

L. L. HARRIS, CALL

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ HOFFMAN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VIII. ULTIMATE TREASON.

The sun had not yet risen when Ulrich commenced the business of the day, in attending to the discharging of the cargo of the good ship *Johanna*. Wilkens, after giving his friend the morning's salutation, labored diligently with him, for it was his desire, as well as Ulrich's, that the vessel should set sail on the return voyage that very day; for Wilkens feared that the presence of the good Captain Peters would interfere materially with his nefarious plans. This had been concerted between the employer and his tool; and in the hurry and bustle attendant upon his varied labors, Ulrich found no time to call upon the *Senor Acosta*, or to apprise him of his arrival. He was on the point once of hastening to his house, if only for a few moments, but Wilkens adroitly prevented him, telling him there would be time enough to-morrow; and so the day passed on, he knew not how rapidly.

At sundown the "*Johanna*," was ready to sail, and was to weigh anchor the next day at break of dawn. With humid brows, and very weary from the hard toil of the day, the companions stood upon the deck and glanced toward the town, with its lights reflected in the clear waters of the harbor.

"How would it do, Ulrich, if we take a little walk on shore?" said Wilkens. "Let us ask the Captain whether he will not accompany us. I found a very pleasant place of sojourn there, yesterday, and would like to take you there."

Wilkens knew very well that Captain Peters would not accompany them; for in the haste with which the cargo had been taken in, it could not have been done with the usual regularity; and, in consequence, the sailors would be obliged to work all night, and the Captain's presence was needed to oversee and give his orders.

Ulrich thought that it would be useless to ask him; but he did so, and returned with the answer that the Captain desired they might go by themselves, and that he would follow if he found the time. Ulrich felt no desire to leave the ship then; but Wilkens entreated so urgently, that at last he consented, through fear of wounding the feelings of the friend who had so materially assisted him throughout the day.

They entered the boat, and, as no sailors could be spared, they rowed themselves to the landing, and moored their boat upon the beach. Wilkens sprang first on shore, and, taking Ulrich by the arm, he led him in the direction of the tavern. Despite the darkness of the night, he soon found the place, and he entered with his friend the narrow, unpleasant room that was filled with the fumes of strong drink and tobacco.

"Do not feel troubled because things look a little odd about here," whispered Wilkens, as he saw Ulrich's undisguised looks of astonishment and disgust, in view of the disorderly surroundings, and the motley and riotous company.

"These persons are nothing to us, and the wine they drink, some of which we also will order; will taste all the better for the reason that we do not expect to find such an excellent beverage in such a place."

He drew Ulrich, despite his remonstrances, beside him; called for *Padre Mendoza* and ordered wine, at the same time casting upon the host a significant glance, which was to announce that the comely young man beside him was the victim intended for the Captain de Silva.

The tavern-keeper responded to the signal that had been given unnoticed by Ulrich, by an almost imperceptible motion toward one corner of the smoky room, where the Captain was seated. The *Padre Mendoza* hastened to bring the wine ordered by Wilkens; and when he returned he took a seat at the table, and Captain de Silva, arising from his corner, went and sat down beside the two young men.

"That's right," he said, and laughed; "fellows like you must enjoy life while you're young. Make a little room, *Padre Mendoza*; if you permit, I will join your company with a glass of wine."

Although Ulrich regarded him with reserve and ill-concealed disgust, the Captain, now disconcerted, took his place with entire self-possession, and patted our hero with impertinent familiarity on the shoulder.

"Don't look so grim, my little friend," he cried, laughing hoarsely; "better put out your fins, and let us touch glasses to our happy acquaintance. We may, perhaps, be longer together than you think for. Well, now, will you not?"

"No, I will not!" replied Ulrich. "I do not like to touch glasses with every one, and least with impertinent persons whom I do not know."

The Captain laughed mockingly, and said:

"You will talk in another tone, my good friend, when you have learned to know me better. And now no longer delay! Your glass here—drink to our good friendship!"

Ulrich cast a look of reproach upon Wilkens, and allowed his glass to remain untouched. He rose from his chair and said:

"Mr. Wilkens, it is too warm here, and I do not like the wine. Let us go from hence."

"Not from the spot shall you stir!" thundered the Captain, and he grasped Ulrich by the arm. "You stay here, and I will have no more nonsense! Do you understand me, chap? You will leave this tavern only to follow me on board my vessel. There we shall manage, and make you meek, my fine fellow. Attention, boys!"

The bearded sailors, who until then had sat seemingly indifferent to the rest around another table, now sprang from their seats, surrounded their leader and his victim, and guarded the door. Ulrich saw, as by a lightning flash of intuition, that he had been betrayed by his fellow voyager, and the one look he cast upon him convinced him all too fully of the cruel truth. For, however studiously Wilkens had guarded his every look and manner, while playing the part of a hypocrite, he could not now dissemble the malignant joy and the expression of ferocious satisfaction that sparkled in his eyes, and spoke from every feature. He did not even try to conceal his agency in the matter, nor deny that he had purposely led him into the snare for his destruction.

"Try to be contented, Ulrich," he said. "You are in the way of a person who is determined to be rid of you, and would be at all hazards, perhaps in a far different manner from that which I have chosen. Follow Captain de Silva with a good will, and I can promise you that he will treat you well if you never attempt to escape. Such an attempt you would pay for with your life."

Ulrich comprehended the full extent of his danger, and he understood, too, that Wilkens had been hired by Mr. Creeper to put him aside forever. And in that moment how bitterly he regretted not having heeded the warnings of his trusty friend, old Martin! The instinct of self-preservation urged him to throw himself upon the Captain de Silva, and to seek a free departure from that wretched house by force. But one look at the stalwart form of the Captain, another at the brawny arms of the numbers surrounding him, convinced him of the utter hopelessness of such an effort. His eyes wandered over the room, and alighted upon a window that appeared to have been forgotten by the men. He collected his entire self-control, and thought only of gaining time, hoping to be enabled to reach the window, and thereby effect his escape.

The first shock over, which the undreamed of betrayal of Wilkens had caused him, he collected his thoughts and became calm at once. He sat down quietly, forced a smile to his unwilling lips, and said coldly:

"You are making a poor jest, Mr. Wilkens, at my expense. I suppose the Captain here is an old friend of yours, and you take this method of punishing me for my lack of politeness toward him. We will let the joke pass. I ask pardon of the *Senor Capitano*, and herewith let the matter rest. To your health, *Senor!*"

"Thunder! my good fellow, you please me now," cried de Silva, touching his glass to that of the young man. "I see that we can yet be very good friends. Of course you must follow me on board my ship, for there is no joke in that. But if you behave as well as you have begun, you shall not have a hard life with me, and perhaps you will yet live to bless the good fortune that has made a sailor of you, even against your will. It is a merry life upon the sea. Sometimes rain, sometimes sunshine—the right sort of change; yes, yes, a young fellow like you is what I have long been looking for, to help me out with the confounded accounts and such like stuff, and I am glad you take the thing so coolly."

Ulrich determined to control his feelings to the utmost, cast a look full of scorn and loathing upon his whilom friend, and then replied cheerfully to the speech of the Captain. In the meantime he had his eyes everywhere, resolved to watch his opportunity. The sailors, all but five or six who guarded the door, had returned to their places. The treacherous *Mendoza* had arisen from his seat to bring more wine for the company. Wilkens sought to avoid the eye of the betrayed Ulrich; the Captain's attention alone was riveted upon the captive, who seemed entirely resigned to his destiny.

At the before mentioned window there stood an open box with cigars. Ulrich, rising from his chair, walked toward it.

"Where to?" cried the Captain, taking hold of him by the arm.

"To fetch a cigar," responded the young man, quietly.

"Ah, that's it! I thought you were tired of my company so soon. Bring one along for me."

With an indifferent manner he approached the window, and standing before it, he thrust one hand in among the cigars, and with the other quickly drew aside the bolt that fastened the window down. It succeeded, and nothing remained to be done, except raising the sash, and effecting an escape.

"What the devil are you looking for so long, my boy?" called out the Captain, impatiently; and he got up with the intention of advancing toward him. But Ulrich reflecting hurriedly, prevented the movement.

"It is all miserable trash, Captain. Look at these cigars yourself," he said; and taking up the box, he approached the table.

Suddenly he stumbled; it was done purposely, and throwing down a chair, he sought to steady himself by holding on to the table. During the effort necessary to restore his equilibrium, he let the box fall from his hands, and the cigars it contained rolled hither and thither upon the floor.

"Thunder! how careless!" cried the Captain, "Pick up the cigars, men, and take care you do not keep one of them, for I do not allow such jokes."

The sailors stooped to pick up the scattered treasure; even the Captain aided them in the search, and Ulrich, drawing a deep breath and exulting inwardly at the success of his plan, beheld himself for a moment unobserved. He lost no time in seizing the opportunity. With one bound he reached the window, threw it wide open, sprang upon the sill, and from there, light as a bird to the ground. As he gave the jump, he heard a cry: "He escapes! He is gone! After him!" and a loud imprecation from Captain de Silva, also reached his ear, warning him to use his utmost speed and caution in maintaining the advantage he had gained. He gathered together all his strength, for the spring from above being of greater depth than he had anticipated, had, for the moment, almost deprived him of consciousness, with such weight had he fallen to the earth. But he sped swiftly on, as if winged by despair and hope alternately. He had but a short space between himself and his pursuers, when a loud cry burst from his lips, that was answered by the mocking laughter and the sound of many voices. Then there arose a wild shout; the deep, thundering tones of the Captain mingled with the shrill accents of the *Padre Mendoza*. The darkness was so impenetrable, that it was impossible to distinguish objects, or decide upon what had taken place. A ray of light gleamed from the tavern and immediately vanished; and the sudden tumult was hushed, and succeeded by complete and unbroken silence. Only a practiced ear could have taken note of the solitary footsteps wending hurriedly through the night, until they were lost in the distance.

Was it Ulrich, who was thus happily escaping from danger and threatened captivity? or was it some belated wanderer? Who could tell? The night lay dark and lowering over the earth, and no human eye could pierce its enfolded mysteries.

CHAPTER IX.

"APPEARANCES DECEIVE."

If our readers have entertained doubts of our friend Ulrich's escape, the events we are about to narrate will elucidate that point to a perfect understanding of his condition, and the advantages taken of it by his enemies.

A year had elapsed since the departure of Ulrich for Valparaiso, when one day Mr. Creeper appeared before his uncle, with a sad and troubled countenance, and found the old gentleman, as usual, in the company of his faithful Martin.

When Herr Breitenbach beheld the lengthened visage of his nephew, he exchanged a sorrowful glance with his old confidant, and said:

"Still no news from our beloved boy. I know it by your looks, Mr. Creeper. I would give anything to know what has happened."

"*Item*—nothing particularly has happened," drawled forth Mr. Creeper, and he cast a pitying look upon the good man. "Nothing has happened, as far as I know, but—"

The adopted father of Ulrich saw the hesitation with which he words were spoken.

"Ha!" he cried, with sudden energy, "you have some news of the boy; and with it, at once! Why do you hesitate and delay?"

"Oh, my dearest uncle!" replied the plotter, in a melancholy tone, "indeed I would rather keep from you what I have heard of—of—well, I must say it—of the wretched Ulrich. But you know, my dearest, most esteemed uncle, ingratitude is the world's reward; and I, too, you know, placed so much confidence in the boy. He has swindled me of large sums; but that is a matter of minor importance. But that he should deceive my good, kind, loving uncle, who gave to him the affection of a father—that this wretched creature should so shamefully abuse such goodness, that is the worst of all. The money could be easily forgotten; but the rank ingratitude, the gross hypocrisy, the bitter deception, that it is that fills my soul with sorrow and regret. And how will my dear uncle feel to find that his love has met with so disgraceful a return?"

Herr Breitenbach had turned deadly pale at his nephew's words, and old Martin trembled like an aspen leaf.

"But in the Lord's name what has occurred?" at length asked the deeply moved old man, sinking into his favorite arm chair, as if he were at once bereft of strength: "What is it that Ulrich has committed? Nephew, I trust you would not tell your uncle an untruth? Tell me the whole matter at once! I want to know all; all, without reserve or embellishment. What news have you received of my adopted son? But do not fabricate an untruth, I warn you, nephew."

Mr. Creeper turned up his eyes in pious depreciation of his uncle's thought that he could be capable of a perversion of the truth.

"My beloved uncle," he cried, "how can you think for a moment that I would stain my conscience by the utterance of a falsehood? Oh, no, no! Such sentiments are foreign to my nature. Take this letter and read for yourself what has caused me the utmost consternation; but then do not ask whether I tell you the truth. Oh, how painful it is to incur such unjust suspicions!"

Herr Breitenbach did not give much heed to the complaints of his nephew, but snatching the letter from his hand, he read it hastily.

"Alas, alas! it is too true!" he exclaimed, and the fatal letter dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Old Martin," he continued, in a low, sorrow-stricken voice, "let us pray the good Father to call

us home soon; for now I see too well that all faith and honor have departed from the earth. Oh, Ulrich! Ulrich! how could you so cruelly wound my heart?"

"What is it that has happened? Shall I never get to know what it is? What has he committed? Am I to be told or not?" vehemently interposed Martin.

"Well, then," said Mr. Creeper in a soft tone, but with a look that revealed to the old servant his inner and malignant joy; "well, he has led a bad life in Valparaiso; he has robbed his adopted father of a sum of ten thousand dollars, and appears to have taken flight in an English vessel. I think this is enough almost to break the heart of my worthy uncle, after all that he has done for the depraved, good-for-nothing, miserable, swindling wretch—"

"Please to stop for awhile, sir," interrupted Martin. "And see here, sir; if your letters state it a thousand times over, that our hearts' boy has all at once changed to a frivolous, dissipated, degraded being, I answer in his defence, it is not true! I say it is not true! Either your correspondent has written a falsehood, Mr. Creeper, or there are things concealed which time will clear up and explain. Ulrich was at heart such a good and honorable boy, that I still would wager a world upon his truth and honesty."

"Appearances deceive," said Mr. Creeper, sarcastically. "Is not that your favorite maxim, good Martin? You see, now, old man, you, too, have been deceived by appearances. Ulrich seemed to be an honest, trustworthy individual; when, behold! he yields to the first temptation that crosses his path. Yes, yes, old Martin, 'appearances deceive.'"

"I will still continue to hope so," replied Martin; "appearances are strong against the poor boy, but though appearances deceive, the truth will triumph, Mr. Creeper, in the end. The truth will come to light. What your correspondent has written there is untrue from beginning to end. I know the boy; no one knows him better than I do; and you want me to believe that in so short a time he has changed to a criminal? You cannot do it, Mr. Creeper! And you, dear master, keep up your faith and courage! That letter is full of lies! I say so, and when the boy of our hearts returns he will settle with the rascal that strives to malign him in his absence. Your correspondent is a liar! What is his name?" demanded Martin, impetuously.

"His name is Wilkens, my dear Martin," responded Mr. Creeper, very softly. "Wilkens, a very honest and pious man, who is incapable of the slightest deviation from truth. I am not more upright myself than he is; but still," he continued, with a sardonic grin; "you do not know my young friend, and I do not feel at all hurt because you do not place confidence in his word. But if he does not write the truth, how is it that the Monsieur Good-for-naught, the deceiver and swindler, Ulrich, does not give some account of himself to his friends? Why does he not return from Valparaiso, as his business with *Senor Acosta* has been concluded long ago? He could have been here three months ago, if he cared anything at all about returning to Hamburg. Now, will you explain to me, Martin, why all these circumstances so strongly corroborate what my honest friend Wilkens communicates? He does not return, neither does the wretch write home; for he fears that punishment will follow detection. It is all as clear as sunlight. But we will make a last effort," he continued, turning toward his uncle; "one more effort to obtain the whole truth. Do you, sir, write yourself to your old friend *Acosta*, in whom you have always placed the most implicit confidence. You will then find out whether Ulrich is yet worthy of your fatherly esteem. Dear heavens! I am myself deeply pained that the unfortunate young man has chosen the path of ruin; and at first my very soul recoiled from believing the terrible revelations written by my friend Wilkens. But alas! the proofs were too evident, and all corroborated the testimony that we have been warning a viper, and fostering it in our bosoms, to be rewarded with such dire and black ingratitude."

Herr Breitenbach, who had listened pale and sorrowful to old Martin's defence of the absent, and to his nephew's expostions, now seemed to agree with him completely.

"Yes, yes," he replied, shaking his head mournfully, "there is a strong accusing testimony. The boy of our hearts has become a degraded being, and he has embittered the last days of his best friends! Oh, the unhappy boy! I intended to do so well by him. It will not do to trust in appearances, in a smooth and beguiling exterior. Of what use would it be," he resumed, after a pause, "to write to the *Senor Acosta*? His answer would open anew the wound inflicted by that most ungrateful boy. Oh, Ulrich, did not the memory of your fond old fatherly friend come over your heart when you sought the path of wickedness? Could it not lure you back to virtue and duty?"

"So you will not write, Herr Breitenbach? You will not ask a single question concerning the boy? You will believe in all these falsehoods, that the good Lord knows how, have been wafted over the seas?" cried old Martin, with a half sorrowful, half angry air. "Well, then, sir, I will write to Mr. *Acosta*, and let his reply be what it will, I shall not give up my faith in Ulrich. I repeat it; 'Appearances deceive, but truth shall triumph.' You will see that he is innocent, and you will regret ever having doubted him. Poor, persecuted, honest boy! if even your adopted father deserts you, old Martin at least will remain your friend, until from your own lips he should hear the acknowledgment of the sins imputed to you across the seas. This very day I will write

to Mr. *Acosta*, and the truth shall be brought to light, though it lie buried a thousand fathoms beneath the earth."

The unaltered trust of the hoary-headed servant-man, was not without its influence upon the master. His eye lighted up with a gleam of hope, and he took the hand of his old friend with warmth and recovered energy.

"Very well, Martin," he said; "write to him, and until the answer is received I will not altogether thrust him from my heart. Write, old Martin; my friend *Acosta* will reply in truth. If he says Ulrich is innocent, I will believe it, though all the world should be against him. But, if he corroborates what has been said, then—" the old gentleman flushed to the very brow—"by heaven! the ungrateful miscreant shall never cross my threshold!"

"So be it," said Mr. Creeper, scarcely refraining from a broad smile of triumph; and Martin thought in his own soul, "Let *Acosta* write as he will, I will stake my life on the innocence of the boy."

That same day he wrote, and entreated the merchant to send him the immediate and particular details of Ulrich's life in Valparaiso, imploring him to investigate well the matter before giving his decided opinion, and to state clearly and fully all the facts concerning the condition of the young man. Herr Breitenbach added a few lines in a trembling hand, and the letter was sent by the first opportunity.

It took nine weary months for the anxiously detailed reply to reach Europe; and during that time, not a ray of hope had been given to the expectant friends; although Martin inquired of every Captain arriving from Valparaiso. What little they heard only served to deepen the gloom, and to corroborate what Wilkens had written, and what he had repeated on his arrival in Hamburg, for Wilkens was now in the employ of Mr. Creeper, and in the place formerly occupied by Ulrich. Therefore, when *Senor Acosta's* letter came, old Martin felt that it brought no cheering news, and he put it into his master's hand with a heavy heart.

Herr Breitenbach unfolded the missive tremblingly, and with a faltering voice, he read to his old confidential friend the following:

"Most esteemed sir and friend: This is a world of illusions, and ingratitude is so universal a vice of our times, that it does not surprise me, that even you should live to feel that sorrow. I am unfortunately compelled to inform you that the young man in whom you placed such implicit confidence, is the most grossly deceived you. I have satisfied myself upon this point from personal investigation; and necessarily demands, though I am well aware of the pain I shall thereby inflict upon your philanthropic heart, that I tell you the pure and unvarnished truth. Mr. Ulrich came to me after his arrival in Valparaiso, several days afterwards, and he excused himself for not calling on me at once, with the plea that he had fallen into the hands of robbers, and that in escaping from them he had met a severe fall, which confined him to his room for several days. This excuse had truth in it, for it was corroborated by one *Mendoza*, who keeps a tavern for sailors and such people. Mr. Ulrich then concluded his business with me, and manifested much tact and ability, so that I was extremely well pleased with him, and invited him several times to my dwelling, intending to make him acquainted with some of the first inhabitants of the city. But Mr. Ulrich declined all my advances; and I soon heard, with much regret, that he had fallen in with an assemblage of dissipated and worthless fellows, with whom he joined in all the excesses of a vicious life. I took it as a duty incumbent upon me to warn him; but in the place of thanking me for my good intentions, he responded with much impertinence, that no one had the right to control him; that I should go my ways, or he would order the servant to throw me out of the door. Under these circumstances I could do no more, and I left the unfortunate youth to his fate. But I still kept my eye upon him; and I heard and saw things which changed my first feelings of interest and friendship to contempt and entire disgust. The young man spent his time in the lowest taverns; he drank and gambled, and was found, not once, but often daily, lying intoxicated in the streets. I heard that he had lost large sums of money at play; and I was about to write you concerning the disorderly course of the infatuated creature, when I learned that he had left Valparaiso, in all probability in an English ship. Since that time I have not heard aught concerning him. This is all that I can tell you concerning young Ulrich. I advise you, my friend, to forget the ungrateful being who has repaid your bounties with such signal heartlessness."

I remain your devoted friend, &c., &c.,
Acosta.

Herr Breitenbach looked at old Martin and mournfully shook his grey head. And the old man kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, so that he might not behold the grief of his esteemed master. There was long and solemn silence between them; a great weight of sorrow rested on the hearts of both.

At length Herr Breitenbach broke the oppressive stillness, saying:

"Let these thoughts go! He was unworthy, and does not deserve that we shed one tear for him. Old Martin, we stand alone again in the world."

"May the Lord comfort us!" replied the life-long friend, and he restrained the starting tears from flowing down his cheeks.

"My Father in heaven knows how deeply I loved the boy! And now the poor misguided creature must act so! I never would have thought that so much trouble would visit me in my old age."

Herr Breitenbach was silent awhile; then a deep

flush stole over his face and his eye flamed. With deep indignation he thought of the unworthy Ulrich; and he rose from his seat, clenched his hand, and cried:

"Martin, he was a wretch! a hypocrite! a liar! a thief and a deceiver! He was an ungrateful serpent that fostered at our hearthstone! I now tear his idea from my heart and my memory; and never, while I live, shall his name be mentioned! He silent, Martin; I will not curse him; but he is as dead to my love and remembrance!"

"Oh, sir!" entreated Martin, and he lifted up his supplicating hands toward the master; "perhaps he is innocent; we may have unjustly condemned him. Shall we not at least listen to his defence?"

"He is guilty!" sternly replied Herr Brettenbach; "all the witnesses are against him!"

"We have not his own testimony," said Martin; "Oh, sir, appearances deceive; how often have we experienced this in life!"

"But we have the certainty here as well as the appearances," replied the saddened master. "Not another word, Martin, or you incur my displeasure! I will never hear from him or of him again; never will I behold him! he is dead and buried for me unto all time!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a knock was heard at the door, which immediately after opened, and there entered hastily— But hold! we will not now explain who the new comer was, leaving our readers the pleasant task of guessing the problem, while we return to other scenes and persons of our story.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
COME TO ME, GUARDIANS.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Come to me, guardians,
With your love-light,
Open my eyelids with
Radiance bright:
Let it pierce through my brain
Into my heart,
Checking my waywardness
With wisdom-dart.

Come to me, guardians,
When I am sad;
Point me to happy times
Which I have had;
Push back the cloud of gloom
From my poor brow—
Yes, dear, dear guardians,
Come to me now!

Come to me, guardians,
When I am glad;
Come to me when the hours
No more are sad:
Come in your angelhood,
Come in your might,
Guide my weak steps from the
Pathways of night.

Come to me, guardians—
Step 'cross the shore,
'Tween earth and heaven-land,
With your love-love:
Read to my aching heart,
Draw me to thee—
Whether I'm gay or sad,
Come, come to me.

Boston, Oct. 2, 1861.

Notes by the Way.

Backed out from the spindles and looms of Lowell, and the cold walls and noisy pavements of Boston, I am again among the mountains whose rocky slopes, partially covered with dwarfed trees, furnish, at this season of deep autumn most magnificent scenery, in the varied foliage with every tinge and hue, from the fadeless evergreens, to the bright red sumac, the golden birch and the variegated maple. To me this is the most delightful season of the year, when nature is changing and disrobing her forests and plants for a winter of rest. It does correspond with age and declining years in us, which, to those who have lived natural lives, done their duties and fulfilled their missions, is over the most pleasant and hopeful, calm and serene; the season to which I have long been looking forward, as I often have in a busy summer day toward the evening shades of a gilding sunset. I feel it approaching in my system, and I welcome it as I near the meridian line of a century, and watch the autumn tinges on my hair and feel them in my eyes and nerves; but I know there is a spring nearer to me, when the death chill comes over the body, than there is to these trees, when the blasts of November strip them of foliage, and the silent tread of winter seals up the circulation.

This little village of Holderness, on the Concord and Montreal railroad, about forty miles from Concord, is planted, and grows, in a valley or grove between the hills, on a little stream which affords water power for making paper, weaving stockings, &c., has about one thousand living souls cased and domiciled, a respectable share of which are insured in different societies against fire in the other world. Some, however, have let their insurance run out, and have not renewed, and some have resisted all entreaties to insure in this life against contingencies in the next.

Spiritualism has found its way in here, and is slowly enlightening the churches and the people, creeping over their hearts and feelings as autumn does over the forests, and coloring the outer expressions with the language and beauties of our philosophy, even when they are not aware of it. Everywhere I go, and especially in the country, I see and hear and feel the influence our teachings have produced on the people, and especially on the churches. Universalism and Unitarianism (except the colleges) are about ready to cast off the shells, spread their wings, and soar in a more ethereal element, breathe in an upper atmosphere, and converse with friends from the other homes. Even old orthodox begins to tremble and quake and crack, and it, too, must soon open and let out its millions to the sunshine of a higher life.

WARREN CHASE.

Holderness, N. H., Oct. 3, 1861.

The types are the men-of-arms of the world's later and greatest generals, and when they receive the leader's command, their columns make the world's heart tremble with enthusiasm and beat time to their marches.

Some people care little for curious objects. If they had the apple that Eve tasted in Eden, the apple that revealed to Newton the law of gravitation, and the apple that Tell shot from his son's head, they would give them to the cooks to make dumplings.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT AUSTON HALL, BOSTON, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF THEODORE PARKER,
August 23, 1861.

BY CHARLES H. BRINARD.

It would be folly and presumption in me to attempt anything like an elaborate dissertation upon the character of Mr. Parker. To do this would tax the highest powers of any mind. One of his eulogists has truly said, "That friend praises him best who paints him just as he seemed. To depict him as he was must be the work of many men, and no single observer, however intimate, need attempt it!" I propose to give you a few personal reminiscences of Mr. Parker, whose acquaintance I first sought as a matter of pecuniary interest. I wished him to lend his countenance to an enterprise in which I had just embarked. Notwithstanding his great popularity, there was at that time no portrait of him in the market. He cheerfully accepted of my invitation to sit for his picture, and accompanied me to a gallery near the Old South Church, where we passed an hour, which was one of the shortest I ever knew. Mr. Parker was, as usual, in excellent spirits, and entertained me as I was never entertained before, with sketches of character, anecdotes of public men, and almost perfect imitations of some of the popular orators of the day. Such a genius for wit and humor I have rarely seen developed in any man, and I then thought that had he adopted the vocation of an actor, he would have stood at the very head of his profession.

Mr. Parker's magnetic influence over every sympathetic friend who came within his sphere was most wonderful. He had a power of fascination which but few men possess. It was my good fortune to visit him often in his study, and at such times I completely lost sight of the vast intellectual distance between him and myself.

The moment I entered his presence, all fear and all reserve were instantly banished. I saw, not the sage, not the philosopher, not the stern iconoclast, but the warm-hearted genial friend, who manifested the deepest interest in everything that for the moment interested me, and who seemed to throw around me the arms of his spirit, and lift me up until I could almost feel the throbbings of his mighty heart against my own! Those were golden moments, and I treasure them in my memory as amongst the happiest and most profitable of my life. I always left his presence with throbbing heart and quickly beating pulse, and as I hurried homeward, with rapid and elastic footsteps, my spirit refreshed by the benediction of his presence, I have sometimes thought I knew something of the emotions that filled the heart of the prophet.

"When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God."

For some months it was my privilege to listen to the sermons of Mr. Parker at Music Hall. The impression made on my mind by these sermons was so deep that I found it easy to report their outlines from memory, and, in some instances, to give literal quotations. Two of these sketches, from memory, I published in a weekly journal of this city, and as they have not, to my knowledge, been published elsewhere, a few extracts may not be uninteresting. These sermons were delivered in the fall of 1855. The first was "A Sermon of Social and Personal Integrity."

"Men," said Mr. Parker, "are honored more for their integrity than for their mental endowments. Webster, Everett and Choate are celebrated for their great oratorical powers, but the three Adamsses, Washington and Franklin, are beloved, the world over, for their unflinching integrity and their conscientious discharge of every public and private duty. Neither Washington nor Franklin were brilliant men, and neither were able to address an audience in those tones that find their way to the heart. Yet their integrity will be the theme of praise in after ages, when men, famous only for their eloquence, shall be forgotten.

Integrity is the finely chiseled statue of marble that survives the sacking of a city; but eloquence is like the chalk figures that ornament the floor of a ball-room, which, on the morning after the dance, are obliterated by the servants' mop and broom. Integrity is a noble mother, faithfully discharging all the duties she owes to her family and to society; but eloquence is the stage dancer, who, tricked out in all the dazzling array of gauze and tinsel, wins the cheap applause of the audience.

There is no condition in life in which the integrity of the soul may not be preserved! Even the broom of the street-sweeper may become a sceptre of his integrity, and with it he may make clean a pathway on which his soul shall travel to God!"

The other discourse, delivered in October, 1855, was upon the "Religious Faculties."

"Formal worship," said the preacher, "is often mistaken for the natural service of God. The exercise of the religious emotions—shouting, praying and singing—is, at best, but a cheap enjoyment. In the name of religion, men make shipwreck of religion, when they cultivate this faculty by itself. Let no man deceive himself and mistake the disposition to verbal prayer for the whole of true piety. This devout disposition, attending meeting, partaking of the sacrament, and observing other rites and ceremonies, may be united with great immorality. When united with ignorance and dullness, man becomes a bigot, a devil-dance. A devout miser maintains all the forms of family worship, says grace before and after meat, yet cheats all day, lies in his shop, and devours widows' houses. A man of this stamp was engaged in the African slave trade. He was in the habit of reading a sermon to his sailors every Sunday, yet he robbed hamlet after hamlet, and sold his captives into hopeless bondage in Cuba.

This devout disposition may also be united to great meanness. A Methodist preacher was once expatiating upon the advantages of Methodism, which he said was a cheap religion, as the preachers were paid from a general fund, thus rendering the tax upon individual members a very light one, whereupon a rich man, a great Methodist, arose and said this was a fact, for before he joined the Methodist church it cost him from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a year to support preaching, but now it only cost him twenty-five cents a year. "Then," said the preacher, "may God have mercy on your miserable, mean soul!"

A Calvinist, full of this devout disposition, believes in a devil who goes about seeking whom he may devour.

This devout disposition may be united with great cunning and shrewdness. It may also be united to great vanity and worldliness. Here is a woman full of formal worship which she delights in, yet her outward life is a Vanity Fair, and she would as soon give up her hope of heaven as the respectability of her worship. But her piety produces no holy aspirations. It is like the Arctic moon shining upon a field of ice, producing a glitter, but no warmth.

The devout sects of America are the most cruel. It is they who write "South Side Views of Slavery," who think it wicked to abolish capital punishment, and wicked to kill a man without prayer."

Whenever I heard Mr. Parker converse upon any subject in which he took a deep interest, it seemed to me that to that subject he had devoted the highest powers of his life. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with everything that had been written and published concerning it. During the early part of the year 1857,

• Higginson.

I met a gentleman who had passed several years of his life in the East Indian Archipelago, where he saw specimens of a race of men who seemed to be but connecting links between the human and the brute creation. When I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Parker, he was deeply interested, and requested me to bring the Oriental traveler to his residence. I did so, and then discovered that in addition to his other vast and varied attainments, he had become a perfect master of the science of Ethnology. How many works have been written on this subject! I have no means of knowing, yet I confidently believe that Mr. Parker knew the name and was familiar with the contents of every one that had ever been published in any language. This circumstance made a deep impression upon my mind, and when, a year afterwards, a friend, who during his travels in Oregon had visited an Indian burial place and brought away two skulls, sent me copies of them in photograph, I took them to Mr. Parker's study and laid them before him. I never before bestowed a gift that seemed to confer so much pleasure upon the recipient. He was perfectly delighted, and had I covered his desk with the choicest specimens of gold that ever came from the soil of California, I believe he would have deemed them worthless in comparison. He proposed making pencil copies of them for a friend in Germany, but I spared him the trouble by sending to Philadelphia for duplicate prints.

He, as you are all aware, was deeply interested in everything that related to humanity, and the lower the scale, the more intense his interest. He truly "condescended to men of low estate." Take him for all in all he was the most intense and grandly human being I ever knew.

Mr. Parker was eminently practical in all his tastes and pursuits; although keenly alive to the perception of beauty in all its forms. He seemed to have no veneration whatever for relics, save the Revolutionary firearms in his study, one of which did good service at the taking of Quebec, and afterwards at Lexington.

I once discovered at the house of a friend in a neighboring town, a large collection of manuscript letters, including several from George Whitefield, Isaac Watts, Cotton Mather, and many other celebrated characters. Thinking that these letters would interest Mr. Parker, I offered to borrow them for his entertainment, when he frankly told me that they would hardly repay him for the time he should expend in their perusal. A friend once read to him in his hearing a newspaper paragraph, stating that the pulpit from which John Wesley once preached was to be brought to America. "Yes," replied he, "and I presume it will be followed by the tub of the Dairymaid's daughter."

Some of his admirers and disciples were as practical as himself. I once met a rough looking man from the country, who wished to purchase a full set of his works. After he had completed his purchase, I endeavored to sell him a portrait of his favorite author, but found it hard to induce him even to look at it, and I doubt if he would have taken it away had I presented it to him. When I related this circumstance to Mr. Parker, he laughed heartily, and commended what he called the good taste of his admirer.

During the last interview I ever had with Mr. Parker, I requested him to make a contribution to an album which I kept for the autographs of friends of universal freedom. A few days before his departure for Europe it was returned to me with the following sentence, which is dated January 7, 1859, two days before he was attacked with that bleeding of the lungs which hastened his departure for Europe, and finally terminated his earthly career. It is probably one of the last things that he ever wrote on this side of the Atlantic.

"There is a God of infinite perfection, perfect wisdom, perfect justice and perfect love. The universe is the revelation of him—the world of matter is one part, the world of spirit the other; immanent in each he transcends both. True religion is service of him by the normal development, use and enjoyment of every limb of our body, and every faculty of our spirit. But all forms of religion among honest men are efforts to obtain the true—the child stumbles and babbles in learning to walk and speak."

The crowds that attended Mr. Parker's ministrations at Music Hall, formed but a small part of his congregation. From Maine to Louisiana, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the borders of the Pacific, his living words were borne as on the wings of the wind, and influenced more minds than those of almost any other American author. No matter how great the opposition to his views and sentiments upon religion, the popular reforms of the day, and his estimate of character—whatever he wrote, all earnest men and seekers after truth were obliged to read. His written words were almost as magnetic as the tones of his voice. A few years since I traveled through what are now sometimes called the "Confederate States of America." During a brief stay in Savannah, I visited the study of some Methodist clergymen, where I found a copy of "Ten Sermons of Religion," which was nearly worn out by constant use. I met many clergymen during my tour, scarcely one of whom omitted to make inquiries about Theodore Parker. Last winter as I sat one evening in my room in Kansas, I was visited by a man of giant frame, who, after conversing for a few minutes, discovered one of Mr. Parker's sermons lying upon my table. He halted the discovery with an exclamation of delight, and informed me that he had long been an admirer of Mr. Parker, and had read everything from his pen that he could procure. I need not tell you that this was an earnest and philanthropic man. He had traveled with an ox team from the southern part of Kansas, nearly two hundred miles, and in many instances through snow drifts ten feet in depth, to obtain food for his starving neighbors.

My friends, it will be many years before we shall find another to stand in the place of Theodore Parker. Now that he has passed from earth and entered upon a state of endless progression, the world begins to see how much it has lost. No man ever lived in Massachusetts, or in this broad expanse of country, to whose fearless and truthful utterances in all times of peril and excitement, the great mass of the people so attentively listened. There were times when it seemed to be his special province to give expression to the emotions of the great heart of the people. When the streets of Boston were full of armed men, and your Court House was surrounded by chains and guarded by cannon and bristling bayonets, lest a poor fugitive slave who had fled from the blood-hounds of the South to encounter the no less formidable and merciless hounds of Boston, should make his escape and enjoy the blessings of Freedom—Theodore Parker stood in Faneuil Hall, and spoke in denunciation of this new crime against humanity, until the old cradle of Liberty rocked, as it had never rocked before, since the days of the Revolution!

When Charles Sumner was stricken down by the hand of a cowardly assassin, and every gallant heart in Massachusetts was nearly crushed by the blow, Mr. Parker stood in his place in your hall and spoke what everybody felt, but what he alone had power to utter. He had coined the emotions of the public heart into words, which went forth all over the land upon wings of lightning. Upon all occasions he was ready to speak the needed word, and the people always heard him gladly. "As he sat in his library during his life-time, he was not only the awakener of a thousand intellects, but the centre of a thousand hearts."

Undismayed by fear, unterrified by threats, unworried by exertions that would have prostrated almost any other man, and reckless of his own life, even, he pursued the even tenor of his way, and boldly spoke the honest convictions of his heart, regardless of consequences. It was easy to pursue him with the cry of infidel, scold, and blasphemer; yet while some of his clerical defamers were counseling obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, and dragging the word of God into the service of Satan, he stood in a conference of Unitarian ministers and uttered such brave and noble words as these:

"For my own part, I would rather see my own house burnt to the ground, and my family thrown one by one amid the blazing rafters of my own roof, and myself be thrown in last of all, rather than have a single slave sent back as Thomas Sims was sent back. Nay, I should rather see this Union dissolved till there was not a territory so large as the county of Suffolk. Let us lose everything but fidelity to God!" A man capable of uttering from the depths of his heart, such sentiments as these, could not be crushed by all the opposing influences that hatred and malignity could array against him. "He who unites himself to any great idea or truth which God has established, may be sure that he will go on conquering and to conquer, not by reason of any might or skill in himself, but because he is united to God and is a laborer together with him. The man that adopts any divinely appointed truth, no matter what the world thinks of it, rides in God's chariot, and has God for his charioteer. No man rides so high and in such good company as the man that allies himself to a truth that God loves and men hate."

I have sometimes thought that Mr. Parker might properly quote, as peculiarly applicable to his own case, these lines of Dr. Watts:

"Well, let them fight and rage and rave!
I can perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar."

Regardless of the opposing influences that surrounded him, he labored with earnestness and diligence to accomplish the work it seemed to be his special mission to perform, and gathered strength from opposition.

So stands the Lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, whose foundation is embedded in the solid rock! Amid the swelling waves and foaming billows of the Atlantic stands the structure of massive granite, as firm as the giant oak of the forest, whose deeply-rooted trunk has withstood the storms of a century. From every point of the compass come blasts that lash into fury the ocean, whose waters sometimes dash over it and menace it with utter destruction. Yet there it stands unshaken and unshakable; while from its lofty summit streams forth a brilliant light, whose rays extend far and wide over the surrounding waters, to cheer the heart of the wave-rocked mariner, to warn him of the dangers that threaten him, and guide him in safety to his destined port.

No one who ever listened to the voice of Mr. Parker when he poured forth his soul in prayer to the Great Father and Mother of us all, could doubt the sincerity and depth of his devotion. His devotional tendencies were, also, illustrated by the hymns he was accustomed to read at the Sunday services, in Music Hall. Who that heard him can ever forget the tenderness and pathos with which he read that beautiful hymn—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Or—

"While thou I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

Or that noble hymn of Sir John Bowring—

"From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness—
Forgive its weakness."

These were his favorite hymns, which he read oftener than any others, and as he read them, his heart seemed to respond to every sentiment that fell from his lips. Mr. Parker's life was measured by deeds, and not by years. It was therefore long, although he had scarcely reached the age of fifty, when, like a worn and weary sentinel, he laid his armor off, to rest in heaven.

In his death American literature has lost one of its brightest ornaments; Truth, Justice and Humanity, one of their ablest and bravest champions, and all who came within his social sphere an affectionate and devoted friend. He has exchanged earth for heaven;

"He has passed through golden portals
Upward to the blest immortals,
To behold the saints and sages
Who outshone their several ages."

He will be mourned with that love which speaks in the still, sad music of humanity, with that truthful tone to which the deepest sympathies of the heart alone can give perfect utterance. The flowers that bloom on his grave at Florence, will be watered by the tears of affection, and future generations will tread with honor and delight in the bright pathway marked out by his footsteps.

Lo! the waking up of nations
From Slavery's fatal sleep;
The murmur of a Universe—
Deep calling unto deep!
Joy to thy spirit brother!
On every wing of heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of Freedom's voice is given!

Glory to God forever!
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of Freedom liveth
Impishable still!
The words which thou hast uttered
Are of that soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scattered
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come—
In the shadow of the prison,
Or the cruel martyrdom—
We will think of thee, O brother!
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive
And the anthem of the Free!

† H. W. Beecher.
‡ J. G. Whitlitt.

A PECULIAR CASE.—In our marine miscellany an incident is related, which is a striking proof of the peculiar hazards that are created by civil war, particularly among commercial men. Two brothers, one living in Portsmouth, N. H., the other in New Orleans, owned four ships. The Southern brother hoisted on two of the ships the rebel flag, and the vessels thus disgraced were captured by the United States navy. The Northern brother hoisted on two of the ships the Stars and Stripes, and these vessels, thus adorned, were captured by the Southern privateers.

FALSE TEACHING.—"The best is the cheapest." How many have involved themselves in expenses beyond their means, and in consequent misery, by practicing from this pernicious fallacy? The best is the dearest; good may be cheaper than poor, but between good and the best is the difference between economy and extravagance, with those of limited means.

PAUL PAX.

Turn a man away from one question that he conceives it his right to examine, and you embarrass all the working of his whole intellectual constitution. Place him in a house, and debar him from but one apartment in it, and you tell him in vain that he is free to all the others. It is a Bluebeard mansion to him; the door of the forbidden chamber haunts him wherever he treads.

"OUR PRESENT STRUGGLE—ITS MORAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECT."

A Lecture by Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Oct. 6th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In the morning discourse, we presented a synopsis of the various causes which have led to the existing situation of affairs in our country. The present war we showed to be the result, not simply of slavery, but of sectional difficulties entirely remote from that subject, whether as respect moral, intellectual or material considerations. Properly regarded, this is a war between mind and matter—between free-labor and slave-labor—between intelligence and ignorance—we may even say, between aristocracy and democracy, republicanism and anarchy. It is also to be considered that a Republic founded on a Federal Union among separate States, has never yet prospered, and, in the nature of things, never can long exist. A Republic, to be permanent, must be a unit: all its constituent parts must yield to the control of a central ruling power. But hitherto, among ourselves, each State has had its separate Government and individually distinct from the General Administration, and frequently in opposition to it. This should not be. There should be no North, no South, no East, no West, no sovereign State called Florida, to contend on equal terms with another called Indiana, or Massachusetts—but our whole country should constitute but one nation—one America, whose citizens should be American citizens only; and no republican experiment can anywhere be successful until this spirit of unity pervades the minds of the people, their Constitution and their laws. History shows that a departure from this principle has always been the cause of disruption and failure, whatever might have been the immediate pretext for the quarrel. So with ourselves; slavery, nullification—whatever may be assigned as the *casus belli*—is but the secondary cause of the rebellion.

In discussing the moral and physical effects of the war, itself, we remark, that the issue of the conflict, whichever side may be successful, will be the final settlement of the question. By the law and usage of mankind, the vanquished must submit implicitly to the will of the conquerors, whose right all other nations must recognize as paramount—no matter what may be their views of the moral questions involved. Therefore, in a moral sense, War is the only supreme arbiter of the destiny of nations, in all difficulties which are incapable of peaceful solution, and all nations have had to contend with such difficulties; and the question as respects ourselves, is only whether it was our proper policy to wait until all other means of adjustment were exhausted, or to resort at once to the arbitrament of the sword, and crush the danger by force, in its incipient stage. In our humble opinion this question might have been far better settled by an appeal to arms, one year, or six months ago, than now. All resources of moral suasion and concession, either failed in their employment, or failed of being employed at all; and the only true remedy at any time, was that we are now using. In all cases of rebellion, and in its earliest stages, the right is conceded to the lawful government of enforcing martial law; and had this been done at the first outbreak of the Secession heresy, the loss of valuable lives, the prostration of commerce, and the sacrifice of our national prestige, would have been averted. Had any one in power adopted the motto of Jackson, and dared to "take the responsibility," just when the crisis arose, we should not now be witnessing the unprecedented spectacle of two mighty armies inactively confronting each other for months, on opposite banks of the same river, and draining the treasure of the country for a purpose which no man can conjecture. No Bull Run or Lexington would have stained the annals of the North, nor would weeping mothers, relatives and friends, be now lamenting lives uselessly, ingloriously sacrificed. We should be looking round on a land of prosperity and peace. All that we are now deploring, arose from a lack of energy in "taking the responsibility," even by measures not warranted by the strict letter of the Constitution—a Constitution in reality sufficiently elastic for the requirements of any emergency.

The physical effects of war, unlike its moral results, are almost unmitigated evil. Even the full flush of martial renown carries no compensation for the misfortunes by which it is conformed. What victory can atone for the prostration of material interests, for the gloom of fear which falls like a pall over the hearts of men, for the desolation which blasts the fruits of honest industry? Even the wreath of fame, so wildly coveted, is but an idle consolation, for where one hero is immortalized, thousands with hearts as brave, and arms as stalwart, sink into unnumbered graves. A protracted, offensive war is certain destruction, even to a righteous cause. A nation which is physically prepared for war, can better afford to stand on the offensive against a worse provided enemy until the resources of the latter are exhausted—for war, after all, is but a contest of endurance—in which the last dollar wins. But if the blow must be struck, let it fall quickly and powerfully. A little delay may sometimes be politic, but so long a pause as now keeps us in suspense, is the sure sign of hidden corruption in the sources of command—where no lack of men or money can be pleaded in excuse.

Again, the effect of war must be the final settlement of the dispute, by the adjustment of sectional differences. The question of slavery will be decided—as well as other less important causes of contention—and the whole subject will receive a final quietus, whichever section wins the day. There will, at the same time, be a reconstruction of our form of government, on such a basis as we have before said is necessary to the peaceful existence of a Republic. The mistakes of our forefathers will be corrected, by which minor governments were allowed to interfere with the general welfare, and to sow the seeds of strife and jealousy.

Among the physical effects of war is *scarcity*. This will yet press upon us more heavily than now. It will be felt in the palaces of our great cities, although New York, as the grand centre of exchange for all products, must, in a commercial sense, be greatly prospered. Especially in the South will all the horrors of famine and slaughter be experienced, until every hearth will be a seat of desolation; and the outcry of suffering millions, if the war be not speedily ended, will rise above the din of battle. But, still, the end will be glorious, for out of darkness shall come light—from the utmost disaster, the greatest victory.

We may be confident that the next great encounter will determine the question. Another Bull Run would bring European recognition of the Southern

• Higginson.

Confederacy, and the North, still unbroken, would be forced to come to terms. In such cases, we could do nothing better than to await, patient and united, the necessary process of dissolution in a society founded on slave-labor. But this must not be. As surely as a Divine Providence rules, so surely among men will the right triumph and the wrong be forced to succumb, though, it may be, after a long and arduous struggle. For each one of the adverse parties forgets his own errors and accuses those of his neighbor—nor is he sufficiently mindful that he, in part, to decide the national destiny—and that his voice and influence, timely exerted, might have aided in destroying the germs of our present calamities. We should consider that this state of things is almost hereditary among us, for, always, the interests of sections, not of the people at large, has been the rallying cry of political factions; whereby even these selfish, limited interests are ultimately endangered, for he who neglects to protect the common government, whatever its form may be, will, in turn, seek its protection in vain amidst the disastrous consequences of his folly and the wreck of all his cherished institutions. But a speedy peace will be far from at once healing all our troubles. There must be a gradual overcoming of sectional differences by the united voice of a people unanimously determined for the perpetuation of their country. There must be a union of hearts—mutual concession—closer acquaintance; for the North and the South, as to social, moral and intellectual life, have virtually been two distinct nations, with no accurate knowledge of each other's character or dispositions.

This conflict is not merely to decide whether Slavery shall be extended. It is the result of long animosities, growing out of distorted views derived from imperfect knowledge. The result of the last Presidential election was waited for as a formal pretext and a signal to open the strife, but the profound apprehension on the part of the South that her interests in the Union would be forgotten, was a more subtle force, for it is an evident fallacy to suppose the President could take any important action without the consent of his constituents.

You of the North, to whatever side your sympathies may incline, must now remember that War is actually upon you, and that you are bound by every consideration to defend against destruction the Government which guarantees you liberty and justice. By turning traitors, you would gain no respect, confidence or sympathy from the rebels you would assist. It is no time now to bemoan the damage to your pecuniary interests—the result, partly, of your own supineness. Your pockets will not again be filled until the war is decided—so that you had better put your shoulders to the wheel and help your side to gain the victory.

In conclusion, permit us to say, that however protracted may be the period of our trials—though from every side may be heard the voice of mourning still let us remember that for every life thus sacrificed, an immortal victory will be gained, another soldier added to those unseen hosts, which, more powerful than earthly armies, shall aid the cause of the survivors and urge them on to victory! For, beyond the veil which separates them from our physical companionship, are not unnumbered hosts marshaling their shining ranks in the good cause, and pressing forward to the rescue with restless strength? Who can believe that a Washington, a Clay, and a Webster, could now stand idle in their refulgent abodes—that they would not even, if necessary, burst open the portals of heaven, and haste to our support?—or that the subtle spirit of Calhoun, thirsting to complete the treason which he was forced, by superior vigilance and activity, to leave unfinished here, is not now aiding the cause of rebellion? Those who fall on the battle-field, but take up the sword again in another sphere, and march under the command of higher intelligences. Then let not your hearts be desolate. Endure, and wait, and supplicate, and the victory will yet be yours.

Spiritualism in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Through the public prints we hear but little in reference to the progress of the principles of our philosophy in this section of Pennsylvania. I would not have your readers suppose that they have no advocates in this region, though it is but recently that anything has been done in the way of public lectures. There have been a number of circles in successful operation in different portions of the county, and these meetings are blessed by the presence of some, though unknown to the public, very excellent mediums, and that there is a deep interest felt in this subject is evident from the following, which is a brief account of a visit paid by the writer to the town of Falsington, in the county aforesaid.

Through the invitation of E. Hance, I visited this place on the last Saturday of August, and was kindly entertained by him during my sojourn in the place. Mr. Hance is among the first who embraced the principles of Spiritualism, after their introduction to the world, through the agency of the Rochester Knockings, and since that time has been an earnest and able advocate of our cause, as may be well attested by a number of articles written by him for the Spiritual Telegraph.

At his house, in the evening of the day to which we allude, we held a circle, at which was a young man who has been acting as main medium in that portion of the country for some time. The spirits seemed to have perfect control of his organism, and gave their ideas with considerable clearness through him. The name of this young man is J. Bunting, and he is doing a good work.

The next day I lectured, by appointment, to a small, though apparently appreciative audience, in Tellytown, a small village about three miles from the one at which I was staying. There was a manifest desire for more light on this interesting subject, and a lecturer or test medium who could make it convenient to spend a day or two in this vicinity, would, in my opinion, be well satisfied with the result of his or her visit.

We returned to Falsington, and in the evening held a circle for tests and development, at the house of Mr. Comfort, who is another of the few, who, having an opinion, dare maintain it in spite of opposition. This circle was, so far as we are able to learn, satisfactory to those meeting with us; several gave evidence that they were possessed of mediumistic powers, by the manner in which they were handled by those out of the form who had met with us. The following evening, by request, I suffered the spirits to address the citizens of Oxford through my organism. Here we were enabled to obtain the public school-house, and a large and attentive audience favored us with their presence at this meeting. Considerable desire was manifested for more light on this subject at the close of the exercises.

I returned to Falsington in company with my

friend Hance. On the next morning, after taking leave of the inmates of his house, I was conveyed by him to the residence of a sister relative, from which place I returned to Philadelphia, much pleased with the aspect of things in that portion of the moral vineyard. I hope lecturers who may visit our city will bear Falsington, Tellytown and Oxford in mind, and not fail, if an invitation should be extended, to give the inhabitants of these places the benefit of a visit.

Yours, for the extension of truth,

S. H. P.

The child on whom Heaven has bestowed the gift of genius, wanders forth into the fields and woods, an embodied imagination; an elemental being, yearning for something high, but knowing not its mission. A powerful destiny heaves for development in its bosom; it feels the prophetic wave surging to and fro; but all is indistinct and vast—caverned, spell-bound, aimless, and rife with sighs.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, October 1, 1861.

QUESTION.—What are the obstacles to the more rapid and harmonious spread and development of Spiritualism?

MR. PATRICK.—The obstacles I will mention this evening are the following:

I. *The prevailing want of faith in the future existence of man.*—True, everybody affirms their belief in the fashionable Orthodox creed respecting immortality—which consists of simple assertion, without a particle of evidence—but this is the mere parrot-like repetition of phraseology, from which we cannot infer the existence of any real faith. This is shown by the fact that another proposition is just as popular and just as often declared, viz.: that there is, and can be, no sensible evidence of a life beyond the grave; and no doctrinal position involves so speedy and entire a loss of caste, as does a declaration of belief in such evidence.

II. *The false ideas entertained among the Orthodox themselves, respecting disembodied spirits.*—The vulgar notion is that the soul takes a long journey into some unknown country, from which "no traveler returns;" and that its existence there, (if it exists at all), is a kind of moonshine—an utterly unsubstantial state—which our conceptions cannot grasp, and which, indeed, is not worth grasping; so that when we inform the everyday Christian that spirits are something, and that they are actively engaged in various useful occupations, he is unable to accept and comprehend the fact.

III. *Ignorance and false views concerning human life, its needs, purposes, and ends.*—Human beings at large know nothing, and care nothing, about each other's origin, destiny, or trials; any more than if they sprang up and withered, like mushrooms.

IV. *The pride and folly of our Spiritualist writers and speakers,* who, in order to display the extent of their acquired knowledge, are continually treating us to the rambling ideas of old poets or philosophers; as if, because these were well-informed in their day, nobody now could be more enlightened.

V. *Spiritualism is necessarily revolutionary.*—Its principles are at war with all the popular ideas already spoken of; and it sends its student into an entirely new sphere of thought. Hence it must offend the pride, and disturb the repose, of the timid and unreasoning mass of society.

DR. HALLGREN.—I think we may find the cause of the retarded growth of what seems to us so good and true in the inherent tendencies of the human mind, which are centripetal and centrifugal, radical and conservative. These are both alike necessary, throughout the universe; but, when they are out of equilibrium, the result must be either inertia or destruction. The influence of the centrifugal, conservative tendency is seen in the formation and growth of religious sects, and in the history of science and of mechanical invention. Everywhere, when any important improvement was proposed, the cry has been, "Stop that!" "The world is not ready for it." Is it possible for us, in one generation, to overcome this tendency? Our difficulty is the greater, because, while the intelligent worker always thinks ahead in what relates to the circumstances of this life, as respects the spiritual world and its future, he has, from the earliest period, been accustomed to sink back upon the past for support and guidance. Jesus, it is true, endeavored to counteract this, and to turn back people from old-time science to the living experience of the day; but the experiment was substantially a failure. Only a few are now following his example, and we are that few. We occupy very much the same relative position with the first independent thinkers in astronomy. Like theirs, the doctrines we hold are diametrically opposed to the common sense and daily observation of mankind; and but few are bold enough even to take a look through our telescope. Nor are we ourselves entirely emancipated from ancestral errors. We still speak of having a spirit within us—as if it were stowed away or imprisoned—and are unable to rise to the conception that each one of us is now a veritable spirit, or denizen of eternity. The obstacle is in the difficulty the mind has in accommodating its vision to this sudden accession of new light.

We are trying to form compounds from elements so unlike, that they refuse to unite chemically, and we can only get a clumsy mechanical junction of our philosophy with our creeds. If we move on at all, we ought to be satisfied—and we certainly do move on. The little candle we have lighted will one day illumine the world; and, even as ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, so one truth, accepted by one man, in the love of his kind, and founded on the principles of Spiritualism, has power to save the race. [Applause.]

MR. FRANKLIN.—The main obstacle in the onward path of Spiritualism is not to be found by considering our attention to its intellectual aspect. The old Hebrews in the Desert were enjoined not to gather more of the miraculous manna at a time than was required for one day, for by being kept, the surplus would surely breed worms. In like manner, if we lay up larger intellectual stores than can be converted into wholesome moral nutriment, the superfluity will breed us falsities and errors. The moral and the intellectual part of our nature are like man and wife; they must go together, or both will be useless as to the great objects they were created for. At the time of the first introduction of Spiritualism into New York, it was shown to me, in a dream, that it would fall into the hands of those who would run away with it—would drag it in the mire, and daub it all over, until persons with clean hands and consciences would very much dislike to take hold of it. The foreshadowing, I am sorry to say, has been realized. I do not intend to cast any reflection on those prominent supporters of the movement, who are honest and honorable, and whose efforts have resulted in good to the community; but you know, as well as I, that there are those among Spiritual mediums who are guilty of some of the most horrible abominations it is possible to conceive of—of utter filthiness—of acts which cannot even be named—in addition to thieving, lying, and every form of deception, in order to get the money of the dupes who patronize them. When the careless, or the curious, in the community catch a glimpse of these nefarious doings, their report circulates among the orthodox and people of the world, and infidelity, all alike, and our very name becomes a stench in the nostrils of society. All this you know—and how can you expect Spiritualism to stand, if you utter not a word of reprobation? Our doctrine has made many people better, but I know, too, it has made many worse, by depriving them of faith and moral restraints, and substituting the sophisms of "Whatever is, is right." True, Spiritualism is not accountable for this. On the contrary, there is some-

thing in this light from the spiritual world, which is able to regenerate the race by being brought to bear upon the hearts of men. Spiritualism will restate in the churches the good, old, childlike faith in the Communion of the Saints, which prevailed when the names of the dead as well as living communicants used to be read at the altar; for, when our philosophy and phenomena are so applied, morally, as to remove justly aroused prejudices, this thing is going to prevail all over the world.

MRS. STROUD.—I am glad our friend has brought up this subject. If ever Truth needs a friend, it is when it has fallen into bad hands. It is among those of pure life that we find the real traitors to our cause. I grant there are ten thousand things done by spiritual mediums which are offensive to moralists. I grant they are guilty of all that has just been charged upon them. But Spiritualism originated in no human intelligence and was aided by no human advice. It has introduced itself, and in its own form—has chosen its own instruments, and pursued its own course. As to the phenomena, they are our teachers, and, if you have any confidence, you should bring no charges until you have seen the end of their purposes. I am a medium, and I consider no medium unworthy of assistance and defence. Do you understand what are the experiences, the trials of mediumship? You know that all classes of spirits communicate, and that death makes no changes in human nature. Therefore, how can you be surprised or shocked at any communications? Mediums are very peculiarly circumstanced, and need moral aid from those professed Spiritualists who ride their distressing trials and temptations as relays of old-time delusions. When a medium is perpetually being tempted to commit suicide; or, being tempted, is forced by the spirit of one who died in delirium tremens, to drink to excess; or is even made permanently insane by the transfer of spiritual influence from a maniac—are we to ridicule and shun, or to help and pity? Again, are you prepared to draw the line between the doings of spirits and those of mediums in such cases of moral delinquency as have been alluded to?

The world is not to be reformed by covering up and smoothing over the hidden depths of iniquity. No! They must be stirred up and brought to light to their very bottom before they can be cleansed; and therefore I do not regret the course which spirits are disposed to take, nor have I a word of condemnation for any mediums. We are in the hands of those who know what they have to do with us, and how to do it.

THE THREE DAYS' FESTIVAL AT ST. CHARLES, ILL.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE EXERCISES, REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY L. K. COONLEY.

Second Day's Session, Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8-12 A. M. PRESIDENT JONES in the chair, but soon yielded it to Vice President MRS. TOWN.

L. K. COONLEY spoke of obsessions, and the query, "Upon what do spirits live?" Though they often times (when not acquainted with the higher powers of spirit), lived on the spirit, or essence, of food eaten by mortals, and cited cases in proof thereof. Thought it impolitic for any medium, (if having power to avert it,) to allow any one particular spirit to control at all times, as it tended to assimilate the medium to the idiosyncrasies of the spirit's earthly life, and thereby weakened the medium's own individuality.

J. ROBINSON related many cases in support of the power that spirits do so possess mediums. He thought he had been the means of relieving many spirits' errors, and caused them to rejoice in discovering new light and truth for their advancement.

MR. DAYTON.—As we were commanded to "feed the hungry," it would not be right to "cast out those poor devils," as he had many doubts about clairvoyants ever seeing spirits, but gave accounts of many views of his own, and said he lost the power of vision some time, from sickness. When he was considered about to die, then his vision became suddenly opened, and he saw hundreds of beings about him that were not in the earth-body.

L. K. COONLEY claimed that our cooks infuse their magnetism into the food we eat, and make it more or less digestible, and that the quality of that magnetism, spirits must obtain their food according to adaptation. We select our food by the power mind possesses of controlling and compounding elements. Spirits do the same. Mind advanced hath power to compound wine, without the tedious process of earth-growing vines. Such is spirit-life.

A. J. HIGGINS, of Chicago, gave many illustrations of the effects of magnetic and dynamic influences, as well as the psychological effect of unhealthy magnetism. Almost any article in a room will take on the soul, or spirit, of every touch or move; so that when a Psychometrist comes in contact with it, he is enabled to reveal the whole history of the beings and doings of the time, though the events transpired thousands of years since.

Regular Lecture, by S. P. Leland, of Ohio.—The speaker stated that he belonged to the athletic school of reasoners, which ignores any philosophy not deducible to fact, recognized by one or more of the external senses. The central idea was, mind was the result of organized matter. Destroy the organization, and the mind ceases. That we know nothing of the forms of future organizations. We wonder at the monstrosities found in former geological eras; and some time in the vast future the crudities of our fossils will appear as terribly ugly to those ultimate perceptions, as the ungainly forms, wrought in the millions of ages past, do to us now. The same great law that shapes the crystal, shapes the brain, and mind is the electric effect of organized matter. Limbs and torso are heat; but the result was the result of the union. Life exists between from the operation of the same natural law. The brain becomes the organ of the organized spirit. He takes flesh, and then becomes two distinct entities; recognizes the two realms in which pleasure and pain reside, distinctly. He gains a different set of organs, whose organization and use he left the body and had been seen at a distance, from their external tabernacle, to perform the works ordinarily wrought by human beings in the earth-known forms.

It is impossible to give even a faint idea of some of Mr. Leland's lectures. His one in question created in the minds of the many, a new and thrilling philosophy, and questions were asked from all parts of the house, and answers quickly returned, which made this time one of the most interesting that I ever witnessed in such public gatherings.

The proper hour having arrived, the President declared the session adjourned to 1 P. M.

Afternoon Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

MR. A. J. HIGGINS wished to talk of the war. Because there is to be a free platform, he came here to treat of the condition of the country, and to unveil the hidden and unhidden of the people, by political demagogues. An encampment is established in this place. The former Congressman from this district has the appointment of Colonel, with authority to raise a regiment of Cavalry. One thousand horses are to be obtained, for which Government agrees to pay \$125 apiece. Farmers get from \$30 to \$50 each, and some go to the Government for the balance. Such is the case all over the country. Those who have to labor hard, have to pay the taxes to meet the requirements of this nefarious scheme. The war thus far developed no object for war. Slavery is to be upheld, and he thought the no object policy must eventually in the rebellion taking possession of the Capitol, before the people of the North will be aroused to the importance of declaring for the entire abolition of slavery. Chaplains could receive \$150 a month, and the soldiers, who do the work, get but \$13 to \$20 a month. He continued his criticisms to some length, showing the great corruptions of the times.

MR. COONLEY called attention to the fact that Government allows about thirty cents a day for rations to those in the field, and engaged in St. Charles, the supply of which rations has been let and sublet, until the persons who really supply the soldiers, get but four cents per day; and thus is the roughly treated volunteer for our country's salvation robbed of his just rewards.

MR. BREWSTER continued on the same subject. Said our Government proclaims to the world the equality of rights to all the citizens, yet carries on, or permits, a system of baseness, and even fights to maintain the unhallowed privilege to buy and sell our citizens in bondage. But he had hopes for a better future.

MR. DAYTON liked to see people have high hopes. Talk of Freedom! Where is it to be found? Why, the people sustain a religion which holds up a God as

the great slave owner, the Devil his chief driver, and Hell the plantation. There is but just one dime's difference between the schemes of the North and the South; but he goes the dime on the North! He had much to say of the slavery of woman.

Regular Lecture, by Mrs. L. G. Barnes, of London, Kentucky, M. M. She is a young speaker in the line of true Spiritualism. Her chief theme was gentleness and loving kindness from angels to mortals. Every atom of earth seemed to smile under the mild influence of her happy control. She would have all nature cultivated. No part can be spared. She could see the flowers digest the angel love from the glistering dew-drop. She could feel the heavenly influence descending from the purple robes of the lily of the valley. She would bring angelic flowers, whose loving spirits should caress the lonely and desponding of earth. Thoughts are like buds growing on the stems of life, to be unfolded in grace and beauty. Full of the fire of love, she addressed encouraging words to mediums.

MR. A. J. HIGGINS sang a beautiful song, the burden of which was

"There is no such word as fail."

MR. H. then made some further remarks against slavery. Alluding to the remarks previously made, about the women of the North being in bondage, he thought the men were as much in slavery as the women. He spoke again, at considerable length, on the war question, urging great and energetic measures.

MRS. JUD, of Antioch, McHenry Co., Ill., spoke under the influence of an Indian spirit, in broken English. Her remarks were full of native pathos. Referred to the paleness of the white women; counseled them to go to work and health would come and restore beauty to their cheeks, making the hand hard and the heart soft. You pale faces have made us suffer, but we come to help and bless you.

MRS. DURLING, of Crystal Lake, McHenry Co., (said to be an excellent test medium) spoke a few minutes in some unknown tongue, with occasional translations.

The President declared the session adjourned to 6 o'clock P. M.

Evening Session.

President JONES in the chair.

MR. LELAND thought public sentiment never so placid as in the present day. Every department of mind is in a state of great agitation. The social relations are away to and fro like mighty waves of the ocean. Now is the time to cleanse the "Aegean stable," to remove corruption. If there was a rotting diamond in the crown of God, he would help pluck it out. He believed in fidelity to our vows. If he had ever loved a woman, and gave her a vow of love, he would suffer the pang of a thousand deaths before he would defame her character. He thought the marriage laws should be reformed.

JUDGE BOARDMAN thought it best to speak plainly. You cannot frighten him. He had been through hell and seen the devil. Thought we were yet living in the old Mesianic dispensation. Quoted from the laws of Illinois is a legend to women. They are classed with idiots and negroes. Refers to services in the army and hospitals. Chaplains received \$1,500 a year, while nurses received only about \$150. Why this great disparity in the pay of the sexes?

MRS. S. A. COONLEY gave a stirring Poem, entitled "Southward Ho!" Many volunteers were present, and the poem elicited much applause.

L. K. COONLEY (entranced) announced as his theme on this occasion, "Reform and Reformers," which lecture, by agreement with the address of "The Rising Tide," published monthly at Independence, Iowa, was phonetically reported by S. P. Leland for said paper. The lecture is a review of Reformers of Ancient and Modern times, compared with reference to the moral character of those claiming to be reformers, down through the Ages, from the Christian assumption of God's (priests) efforts for the salvation of man, to the efforts of modern reformers for bettering the condition of the human race. [This was the regular evening lecture.]

MRS. S. A. COONLEY gave another poem, entitled "Onward and Upward."

JUDGE BOARDMAN spoke briefly of Principles and Unitary Laws, the tendency of which was to sustain the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right," which elicited many questions.

PRESIDENT JONES again sustained that doctrine, and illustrated by the growth of the peach, or the apple, or any other fruit tree, and the full fruiting thereof, showing that from the first process of gestation, through every stage of development to the completion of the beautiful and luscious fruit, it was right that the principle equally applies to every kind of animal and man.

MR. HOWARD asked if it would be right for some unruly boy to girdle that "right" growing tree, as it girdled blossoms and teach his (Jones's) boy to serve other trees in the same way, if he happened to take a dislike to the owner?

PRESIDENT JONES maintained that kind of philosophy with much ability.

The President then declared the session adjourned to 8-12 o'clock, Sunday morning.

Third Day, Sunday Morning Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

MR. J. ROBINSON continued from his former remarks in support of the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right."

MRS. DUTTON, of Dundee, Ill., advocated the doctrine of "free love," as defined in its objectionable form as received by the public; but the matter of the remarks generally the reporter deems unfit to publish.

MR. DAYTON talked much of a wonderful dream that he had about the mode of the eagle, in building its nest, and inuring its young to flight and daring. The eagle of which was as gathered in, that the more they are thrown upon them, and have to endure suffering, the stronger will be your spirit to contend with the roughs of life. In his dream he had a favorite young eagle, which he wrapped up in "buckskin," to keep off the thorns. The old eagle refused to feed it, and so he had given it artificial food; and he found that the bird was well, not fat and big, but never helped itself. The buckskin had to be removed; the thorn then pierced deeper, and the bird "squealed" louder than the others that were accustomed to the thorns from infancy. He thought the evils of the present marriage system would do for those who wanted it. He used to oppose it—but he had reformed. He was a spiritist, and he showed him more in visions. He told a long tale about the eagle getting to be a frog. Thought it time for the women to make a Declaration of Independence. Thought a medium going about affinity-seeking, was a fool. He made many capital hits, which seemed to be appreciated.

MR. LELAND made a few remarks on the laws of Development. Strength, he thought, was an element of the constitution of being; growth is inherent destiny.

Regular Lecture, Sunday morning, by Judge Boardman.—I will not attempt to report any of the language of the lecturer. His discourse was principally written, and occupied about one and a half hours in delivery. The object of the argument, as my notes indicate, was to prove the truth of the ancient religion of Buddhism—the eternity of spirit individually through circles of transmigration.

S. P. Leland asked the Judge if he intended to argue that if the human spirit was living in the identity of the sheep, and the sheep transgressed by getting over the fence into the cornfield, the spirit must return back to the hog pen of identity?

The Judge answered in the affirmative. That spirits were ready to take on bodies whenever the earth is prepared for them.

PRESIDENT JONES announced S. P. Leland as the regular lecturer, at 2 P. M., and then declared the session adjourned to one o'clock.

Afternoon Session.

Vice President MRS. TOWN in the chair.

MR. A. J. HIGGINS thinks that man, being a microcosm of all things above and below, therefore in the true marriage relations union would take place with-out direct reference to bodily procreation; that men and women are equally responsible for the happiness or unhappiness of life. But his general remarks were, against carrying on the war to the subduing the slavery propagandists.

Regular Sunday afternoon Lecture, by S. P. Leland.—I am not intending to give much of the flowery inspiration of this lecture. It was one continued flow of poetic prose. His (the speaker's) expletive sentences are overflowing with allegory; full dressed in adjectives and adverbs, with sparsely scattered nouns and pronouns, barely sufficient to chain the attenuated thoughts. Somewhat like our well known and very eloquent Bro. R. P. Ambler, Mr. Leland, when he speaks, takes his audience "cap-a-pie" off from earth so high that the observer from the earth plane can fancy he sees only the lower extremities of the gossamer streamers dangling through "the blue etherial vault," bespangled with star-thoughts, rolling in majesty

its splendor up the highways, through heaven's gold-rod arches, to perch on the dome of celestial glory! In the prophecy of the future, we "harnessed" the thunderbolt to the gilded chariot, and sped over the mountains and through the valleys of the air, as angel-gladdened messengers of love, in the resurrection of a progressive humanity." When the speaker closed, the audience unanimously "encored," and he again wrapped the listeners for another half-hour, in the "garments of celestialty," to close with rapturous applause.

MR. BREWSTER again argued for the freedom of woman.

MR. JACOB WYKISER, of Aurora, Ill., gave some of his experience after he "had a call from God to preach the gospel." He urged the people to live like Christ.

S. P. LELAND thought we could not live like Christ, and do our duty. We would have to give up all attempts at business, and we should have a miserable state of society.

PRESIDENT JONES announced Mrs. Streeter as the regular lecturer for the evening, and then adjourned to 6 P. M.

Evening Session.

Vice President BOARDMAN in the chair.

MR. A. J. HIGGINS again spoke of the war and the condition of the country. Thought if our Constitution was not adequate to the wants of the time, it was best to make a new one.

MR. BREWSTER called attention to the "tricks of traffic," and the enormous deceptions practiced by our merchants and others in the sale of goods and chattels.

MR. DUTTON thought if this war continued the women would have to labor in the field. Said they ought to take off their hoops and dress for the work.

MR. LELAND thought it a practical question. If the woman had an object, they would adapt themselves to the requirements.

By request, Mr. Leland recited a beautiful poem, entitled "The Poet's Dream."

MRS. BREWSTER (regular evening lecturer) commenced, as is her custom, with a prayer. Her text was, "Comfort ye my people," &c. She spoke of our duties to aid each other—often repeated the text. Wanted to aid in "taking the padlock off the lips and throwing away the key." Thought there was good in everything, and that we should be cautious how we render judgment. To do good, and comfort one another, must always be right, yet she thought that the doctrine of "Whatever is, is Right," was pernicious. Thought you could not give comfort by condemnation. We should practice what we preach, and teach what we practice. There were no bigger devils than could be found in human form. No hell but that found in the human conscience. She spoke against the infatuation of affinity-seeking. Referred to the beauties of a true marriage. Said you would notice, "those trees which stand where the best fruit grows." There were many soldiers present, and she closed with good advice and encouraging words to "Young America." She was much applauded, and an invitation extended by the volunteers for her to address them on next Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, on the camp-ground, was accepted.

MR. LELAND again (by request) read an original poem, entitled "The Slave Mother's Appeal."

MRS. L. G. BARNES (entranced) took the stand and gave encouraging words to the young soldiers. She was much applauded, and was invited to address the volunteers on the camp-ground, Monday afternoon, at four o'clock.

MR. J. G. STEARNS, an eccentric psychological lecturer, having been a soldier in the Mexican war, wanted to address those present. He spoke of his experiences, and said "a pack of cards was used by the soldiers more than the Bible." His remarks caused much excitement. Mutual and satisfactory explanations were exchanged, and President Jones declared the sessions of this Festival closed, and the audience slowly dispersed.

The house was generally well filled through all the different sessions. Collections were taken up, the proceeds of which were equally divided with the "regular" lecturers present.

Owing to the stringency of the Orthodox sentiment in St. Charles, none but Spiritualists or those favorable, were invited to entertain the friends from a distance. As a consequence, the accommodations were not so pleasant in all cases as was desired, and I regretted to hear some few complaints on that account. President Jones alone furnished lodgings to over forty persons. A generous table was provided by the citizens, in a convenient hall, and was kept standing during the whole three days, free of access to everybody that was a hungered. Thus passed this great social gathering.

[We tender our thanks to Bro. Coonley for his able report. His powers of condensation are remarkable.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY CHARLES F. RICKER.

An old man sat by the glowing fire,
Dreaming of scenes in the past,
As radiant forms with a golden lyre
Stole in at the lattice fast.

His face was bright with a pleasant smile,
And his heart beat high with joy,
While his leaping pulses told full well
That he thought himself a boy.

The hours were gay, and his heart was light,
While his laugh was bold and free
And bridal forms lent a rainbow bright,
He hoped, perpetually.

The wine was poured at the marriage feast;
And a kiss on the maiden's brow,
As he pressed her to his manly breast,
Betokened their nuptial vow.

The bitter tears from the old man's eyes,
Like the rain, were falling fast,
For his bridal hopes and brilliant skies,
Long faded in the past.

And he sighed and murmured, "the world is cold;
It robbed me of all I love—
My light went out like a tale that's told,
To shine in the land above."

And the old man had a

Oct. 5, 4W

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than wisest 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:

Thursday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: "Is the death of the mortal body a necessity, and if so, why?" Edward B. Richards, Bristol, Conn.; Silas Wall, Boston; Mary Murray Boston, Monday, Sept. 10.—Invocation: "Progress of Infants;" Samuel Kimball, Derry, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carrollton Ala.; Ida Main, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Sept. 13.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Prophecy;" Daniel Meagher, Liverpool, Eng.; Francis Leadore Staples, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Pierce, liquor dealer, New York.

Thursday, Sept. 13.—Invocation: "Whisperer is right;" Joe Forbush, Wells, Me.; Alfred Rundlett, to his brother James, Portsmouth, N. H.; Susan Brown, Lowell; Caleb French, Sanborn, N. H.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Page, Boston; J. Madison Page, New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: "How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGlinn, Washington Village; Adeline Wilson, Augusta, Maine.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: "Are any of the planets of our solar system inhabited by human beings, and if so, what is their condition?" Geo. A. Redman, New York City; Aunt Milly, (a slave), Carleton, Miss.; Mike Fagin, Battery street, Boston; Eunice P. Flores, South Danvers, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: "Memory and the laws in a Spiritual state?" Jessie Cook, Troy, N. Y., and Harriet Page, East Cambridge, Mass.; Jack Collins, N. Y. Zouaves; Chas. Walker.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: "Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Translations true—or did ever any one depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?" Simon Comer, Belfast, Me.; Nancy Bullard, Medford, N. H.; Maria Thompson, San Francisco, Cal.; Augusta Walton.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: "Marriage Affinity; Obstacles of unbelt;" James H. Davis, to his father; Isaac Rock, Cincinnati; Emily Shorey, Kennonbunkport, Me.; Little Ida Carter, Canton, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marietta Barrett, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hobbs.

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, (up stairs), every MONDAY, TUESDAY AND THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

James H. Davis, to Jefferson Davis.

Yes, I can speak. I've a message to my father. My name is James H. Davis. He is not here, sir—in Virginia. I left your earth too young to think of evil or of good. I was most four years old when I left earth. I am one of my father's guardian spirits, and wish to warn him; but they told me after I came here that I was too late. Will you send my message to my father? Tell him not to leave Richmond for four weeks, for if he does, he dies—he comes to me. Will you tell him? Jefferson Davis is my father.

I have been from earth most twelve years. He will be assassinated! If he comes to us by violence, he will be exceedingly unhappy. If he comes by disease, he will not be so unhappy. We would not have him come to us as we see he must if he leaves Richmond within three weeks. Tell him so. I'll never trouble you again, if you will. Oct. 7.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who has created everything—thou who art the Source of all life—our Father and our Mother, to thee again we come. We find thee ever dwelling in the midst of the shadow and also in the sunbeam. In hell thou hast taken up thy abode, and in heaven there thou art also. Everywhere in Nature we find thee—around, above, beneath us, and within us. Thy love sustains us. Thy mighty power is all ways around us, shielding us from all evil, and drawing us continually nearer and nearer unto thee.

Need we ask thee to bestow thy blessing upon us? Need we ask thee to bless those nations in communion and discord? No; for every hour conveys a blessing, and every moment of time is fraught with some glorious gift dropped from thy hand; and for this condition of things we can but offer our soul's worship unto thee. We know thou wilt receive it, for thou hast formed us in thy image—called us into being by thy great law—drawn every function of our nature in accordance with thy will.

Oh, Father, as the sun worships thee, so we, Great Creative Spirit, give unto thee that worship that comes from the inmost depths of our being; and as it is wafted up to thee, we are made to feel that thou hast done all things in wisdom, and thus we know thee better.

Indian Spirits and our War.

We are now ready to hear and answer what questions may be propounded to us.

The following was read: "Does not the red man's spirit possess more power to day over this continent than the white man's, in the manner of this warfare—such as the concealed battery, the ambuscade of musketry, cruelty to foes, hidden unknown among civilized nations—and if so, for what purpose?"

The sons of America in the past have dealt unjustly with the red man; and so sure as day follows night, and night follows day, so sure there must be a time of retribution. Each and all must receive their natural allowance; if they do not receive it at one time, they surely must at another.

When your forefathers first planted foot upon American soil, instead of looking up to and obeying the natural God, they obeyed the unnatural God; and there are certain seeds which they planted upon the American continent, that you of to-day reap the fruits of. They came with their souls fully freighted with selfishness and bigotry, and because of this unnatural condition of things, their descendants reap the long hoarded reward of vengeance from those they wronged. They wished to become possessed of the soil upon which they landed as easily as possible, and that, too, without rendering back a just equivalent. "How can we get possession of so much of their land?" was a question often asked among themselves. "How shall we extinguish the red man?" How shall we bargain with him? We will give him this toy and that toy, and in the simplicity of his nature, we will receive in return for them something of value. We will take his lands—his broad hunting-grounds, and give for them a "mere song." But they knew not how their injustice to the wild children of the forest was hoarded up in the hearts of that race, to be poured out upon the heads of their children's children in coming time.

The credulity and native honesty of the red man made him an easy prey for the shrewd, designing, calculating pale faces. Their moral and intellectual organs were small, and their weak nature betrayed them. But now the red men have grown strong in spirit-life—have perceived the wrong that their white brothers have done them, and so sure as the day follows the night, so surely will the red man return and take care of that which was his own by God-given right.

If you sit against any atom of life in God's universe, that atom will, some time or other, bring back to you your fitting condemnation. Indeed, this is a mighty law which follows you even to the spirit-life. The sins of your fathers in the past are now being visited upon you of this day and generation. The thousands of spirits of the red men whom your fathers wronged, are coming back with all the power of their spiritual existence, to fight against you of the North who are endeavoring to sustain the American Government, for they desire to see it overthrown, because they see its foundation was evil. They see

it as the foundation of the seeds of wrong against them, and their whole strength is in consequence langued with the enemies of the Union. The feeling your ancestors planted in the bosom of the red man, by their selfishness and avarice, will receive its law of compensation, and the result is unavoidable. You cannot change the red man's hatred by outward education. You may cover it over and hide it, but the same power is there, and it always will seek its freedom. It is their guide, and they are as fully governed by it as you are by your God—by your consciousness of right; and the red men, acting naturally through your material mediums in a thousand ways you do not know, upon the faculties of man susceptible of use, are exulting in the coming of the hour when their souls may be sated with revenge.

Severe will be the struggle you must pass through; but when the lesson of war is once learned, and its experiences profited by, you will know that the Great Eternal forever guides all things aright, and his hand is seen in all the affairs of mortality. Then your nation will again enjoy the sunshine of peace and prosperity. Sept. 2.

Nathaniel Faxon.

This spirit manifested himself through the medium, but could not speak. He wrote his name through the medium's hand. He recognized an old acquaintance at the circle, and asked for his assistance. He wrote "Blanchard helps me," and, when asked how old he was, wrote eighty-six. He shook hands with his friend and left. Sept. 2.

David Reardon.

By Solomon, I don't understand this. What's all this mean? I hardly know who I am—I thought I knew who I was. I ha'n't learned about these places yet. I thought if I came back, any way, I—well, I thought I would n't be a woman! That is about as near as I can get.

I'll tell you of my business here. I was told I'd see General Lyon here, if I came. I'd go fifty thousand miles to see him, and now I'm most infernally disappointed. He was shot about twenty minutes before I was. I belonged to the Second Iowa Regiment. I saw him die—the noblest man in the army. I'd give up my seat in heaven to see him. I am disappointed. I am tired—most worn out; but I'd walk as far as two legs would carry me to see him.

We all liked him, because he was good—he was brave—he was a Washington! I was told I'd see him here. I was told he'd be here, and I got a pass to come. I had to fight like hell—I mean I had to work hard to get here. I don't care for myself about leaving my body, but I do want to see him here, getting along. He must be a noble soul! His last words to me, have been with me ever since—they have always stuck to me. I'll tell you. You see he was sort of gloomy—had been for some hours. Kind of a cloud was over him, but still his great heart did n't get under a bit—not after his death. He was shot three different times before he gave up. First, right down by the ankle. He did n't mind that at all. But the last one went right to his heart.

My name was David Reardon. He says to me, "Reardon, come forward!" and then heered us all on, and said, "God's on our side—be brave." I was n't quailing any, but perhaps he thought I would. I was second lieutenant. I felt there was something like a death-knell in his words. I felt he knew he was about to go away himself, and he cheered us on, and he was cheering us on when he was shot.

He's a brave soul. I'd go to hell to find him, if he was there. I am disappointed. I've got folks, but I don't care for them now. I want to find him. I haven't any more to say, sir. Yes, Sigel was brave, but he was n't like Lyon. He had a soul—a soul. Some of them don't have, you know. Sept. 2.

Nathaniel Lyon.

Friends, I am pleased to be with you to-day. 'Tis true, I labor under great disadvantages; but if the Almighty has seen fit to bestow this blessed boon upon me, I feel I can do no less than accept and use it to the best of my poor powers. I am conscious that I deserve no eulogy such as I have been an unwilling listener to—as coming from one of my dear comrades—conscious I do not deserve it. 'Tis only the outpouring of a most generous nature, that is willing to lay such a laurel at the feet of one he loved.

I feel I lacked that faith in the Almighty that I should not have lost in the most trying hour of my existence—I lost my faith in God. I had ascertained that the enemy had outnumbered me—that their force was far superior to my own. I perceived they had planned well, and all their schemes were admirably laid, and I found mine were useless, at the same time. Notwithstanding all this unfortunate condition of things, when I should more than ever have looked to God for strength, I lost faith in the Almighty. I could not feel that day as I would. I felt certain evil would come to me, and I lost my faith; and it was high time I should pass out of my earthly body when I lost that all must have in order to conquer—faith in God.

My brother soldiers and dear friends mourn my loss. I have few words for them. I commend them to God, and ask that they may ever be supplied with that I lost at the last most trying hour of my life. I would ask that they keep faith in their right hand continually. There may be times in their lives when that may be requisite to surmount obstacles in their way. To my enemies I extend nothing but kindness, poor and unwelcome as the gift may be.

When I may be able to do the least for the help of my beloved country, I shall most certainly do so. Most certainly I cannot speak for all; but I must attribute my own fall to the loss of the jewel of faith. I cannot explain faith in God, save it is that which is found within your own souls—that confidence in the Almighty's power. You all need it.

A word to Gen. Sigel. A Washington led on his armies to conquest, by having faith in God, and by going frequently to commune with God in private. Let each and every officer in the American army have but the faith of Washington, and there will be no defeat—nothing like defeat of their ranks. Farewell. Sept. 2.

George Carruth.

I was told by coming here I should find a way open to talk with my folks. I don't care to say much, for I don't feel in a condition to talk much. If I saw any other way by which I could throw off the difficulties that seem to be in my way, I don't think I would take this one; but they say it's the most direct way, and my friends here do n't know of any other one. The fact is, I ought to have been here now. I was unfortunate in some respects—was in the habit sometimes of taking too much liquor. Well, I made a practice of drinking regularly. I'm hard off here—hard enough off, in consequence; but there's no use to mourn about what you can't help. I would like to commune with some of my friends, and tell them they'd better avoid such things, if they can. Oh, I was n't what you call a hard drinker—was n't anything of the sort; but I drank too much, and it injured me, and shortened my life; and that's enough, I suppose, to make me miserable; and they say all these things here are no different from what I experienced before I died; and there's no reason why I should n't feel little out of sorts; and if I can better myself by coming here, I want to. I've heard of this place before; I've read the paper, not a long time before I died. I was no believer—wish I had been. Then I should n't have had to ask so many questions when I got here—and you can't always find those here to set you right.

Well, if any of the folks want to talk to me, I'd like to meet them. I hardly know what my condition is here, yet I have n't been here long enough to find out. Of one thing I am sure—I died before I ought to, and feel as though this was not the place for me, and they tell me about coming back here to

do what I ought to have done in the body; and it's hard to find out what's right, and what you've got to do. They tell us we have got to work out what we have got to do through other folks' organs; and as we can't always find a body fit for our use, we are sometimes lost what to do. I hardly know how to manage this one. I don't like it. It may suit you slow coaches, but it don't suit me. Folks like me are apt to be impatient. I was told to keep up a direct thought, till I had got into the medium; but I felt strangely. I don't know how the spirit governs this body, and if I don't, I ain't to blame.

I died here—in Boston. I'd rather say nothing about my death; it would only make things worse for me. My name was George Carruth, tobaccoist, opposite the American House, Hanover street. I've been dead only a short time. Sept. 2.

Invocation.

Oh, thou spirit of the mighty past, thou spirit of the glorious present, thou spirit of the Great Eternal future—thou who art ever with us—thou who art also with those who oppose us—unto thee do we come by prayer. Unto thy most holy self do we lift our offerings to-day. Oh, our Father, we have entered thy presence this day, to give thee worship; and oh God of the past, present and future, we feel that thou wilt accept our offerings. Though the blood of thousands flows around us, because of darkness and evil—though death seems to have clouded us in gloom, we feel assured that thou wilt ever teach thy children to look up to thee and bless thee, and to learn thy lessons of adversity. We thank thee, oh Father, for this great and beautiful earth—for the golden sun, for the planets that roll forever; and oh Father, again we praise thee in behalf of those souls upon earth who every day and every moment enjoy thy bounty, and yet who know thee not. In behalf of the sorrowing ones of earth, we thank thee—for they who cannot see that out of sorrow is born greater joy. Oh, Father, may the doors of their souls be ever open to receive the angels of thy love and wisdom, that they may be soothed and pointed beyond the present to the future ages, where we shall know fully that which we now know in part. Open their souls to the loved ones who come back trying to whisper peace to those in the troubled spheres of earth, that they may be brought to know and love thee in all the manifestations by which thou appearest unto them. In behalf of them we praise thee, at this hour. For each and every subject of earth, whether abiding in sorrow or exulting in joy, we thank thee, feeling thy wisdom guideth, governeth, and controlleth all things. Sept. 2.

The Second Death.

We are now ready to speak upon whatever question may be propounded to us.

A visitor asked: "Is there such a condition as the Second Death?—if so, what is it?"

The book called the Holy Bible speaks of such a condition. We are told that one said that those on whom the second death had no power, are indeed blessed. But, like all the sayings of that good and true brother of ours, it had its double meaning. That there is such a condition as the second death, we know. It is no belief with us, but positive knowledge. Blessed are those on whom the second death hath no power.

But what is this second death? We may define it in a variety of ways, but that which is the most plain to us we will give to you. In the first place, all conditions of matter and degrees of life about you are continually dying. As death is but another name for change, and you are constantly changing, so you are constantly dying. There is not a moment of your lives when you are not changing—passing out from one sphere or phase of life into another; but since you have direct reference to the great change, that which appears to be death to your conception, we will speak of that, and that only.

The first death you recognize is the change that takes place between the spiritual and the material, when the spiritual has no longer need of a material form, or when, by the force of conditions, the material body can no longer contain it. This, we say, is the first death apparent to your consciousness. Then what is the second death? During man's natural life, or his existence here in the natural body, he gathers to himself a great portion of all that is floating in the atmosphere of earth—material, spiritual, political, moral and religious. All these different conditions he gathers to himself, more or less; and thus, each and all, when they come to the spirit-world, are for a time unable to judge for themselves—to stretch out their hands in recognition of the world and its laws, further than the material sphere. They naturally form some idea as to what condition they are to be in after they leave the body, which nature has taught them they must leave.

Through all the lower order of things he has been taught the lesson that existing forms are all more or less rapidly undergoing change—that the higher or more refined particles are continually coming out from, leaving or casting off the lowly. So he knows to a positive certainty that his spirit cannot always control his physical form. Hence he desires to know what will become of himself after he has lost his body. Shall he continue to exist?—and, if so, in what condition? So the mind is prone to inquire of the church, and the other oracles the world has set up as givers of wisdom unto the people.

But the church does not agree within itself. "Come," says one teacher, "and I will show you the only way to heaven." "Come," says another, "and I will guide you upon the only true road—every other one leads the soul to perdition." The human mind cannot be otherwise than beset with unbelief, because of these conflicting influences; and he often becomes spiritually unhappy, and his ideas become vague also, because of his desire for the truth. Indeed, these ideas become so impressed into his mortal being, that to set them aside requires another death, terrible as that which characterized the sundering of the spiritual from the physical form. When he passes into the spirit-world, and finds he has been taught a doctrine almost wholly devoid of truth, there comes with terrible effect the feeling that characterized the change called death, for he must die out of these ideas, just as his spirit died out of his body. Now can any of you conceive of that most terrible condition of existence that must be passed through? Oh, our Divine Brother spoke no small thought, when he said, "Blessed are those upon whom the second death hath no power!" And who are they? We find few indeed who are unbound—unfettered—free; who have cramped themselves by no special religion, but have been looking around through nature, instead of artificial structures, and hence taking into the soul things of spiritual freshness, instead of musty ignorance and superstition.

The past has given but a limited knowledge of the spirit-world; but the glorious present, the morning of the millennium, marked as it is by the coming back of the spirits of the departed, laden with the wisdom of two spheres, has thrown a new light upon the condition of the departed than you have yet received. Modern Spiritualism, in this glorious present, has given you a new light than you have. It comes in accordance with nature's law, and at the direction of the Almighty. You are ready for the influx. You are prepared to talk with angels. Let the world receive it, and seek to understand and profit by its teachings, and there will be no necessity for the second death—death from the blind creeds of ignorance and prejudice have interwoven with their spirit-life. Oh, what a terrible order of things exists in the spirit-world in regard to these things. Blessed, thrice blessed are ye upon whom the second death hath no power. You who enter the spirit-life free-minded and ready to receive truth when it comes to you, are among the blessed ones. Oh, with what a liberal hand nature bestows her gifts upon her children! Yet but few receive them as they should, because few are so perfected in spirit as to be receptive of the disembodied spirits' love and care.

You need no more go into the dead past to attain wisdom, than you need to carry your dead

bodies to the spirit-world with you. Nature is so vast in her resources, and so liberal in her benefactions, that all may, if they will, be free from the bondage of the second death. Oh, may the Great Eternal, in his wisdom and loving kindness, spare all from the horrors of the second death! Sept. 3.

Thomas Gurney.

I suppose I am in Massachusetts? I am sorry that my own home furnishes no such opportunities for us who have lost our bodies, to return, as are offered here. It's exceedingly hard for me to so far command myself as to be enabled to speak clearly here to-day.

I have before me still very fresh remembrance of the last scenes I witnessed on earth. I may be wrong, and I may be right; that's a matter that will be settled some time, I suppose, but now I think you at the North are in the wrong. I believe still I did my duty when on earth, and if I have got to suffer on that account, I am ready to receive all that may be imposed upon me by suffering. I lost my life at Moultrie. I am not sorry for anything that's past, except that I came here so badly off with regard to a knowledge of these things.

They tell me here that you allow free speech. I am not disposed to lay any unjust upon you of the North, or your institutions. I care nothing about them. Previous to this present outbreak, I took but very little active part in political affairs. I was a private man—lived in a little heaven of my own, and had no desire to interfere with the institutions of government, and especially of you at the North. I used you all well, and supposed you could take care of your affairs as we could of ours, and everything always went on very well with me, till I was crowded into political things; and when my portion of the country divided copartnership with you, I felt in duty bound to sustain it against you of the North, who, instead of taking care of your own poor slaves, neglected them, and interfered with our institutions—interfered with what you had nothing to do. After I got once into the strife, I was fully aroused against you, and when I left my body, I blamed you; but I've got over that now, though I still feel I was right in the course I pursued, and it was right for the South to set herself against you.

I do not know how many were killed at Moultrie, but should judge from one to two hundred. If none were reported killed, it was not right, for I am fully acquainted with nearly a hundred who left at the same time I did.

I have a brother here at the North, from whom I have received no intelligence for some time. Up to the time of the outbreak, we were on the best of terms, but since that time I have not been able to know his whereabouts or his views. I presume he styles us spirits. I feel this to be so. There are sometimes words spoken that have greater effect than that of throwing cannon balls. I believe some writer says the pen is more potent than the sword, and I believe it.

You have done much here at the North, to create this war. To a great extent you are accountable for the condition of those you send here by this war, and for the things that brought the war about. You ask us to live peacefully with you, and then, instead of looking upon us as brothers, you are coolly waging warfare against us and our institutions. If you'd hanged the traitors long ago, you'd have less to hang on our side now. If there's justice in heaven, I believe it will be meted out at some time. Your Northern traitors have deluged the land in blood, and robbed parents of their children and children of their parents. They're in ecstasies, now. If you knew your place, you'd hang them all. You'd hang Jeff Davis if you could get him, would n't you? You'd better hang those who stirred him up to this rebellion, instead of cutting off the branches of the tree, you'd better dig it up by the roots!

My name was Thomas Gurney, Lieutenant. I was born here in Massachusetts, but moved South early in life. It was my adopted country, in one sense; my home. I expect I was born in Boston; but on some accounts, I'm ashamed to own it. I was near sixty when I was killed. When I last heard from my brother, he was in New York City. He is now in Washington. I should be pleased if I could speak with him.

I am, at present, in rather an undecided and unhappy condition. I wish to come as often to earth and commune as I can. I seem bound to come. I am under obligations to you for coming here, but I cannot as yet feel I am among friends in coming here. I may be put up with as a spirit, but should I come here with my body and my views, would you receive me?

I do not know that I did not fight against my own brother. I believe he is in the Federal army. Something tells me this. He was not at Sumter, but in one great sense I fought against him. I have done what little I was able to do, to the friends I left at home, and consider that all settled. I wish I had my own body, instead of this. I see no such mighty difference between mortality and spirit—not so much as I expected to see.

I hope you'll not be disappointed in your President—so far as you are concerned, I hope not; but I fear you will be. He may be an honest man. We hope he is.

[To-day the rumor was circulated in the papers that Jefferson Davis had just died at Richmond. A visitor asked if the news was correct.]

I think not. If he had been dead, we should have been informed of it before now. News files with us as well as with you.

Well, before I go, if my brother will favor me with a hearing, I wish to speak with him. I do not care to come here. I wish to meet him where I can speak privately. Sept. 3.

Samuel Davis.

I used to think death silenced everything; but I see now it's not so, and some folks stand on their dignity as much as ever. Talk about death being something to throw off the body—I tell you it ain't so, by hovey. I thought all things would be righted pretty quick, for I thought it would all be heaven or hell. Well, 'tis—'tis, it is, but it's all mixed up together.

I'm pretty kind of happy, considering how I got kicked out of my body—my home. There's no use crying about what you can't help, so I made up my mind to push ahead as well as I could, same as I always did. I don't know much about this way of coming, but I saw others doing it, and I did. If I'd had any body, as I've got now, I'd whipped that fellow out of this so soon he would n't have known it. There 'tis again. We can only fight with ideas now, and if I can kick his ideas out of him, it's all right, ain't it? If I'd had my body I'd whipped him if I was smart enough. How old is he? Well, if I'm going to guess, I should say he's about forty-five or so. Did he say he's older? Well, I hope he don't lie, but darned if it don't look like it, anyway.

Folks do n't believe anything about this—I don't know what the devil to call it. They seem to be fire-proof, water-proof, spirit-proof, and everything else. My folks are Presbyterians—not in Boston. They're in Vermont. Nice place, that, but 'tain't Boston. Were you ever in Northfield? Well, there's where the folks are.

I don't like fighting much, but it's best to fight after you get into it. I was killed in the last battle, I guess. I was n't scared, but it makes a fellow feel funny to hear the shot whistling around his head. By golly, it's exciting, though.

I was twenty-three, sir. I ain't got much learning, can't talk much—can't suit myself, though—that's all I can do. I was in the third regiment. Spencer was the name of my captain, I spect, unless he took one that did n't belong to him.

By thunder, I don't want to come here in this woman's rig and talk. Can't I get anything else to talk with? I want to find some way to talk with my friends. I want to come right straight home. I can see them, and I want them to see me. But they'd sooner think of the Angel Gabriel's coming, than me. They are religious. Now as to this religion business, it's an infernal humbug, the whole of it. Now, then, all my folks who are religious are getting awfully humbugged. I don't believe anything.

They thought I was bound for the devil, sure. The fact is, I used to drink some—didn't belong to the church, and I couldn't stick to the Bible, so of course they thought I was going to the devil. But I want to tell them it's all a humbug. I'd like to tell just how I'm situated here, and what I see; but I can't talk as well as I want to.

I ha'n't seen God nor the Devil. Oh, they're humbugs, too. There ain't any. It's all a lie. They say you'll be called into the presence of God when you die. Well, I died, but I ha'n't seen him, and I ha'n't seen any hell to speak of; and what's more, I ha'n't seen anybody that has, and I've seen some who've been here a long time. I'd like to make the folks believe this—I know they want. They'll say I'm tied to the Devil, sure; but I'd as lief be tied to the Devil as tied to God, let me tell them. I told them so before I went off, and they thought I was going into hell with my eyes wide open. I tell you there ain't any true religion.

You may tell the folks I'm pretty well off, and feeling pretty well, too. Tell them I ain't in hell yet, and do n't believe I shall get there. There's more hell on earth than anywhere else—at any rate, there's more poor devils here. I pity those folks who died religious, for everything here is so strange to them they do n't know what to believe. It's them darned humbug ministers that do all the mischief. I'd like to give them a snuff of their own hell.

Well, I'm done for it, as far as this world goes, ain't I? I'm going to say, tell the folks I'll come home sometime; but then I got nipped in the bud, for they are of that kind who do n't believe anything that ain't in the Bible, and they'd as soon welcome the devil as me. Well, I'll keep cool about it.

I suppose you want to know who I am, do n't you? Well, in the first place I want to tell you I'm no relation to Jeff Davis, though my name is Davis. It's Sam. If I was his relation, I'd cut him, darned quick.

Are there mediums there in Northfield—folks like this? Well, I heard of them, but I thought they were witches. I heard some of them once, and I thought it was kind of witchery. Wonder if the folks know of it? Oh, I'd like to get into a nest of ministers—I'd shake 'em up! If there is any Satan, I'd like to be in his place a little while. They say he served old Job a darned unwholesome trick; but if I's in his place, I'd serve them a darned sight worse.

Well, have you got anything to drink? I'd rather have Scotch whiskey or Santa Cruz. I'm sorry you can't afford to treat a fellow. I'm around where anything of that kind is going on.

Well, what's to pay for that letter? Well, by 'all right,' I suppose you mean you don't charge anything.

I used to want liquor for my stomach's sake, but I remember I ha'n't got any stomach now. I feel dressed up awful queerly. If I's dressed in the Sandwich Islands, I'd know what to do just as well. Well, I'm going, then. Good day. Sept. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FISHING FOR LEAVES.

TO EMMA'S ALBUM, WITH A FROST-LEAF.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

So you're fishing for leaves, petite Emma, my friend, And friendship's bright leaves, may you find, to the end! But where are so many all shining and rare, Why ask of a stranger to add to the fair? Mine no longer are verdant with youth's dewy morn, But have lived out their summer, their freshness is gone; Look abroad o'er the mountain, the valley, and glen, As Autumn comes, ripening the harvest of men; See the changes since Summer her mantle withdrew, And Autumn, the glorious, has come into view! The woods, once becoming, neatly attired, Have thrown off that quiet, and seem all afire; The maple, the sumac, the chestnut, the elm, Have placed bold Confusion as queen of the helm, Who, taking advantage of Nature's decay, Has gathered her forests in splendid bouquet! Deney has stamped every leaf with his glow, But shall teach you rare lessons that youth cannot know; And these I have likened, sweet Emma, to me—For my Summer is passing, my Autumn I see. The lessons that I and these leaflets would teach, Are: Gain all the wisdom that lies in their reach; Care not for life's bubbles—they last but a day; Look pretty on eddies that swirl their way; But look at them only, and strive not to grasp—They crash but to ashes, like poisonous sap! Set high thy life's standard—shoot cannot too high, And strive to attain it, and reach it—or die; For dying shall gain thee one step toward the goal That fond aspiration hath set for thy soul!

When, among the fresh leaves you have garnered up here, My frost-leaf of Autumn shall duly appear, If through all this poetry you care not to run, Catch the one little point, that,

the hearts and memories of those who heard them. The meeting at Leominster, Mass., was a good one. It might have been better with a little better management. A free table was prepared in the grove, and free homes and hearts were open to receive all. At Leominster, I lectured one evening to about twenty persons, but the next evening I was blessed with the desired presence of but seventeen, and dismissed without an attempted lecture. "A poor commentary on my lecture last evening," thought I, as I went from the hall, thinking of the delightful luxury of talking to empty benches, at the expense of lungs and life.

At Sturgis, Mich., met many old friends. Lectured there Sunday, Sept. 1, to good audiences. Bro. Fairfield has done a good work there this summer, and his influence will long be felt.

Stopped at Middlebury, Ind. They held few meetings there now. The war excitement has paralyzed all interest in everything else. Stopped over nearly a week, but did not lecture.

My next stopping place was St. Charles, Illinois. The Spiritualists there have organized under the name of the "Religio-Philosophical Society." The basis of which is free thought and free speech. The association recognizes the unlimited freedom of the soul and all its powers, and seems to be free from all dogmatism and sectarianism. Our Festival there on September 13th, 14th and 15th, was decidedly a glorious success. S. S. Jones, Judge Boardman, L. K. Cooley, E. Dayton, E. F. Brewster, Mrs. Streeter, Mrs. Barnes, and a host of other speakers less known, were there, and uttered many great and glorious thoughts, that will live to bless many a wounded heart.

I lectured in St. Charles three Sundays, and about in country places in the vicinity during the week evenings. Am here now, prostrated with an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. How soon I shall recover, time will tell. I have been imprudent by lecturing in the open air too much during the summer. Nature has often warned me by gentle pains, but her kind admonitions were lost amid the flames of a wild ambition, that were silently burning my life away.

Next week I shall return to Ohio, but shall spend most of the winter in the West. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, will please write soon. My address is Cleveland, Ohio.

Yours for Reform and Progress,
S. PHELPS LELAND.

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. Lecturers are informed that we make no charges for their notices; but if any one feels it a duty to pay, he or she may remit whatever they please. This statement is made in answer to many inquiries upon the subject.

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.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge 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 Oct. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; in 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.

S. PHELPS LELAND will commence a course of lectures on Geology at Rockford, Ill., Oct. 22; at Sharon, Mass., Oct. 29; at New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 5; at Portland, Me., Nov. 12; at New York, N. Y., Nov. 19; at Boston, Mass., Nov. 26; at New Haven, Conn., Dec. 3; at Hartford, Conn., Dec. 10; at Providence, R. I., Dec. 17; at Worcester, Mass., Dec. 24; at Springfield, Mass., Dec. 31; at Lowell, Mass., Jan. 7; at Andover, Mass., Jan. 14; at Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 21; at Nashua, N. H., Jan. 28; at Concord, N. H., Feb. 4; at Manchester, N. H., Feb. 11; at Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 18; at Dover, N. H., Feb. 25; at Exeter, N. H., Mar. 4; at Durham, N. H., Mar. 11; at Rochester, N. H., Mar. 18; at Keene, N. H., Mar. 25; at Concord, N. H., Apr. 1; at Nashua, N. 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Pearls.

"Elegies
And quoted odes, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched four-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my soul in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and beats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him, and suffer still.

Julius Sturm.

We wish to close our eyes on the world in the places
we love best; the child in its mother's bosom, the
patriot in his country."

MORNING AND EVENING.

When first the glorious god of day
Flings wide his orient gates of gold,
And striding on his kingly way,
Bids earth her varied charms unfold;
When flower-cups brim with fairy wine,
And dew-pearls catch a ruddy glow,
And song-birds wake their notes divine,
And balmy breezes softly blow,
Mead: wood, and dell I love to pace,
And greet dear Nature face to face.

When western skies are royal red,
And even spreads her dusky veil,
When love-lorn Luna overhead
Brings forth the tuneful nightingale;
When shepherds fold their fleecy care,
And gaily chirp the green-grass choir,
When bat and moth whirl through the air,
And glow-worms light their elfin fires—
I love to roam o'er mead, or hill,
And let my fancy sport at will.

John G. Watt.

The deepest sorrow is noiseless. There is no grief
like that which does not speak.

ASLEEP.

She sleeps among her pillows soft,
(A dove, now warbled with her flight.)
And all around, and all aloft,
Hang fates and folds of virgin white:
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,
Her glance out-shines the starry sky;
But now her looks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye.

Harry Cornwall.

Faith is the angel that leads Religion through the
dark by the light of her wings.

DEDICATION OF A SPIRITUAL HALL IN
MARLBHEAD, MASS.

As I see no notice of the above named occasion
from the pen of any one more immediately concerned
in it than myself, I beg to tender to the readers of
the BANNER a few lines in very substantial evidence
that Spiritualism is neither slain by the war, nor
extinguished as the charm of novelty wears off,
from the hearts of the faithful.

On the evening of Friday, September the 27th, a
large concourse of persons assembled round the
building known as the shoe manufactory of Mr. Bas-
sett, one of the most liberal and enterprising inhab-
itants of Marlhead, for the purpose of assisting
in the dedication of the entire of the upper part of
the establishment to the use of those spirits in and
out of the mortal tenement, whose commission and
privilege it is to instruct the world in the noble and
reformatory philosophy of Spiritualism. It will be
remembered by those who have visited Marlhead
since the advent of Spiritualism, that a building
erected by Mr. Bassett for a similar purpose, was re-
cently destroyed by fire, and notwithstanding this
severe loss of property, and at the very culminating
point of hard times, panics, national and war crises,
&c.; &c., which now beset the distrustful minds
of the age, the proprietor of the present building, at
his own expense, has fitted up in excellent taste and
handsome fashion, the largest part of his own man-
ufactory into a commodious hall, where, free of
charge, the public may listen, and the spirits dis-
course of the sublime tenets of eternity.

Although no pressure of financial difficulties, either
at this period or during the former money crisis,
has induced Mr. Bassett to suspend operations with
his happy, well-remunerated work people, he, like
the rest of the American world, has felt severely the
pressure of the times, but, in strange contradistinction
to the popular mode of economizing which our
spiritual friends are generally adopting, (to wit,
laying up the ten and five cents formerly so lavishly
invested in spiritual banks, in the seven per cent.
national loan) Mr. Bassett cherishes the strange delu-
sion that funds invested in the Treasury of hu-
manity's welfare, though due at longer dates than
American Government stock, are somewhat more
permanent, and pay better interest, and that, as the
treasures of earth take to themselves wings and fly
away, they point, with unmistakable signs, to the
riches of a land whose leases are granted for eterni-
ty; and so with the sting of each new affliction,
came the yearning for spiritual strength and com-
fort, until, finding his appeals for aid to sustain spiri-
tual meetings too coldly responded to, he made their
continuance possible, he set about proving his char-
acter of a true Reformer, by doing the work himself.
Gave the building, planned its arrangement, and car-
ried his plans into execution, until on the above
named evening of the 27th of September, he assem-
bled together a large and most respectable audience,
whom he conducted up a short and handsome flight
of steps into a well lighted, well furnished, flower-
decked hall, lent his kind voice to the aid of a sweet
and most harmonious choir, and, doubtless, would
have spoken the inaugural address, had he not mod-
estly concluded I could perform this part of the cer-
emony in more experienced fashion.

As the idea was not original, either with me or
my spirit guides, it is no egotism to mention that
the first and last words of the address was the quo-
tation from Revelations, so highly appropriate as
the Spiritualists' motto: "And there shall be no
more death." I was about to recommend the inscrip-
tion of this noble prophecy (whose fulfillment is so
amply realized in Spiritualism) over the platform or

rostrum of every Spiritual Hall. As the number of
these edifices among Uriah Clark's five million Spir-
itualists does not exceed four or five, the hint thus
publicly expressed may be better reserved for my
private correspondence with the proprietors.

Of the rest of the evening's programme it is un-
necessary to speak. Good feeling, amounting to en-
thusiasm, seasoned the hour. A promise was made
by those who have never deceived me, nor will I be-
lieve, fall the good man in whose behalf they spoke,
that "the spirits" would ever meet him there, ever
come and inhabit the house he had reared for them
—the temple dedicated to their honor; that though
the benches may be deserted by human forms, and
the cold, scathful tread of humanity no more re-echo
on the floor, spirits ever loving and true would never
desert him, or his hall; ever assemble there to wor-
ship with him, (even if he stood alone) the Father, who
prefers the devotion of one faithful human heart to the
empty hallelulahs of multitudes; and that when the
mouldering hand of decay had swept the visible
form of the temple into oblivion, the spirit of devotion
and love that had erected it, should preserve it in the
archives of eternity, and open its gates to worship-
ping angels, in the land where truth erects her halls
of imperishable beauty.

N. B.—If "the world's people" feel disposed to
sneer at the Spiritualists, who after drawing out the
elite of mind, in the largest cities, halls, and audi-
ences of the States, have nothing more to boast of
than the dedication of two halls, in two small villages
of Massachusetts and Indiana, and whilst St. Louis,
Cincinnati, Chicago and Columbus in the West, Boston
New York, Philadelphia and Providence in the East,
cannot, in the language of Joel Tiffany, build even a
barn for the spirits, and scarcely now sustain
meetings in hired halls, let the aforesaid sneering
world take heed that though Seth Hinshaw in Green-
boro', and Mr. Bassett in Marlhead, are but two, of
Uriah Clark's five millions—let them take notice, I
repeat—what kind of two they are; that within a
fortnight of each other, in the most calamitous and
panic-stricken days that have ever fallen on this
glorious land, they have given of their earthly treas-
ure, to build temples for the world's progress, im-
provement and comfort; have reared up monuments
to an unpopular cause, in an hour when all besides
are fondly clinging to their wealth as their Saviour,
and alone, out of the cold millions of lookers on, are
dedicating temples to the benefit of others, without
one single selfish aim or hope of earthly reward, fame,
or even appreciation.

My beloved and revered friend Seth Hinshaw and
kind Mr. Bassett, I have written of you both as ut-
terly unselfish; perhaps I am wrong, for verily you
both know where and when you will have your re-
ward. Perhaps the best conclusion the world can
come to of the whole matter, is, "to go and do like-
wise."

EMMA HARDINGE.

The English Church.

Good old "Mother Church" of England—as all
the attentive readers of the BANNER for some time
have known—has at last run upon a rock; and al-
though we entertain no such great fears that she
will founder or go to pieces, we are pretty certain
that the useless portion of her load will have to be
thrown overboard, in spite of the serious and re-
peated protestations of original owners, so that she
may finally float off at high tide, and bear away
under winds still more auspicious for all on board.
There have been written several Essays and Reviews
by some of the most progressed minds of the Eng-
lish Church, on the prominent points of Church doc-
trine and belief; these productions excited both re-
flection and comment to an unwonted degree, on the
occasion of their first appearance, and led to a dis-
cussion throughout the body of the Church, that has
fairly compelled individuals to pronounce for this
side or that, according to the tendency of their minds
and the largeness of their faith. Some time ago, we
took occasion to speak of the re-appearance of these
Essays and Reviews in volume form in this country,
under the editorial auspices of Rev. Dr. Hedge, of
Brookline. They form certainly a body of extremely
liberal divinity, and are far in advance of any posi-
tion hitherto taken by the Church, either in England
or America. The discussions contained in them
have fairly shaken the Church to its centre, and
provoked in many instances, a spirit of opposition
that refused to be satisfied with anything short of
the utter and complete subjugation of those who
dared to raise any new questions and problems.

Not to enter any more at length, however, upon
the history of these Essays and Reviews, we merely
desire to place before the readers of the BANNER the
result that has recently been reached concerning
them in the highest court known to the English
Church, namely, the Convocation of Canterbury.
They have had the Essays on trial before this high
Court of Admiralty for some weeks; during which
time, committees and sub-committees have been ap-
pointed, and entrusted with the critical examina-
tion of these heretic discussions, with power to re-
port progress and bring in judgment upon them.
And this is the conclusion of the whole matter.

Archdeacon Denison, of the Lower House of Con-
vocation, presented and read the following report of
the Committee on the Essays and Reviews:

We have carefully examined the book, and we
consider the following to be its leading principles:—

First. That the present advanced knowledge pos-
sessed by the world in its "manhood," is the stand-
ard whereby the educated intellect of the individual
man, guided and governed by conscience, is to mea-
sure and determine the truth of the Bible.

Second. That where the Bible is assumed to be at
variance with the conclusions of such educated in-
tellect, the Bible must be taken in such cases to
have no divine authority, but to be only a "human
utterance."

Third. That the principles of interpretation of the
Bible hitherto universally received in the Christian
Church, are untenable; and that new principles of
interpretation must now be substituted, if the credit
and authority of the Holy Scriptures are to be main-
tained.

Further than this, the aforesaid Committee found
that—

First. In many parts of the volume, statements
and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are denied
called in question, or disparaged. For example:—
The reality of miracles, including the idea of crea-
tion, as presented to us in the Bible; Predictive
prophecy, especially predictions concerning the in-
carnation, Person and Offices of our Lord; The De-
cent of all mankind from Adam; The Fall of Man
and Original Sin; The Divine command to Sacrifice
Isaac; The Incarnation of our Lord; Salvation
through the blood of Christ; The Personality of the
Holy Spirit; Special Inspiration; Historical facts of
the Old Testament, including some referred to by
our blessed Lord himself.

Second. It is urged that many passages of the
Scriptures may be understood and explained upon
by the principle called Ideology; by which is meant,
that the reader is at liberty to accept the idea of

character and facts described in the Holy Scriptures,
instead of believing in the reality of these charac-
ters and facts.

Third. It is maintained that the Creeds of the
Church, whether regarded as confessions of faith, or
as "instruments for the interpretation of Scripture,"
may now be put aside, as no longer suitable to the
present advanced intellectual condition of the world.

Fourth. Liberty is claimed for the clergy and
candidates for the holy orders to subscribe articles
of Religion, and to use formularies in public worship,
without believing them according to their plain and
natural meaning.

Fifth. Attempts are made to separate Christian
holiness of life from Christian Doctrine.

These, therefore, constitute the hardest and truest
things that can be uttered against this new body of
liberal and progressive divinity. We are all glad to
know the worst at once.

After giving in this report on behalf of the Com-
mittee, the Archdeacon deliberately proceeded to ask
that what is styled a "Synodical Judgment" be pro-
nounced on the book—something like a bull, or a
decree of condemnation fulminated at times against
innocent pages of print, such as "Uncle Tom," and
other works of the human brain and human inspi-
ration. This was the exact form of the resolution
introduced by the Archdeacon, which, resolution—
it may be as well to state—was finally passed by a
vote of thirty-one to eight.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, there
are sufficient grounds for proceeding to a Synodical
judgment on the book entitled Essays and Reviews;
and that the above resolution be communicated to the
Upper House, together with a copy of the Report of
the Committee.

And now the Essays and Reviews will be read and
discussed, and studied, more than ever. People, both
in the Church and out, will desire to acquaint them-
selves with any new interpretation of the Bible, that
recommends it more fully to their higher sense and
reason. The good work of freeing the human mind
will go steadily forward, while all the old supersti-
tions are laid away in their own mouldiness, to be
known of men no more.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1861.

QUESTION.—Temptation.

DR. GARDNER made the opening speech with re-
marks pertinent to the subject, viewing temptation
as being a useful means of development. There are
two conditions necessary to temptation, viz., attrac-
tion within and attraction without. We are all
tempted. Christ, as perfect man as ever lived on
earth, was tempted. He was subject to passions
like other men, and was consequently tempted to do
wrong, as other men are. There is a devil within
and allurements without that tempt us to do wrong.
If we yield to temptation, there must be a selfish de-
sire within that is wrong. If our better natures pre-
dominate, we resist this temptation, and are made
better thereby. Money, it may be, offers the great-
est temptations to the world, but all its temptations
may be overcome by the exercise of our justice.
There is a power dwelling in man that ever admo-
nishes him to resist temptation. If he heed the ad-
monitions of this power, and obey it, the struggles
that he will experience will bring him above the evils
of temptation. Temptation has its use; we are all
tempted; and notwithstanding our resolutions to
the contrary, we all, in a greater or less degree, yield
to its influence. But by the troubles that tempta-
tion brings, we gain a victory over the conflicts of
life, and are made better.

Rev. Mr. Thayer said, that temptation was, what
every tried and tested us. If we manfully resist,
it gives us moral strength and power to overcome the
difficulties that we encounter in life. The three He-
brew young men, and Daniel and Christ, are examples
for us to imitate, in the resistance of this influence,
that to us is an evil, if we yield to it.

Rev. S. THAYER spoke elaborately and interest-
ingly—showing how temptation had been viewed,
and how it was now viewed; and that both views
were right, though they differed. He took their round
that temptation was a glorious means of the soul's
advancement to happiness.

Mr. WETZEL made some shrewd onslaughts upon
the speakers that had preceded him; thought that
"Whatever is, is Right," was common nonsense;
thought that there was a difference in things,
such as heat and cold, white and black; good
and bad. I do not rise to answer, but to instruct.
I think that we are still in darkness; that we
have only seen the shadow of God; yet, only his
dark side; not his bright side; and it is in this
darkness that we are tempted. I don't know
whether God and the devil are principles or personali-
ties, and I do not care. I believe that we make our-
selves strong by being drawn through the fires of
temptation. Temptation is a sort of attraction that
draws us to do that which is bad for us. Men are
tempted in various ways. Nineteen years ago I was
a Sabbath-breaker, when I was tempted by Sally
Holland, a charming lady. She walked along the
street and I followed her. She led me to the church,
where I heard the Bible read and the word of God
preached. This temptation was good for me. Anoth-
er may be tempted in another way, and find use and
goodness in it.

Mr. PARDEE.—It is useless for a man to repeat
himself. Last week I spoke on this subject. I an-
swered the question, What is temptation? and how
does it manifest itself? Now the question suggests
itself to me—What are the uses of temptation? The
answer to this question must touch upon the doc-
trine—"Whatever is, is Right," for temptation has
a use, and every useful thing is right, though it may
seem wrong. There is much in the idea, "Whatever
is, is Right," to befog and delude the mind. Man
has a lower nature, and this nature is the basis of
the attraction that we may call temptation. With
the grosser nature that we possess, there is a finer,
higher nature; in these two natures we have the
lower and the higher notes of life. Shall we prefer
the baser notes—the lower life? It will not do to
call influences that draw us down, "bubbles,"—they
are injurious and demoralizing to our better natures.
We must contend with opposing forces to build up
the divine manhood.

Mr. EBBON.—I rise to say amen to what Mr. Par-
dee has said. I admit that there is truth in "What-
ever is, is Right," but I think if one is influenced
to yield to temptation by it, he is cursed by his quick-
ening consciousness.

[A voice.—Do not let one be influenced to do wrong who
sees that whatever is, is right.]

But we are blessed and quickened in our interior
life by seeing and shunning that which is wrong and
evil. "Blessed be the man that is tempted and
falls," says one; this hurts my feelings as much as
that reckless utterance: "God damn the Common-
wealth." I prefer the paths of goodness, peace and
blessedness.

Prof. BUTLER.—The prophetic, oracular seal ac-
cepts unconsciously the doctrine "Whatever is, is
Right," and could we see things in their finalities
—could we view existence with the telescopic eye of
God—we should doubtless agree with Dr. Child's the-
ory of intimations, from the suggestions of the soul.
But we get only *disjecta membra* of men and of crea-
tion. And we know there are antagonistic forces at
work within us and around us, making agony, and
seeming havoc. To be sure it is true that

"The cry wrung from our spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain.
And guide a wanderer home again."

Nevertheless, I cannot feel otherwise than that all
willing surrender to the downward drawing of my
nature is hateful, abhorrent, wrong. But I do not

think our immortality is at all influenced by tempta-
tion; believing its subjugation to be only a question
of time, not of fact. But all violation of conscien-
tious conviction casts me into a hell of torture,
which is the antipodes of heaven and God.

Dr. CHILD.—Admitting what we call God to be in-
finite, will you explain how there can be any antipodes
to infinitude?

Prof. BUTLER.—I know nothing about God. Vast
as the Universe, filling up all the spaces of the Heav-
ens, there is no background against which God can
stand relieved, whereby we may measure or define
him. Everything to me is as good as infinite, which,
seeing, I cannot see over, for it hides the beyond.
The God I speak of is that which is within, not with-
out, me.

Dr. CHILD.—Then I understand you to imply that
there are as many Gods as there are men and women?

Prof. BUTLER.—I do not believe in any personal
God; but in order to express ourselves with any ap-
proximation toward clearness, we must belittle God
to the measure of our human comprehension. Thus,
then, because we are hemmed in by the limitations
of form, and because every man's conception of God
is an enlarged projection of his own special ideal of
Goodness, Truth, and Wisdom, there are (in a sense)
as many Gods as there are men and women; which
does not mean that each is an individual part of the
universal whole.

Rev. Mr. TRENELL.—I understood Prof. Butler to
just now say, that, could we see as God sees, we
should see all things right—which implies a God
outside of ourselves; and also implies, if God does
not see wrong, that all things are right.

Prof. BUTLER.—Maugre all the beautiful inten-
tions of my friends, Dr. Child and Mr. Tyrrell, I can-
not agree with them in thinking temptation to be "a
fiction to the soul." The divine nebulous possibili-
ties of man do not crystallize themselves into divine
actualities, without spiritual struggle and effort of his
own. The Ideal never weaves itself to the Real, until it
has been fairly wooed and fully won. We must
shiver in the service of Goodness before she
consents to crown us with her garlands.

The transfiguration of our life occurs after the Getse-
mane hour. Every soul has within itself the
splendors of God struggling to be born, and the birth
does not come without the travail and pain. Christ
and Judas stand, respectively, as representatives of
temptation overcome, and of overthrow by tempta-
tion. The new-born glory shot out at every pore of
Judas' face, altering the fashion thereof; while the
violated angel in Judas uttered such solemn protest
that it broke the man's heart asunder, and spurned
his flesh into the grave. But I do not condemn nor
excoriate Judas. Every nature must run its orbit,
and all planets have their deflections and diverg-
ences from their exact circular action, as a whole,
into ellipses, in which each part of the whole expres-
ses its partiality, and acknowledges its special char-
acter.

I do not deprecate temptation. It often serves as
a rock on which to break the shell of some hard-en-
closed faculty; and it is upon stepping stones of our
own selves that we mount to higher things. We
know good through evil. The first use a child makes
of a knife is to cut his fingers; yet edged tools are
useful. The dawning of the age of manhood is mark-
ed by approaches of licentious feeling, yet it is only
through the affectional nature that a man can be
affectionally enabled. If there could be a world
without temptation, it would be a mere dim, twilight
world. Wherever light is deepened, the blackness is
brought into more fixed and definite outline. If a
man falls, he will rise again, for Truth is heaviest,
and will at last reach the centre.

Only that which is excellent is permanent, and sin
is burned to ashes in hell; and spiritual knowledge
enters by the gateways of spiritual suffering, with
its alternate victories and defeats. Thus, in the ab-
solute and impersonal sense, the views of the think-
ers of Dr. Child's school are correct, while in the
limited and personal sense, it is no less true that
temptation, instead of being "a fiction," is an awful
and stupendous "fact," which, like the riddle of the
Sphinx, each soul must solve wisely and well, or be
well-nigh devoured thereby.

Question, Wednesday evening, Oct. 16th: Why are
Spiritual communications contradictory?

The conference will hereafter be held on Wednes-
day, instead of Tuesday evening. This change is
made on account of the Fraternity Lectures, which
are to be on Tuesday evenings.

Why are the Manifestations through Mr. Fos-
ter so Certain and so True?

Mr. Foster's development is, without doubt, sponta-
neous. It is not a development of efforts that re-
strain or indulge; it is not a development over which
human effort did have, or can have, any control.
Mediums are not made mediums in nurseries, schools,
or colleges—neither are they made by what are
called religious or devotional exercises; but they
come forth in defiance of these influences, with or
without them, just the same, by natural, spontaneous
growth.

I would define Mr. Foster's mediumship to be a
natural waking up of the soul's sensation to the per-
ception of his outward consciousness; by which he
sees the realities of the spiritual world, and sees the
material world as being but the shadow of the spiri-
tual world. The spiritual world is the real world to
his perception, and the sensuous world seems like a
dissolving vision. His life is now, chiefly, like the
life of one who has dropped the physical body and
really become a spirit. His affections for the glori-
es of earthly things, for the falling actions and un-
certain sayings of men, hold him but feebly; but his
affections for the un fading and enduring beauties
the spirit world hold and draw him with a master
power, over which he has no control, and he desires
none. He recognizes the beautiful truth that there
is a power and wisdom that made him, sustains him
and continues his being—and that all his life is
right—exactly right, even in its minutest workings.
I asked Mr. Foster if he ever acted naughtily? In a
very childlike manner, he said: "No; I act right;
I cannot act wrong; I cannot possibly be untrue to
myself." I asked him if he blamed others for ac-
tions that were called naughtily? He said that he
could blame no one, for he "could find no cause ex-
isting in spirit for any blame, for anybody." I was
much pleased with this answer, that was so full of
peace and heaven, and thought that in this answer
I had almost found the key that would unlock the
mystery of his wonderful medium powers, for I
thought blame of self and others was but the shad-
ow of materialism that obscured the bright light,
for a while, of the spiritual world from us; which
obscurity is the darkness that covers our medium
powers. While the shadows of matter and the love
of matter envelop us, we see faults, wrongs and evils
everywhere rife. This view is of our earlier vision;
it has its place, and is right; but this is a darkened
vision, and will grow dim and cease to be. Then
the vision of the soul will be opened to see in the
bright light of the real world that has produced the
darkness that we have wandered in. The develop-
ment of the soul's vision is the development of me-
dium powers.

A. B. CHILD.

They who carry nothing but the firebrand and the
sword, imprint deep marks of their existence for a
period in the burning and bloody furrows of their
course; but healing time closes them up and covers

them with verdure; men keep no memory of those
who brought them only evil; the exterminators per-
ish in as deep oblivion as their victims.

Notice to Spiritual Committees.

Please to leave my name off the Cambridgeport list
of meetings, Mr. Editor, as my services have been de-
clined there upon the ground that the meetings were
not to be continued. There is an instance to the
speaker, where their services are dispensed with, as is
often the case in these difficult times, and the Commit-
tees neglect to omit the name from the published list,
as, of course, no one would write to them for a month
that was advertised elsewhere. I wish to say, to all
places where I am engaged, that if you wish to suspend
your meetings at the time that the arrangement pro-
posedly made would bring me to you, that it is an act
of simple justice for you to send me word as soon as
your minds are resolved upon it. M. M. MACAUBER.
West Killingly, Ct., Sept., 1861.

Special Notice.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, and thank-
ing his friends and the public for their patronage,
would inform them that he has removed from No. 2
Jefferson Place, to No. 11 Bennett street, (corner of Jef-
ferson Place, near Washington street, Boston,) where
he will be happy to meet all that are seeking for health
or to visit families, wherever a Healing Medium may
be wanted, (on reasonable terms,) hoping, by being at-
tentive and faithful to his spirit guides, to be able to
relieve the suffering and distressed. Hours at his
Rooms, from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 6 P. M.
SAMUEL GUYTON, Healing Medium.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for
answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for
the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a
sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us
two dollars, for the BANNER one year. Each letter
to be answered must accompany the subscription
money, and also three 3 cent postage stamps to pre-
pay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to
aid us in extending the circulation of our paper,
which is the best way to benefit the cause.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the
best scientific works of the present age. It did the read-
ing public understand this fact fully, they would have
the work without delay. By reference to the seventh
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found
its way into Germany, been translated into the Ger-
man language by a gentleman well known to the sci-
entific world, and has been extensively sold in that
country. We will send the book by mail to any part
of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with
the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER
or 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. Corn L. V. Hatch, with a splendid
steel engraving of Mrs. 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.

Friends of Progress in Indiana.

The next annual meeting of the Friends of Progress
will be held in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sun-
day, October 19 and 20.

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speak-
ers from a distance who may journey in this direction
will be welcomed to our meeting.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,
OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.

Notice.

The friends in Montpelier, Vt., will please make
arrangements for me to speak there two or three times,
on Sunday, October 20th, on the Cause and Cure of the
Present Rebellion, and write me at Holderness, N. H.

WARREN CHASE.

Obituary Notices.

Passed from his earthly dwelling, in Lynn, to his
home in the better land, Oct. 4th, 1861, B. J. LARA,
formerly of Maine, aged 68 years. For many months
he was a great and patient sufferer from a most pain-
ful disease, (cancerous affection of the jaw bones),
which deprived him of the food which nature craved,
and the pleasure of conversing