of twenty years' experience of newspaper life, and whose talents and skill are fully sufficient to sustain the BANNER in the position it has already attained, or, if anything, place it in even a loftier position as a high-toned, literary sheet.

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" six months,	$1 00
" " three months,	50

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ISAAC B. RICH,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable *No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass.*
April 6. 6m

LET THE AFFLICTED READ!

THE ORIGIN AND CURE OF DISEASE.

DISEASES are successfully treated only in proportion to the knowledge obtained of their cause, and the ability of the Clairvoyant and educated Physician to call into action

The Power to Remove Disease!

It is one of the most important developments of the times, that this power IS KNOWN AND EXERCISED.

Its possession has enabled DR. MAIN to treat every class and kind of Disease for the past ten years

WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

The origin and cause of the difficulty is known to him in a moment, before the patient utters a word.

IN OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND CASES

which have come under the Doctor's care, during his long and varied practice, it is safe to assert that there have been more than NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. HEALED. These are facts worthy the attention of those who are seeking the most economical, as well as the speediest and

MOST PERMANENT MODES OF CURE.

Those whose cases have baffled all other medical skill are assured that they need not despair; let them call on Dr. Main, and be assured that there is a balm in Gilead and a

Physician for the People,

who will send them forth healed and made whole.

The Doctor gives *particular attention* to the cure of CANCERS, ULCERS, and TUMORS.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose $1,00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address *plainly* written, and state sex, and age.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

The Doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHŒA CORDIAL,

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

DR. MAIN'S INSTITUTE is located at No. 7 Davis street, Boston. 4w Sept. 7.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN FOR CHRONIC DISEASES,

OFFICE 32 EAST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Sept. 7. 1o

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE,

MAGNIFYING objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 25 CENTS *in silver*, and one red stamp. Five of different powers, sent *free of postage*, for $1.00. Address F. BOWEN, Box 815, Boston, Mass.
Aug. 31. 3m

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address
CRADDOCK & CO.,
July 20. cowly 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Essays on Various Subjects,

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits."

Price 50 cents (paper); cloth 63 cents.

Sold by D. APPLETON & CO, 443 and 445 Broadway, New York, and BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.
Aug. 24. 4w

OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES. By Benjamin Blood. Price 60 cents.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. By Dr. Child. Price $1.

NARRATIVE OF DR. H. A. ACKLEY, lately of Cleveland, Ohio, in Spirit-Life. Price 10 cents.

The above, together with a great variety of Spiritual and Reform Publications, are constantly for sale by
BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street.
Also—CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES. 3t. Aug. 31.

Diarrhœa and Dysentery.

A CURE WARRANTED FOR 50 CENTS.

The purchase money refunded to all persons dissatisfied with its results.

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE.

A SIMPLE sweet syrup, compounded of roots and barks, containing no drugs or deleterious substances; mild and safe in its operation, agreeable to the taste, and does not, like other diarrhœa preparations, constipate the bowels, thereby endangering the system, &c., necessitating the immediate use of cathartics; but it gives immediate relief, invigorates and strengthens the patient and leaves the bowels in a healthy, natural condition. One bottle of the Summer Cure is sufficient for any ordinary case; one or two potions being sufficient to cure up the most violent attack; and four to six bottles *warranted* to cure any *one* case of *confirmed chronic California Diarrhœa*. The Summer Cure is adapted to all ages, sexes and conditions; none can be injured by its proper use. For children and infants, and particularly for children teething, it has *no equal*. The Summer Cure has been used in a great variety of cases for three years, with astonishing results; *never yet having failed to effect a cure.* To mothers with large families of children, the Summer Cure is truly invaluable.

☞ All agents selling this medicine, may at their discretion refund the purchase money to persons dissatisfied with its results.

Price, 50 cents a bottle.

G. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston, General Agent for New England. H. H. HAY, Portland, and B. F. BRADBURY, Bangor, General Agents for Maine.

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MAY be consulted upon diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Eruptions of every kind. In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, Female diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cough Lung Difficulties, etc, etc.—In fact, most diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the skin. The Hot Air Bath Remedy we have found to be an extraordinary solvent on eruptive diseases; thoroughly convinced also, that a proper treatment of the skin will tend to eradicate diseases located internally, we commend our system to the consideration of the public. Persons residing at a distance wishing to take medical advice, etc, may do so by forwarding in writing a description of their case.

Dr. T. will visit any part of the country for medical purposes. All consultations free. By letter enclose postage stamp for return mail. Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Address,
DR. L. TILTON, 12 Avon Place, Boston.
Aug. 17. 4w

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No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Substitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps without Chimnies, such as Fluid, Sperm or Lard Oil Lamps, and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fixed with Green's Jet Burners, and is the Greatest Artificial Light yet discovered It gives a steady, clear and soft light, and does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as results generally from using Rosin and Kerosene Oil, and will burn Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by taking off the cap and chimney

It is also a COMPLETE SUBSTITUTE for Sperm and Lard Oils, and is just as safe and harmless to burn and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been thrown into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and smoke or unpleasant odor, and is now considered the SAFEST and BEST Oil ever offered to the public. It is a most desirable article, and what is more than ALL, it is *unexplosive.*

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May 25. 6mos

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through MRS. J. H. CONANT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than FINITE beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Tuesday, Aug. 6.—Invocation: "Was not Jesus the only good and perfect man that ever lived upon earth?" Galusha, a slave, to Massa Israel Sheldon, Gaston, Ala.; Larkin Moore; Katy Fabens, Nashua, N. H.

Thursday, Aug. 8.—"The origin of soul;" Simeon Pembroke, Thomaston, Me.; Ann Wellman, Cincinnati, O.; Wm. B. Sawin, Boston Light Artillery.

Monday, Aug. 12.—Invocation; "The process of change from material to spiritual existence;" Waterman Ellis, Sheffield, Conn.; Albert M. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; E. E. Ellsworth.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Invocation; Retribution and Compensation; James Power, Penn; Eunice Jarvis, Mo.; Philip Haggerty, New York City.

Monday, Aug. 19.—Invocation; "Is it right, under any circumstances, to resist evil, or return evil for evil?" George Mather, New York City; Harriet Willoutt, Chicago, to Mr. and Mrs. John Case; Feddy Parsons, Augusta, Me.

Tuesday, Aug. 20—Invocation; "What is the cause of the present civil war?" Robert A. Olds, Collinsville, Ill.; Henry Stone, Detroit, Mich.; Pete to Massa Lewis, Greenboro, Ala.

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Invocation; "The unreliability of spirit intercourse;" Gen. Robert S. Garnett, C. S. A.; Andrew Hecler, 4th Missouri Regiment; Frances Adelaide Story, Washington, D. C.

Monday, Aug. 26.—Invocation; "The beginning of the Creation;" Lieut. Grebble, U. S. A.; Henry Constantine Smith, to Capt R. A. Wainwright; Stella DeCosta, Baltimore; Col. Fisk.

Tuesday, Aug 27.—Invocation; "What is the condition of those spirits who believed in the general judgment day and the resurrection of the material body?" Betsey Jane Phillips, Exeter, N. H.; Charles Hill, sailor, New Bedford; Thomas Lord, Roxbury.

Our Circles.

The circles at which the following communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Sovereign of the Universe, and Divine Creator of everything, by whose power we again approach thee by the form of prayer, wilt thou condescend to dwell in our midst in this hour. While all nature, aside from man, feels thy presence continually, and know thy presence hour by hour, may we learn to know thee better, and feel thou art indeed our Father and also our Mother, who hast loved every one of us and never forsaken us; and though we rest in the dark clouds of materiality, and the waves of sorrow roll over us, may we feel thou art with us. Oh, thou Divine One, shall we call for an especial blessing upon those who mourn their friends as lost to earth? Shall we ask thee to send ministering angels to them? Oh, no; for by thy immutable law thou wilt ever care for them. Oh, may we feel that each hour draws us still higher and nearer unto thee; and may each and all of us, thy children, feel we rest secure in thy arms, knowing the mantle of thy love is folded around us. Aug. 1.

The Resurrection.

"Was the natural body of Jesus ever resurrected from the dead, and did his friends see him as a natural being after death?"

This question we have been requested to answer; but if there is any one present who has a question to propose, we will waive this, and speak upon that given us by the friends here.

As there seems to be no one desiring to propose a different subject, we will speak upon that we have.

Popular religion induces a belief contrary to all things natural. Popular religion says the natural body of Jesus of Nazareth was raised from the dead, after lying in the sepulchre three days. Indeed, a certain portion of our brethren and sisters who stand properly within the temple of modern and ancient Christianity, would deem us heretical should we advance to them anything not exactly corresponding to that belief held in the first days of Christianity. But like our beloved predecessor, Jesus Christ, we must declare that which seems to us to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and though all should declare against us, we we will proclaim what seems the truth to us. We shall endeavor to stand upon a natural basis, and hope never to go beyond it; for if we do, we shall find ourselves lost to everything that is high, holy and just.

The past pretends to furnish positive proof concerning the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. We find a certain record of it in the Bible. Men have been taught to believe that all contained within the lids of that book is holy and sacred, and to infringe upon it—add to or take from it—would place one in danger of hell-fire, and even worse, cause him to be cut off from the mercy of God, and eternally damned. Oh, what an unnatural religion!

Was the natural body of Jesus ever raised from the dead? Will nature sustain us if we answer yes? No, she cannot, she will not. Therefore we must say *nay*; the natural body of Jesus Christ was never raised from the dead. It was not the material body, seen by the friends of Jesus after the crucifixion. It could not have been so. When we remember God's laws are immutable, and He cannot Himself infringe upon them, we certainly must suppose and know, also, that the story of Christ's resurrection is a falsehood. Then we are to suppose—to believe—that that seen by the friends of Jesus was a spiritual body, made so far material as to be in a condition for material eyes to behold, when those eyes are brought in magnetic rapport with the spirit form. The same law that governs matter to-day, governed it from the beginning of time, and will govern it through eternity. There is no changing of this law, and it is no respecter of persons; and though our divine brother was indeed divine, he was also human, and was subject to the law of being, and could not infringe upon it if he would. The law of God would be no law at all, if a subject of continual change. We well know the records of modern science produce certain cases that go far to prove that material bodies have been resurrected after death. That bodies have been revived after consciousness has been lost, we do not deny, but we know the change called death could not have taken place, for if it had, the connection between the spirit and the body could never have been restored—for death severs these to all eternity, and to suppose them re-united would be an evidence that men might retrograde, and, instead of eternal progression, be subject to the law which men call evil. When nature and religion and science shall have become properly and thoroughly interwoven, there will be none to call upon us asking if material bodies can be raised from the dead. It is only because your religion has been very far sundered from nature, that men suppose these things to be so and so. Oh, if man would rely more upon the God of nature—his own nature—instead of looking to the ignorance of the past, or gather wisdom from the book of nature open before him, as the bee gathers sweets from its flowers, he would be robed in far different garments from those we now find him robed in. So, oh children of the nineteenth century, when you call upon us, know we have answered according to the dictates of our God; and when you shall stand upon higher planes, and be able to gaze into the hidden mysteries of the past, present and future, you will know we have answered with truth. We would never detract from the glory, honor or divinity of our Elder Brother. He is the most glorious example earthly sunlight ever shone upon, and perhaps the earth will never behold a brighter than he; but as he was born here and died, we should accord to him that which belongs to both sides of his nature, and give to him that which is his due. Aug. 1.

Jack Woodbury.

Say! I want to go back where I left my body. I left it down South, God d—n it. I want to go back there. I want to be furnished with a uniform a little better than the old one. Who the hell wants you to write? I don't. I want to go back—I aint half done yet. Come, hurry up, and get me a uniform. Yes—I know where I am—in Boston, your Yankee city. Say, do you want to know me? Well, I'll introduce myself as Jack Woodbury, of New York. I was twenty-three years old. Come, what else do you want? I belonged to those hell-fire devils, the New York Zouaves. Come, hurry up, and bring me my uniform; that's all I want of you. I've got only just so long to stay here—come, hurry up! I left my body—let me see—what day is this? Thursday? Well, I was killed down South—down at Bull Run. D—d if I know what day it was. Tell the boys to fight like the devil, and tell them I'll be there pretty soon. Come, I'll thrash you if you aint quicker. I want a uniform. Trot off and get me a uniform—come, be lively; I don't want to stay here all day.

I don't want everybody to know I came here. If my old man knew it he would n't like it, because I did n't call on him. He lives down near the—how many fingers have you got? Well, call each finger a point, and that's where the old man lives—down by the Five Points. No matter—I'm as good as any of 'm. Now you go and get my uniform, or I'll thrash you. Look here, sir; if I had certain things necessary, I'd pop you off, d—d quick. God d—n it, I do n't care how I talk.

I hope they'll have a good time letting us lay there, before they bury us. They told me I could use this body just as I pleased; and if I can't do anything but talk with it, its all a d—d humbug, and I'll clear out. You're d—d slow in granting a favor, it strikes me. If I had anything to do I'd do it. Give me a knife and pistol, and I'll go without a uniform.

I do n't care a d—n whether I'm buried or not. If they want us to lay there, I'm willing. It's all the same to me. It may help some of them onto our side sooner than they'd come otherwise.

We should get along mighty fast, I reckon, if we always met such a crowd as you are. I shall make inquiries about you, and find out who you are. I told you not to write, and you set scratching away just the same. Well, if you haint got a uniform for me, give me a drink, then—give me a punch. Do n't keep bar, eh? Is this a meeting house, though? What kind of one? Well, I'm d—dly sold, then. Good day to you. Aug. 1.

Charles Torrey.

Though my body rests in the bosom of the common mother of all things earthly, and though I've lost a part of that power by which we undergo the conditions of earth, yet I feel to bless God that I am, though lost to earth, able to see the glorious light of the present hour, and the still more glorious light that is almost ready to burst upon this nation—and particularly upon that part that has been so strongly bound—upon those people who have so long been slaves to their brethren. I feel to bless God for all this; and though I lost my material body in behalf of the cause that was dear to me, I feel that the recompense will be ample; for one who can do anything towards the amelioration of human suffering, though he may lose a certain part of his forces, will be fully rewarded when the light has broken in all its glory.

A few nights since I made myself known, or tried to, at a private circle in Charleston, S. C.,—for they do welcome their friends in spirit, even there, sometimes—I said I tried to make myself known, but did not meet with a very cordial reception. Indeed, there were some present who doubted my identity, and said it was not in nature for me to come where I would not be appreciated, and that spirits come only at the desire of their earthly friends. This was a mistake. I went there to answer a certain question, and I did it. They asked me to come here, if I did indeed come to them; and if thousands of years should elapse before they knew of my coming, it should be a proof to them. I embraced the earliest opportunity, and am here to-day. I will give you the question I spoke to there. It was given by a man of the name of Henry.

"Do the higher spirits think it would be right for the South to emancipate her slaves?"

My answer was this:

"There are none higher than God, and he would smile approval upon such an act.

CHARLES TORREY."

Oh, I loved the North and the South; and though the South persecuted me, and though by her hand I lost my material body, yet I love her, and I would not see her battling in the hell of mortal strife. Still hers will be a lot of turmoil, till those she has held in bondage are made free. Through the future she must reap the fruit of which the seed was sown in the past; and never will prosperity come to her till she acknowledges that her slaves have as good a right to freedom as have her people. Aug. 1.

Mary Page.

I—I want to go down and see my mother, but they said I could n't, but you'd write for me. My mother lives in Augusta. My name's Mary Page. I died with sore throat, last winter. My mother's name is Nancy. My father is dead—is here. I's eight years old and four months. I—I want to go home sometime and talk, and I want a medium for my own. I want my mother to buy a medium for me, so I can come when I want to, and I'll talk as soon as I can learn how. There aint any such medium as I want, there. I want her to come here to Boston and buy me a medium and take it home, so I can have it. I did know something when folks thought I did n't. I could n't speak, but I *knew*, and I know just as I went out. I know what my mother said when I died. She did n't see why God did n't take all of us, she said, as well as me.

God did n't take me—I went away myself; but if I had n't got cold and been sick, I should n't have gone. The folks here say God did n't make me sick and take me away, and they tell me to tell my mother to learn about God. I haint seen God, nor anybody that's big, and I haint seen anybody that's in the Bible, yet. I've seen ministers—they aint ministers now, but they used to be. There's a great many folks here I do n't know. I love everybody that is good to me, and everybody *is* good to me, here.

I want you to tell my mother I aint sorry because I went away. I'm contented. I do n't want to come back only to talk to my mother and tell her what I hear and see; and that's what I want her to buy me a medium for, so I can have one of my own.

I want my clothes given to little Jenny Barstow. She's poor and haint got any good ones. She's little smaller 'n I was, but they can fix 'em. I want mother to take them down from the closet, do them up nice, and give them to her mother for her. No, not her mother—her mother is her aunt. Oh, I did n't mean that; I mean it is her aunt she calls her mother. What's your name, sir? If my mother buys me a medium, I can take her around where I want to, can't I, sir? My father never came—he can't come very well. He's here, though. He's afraid to come. He says he suffered so much when he had a body, that he do n't want to come near one. I do n't care if I do suffer—I do n't suffer much, but my throat—that is sore some. Shall I go? I guess I'm ready. I'm bigger 'n I used to be! Aug. 1.

Invocation.

Our Father, by whose infinite law Universes are created and sustained, and by whose great law thy children of the human family are moving still forever onward, again we send forth the song of thanksgiving and praise unto thee in behalf of mortality. Again in accordance with thy divine will do we offer praises unto me—offering unto thee that which is thy own, and which is all we have and are, and asking thee, by thy own nature and law to give us ever that of thy spirit so necessary to our progression. And in behalf of that disturbed portion of thy children who mourn the loss of dear friends, we come to thee in prayer. Oh, send into their midst a new angel that shall calm their minds and wash away their tears.

Our Father, we do not thus call upon thee because we feel that thou knowest not what to do, or hast forgotten us, but because there is something within us that prompts us so to do; and, oh, our Father, though the storms may gather around us, and the stars in the heavens be hidden by the clouds, may we feel thy presence here, as we do in the higher degrees of immortality. Aug. 5.

The Soldier and the Suicide.

If there are any present who have a question to propose, we are ready to hear and answer it.

The following question, received from a correspondent in Cleveland, was read:

"What is the difference, if any, between the future condition of the spirit of a suicide and that of a soldier who dies by the hand of an enemy?"

All spirits who pass into the spirit-world violently, must suffer in consequence of that violence or sin that is committed against the material and spiritual, for a greater or less degree of time. Now the suicide suffers no more in the spirit-world than does one who dies in battle. We can see no difference. The condition is almost precisely the same. When the soldier dies in battle, or when he goes to battle, he says and feels, in the heat of excitement, "I care not for death." Indeed, he loses all thought of himself, and forgets the holy law that belongs to self, and rushes madly on, as it were, seeking death. So does the suicide. The condition of the future life is dependent upon the spirit, and could our questioner be permitted to gaze into the spirit-world, even for an instant, and could he gaze upon these two spirits, the suicide and the soldier killed in battle, he would ask, where is the difference? Both parties suffer much for the violation of the law of their material nature.

It is supposed by some that the suicide trespasses upon a divine injunction—the law of God. But does he do this any more than the soldier does who coolly gives his body to the enemy—who goes forth having lost the care of the physical that he possessed at other times? Verily, we can see no difference. All suicides return telling you of their unhappy state; and should you question those who died in battle, who return to you, you would find their story not essentially different from the other. It is well for man to live out his natural time, and therefore it is well for the spirit of man to use up all the material elements ere he passes out of the material form. Then he goes out feeling ripe, and fully prepared for the harvest and full of all the experiences nature designed he should have. But if he passes out while the body is in a healthy condition, then he loses much of the experiences of earth, and consequently much of that which we call heaven, as he enters into the spiritual existence.

Nature is very exacting. She requires that all of her subjects should be perfect in themselves, and if they are not, no matter what the cause may be, the judgment is none the less severe.

It is positively right for men to go to war with each other, because there are divine causes leading to such a result, in nature, which make it, therefore, good and just; but when considered from a high spiritual standpoint, there are objections to warfare, because those who pass on from the battle-field lose much of the joy of heaven, that would be otherwise theirs. The condition prompting warfare is always legitimate, and springs from nature, and it is not for us to say this is right and that is wrong. All that exists is right, in the higher or lower spheres, when considered from the standpoint that belongs particularly to itself. Aug. 5.

Francis L. Souther.

I feel very much like a fellow who did n't pay his rent, and because he did n't, got shoved out of doors. If I had looked ahead a little further, and used a little more caution, I should n't have been where I am now. But from the condition I was in when in the body, I could n't see as I see now, so I did as I did, and the result is the loss of my body. I believe if a man is born with the organs of combativeness and destructiveness very large, and some of the moral organs rather small, unless he knows enough to decrease the size of them, and increase the size of some of the moral and intellectual ones—I believe if he commits murder and various other crimes, he is in one sense not to blame, because the condition he was in when he performed the act was a natural one, and belonged to the individual, and under that could not have done differently from what he did do. It's a pity some people could n't understand this thing better than they do. They only see the effect, and never think what it was that produced it.

I was very active. I had a good deal of combativeness, and was very small in cautiousness, and consequently when combativeness was aroused or worked upon, it was liable to lead me into danger. But though a man is so organized as to be forced, almost, as it were, into danger and a premature death, that do n't lessen his suffering or punishment in the spirit world—not by any means. The spirit has an organism that corresponds exactly to the one it left on earth; and if there is a difference in any of these organisms physically, it will exist spiritually; and as a well-balanced organism is necessary to perfect happiness and heaven, of course those organs, small or large, must be made perfect in the spirit world as well as here, and there is only one way to do it, and that is by making a fellow suffer, and that suffering will open his eyes when he sees God in his wisdom has made all right; so it is all right we suffer; if not, I think some of us would remain a long time outside the gates of heaven.

I'm a little verdant at this business; but as the old saying is, there must always be a first time; after the first time, I suppose we shall get used to it, and it will be easy for us—I suppose it will not be so hard then for me to control a medium and talk.

I would n't carry the idea to my dear friends, who already have enough to trouble them, that I am unhappy. I am no more so than is natural, and so perfectly right; and I would n't change my condition if I could. I happened to be—well, I suppose I'll call it unfortunate enough to die in battle, away from my family and friends. But I say now, as I did, though it's pretty hard and tough, I guess it's all right.

I want to express more thanks than I'm able to, to those who have been so kind to my friends; and to those who have not experienced just the right sort of Spiritualism—well, I suppose it's right to the plane they stand on, though it's not right to me. The best I can wish for them is that they'll get their eyes open before they come to our side; if they do n't, they'll see a harder time than I've seen. To those who are interested in behalf of my wife and little ones, I hope they'll let the higher promptings of their nature overwhelm all fears that they are doing too much, or doing what is not right for them to do. Let them stop and think they may some of them be in like condition some day, and they may need the assistance of others, both in body and in spirit, too, particularly in these times.

My dear father has something of a heavy knapsack on his back, but I guess he'll be able to carry it through, and come out all right. I know he'll do right in the matter, and you tell him I shall be ready and willing to help him whenever I see the way clear; and to the dear one who bears the next dearest relation to me, I have a thousand blessings all stored up for her when she gets here—but she won't cross the River Jordan just yet.

I feel as though I'd been on a long tramp, and had hardly had time to rest. Thousands there are here in just my condition; but it's a natural one, and I ain't going to get out of it just yet. Its no use worrying about what you can't help; and all I'm sorry for is that I am taken away from those I love and can no longer be with in a material body.

I see things now about as I did before I left, in some respects. I think it's right for the North to fight for the stars and stripes, and the honor of our glorious country. I think it's right, and I think I'll be upheld in these opinions by a good many.

I've met some of the finest old spirits that fought in '76, since I've been here, and they all express the opinion that the North will succeed, although there'll be a hard struggle, and the glorious Union will be preserved. I asked about that when I first got here. I wanted a little information as to how matters were going to end.

They say wisdom is strength and ignorance is weakness; and I believe it. I'm mighty ignorant of the laws that control this coming back business, and so I am weak. If I was a little wiser, I suppose I'd go it like a steam engine.

I've met some of the rebel party since I've been here, they still think they're right. They fought for the dissolution of the Union. Well, it's their condition, and I do n't blame them. They can see just as far as their organs of sight reach, and not a bit further; so I suppose it's all right.

Well, I must be going. Give my best love to all the friends, and when next I come I'll try to do better. I am under much obligations to you, and all the kind friends here. With much respect,

Aug. 5. FRANCIS L. SOUTHER.

Polly Seaver.

I've been looking around here to see if there's any body here I know. I want to write a little, or talk in some way to my boy—to my son. I lived to be eighty-two years old. I'm not ashamed to say I died in the poor-house. Its no disgrace to be poor. There's a good many so poor they had n't a loaf of bread. But they're happy now—they're rich; I tell you they're rich, here.

My name was Polly Seaver. I died at the alms house, in Portsmouth N. H. Let me see—let me see. It's now—yes, its most eight years ago—yes. I know it was.

My boy was pretty wild. His father died when he was young, and the boy was very wild, and I could n't do anything with him. After a while he went aboard a man-of war, and he's been going that way ever since. I did n't have a chance to talk with him before I died. I had n't seen him for four years before I died. But I prayed to come back, and see and talk with him. I want him to know and think something of the spirit-world, instead of running after the follies of this world.

Oh, I think it's a dreadful thing, a dreadful thing, to spend ones time in running after the butterflies of this life. They do n't know what they lose. I do n't know as I ought to tell you to get religion—somehow I found it disappointed me, somewhat; but there is such a *thing as getting* natural religion—when one feels like doing a good act, and only desires to do good, no matter what people say. My son said he'd be ashamed to pray—ashamed to do little womanly things. Oh, he'd better let the little spark within him shine—he'd better lay open the better part of his nature that lies way down at the bottom. My son would be happier if he'd pray more and swear less. If he does n't change his garments in this world, he cannot in the next, and he'll be more ashamed when he loses his body and stands in the spirit world. If you defer the day of salvation, everybody'll know it. Oh, I want my son to make all right before he goes any further. Why, he is looking ahead with delight—yet with delight, to the hour when he shall be engaged in battle. Oh, he'd better let some of the high and holier parts of his nature come forth and instead of manifesting so much of joy at that he hopes soon to come, repent, and lead a different life. I know he would, if he would only suffer God to work upon his spirit. But, oh, I'm afraid he's a good ways off from the love of God. I can't help thinking so.

I feel that my son will get my letter, I *know* he will, for those who have never disappointed me in anything, tell me he will; and if he desires to talk with me, if he'll come anywhere where I can talk, I'd be glad to talk with him. But, oh, I don't want him to come here, so darkened in spirit as he looks to me now. I wish he'd let that bright spark stand out, that now lies down deep in his nature. I know he can do so if he will, but he is so covered up by the grosser things of life that nothing but a mother's love can reach him.

I called him a boy, but, oh dear, he is a man—yes, near fifty years of age. I have seen him in spirit, but I cannot tell his locality. I never manifested through a medium before. John, is my son's name. I can see only his spirit; his material surroundings I cannot see. Aug. 5.

Samuel Sewall Collins.

This spirit came singing:

"A wot sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast."

Hellos, you sir. Well, I swear, this is a great place. If I do n't feel curious you may shoot me, that's all. I hain't been here long enough to learn all the ropes of the spirit machinery yet, but got swept in here by a pretty hard wind. I was washed overboard off Cape Hatteras. By God, I'm getting along here swimmingly, ain't I? It's no use talking. I've got an old woman—or, rather, a young one—and I just want to make myself all right to her. That's right, ain't it? This is the first time I've been here. Do you want my name? They told me you did. Well, the first is Samuel, the second is Sewall, and the third is Collins. Now do you want to know where I hailed from? Gardiner, way down east, in the State of Maine. I was twenty-eight years old, and as nigh as I can recollect, it's little more than five months since I died. All right, eh? Now, I s'pose you want to know the vessel's name. Well, 't was the Henry Clay, of New York. Do you want the master's name, eh? Well, 't was Badger. Now do you want to know the old woman's name? Little Sall, I used to call her; Sarah, is better. I want her to come round and give a welcome—a hearty, smacking welcome. I want her to come to one of these—what you call 'em?—yes, mediums, so I can talk to her.

Oh, by hokey, I'm dressed up like a London doll, ain't I? Well, I can't navigate so well without men's clothes; but no matter. I want to find my little Sall. If she's got married, all right, I suppose; but I have lost track of her. It's been some little short of two years, but it seems like a mighty short time, I can tell you.

I've got a brother around here somewhere, and I'd like to say "how are ye" to him, and to all the rest of the folks; but some of them are almighty pious, and may not want to talk to me, coming as I do. I feel natural here in every way but one, and that is—the clothes; but I can take care of that, I guess.

Now, if they're ready to see Sam in his old rig, let them come, and I'll talk. Is that the trade you follow, sir—writing down what folks say? Well, I'd like a freer life; but every one to his own fancy, I tell you what, I'm so happy, I do n't know how to act.

You've got all the items, have you? Well, I guess I'll leave.

Why the devil do n't you sing? I sang when I came here, and I want you to sing me across the line. Well, fair wind to you all. Hope when you come here, you'll all come as easy as I did.

Aug. 5.

It is quite certain that Voltaire himself would have been the adversary that we know him, if he had not seen that thought was stifled, that liberty was crushed, that conscience was violated in the name of the Gospel? Would not this same Gospel have presented itself under a different aspect to Parker, Channing, and the other Unitarians of Boston, if they had seen it at its post, the post of honor at the head of all generous ideas and true liberties? —*Count de Gasperin.*

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

Written for the Banner of Light.

NOBLE DEEDS.

What are the truly noble deeds
By noble hearts achieved?
It is to succor him who needs,
And know his wants relieved.

It is to visit Error's child,
And teach him what is truth,
In accents sweet and mild
As ever breathed from lips of youth.

It is to seek the sin stained soul
And take him by the hand,
And gently lead him to the goal
Where virtue makes her stand.

With words that cheer while yet they chide,
Awake the Heaven-born loves
That slumbering in his soul reside,
And nought but kindness moves,

It is, each kind reproof to heed,
When offered by a friend,
And gladly hail the proffered aid
Of each redeeming hand.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA.

Spiritualism for the last thirteen years has progressed with a rapidity never before equalled by any religious system, philosophy, or phenomenal manifestation. And its public advocacy has become a fixed fact in the lecture field, as well as in the different spheres of healing and test mediumship. Lecturers and mediums of all kinds have increased very rapidly within the last three years; and it becomes us now to consider what means shall be used to keep the ball rolling.

It is estimated that there are now between three and four million Spiritualists in America. From an extensive travel as a Spiritual lecturer for six years, I am inclined to think the above estimate too low.

The most numerous of all Protestant sects, the Methodist, only numbers two millions on this continent, and they are as a sect more than a hundred years old. Other sects older still, number far less, none exceeding one million and a half, and most of them have less than one fourth that number. Yet the Spiritualists find it very difficult to support the few public speakers in the field, while other denominations support most of theirs well, and in many instances luxuriously. Why this difference? Is it because you are less able? No. In an extensive acquaintance with the Spiritualists of twenty-seven States, and Canada, I affirm that they number in their ranks men of wealth, ability and station, and there is no Protestant order in America better able to give their speakers and presses a good support than the Spiritualists. Is it because their speakers are less deserving? I would make no defence for that class who are not capable of interesting the Spiritualistic public, or encourage those who have not the gifts to make themselves useful; but many of the best speakers who are surely deserving of patronage, have been obliged to seek other occupations, and leave the lecture-field, either partially or wholly, because lecturing would not support them and their families. I could call names, were it not unpleasant to those persons thus to be brought before the public gaze.

I feel to thank Miss Hardinge for her noble letter in behalf of medium lecturers, showing as it does, that she is alive to the necessities of the much abused in all departments of society, and would add my testimony to the need of a more determined manifestation on the part of such for the maintenance of their just rights.

During the last year hundreds of persons have said or written to me as follows: "Have you left the lecture-field?" I answer, No, only partially. "Why do you not devote your whole time as formerly? Such a speaker ought; it is your duty," etc. My truthful answer has been the same in every instance as now. I am obliged to attend somewhat to other business, because, since the death of my father, two years ago, I have been obliged to provide for a family, and lecturing will not do it satisfactorily. Therefore my labors during that time have been limited to places easily accessible from my home. Individually, I have nothing to complain of above my fellow-laborers, for during the first four years of my lecturing-life I was rewarded as well as any male speaker in the country. Then no one depended on me for support; but had I trusted wholly to the charity or caprice of the Spiritualists, I should have fared slim even then.

Now what is the cause of all this which is a fact in the experience of nearly all lecturers? It lies with that large class who say mediums should speak for nothing, or but little, and find themselves. I have seen men rolling in wealth and luxury who preach that doctrine. I call to mind now a man whose guest I was some three years ago, who preached that doctrine to me, while by his side sat a daughter whose extra sets of jewelry cost more than would be needed to support the most "avaricious medium" a year. I know a man who grumbles at giving five dollars a year to support Spiritualism, and will not take a spiritual paper, "because they come so high," who pays two hundred dollars a year pew rent, for appearance sake, to a church he despises and never attends—and he a firm Spiritualist. These are no fancy sketches, but true of thousands I know personally.

Then there is another set of people, who mean well, but never having traveled, know but very little of the cost thereof. Their sphere of observation being limited, it appears to them monstrous for a speaker to receive twenty, or even fifteen dollars for a week's service, losing sight of the fact that many mechanics make as much or more without travel, and to deduct half or two thirds for railroad fare, and other expenses necessarily accruing, leaves but a small pittance for actual support. I am led to place your Quincy correspondent, Mr. Richards, in this class, from the internal evidence of his letter in the BANNER of August 17th. I am unacquainted with him, save through that letter, which contains some good points, and some I consider very pernicious. I agree with him in his opinions with regard to a certain class of speakers who take all their families along, to impoverish the worthy friends in places where they sojourn, and intolerent husbands who devour the scanty pittance received by their mediumistic wives; but my somewhat extended observation has brought to view comparatively few such, I am happy to say, though one such is one too many.

If a married lady is called to the lecture field, she is also called to leave her husband (unless he is also a good speaker,) and children at home. If the latter are too young to leave behind, she cannot leave them in order to lecture. It is perfect folly to assert that a lady cannot travel alone safely in any part of the country where speakers are called.

If a married gentleman becomes a lecturer, he

can best provide for his family by getting them a pleasant home, and leaving them there, and save the great expense of travel, double or treble his own; and it is manifestly his duty so to do. The majority of speakers do this, and for doing it they are met by another set of croakers, which we of course expect among opposers, but are utterly despicable among Spiritualists, who are always surmising and looking for something wrong. "Wonder where Mr. A.'s wife is? Does he live with her? Why don't she go with him? Something is wrong," etc. "I don't like Mrs. B.; she is too social with gentlemen; they do say she traveled with another man once; (remarkable occurrence, truly,) guess she has left her husband. Why don't she stay at home, instead of racing the country alone, in this manner?" Spiritualists, male or female, who have nothing better to do than to throw aspersions on the character of mediums, had better go back to Orthodoxy at once, where they by nature belong, so we can know where to place them; for a traitor within is worse than ten open enemies.

When Mr. R. accuses mediums of a lack of devotion to the cause, I am at something of a loss to get his meaning; but if I understand him, it is that they owe duties to the public, which of themselves demand no reciprocity; or in other words, it is their duty to minister to the wants of the public, whether they are well supported or not. From this view I must seriously differ. My knowledge of the law of recompense demonstrates to me that a corresponding devotedness should be manifested by the instructed public, especially the spiritual portion of community. It is a much greater lack of interest or devotedness for Spiritualists to refuse to contribute according to their means for the support of speakers, than it is for the speaker to refuse to devote time and labor for nothing, or barely sufficient to pay traveling expenses; or, as is in many instances the case, for such pittance as the charity or caprice of a multitude may see fit to bestow. Yet many speakers have done this with great injustice to themselves and their co-laborers.

Mr. R. commits an error in asserting that "speakers were more poorly paid and satisfied with less in the babyhood of Spiritualism than now." Our best speakers can add their testimony to the fact that we were better rewarded four or five years ago than now. This false theory of little or no pay for lecturers has brought into the field a poorer class of speakers, in many instances, to the detriment of the cause that I, in common with all true spirits, devotedly love.

Although there are not half lecturers enough of the right stamp, it would be better to have fewer, of a high order, well sustained, than even the number we now have. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to be laid on the shelf any time when the good of the cause demands, and by so doing give deserving laborers a better chance. So this appeal is in no wise for myself, for I should have left lecturing long ago did not my spirit friends persist in keeping me where I am; and I rest in the knowledge that they can see further than I, as they have never deceived or deserted me in prosperity or adversity.

Spiritualism would progress far more rapidly than it does, were all as devoted to its advancement as the majority of our best lecturers, and mediums of other gifts of a high order. And now, while war is raging, and priests with their theological dogmas are being swallowed up in the ruin they themselves have made, it becomes all true Spiritualists and reformers to be more active for the firm establishment of the true church which is to take the place of the old partialistic systems.

Spiritualists of America, it remains for you to determine whether our gospel shall be in the ascendant in five years or fifty. It is only a question of time. If you will lay aside all side issues, party strife, quarrels and jealousy, and put forth a united, earnest, business-like effort, the day is ours ere another decade of years is written in the book of life.

I am in favor of a thorough and effective spiritualistic organization, which will know no party, sect or favorites, and be entirely free from those fanaticisms which have so distracted us in our religious infancy.

I intended to present my views at length on all these subjects at the Oswego Convention, but business kept me from that gathering; and as I intended to go up on its day of meeting, I had no time to prepare a paper to send. Therefore, Messrs. Editors, as it is the first time I have craved your attention or trespassed on the valuable space of the BANNER on this subject, I beg you will pardon the intrusion. A. B. WHITING.

Albion, Mich., Aug. 20th, 1861.

Obituary Notices.

Passed from the earthly to his spirit-home on Sunday evening, Aug. 11, 1861, ELIJAH DAVIS, of Warwick, Mass., aged 87 years.

For several years Father Davis has been a full believer in spirit communion, and many times has he been the happy recipient of light, love and truth, from the celestial spheres. And by spirit direction he was fully assured that he was led to discover what is now called the *Spirit Spring*, which proved beneficial to his health during the latter part of his sojourn in his earthly casket. Thousands have since been attracted thither, and have partaken of those mysterious waters, while many have been benefitted by their healing powers. And our aged friend, who has now gone to partake of the pure waters of love in the supernal spheres, has for several years been strongly impressed that the above mentioned Spring will, in future time, prove a healing balm to the sons and daughters of suffering humanity. And that many may be healed in body and mind by pure spiritual love and truth, is the fervent prayer of your friend and brother, HERVEY BARBER.

Left the form in Siver City, Navada Territory, July 24, 1861, LUCY ELLA V., daughter of Periander and Elizabeth B. POLLOCK, aged 12 years and 7 mos.

"Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on the shapless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught the angel's vision."

She carved her dream on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty was all her own,
Her life, that angel's vision.

Passed to the Spirit-world, at his residence in Vershire, Vt., Aug. 2, 1861, FLAVEL BROWN, ESQ., aged 61 years.

Although for many years an examplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and a believer in its dark and dismal dogmas, when the light of Spiritualism beamed upon his mind and he became thoroughly convinced of its truths, he became a much happier man. Several of his children being mediums, he enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with departed friends within his own family circle. He continued unwavering in his belief to the last, and thus quietly passed away to join those bright ones who had so long and anxiously watched over him. He possessed strong mediumistic powers, which enabled him in his own family to receive many striking communications; and although surrounded with the bitterest opposition, he pursued the even tenor of his way in the certainty of a happy and glorious immortality. W.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf at this particular time. Sample copies sent free.

Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

MISS BELLE SCOUGALL lectures in Elkhart, Ind., the four Sundays of Oct.; Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of Nov.; New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Quincy, Cambridgeport, New Bedford and Boston, in September and October; in Taunton, Milford and Portland, during part of November and December, and form engagements for other Sabbaths and week evenings this winter in the east. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON has decided to stop in New Hampshire for the present. She will lecture in Sutton Centre, N. H., the four last Sundays in Sept.; and through the month of Oct. in Lempster. Those wishing to make engagements with her to lecture either Sundays or week evenings, may address her at either of above places, or at Manchester, N. H.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will spend the months of September, October, and November in Boston, and requests that all friends in the immediate vicinity of that city, desirous of obtaining her services as a lecturer for the Sundays in those months, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Lowell, first three Sundays of Sept.; Troy, N. Y., for Sundays of Oct.; Quincy, Mass., four Sundays of Nov.; Cambridgeport, first Sunday of Dec.; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Liberty, Me., the first Sunday in Sept.; adjoining towns the next three Sabbaths; Stoughton, the last Sunday in Sept.; and in the vicinity through October and November. Address as above, or Livermore Falls, Me.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER are to be in Pennsylvania and New York, till November; will answer calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan for the next winter. Also, minister on funeral occasions. Present address, Conneaut, Ohio, care Asa Hickox.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bucksport, Me., Sept. 8th and 15th; New Bedford, Mass, Sept. 29th and Oct. 6th; Chicopee, Oct. 20th and 27th; Oswego, N. Y., Sundays of November. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

H. P. FAIRFIELD has returned to his old home in Massachusetts. The Spiritual Societies that may desire his services as a lecturer, will address him in the future at Greenwich Village, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed through Sept., at Willimantic, Conn.; Oct., Taunton, Mass.; Nov., Seymour, Ct.; Dec., Putnam, Conn. All applications for week evenings must be addressed as above, in advance.

S. PHELPS LELAND will speak in Illinois during September. Friends in the West, desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, during the Fall and Winter, will please write soon. Address, Cleveland Ohio.

DR. L. K. COONLEY will lecture in Kingsbury Hall, Ill., two first Sundays in September. Mrs. Coonley gives recitations of popular poems before and after the lectures.

LEO MILLER will speak in Stafford, Conn., Nov. 3d and 10th; Summersville, Conn., Nov. 17th and 24th; Providence, R. I., five Sundays in Dec. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

MISS L. E. A. DEFORCE lectures in Putnam, Conn., 2d and 3d Sundays in Sept., and Concord, N. H., two last; Portland, Me., Oct. Address above.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON lectures in Chicopee, Sept. 8th; in Charlestown, Sept. 15th, 22d and 29th; in New Bedford, Oct. 13th, 20th and 27th. Address, Northampton, Ms.

W. A. D. HUME will speak the two first Sundays in Sept. at Independence, Iowa. For a Course of ten or more lectures two dollars per lecture. Address as above.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Providence, five Sundays in Sept.; Bangor 4 Sundays in Oct. and 1 in Nov. Address, the above places, or New York City.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sabbath for the coming year; one-fourth at Glenburn, and one-fourth at Kenduskeag.

F. L. WADSWORTH can be addressed Boston, Mass., care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

H. L. BOWKER will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862.

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD lectures in Utica and western New York in September. Post Office address, Taunton, Mass.

REV. E. CASE, JR., Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., or care of Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, Ohio.

DR. E. L. LYON, may be addressed care of Wm. Crowell, Geneva, Ashtabula co., Ohio.

MRS. M. H. COLES, care of B. Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston
MRS. H. C. MONTAGUE, care of P Clark, 14 Bromfield street.
MRS. A. H. SWAN, care P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.
DR. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 202 Northampton st., Boston.
JOSEPH H. BICKFORD, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.
DR. H. F. GARDNER, 40 Essex street, Boston, Mass.
M. C. QUESTION, 151 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
L. JUDD PARDEE, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.
REV. SILAS TYRRELL, 40 South street, Boston.
LEWIS B. MONROE, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.
MRS. R. H. BURT, 66 Carver st., Boston.
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MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 33 Winter st., E. Cambridge, Mass
W. ELLERY COPELAND, Roxbury, Mass
WM. E. RICE, Roxbury, Mass.
CHAS. T. IRISH Taunton, Mass., care of Staples & Phillips.
MISS B. ANNA RYDER, Plymouth, Mass.
MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, Plymouth, Mass.
E. R. YOUNG, box 85, Quincy, Mass.
REV. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.
A. C. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.
ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
J. H. RANDALL, Northfield, Mass.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro', Mass.
F. G. GURNEY, Duxbury, Mass.
J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.
MRS. M. B. KENNEY, Lawrence, Mass.
MRS. E. C. CLARK, Lawrence, Mass.
F. T. LANE, Lawrence, Mass.
MRS. J. PUFFER, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.
MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Harwich, Mass.
WM. BAILEY POTTER, M. D., Westboro, Mass.
REV. JOHN PIERPONT, West Medford, Mass.
MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass.
MRS. J. B. FARNSWORTH, Fitchburg, Mass.
FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marblehead, Mass.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.
MRS. L. S. NICKERSON, Worcester, Mass.
CHARLES P. RICKER, Worcester Mass.
MRS. S. MARIA BLISS, Springfield, Mass.
MRS. J. J. CLARK, care Wm. S. Everett, E. Princeton, Mass
DANIEL W. SNELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I.
MRS. SUSAN SLEIGHT, trance speaker, Portland, Maine.
MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Portland, Me.
ALONZO R. HALL, East New Sharon, Me.
MRS. CLINTON HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H.
MRS. A. P. THOMPSON, Holderness, N. H.
MRS. J. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H.
CHARLES T. IRISH, Grafton, N. H.
FRANK CHASE, Sutton, N. H.
EZRA WILLS, Williamstown, Vt.
MISS FLAVIA HOWE, Windsor, Poquonock P. O., Conn.
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LEWIS C. WELCH, West Windham, Conn.
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MRS. ELIZA P. SIMONS, Bristol, Conn.
J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn.
N. FRANK WHITE, Seymour, Conn.
MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, 306 1-2 Mott st., N. Y. City.
MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE, No. 2 King street, New York.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, No. 238 Green street, N. Y
MRS. J. E. PRICE, Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y.
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MRS. C. A. FITCH, No. 321 Race street, Philadelphia.
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MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND, Box 878, Cleveland, Ohio,
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MRS. CLARA B. F. DANIELS, Westfield, Medina Co., Ohio.
E. WHIPPLE, West Williamsfield, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.
ALBERT E. CARPENTER, Columbia, Licking Co., Ohio.
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Great Discussion of Modern Spiritualism, between Prof. J. Stanley Grimes and Leo Miller, Esq., at the Melodeon, Boston, in March, 1860. Pamphlet, 170 pp. Price $10 per hundred; single copies 15 cents.

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A Record of Modern Miracles. By S. B. Brittan. Price, wholesale, $4 per hundred, single copies 6 cents.

Spiritual and Reform Publications

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Spiritual Experiences of Mrs. L. S. Platt, of Newton, Ct. Price, 10 cents.

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Annual Spiritual Register, for 1861. Edited by Uriah Clark. Price, 5c.

Boston Advertisements.

DR. CHAS. H. CROWELL,
Medical Medium,
158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
(Banner of Light Office, Room No. 3.)

☞ Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

Dr. D. will give special attention to Diseases of Children, during the warm months.

TERMS.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, $1.00 family visits $2.00; by letter, $1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

☞ Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given. June 22.

THE HEALING POWER.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,
No. 292 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE suffering in body, mind or spirit, can secure an immediate and permanent relief by receiving Mrs Latham's treatment. Incidental to examinations and treatment will be communicated much invaluable information, consoling, healing, interesting and profitable. Also, Clairvoyant advice will be given to those in social or domestic trouble.

Reception room, No. 8, up stairs. Open day and evening. Aug. 17. tf

NOTICE.

PROF. A. H. HUSE, the Prophetic Medium, may be found at his residence No. 12 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such account of their past, present and future as may be given him in the exercise of those powers with which he feels himself endowed. Price 50 cents. Nativities written in full, when desired—charge $3. Questions of a business nature answered—charge $1. 3m Aug. 3.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant Physician, has taken Rooms at 26 Harvard street, and is prepared to examine and prescribe for the sick. Medicines on hand. Mrs. D. will give advice on business while in a trance state.—Terms reasonable.

A Circle at the house every Friday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. Mrs. D. has been in practice eight years. Boston, Aug. 24. 3m

TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. W. F. SNOW, the reliable test medium, has taken Room No. 30 Pavilion, in Cochituate Place, Boston, where she will attend to Clairvoyant Examinations and Spirit Communications, also receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston tf Aug 31.

INFORMATION has been received by the subscriber which is most important to be known to married persons who are ignorant of the laws of reproduction, which establishes the fact that MATERNITY, under any and all circumstances, *may be strictly under control of the will.* This is a perfectly natural method, the efficacy of which has been tested beyond a doubt. I will send this information to any address upon receipt of $2.00

Medical examinations and prescriptions, or Psychometric Readings of Character will be forwarded by mail on receipt of $1.00. Clairvoyant examinations FREE. Advice $1.00.

Audress DR. H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass, or call at my office 7 Davis street, Boston. tf Aug. 31.

PROF. GEO. M'LAREN, Prophetic and Business Medium will receive visitors at his residence—will answer inquiries by letter in relation to social and domestic and all business affairs in life. Those who require prompt and definite answers with please inclose one dollar.

SITTINGS—Ladies, 50 cents; gentlemen, from 50 cts. to $1, according to the time employed.

No. 7 Dix Place, opposite 558 Washington st., Boston. Aug. 10. tf

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, Rooms No. 2 Jefferson Place, (leading from Bennett, and near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 6—Sundays excepted Examinations, $1. Circles Wednesday evenings; admittance 10 cents.

S. Grover will also attend funerals. Residence, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville. 3m° July 6.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. JAS. V. MANSFIELD, of Boston, the world-renowned Letter-Writing Test Medium.—certified by thousands of actual written tests—may be addressed at 12 Avon Place, by inclosing $1 and four 3 cent postage stamps. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 3m June 8.

MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tipple,) Clairvoyant Physician, 48 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, $1 each. tf Feb. 16

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, Test Medium, No. 22 Pitts street, near Green street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents. tf June 1.

MISS JEANNIE WATERMAN, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, No 22 Elliot street, Boston. 4mos° May 4.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Seeing and Trance Medium, 140 Court street, Boston, Mass. 3m April 13.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY,

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of DISEASED SCALPS, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE BLANCHING, a speciality, has established himself at **29 Winter street,** Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds,) where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair.

Debilitation of the External Skin, Suppressed Secretion, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Sensitive Skin, Matterated Secretion, Eczema of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles which has ever been presented to the public for the restoration of the Hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseased Scalps, and Restoring Hair. It no doubt will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind.

There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of those diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretions between the skins contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, the natural components of the hair resume their ascendency, and the hair assumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases is useless, and in some positively injurious.

Dr Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains what disease of the scalp has or is producing a loss of hair, or premature whitening, prescribes such remedies according to its nature and requirements, as will remove the disease; hence his great success in treating Capillary Diseases.

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in Treating Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching he has in his possession the most reliable testimonials from Physicians, Clergymen and others in every city where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, 29 Winter street.

☞ All consultations free.

All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. B. C. PERRY, box 2837, Boston, Mass. June 22. 3m

S. C. PRATT, M. D.,
LATE ASSOCIATE OF T. H. GREENOUGH, M. D., OF LONDON.
No. 41 Tremont Street, Boston.

DR. PRATT gives particular attention to the rational treatment of the following Special Diseases, viz:—*Stammering, Epilepsy, Asthma, Dyspepsia,* diseases of the *Heart,* diseases of the *Eye* and *Ear,* diseases of the *Throat* and *Lungs,* diseases of *Women,* and *Scrofula* in all its forms, including the positive cure of *Cancers, Ulcers, Moles, etc.,* as advised by Ricord, of *Paris,* without pain or surgical operation.

RECEPTION HOURS, FROM 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Aug. 17. 3m

1,200 PER YEAR FOR ALL.—Only $10 capital required. Active men wanted to cut Stencil Plates, with Fullam's Patent Stencil Tools, the only perfect Stencil Tools made. Their superiority over all others appears in the curved side, which is patented, and by means of which a most perfect and durable die is formed, which cuts a beautiful letter, and renders the cutting of Stencil Plates a very simple and profitable business. Two hours' practice enables any one to use the tools with facility. Young men are clearing from $5 to $15 per day with my tools. Circulars and samples sent free. Address, A. J. FULLAM, No. 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston. 6m March 16.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY—312 pages 12 mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Also,

LOVE AND MOCK LOVE OR, HOW TO MARRY TO THE END OF CONJUGAL SATISFACTION—a small gilt-bound volume—is sent by mail for nine letter stamps. Address GEORGE STEARNS,
Dec. 15. tf *West Acton, Mass.*

New

Pearls.

"——singles
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

TIME'S SOFTENING POWER.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes not so deeply in its moaning hour,
As when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall,
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand;
As the heart opens in a foreign land,
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
However trivial and however rude,
But wins the heart and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity.

Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life.

TOUCH NOT THE TEMPTING CUP.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare, when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No—no!
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
In righteousness be brave;
Take not the *first*, a single step,
Toward a drunkard's grave;
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

The purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

TRUTH.

Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there 's such music in her, such strange rhythm
As make men's memories her joyous slaves,
And cling around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful.—[*Lowell.*

That poetry which moves the heart most is the best; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being dressed:
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest.
[*Emerson.*

It is the grace and glory of a man to be the bondman of his word.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1861.

QUESTION:—*Spiritualism and its effects — or the Church that is, and is to be.*

DR. GARDNER, the Chairman, stated that after this evening the Conference would commence at 7 1-2, instead of 8 o'clock.

DR. CHILD.—Soft and silent are the footsteps of angels. Kindly, gently, lovingly is their presence announced at the dwelling place of human hearts. In the atmosphere of peace, of quietude, of concord, we are awakened to a consciousness of their presence. They *speak* to us—not in debates; not in opposition; not in the clashing sounds of death's weapons; not in the thunder of the cannon's roar; not in the din of the busy world; not in the rhetoric of oratory; not in the cold philosophy of schools; not in uttered prayers or spoken sermons—but they speak to each soul in its unuttered and unutterable persuasions—so when the discord of matter is hushed,

"If we listen well"

we may hear the voice of angels, and their

"Silence is vocal;"

from the deep recesses of our bosoms new senses are stirred to action; new perceptions burst forth; new worlds open to our wondering gaze; new emotions thrill our being. What is this? It is not death, but it is a temporary paralysis of our outward functions; our outward senses are suspended while we are being led by angels to our first conscious exercises in new experiences, experiences which are of the soul, which are of the spiritual world. How beautiful and how lovely are these foretastes of the soul's reality, of the soul's future. Once tasted, once experienced, the memory of them is never effaced, the love of them can never go out of the human bosom. They are agreeable, they are ineffable, they are unutterably lovely. Words are inadequate to tell. The language of matter can tell of the senses of the flesh, but it cannot tell of the senses of soul; it can tell about material things, but it cannot tell about spiritual. What is spirit? I ask my soul, and the response is not in words, but in silent conviction. The answer is in the senses of the soul; the answer comes not to sensuous science, for it is spoken through silent lips; it is spoken without words in the feeling heart, so this answer does not satisfy outward demands, demands that feed on words, and we hear the retort, "Away with your spirit, it answereth not; we hear no sound, we see no thing." These outward senses will die, and the language of words will die, but the new senses of the spirit, that we have recognized, will abide through a new cycle of existence; and they are finer, intenser, and more comprehensive than the outer senses are. No one has powers to tell of the intense love that the soul feels when made conscious of its new experiences. The effect of which has a tendency to render the physical world vapid, tasteless, and give to all its grandeur and glory the appearance of vanity that speedily passes away; and thus it is that the affections begin to cling more to things above and less to things below.

I cannot think that Spiritualism, which is claimed to hold, or pretends to hold the place of a religious sect, can be called the whole Church of God. We will take off the sect, but the spirit we cannot take away. Everybody has got a spirit, both in Spiritualism and out, so everybody is a Churchman in the Spiritual sense, out of Spiritualism, as much as in it. But in a material sense, those only are Churchmen who are made so by adjectives and nouns; by material forms and ceremonies. Everybody is a member of the Spiritual Church, but to recognize this fact, will be to recognize another important fact, viz: that each and every sect of religion on earth, with all the characteristic peculiarities of each, is exactly right and true to its own spiritual causes, and so it is of all the mighty armies of professional sinners. All these folks make up the Spiritual Church, which I have recently joined, or have found myself a member of; and Spiritualism led me to the altar, and stood there at my baptism; and was my god-father, and my god-mother, too. I love it; yes, I love Spiritualism, for by it I am made to accept every other sect, as being good and true, whether it be called good or bad; holy or wicked. Spiritualism is to me the key that opens the gate of Charity. Charity, which accepteth all things; believeth all things; endureth all things. Charity, how replete it is with kindness, sympathy and love; More beautiful than all the Christian virtues, truly; it more than deserves the name of virtue.

Question.—Will Dr. C. tell how a bad action can be right?

Answer.—God is infinitely wise, and powerful, and he is the author of all action.

Question.—Will Dr. C. tell why he uses the word evil, when he denies its existence?

Answer.—For the want of a better word to convey an idea to those who believe they see the phantom called evil. The word will cease to be, when what is now called evil is seen to be good.

MR. EDSON.—The language of the head is too meagre to express the language of the heart. Spiritualism reveals truths too large for language to handle. Spiritualism is the soul of my existence. Spiritualism is remodeling and reforming the whole religious world. It carries us beyond the old, to a new expression of truth. I have learnt in Spiritualism that judgment and condemnation do me no good, so by it I am invited to leave off judging and condemning others. Spiritualism leads us from the outer world to consider the unseen world of causes. Spiritualism draws the soul up from lower to higher things. Spirit annihilates the devil and drives away the fear of death. Spiritualism does lead us to see, in a certain sense, that Whatever is, is Right.

MR. WETHERBEE.—I have spoken before on this question; but I have a word or two to say, in regard to a remark made by a good Spiritualist, last week, and I am glad he is not here this evening, for I don't wish to invite any discussion, and only refer to his assertion as my text, which was, that "Spiritualism did not teach one good thing that was not taught and preached eighteen hundred years ago." If that is a true remark why ask the question before the meeting to-night?—for it is answered by eighteen hundred years of teaching and practice. See its effects. See the Church that is and has been. But I deny the assertion, and tell you some of the good things that were not taught eighteen hundred years ago. Spiritualism teaches us, through its speakers and writers, that a man must be his own Christ or he is no Christian. That was not taught eighteen hundred years ago, and the remark would be blasphemous in most, if not all, the churches to-day. Again—Spiritualism teaches perennial inspiration; liberating us from all finite authority, carries us to God, the primal fountain where churches and bibles get all their inspiration with which to fill their urns, and where we can all go, without going through any self called special channels of revealed religion for soul nourishment. Spiritualism not only teaches immortality, but communication between the departed and those in the form, which is a good thing, and which is not recognized in any Church, except undefinedly by the effect the new doctrines have had upon old institutions. Man is beginning instinctively to half respond to the soundness of this fact, though the Church, in all its forms, based on the light gathered eighteen hundred years ago, and preserved in the Scriptures, deny it in its literalness, or as a general recognized fact, though from indications growing in the general mind, it will be one of the points of the Church.

Question.—Is there any thought that is not inspiration?

Answer.—Every thought that is original, is inspiration.

Question.—Is thought that is not original, inspiration?

Answer.—In a certain sense it may be.

MR. THAYER.—I have listened with interest to the various definitions given of Spiritualism, and do not know how better I can define it, than by saying that it is a re-publication of the teachings and doings of Christ two thousand years ago. He is the truest Spiritualist who conforms most rigidly to the teachings of Christ. Christ taught that every man was his own saviour—his own Christ—and Spiritualism teaches this.

Question.—Did Christ teach his disciples to put any reliance in words?

Answer.—No.

Question.—According to the distinction of the religious world, were not the early followers of Christ the meanest, the lowest, the most degraded men and women that lived in the world?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—Did Christ teach that works or disposition, should save men?

Answer.—Both.

MRS. COOLEY.—When a man is born to do good works, it is not hard for him to accomplish them. Goodness and faith are gifts of God. Brother Thayer, by what he has said, has moved me to new thought and feeling. He convinces me of the truth of Spiritualism by a new evidence. As vacant as Mr. Thayer's remarks often are, he has shown himself a philosopher to-night. I know there is a spirit in me; I know there is a God for me; I know there is a hereafter—a future life, for I feel it within me; it speaks to me in my heart's language. Thus I know my immortality.

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—I hesitate to express myself in regard to this matter. I cannot forget the fact that before you can announce the net quotient of any theorem, whether in mathematics or metaphysics, you must first determine the quantity and quality both of divisor and dividend. So in regard to this awful and mysterious thing called Man—this spirit condensed into shape, and again fading into the illimitable:—out of the *Heretofore*, hastening stormfully across the astonished earth, into the *Hereafter*; I know not whence he came nor whither he goes, and therefore cannot name the permanent effects of any system or institution, spiritual or material, which issues from his Being. I may say, however, that I do not think Spiritualism will ever wholly displace the churches or destroy the creeds of the world; because, in all the ages that are to come, there will continually be men and women who, in Humanity's processes of perpetual ascension, are passing through the primary phases; in which elementary condition the priestly Authoritarianism *we* do not need, may be an inestimable boon to *them*. Everything is in perpetual change. The tissues, muscles, skin of the human body, undergo a constant process of wear and tear, waste and repair, decay and reproduction. So with the vestures and garnitures of human existence, which the incessant soul, plying at the loom of God, spins and weaves. All that mankind does or beholds is in continual growth, rehabilitation, and self-perfecting vitality.

But as in human life there are periods of health and of sickness, of weakness and of strength, so in religion there are times of superstition and of scepticism, of faith and of denial; summer luxuriance followed by autumnal decay and winter dissolution, to burst into life again under the benignant breath of the blessed spring. So I do not conceive Spiritualism will ever result in bringing about identity of religious views among men; nor indeed do I think it would be desirable; but I *do* think it is to warm and quicken the whole tree *Iygrasil*—the mystic plant of Humanity; helping it (throughout all its forms of Art, Science, Morals, Literature, Philosophy and Religion,) to swell into greener bloom, and ripen into rarer fruit, with fairer leaves more golden and glorious with sheltering human love. I think our conception of Spiritualism is, as yet, very crude. I doubt whether we understand the deep and glorious meaning of our own cry; and I think, with Dr. Child, that the "*ism*" of it—the mortal warp and woof—will rot off and fade away, and that only the sublime "*ality*" will at last remain. So, while I do not believe that Spiritualism, (in my sense of the word,) will ever wholly supplant the churches, I *do* believe it will at last *connect* the Churches in bonds of charity and love. [Applause.] It will approximate the like with the unlike; and, with heavenly attraction for the Divine in the Human, shoot its celestial galvanism from man to man, until the startled earth flames with that fire-development of the universal spiritual electricity, which shall harmonize discords, hush strifes, make things else oppugnant leap together and kiss; and so bring to pass that era of peace and fellowship wherein the lion and the lamb shall lie down and rise up together, and the weakest and humblest of God's creatures may rest beneath his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest or to make him afraid.

DR. CHILD.—*Question.*—You said that you believed all the churches, of whatever name or cast, went to make up the true church of God, and would ultimate in glory. May I ask whether you are not willing to include all the sinners, also, in your statement?

Answer.—I do not believe in the existence of any such people as saints or sinners. All are God's children; therefore all are brothers. Thus all arbitrary distinctions vanish.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, August 27, 1861.

QUESTION:—*When called on to make a statement of the peculiarities of modern Spiritualism, what shall be our answer?*

MR. WEST.—I have paid much attention to this subject for ten years; and have witnessed, I suppose, all the different kinds of phenomena, but some recent occurrences at my house, seem to me particularly worth relating. A young female domestic in my family has suddenly become a remarkable medium—quite involuntarily, for she is a Roman Catholic, and her priest has dissuaded her against encouraging the manifestations. She was controlled, under these circumstances, to write as follows:

"My dear child, don't be alarmed; the spirits are all good, and have your welfare at heart. It will be an honor to you to be the means of spreading light on this subject?"

The girl clearly did not know what she had written, till I read it to her. One morning she was alone in the front parlor making a fire, when she was alarmed by a sudden explosion, as of a gun, and ran into the back room. Returning shortly, she saw, lying on the carpet, a beautiful miniature model of a rifle, some three inches long, as neatly finished as if stamped in a perfect steel mould. It was composed of speculum-metal, which I had been using in the manufacture of telescope reflectors. Another medium, who was at my house, subsequently, was influenced by the spirit of Prof. Hare, to say that it was he who had caused this manifestation.

The particular question now before us was raised three thousand years ago with regard to the Spiritualism of that epoch, when it was said by high authority, that every Christian should be ready to answer, when asked for a reason of the hope within him. What was the answer then, and what would our answer now be? In those days, the reply was, that the faith rested on Jesus Christ, as a man approved of God, by signs and wonders, &c. Our own belief is founded on manifestations which, if not equal in power, when all allowance is made for over-coloring, are the same in kind with those of Christ and his Apostles. The scene between Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well, whom he astonished by his exact acquaintance with her private history, has found a parallel within the knowledge of many who have conversed with modern mediums. And yet, however strong the array of recent facts in support of immortality and spirit-communion, they are all met on the part of the average Christian skeptic, either by an obstinate incredulity, or a still more provoking carelessness, while he professes to hinge his own faith solely on a record of precisely similar events in a document of doubtful authenticity, written in a dead language. Modern miracles, supported by hosts of unimpeachable witnesses in our very midst, are passed by with disdain, or with apathy, while the legendary accounts of ancient wonders, with all their gross and palpable exaggerations, are reverently and unquestioningly accepted. It is difficult either to explain this inconsistency, or to endure it patiently; but "he that believeth hath a witness in himself." We should not risk any injury to our cause by over-eagerness to make proselytes. In spite of all sneers and disparagements, if we put together and examine the whole body of established facts in relation to Spiritualism, we shall make out very clearly two or three strong distinctive points of doctrine, such as First, Heaven and hell are not places, but States. Second, Every human being is in a state of progression.

MR. ADAMS.—I do not consider that the peculiarities of modern Spiritualism consist so much in the discovery of new truths, as in the more clear illumination and setting forth of old ones. Changes in laws, government and social institutions proceed, *pari passu*, with the growth of man's interior nature; and the Spiritualism of this age marks the advance of humanity as Spiritualism never has done before. Spiritualism teaches the progressive nature of man, while the orthodox doctrine of total depravity operates as a stay-law on all human advancement. Among the elements which Spiritualism teaches us will enter into the structure of the new Commonwealth or Dispensation, is the *feminine influence* which will be incorporated into government and laws. All things in nature—mineral, vegetable and animal, are masculine and feminine, positive and negative; and this double, sexual arrangement is necessary, not only to reproduction, but to life and unction, throughout the universe. Spiritualism has just revealed this great principle, by which we can explain the circulation of the blood and the revolution of the planets. The masculine, combative element having predominated in governments, they have been coarse, violent, aggressive, seeking to repress vice and disorder by penal enactments, but when the mild, softening influence of the feminine element shall assert itself, rewards for virtue will take the place of punishments of vice, and mutual forbearance and forgiveness will make crime impossible.

DR. GRAY.—Spiritualism leads us to see more clearly than ever before the grand distinction between the human being and the creation below him—which is, that man has a spiritual nature as well as an animal, each complete in itself and conjoined in perfect rapport in every thought and act of the soul and body. This assertion is based on the phenomena of somnambulism. What one among the lower animals can be put in a trance, or ever manifests any of the wonderful faculties of the clairvoyant? Heretofore, the phenomena of clairvoyance were attributed to the direct interference of some deity, who was supposed to speak through the "possessed" person; but now we are forced to conclude that man has a complete set of spiritual senses exactly corresponding to those of the body, but far surpassing them in scope and keenness. From this demonstrable fact, which no ancient writer (with, perhaps, the exception of St. Paul) has alluded to, the modern Spiritualist builds up his ideas of Ethics, of his relations with the other life, to society, his neighbor and himself. It follows from this that external manifestations are of no sort of consequence to the individual, except as they help him to perceive and carry out the proper use of Spiritualism, which is the harmonizing of the body with the spirit—the subjection of the lower to the higher nature; and it is in the attainment of this state that man enters into the enjoyment of Heaven, whether in this world or the next. I cannot, with friend Adams, look forward to an earthly Utopia as a result of general human progression, for I do not see how any one can be born otherwise than selfish, and to be raised gradually into true spiritual life. We cannot be too often reminded that our mere *facts* will soon be lost sight of, unless our *lives* are made to correspond with the truths forced upon us from the spirit world. The spiritual and the sensual within us must be made *as one*. This is the true and only *atonement*.

DR. HALLOCK.—It is a characteristic of Spiritualism, not only that its disciple is perpetually urged to be a demonstrator, inasmuch as whatever favors spiritual growth comes by the power of demonstration—but also that the field wherein the student exercises his faculties is the common phenomena of nature and the experience of daily life, while the investigator in any other department of thought makes use of books—avails himself of scientific formulas and precedents, the fruit of other men's researches in bygone ages—and is not a demonstrator, since his knowledge is based on authority. Every principle inherent in nature is really only known to man through its phenomenality: by this its existence is verified and its character expressed, and the student of Spiritualism is distinguished by the fact that he looks at that expression for the divine law in the case. It is a beautiful thing to look back at the last century, and find that a German philosopher had discovered the locality and apparatus of the mind in the cerebral convolutions; and that his French contemporary took a further step, still more important, when he announced that within this apparatus there existed a power which could act when the physical organs were in a condition of death—that behind the outward eye—the organ of language to the bodily man, there existed a perfect set of senses—sight and hearing—no less certainly than the faculties of judgment, perception and sublime reason—in a word, all that makes up the essential nobility of man. There must be a spiritual organism to respond to the spiritual stimulus. What if one had to go down into the dirt to demonstrate this truth? No place is so mean, no character so impure, as to repel the investigation. We ought to recollect how different is our business and our field of inquiry from those of any other class of scientific minds.

A New Science Revealed by Spirits.

In a late issue of the BANNER is an article contributed by Mr. A. H. Davis, giving an account of the manner in which a Mr. Yeaton learned the art of Phonography—namely: "Through the agency of an invisible teacher," by impression and by control of the hand.

Having had an experience somewhat similar to that of Mr. Yeaton, it may not be improper to relate it, as additional testimony to the fact of spiritual presence, influence and guidance, and also a sort of introduction to the world, through the medium of the BANNER, of an art which I cannot but think is destined to work out great results for the good of man.

It is six years or more since I began the study of Phonography. I soon became deeply interested in the beautiful art, and in its central principle, correspondence between sound and sign, and have continued its study and practice up to the present time, with increasing interest.

During the winter of 1859–60, while in the West, I was partially developed as a dial medium. Some months later I was a few times partially entranced. Returning to my father's in October to spend a few months, I made a dial for the purpose of experimenting, and received some very interesting and satisfactory communications; but was soon told that I was wasting time at the dial; that I was to be further developed, and should submit often to the magnetic influence. I did so, and after a few sittings, was sufficiently controlled to be made to speak—though by impression (unexpectedly.)

My development continued, and, after some weeks, impressions came in such a manner as to seem like language spoken to me, and received through the sense of hearing; in other words, I seemed to hear, though what was heard seemed to come, so to speak, from within, rather than from without. Since then I have been almost constantly under impression, and have had an internal experience, strange, indeed, to me, and unlooked for.

The kinds of impression have been quite various; but for the present purpose it will suffice to say, that thoughts were very soon received in relation to the elementary sounds, their number, organic peculiarities, and progressive unfoldment. At times my vocal organs seemed to be under complete control, and many curious sounds would be produced; not only those elements with which I was already familiar, but also other sounds entirely new to me. Also the voices of various animals were imitated. While this was being done, or afterwards, an impression would be given as to the peculiarities of each sound, and its relations to the others.

This kind of impression was continued at intervals for months, and many beautiful ideas were received, until, at length, the internal being sufficiently elaborated, the external began to receive attention; the sounds themselves being sufficiently understood, impressions in relation to the representation of sounds began to be received.

These long-continued impressions upon the subject of sound and its representation have resulted in the *Panophonic Alphabet*, or philosophical alphabet of all languages. It somewhat resembles Phonography, and yet is quite different. It is specially adapted to printing, though it may be easily and quite rapidly written—while Phonography is adapted to writing, and cannot be printed with types. It will not be the rival of Phonography, but go hand in hand with it: Panophonics for printing, Phonography for writing.

JAMES M. ALLEN.

East Bridgewater, Mass., July 23, 1861.

Government.

"Backward ye presumptuous nations!
Man to misery was born."

"But whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

If the planters take the Government of the South, give them the Government of the North also; if they take the National Capital, give them the State Capitals, also; if they take your house, give them the farm also; if they take your brother, give them your children also; if they make slaves of your sons, give them your daughters also, for you are all commanded to "resist not evil."

That this is Christian precept, I will not deny, but it is not Christian practice, and I trust it will not be till the present rebellion is subdued. Suppose our Revolutionary sires had acted on this principle, and allowed the aristocracy of England, through its Government, to have taxed them, and us, as they pleased, and by crushing us into partial slavery, draw from the rich resources of this country, through our labor, immense wealth on which to fatten and luxuriate in idleness and extravagance? Where would have been the hope of the world in this more liberal Government, and more general distribution of wealth and education?

The noble spirit that prompted them to resist unjust taxation, made the Atlantic a teapot, and this country an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, will, I trust, actuate their descendants till they have effectually resisted the present efforts of a few aristocrats, to establish in, or over, all, or any part of this country, an aristocracy of wealth—a chattelism of labor—a restricted system of education and respectability, and a monopoly of salvation.

I hope, for the interest and welfare of the white population of the South, both rich and poor, we shall be able, by the arm of the National Government, to maintain what we have gained by this Government, and not have any part of the country forced by rebellion back to a condition nearer barbarism than that from which we started when we left England; as any portion of the nation certainly would be, by the success of this rebellion. I hope no Christian doctrine of non-resistance will stay the arm or army, till the poor white victims of tyranny, fraud and deception in the Cotton States, shall be rescued from the terrible gulf now open to swallow them. All we have gained by this Government for them is now in imminent peril, and owing to their ignorance, they are powerless to help themselves—nay, even worse, are aiding to bind the fetters and destroy the liberty and equality of their own posterity, trying to march the country back to the feudal ages.

Let us have no Christian creeds—"no compromise with sin"—no faltering speech—no falling back, till we have secured the best Government for the whole country, maintained our present position, and secured the right to progress further in the direction of universal liberty, equality and fraternity, remembering that tyrants always control by limiting and restricting property, education, respectability and religion, by forcing labor where they please, and exempting whom they choose, parceling out God's earth as they please by title-deeds, and monopolizing its resources through the labor which they control.

We have been making great encroachments on tyranny and land monopoly under this Government, and if not arrested, tyranny, aristocracy and slavery, all fail and fall. Shall they?—is the question of this hour.

WARREN CHASE.

Glover, Vt., Aug. 8th, 1861.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove and Church on the east side of the river in St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois, thirty-six miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons will be at liberty to express their sincere thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum requires, each *alone* being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends in the village and adjacent towns and country will provide *picnic* refreshments.

A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society.

St. Charles, July 6, 1861.

Picnic and Grove Meeting.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Churchill's Grove, near the junction of the W. B. V. M. and Pr. Du C. Railroad, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1861. Good speakers will be in attendance. Cars arrive at the junction from Milwaukie, Watertown and the West, at from 9 1 2 o'clock, to 10 1-2 o'clock A. M., and leave from 5.16, to 5.51 P. M.

Friends will do all that they can to make strangers happy and comfortable. Come one, come all.

N. B.—If the days prove stormy, the first fair day after these dates will be improved for our meeting.

By order of the Meeting.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting held at Clyde, Sandusky, Co., Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, September 7th and 8th. B. P. Barnum, Hudson Tuttle and A. B. French will be present as speakers. Others are expected. All are invited to attend.

Clyde, August 14, 1861.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Reform will hold a two days' Grove Meeting at Berlin Green, Lake Co., Wis., on the 14th and 15th of September.

A general invitation is extended to all. Mediums and speakers are especially invited.

Per Order Committee.