

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR,
In Advance.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867.

(SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.)

NO. 23.

Original Essays.

SOMETHING ABOUT COAL.

Those writers who occasionally present through the public prints calculations intended to show that in a few hundred years all the available coal in the world may be exhausted, and that consequently our posterity will necessarily freeze to death, we think take a very superficial view of the case. They ignore or leave out of sight some important considerations. Although nominally Christian writers, they foolishly worry themselves with the idea that Providence did only pretty well, considering how long ago it is since He made these coal deposits, and how little was known (by mankind?) of the then future. They do not seem to recollect that only a century or so ago, coal was scarcely regarded as an article of general fuel even in England, and was not known to exist in the United States, and some other countries. Yet in the brief space of half a century, it has in the United States become a great commercial, manufacturing and domestic necessity. Yet through thousands of years this superior fuel lay hidden in the bowels of the earth, its vast utility entirely unknown, because not yet needed by mankind. In due time the Creator of coal and man brought the attention of the latter into communion with the appearance and nature of the former, and thus a long while ago laid the foundation of Pittsburgh.

Gradually, as geological science advanced, man's knowledge of the extent of these immense providential magazines of heat, and light, and power, expanded in an exact ratio with the natural increasing demand and augmenting consumption of this mineral. We have not yet attained to a complete knowledge of the superficial area of the world's coal fields, much less to a full knowledge of the greater stores that probably lie deeper in the earth. But enough is known to prove that coal is destined to be one of the most important, useful and necessary of earthly productions; and we think enough is known to prove also that there is no danger whatever of exhausting the vast supplies provided ages ago by a benignant Providence.

It may be true that in the comparatively limited area of Great Britain, geology has arrived at a knowledge of the superficial area of the coal fields; but it would be rash to assert that in Great Britain science and art can go no further downward. But what is the area of the coal-fields of Great Britain, compared with the already known area of the coal-fields in the United States and throughout the world? It is but "a drop in the bucket." This may not be a scientific term, but it conveys a truth. In the United States alone the present known coal-deposit area is at least thirty times that of Great Britain, while its depth, although known to cover several hundred feet in certain localities, has not yet been probed. Each square mile of one foot depth of vein contains in round numbers (1,000,000) one million of tons of coal. In the single State of Pennsylvania, the old Keystone, (politically, geographically and otherwise,) we know of not less than thirteen thousand square miles of coal territory, which in one foot depth will give (13,000,000,000) thirteen thousand millions of tons; and assuming the moderate depth of forty feet for all the deposits that may exist beneath the surface, it gives (520,000,000,000) five hundred and twenty thousand millions of tons. In 1860, there were about (22,000,000) twenty-two millions of tons raised from the Pennsylvania mines. Now suppose we go on increasing, and after while instead of twenty-two we raise ten times that amount, or two hundred and twenty millions of tons annually, how long would this supply last? Answer, two thousand three hundred and sixty-three years and seven months. Assuming the coal area of Great Britain at half of the Pennsylvania area, or say six thousand five hundred square miles, and its workable depth at sixty feet, it would yield three-fourths as much as assumed for Pennsylvania; or (390,000,000,000) three hundred and ninety thousand millions of tons.

Now assume the consumption in Great Britain to be swelled from the present quantity of about 90,000,000 tons per annum, to 500,000,000 tons per annum, or more than five times greater, how long would it last? Answer, seven hundred and eighty years. Alas for the future children of Great Britain! about twenty-four generations hence they will be, or may be, compelled, perhaps, to import their coal from the mines of Pennsylvania! Doubtless at that far-off period the world will be doing such a wholesale business that vessels like the Great Eastern, carrying (20,000) twenty thousand tons of coal at a clip, will then be engaged in ferrying fuel across from League Island and New Orleans to the islands of Great Britain—to those then grand, independent countries, Ireland, Scotland and England. But even the large deposits of Pennsylvania, with this additional drain, cannot last forever. We have shown that with the trifling consumption of 220,000,000 tons a year, it would only serve for two thousand three hundred and sixty-three years and seven months, and if at the end of seven hundred and eighty years the Great British Islands should call for 500,000,000 tons beside, that would use up in all 720,000,000 tons a year. Therefore if there were no more than forty feet depth, all the Pennsylvania coal would be gone in one thousand two hundred and sixty-three years and ten months from this time. Our posterity in the thirty-eighth or thirty-ninth generation, as well as the posterity of the British Isles, would be forced to fall back upon the other reserves in Virginia, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Texas, Kansas, and ultimately that still larger interior between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast, to say nothing of the Canadian and Russian territories, which of course some centuries prior to the period we are now considering would be included

in the United States. What a grave reflection! that only thirty-eight, or at furthest thirty-nine generations hence, Pennsylvania possibly could not supply the world with fuel. Is it not time that Congress should pass some law limiting the consumption? Congress is supreme in power, if not in wisdom, and we trust that this serious point will meet with respectful attention.

What a trade we shall have at the expiration of the seven hundred and eighty years allotted as the life of the British mines, when Pennsylvania will be shipping yearly say five hundred million tons to the mother country—by that time become a grandmother. Steamers, of the Great Eastern pattern, making trips every twenty days, with twenty thousand tons each load, or eighteen trips annually! It would take only thirteen hundred and eighty-eight such ships, or about seventy vessels of that class per day to leave League Island and Pittsburgh! But we must not overlook the additional consumption by these large coal carrying steamers themselves, which would be about fifty million tons per annum—while, however, could easily be picked up along the Ohio river, without being missed. It is tolerably clear that at the end of thirty-eight generations we Pennsylvanians and our brothers of Europe may be making large draughts upon the coal resources of the West, the coal capacity of which has not yet been accurately determined. But a reasonable calculation shows that about sixty-six hundred years hence, or only two hundred generations from our own day, the supply would all be coming from the great interior, when *St. Louis* would be the great shipping port for the fuel for the world. But even this great interior reservoir also has its limits, and in thirty-three thousand years, or barely one thousand generations from this day, it is possible that all the coal on the earth may be consumed—ended in smoke. "Where Pittsburgh once stood, we now find a mound of clinders one thousand feet high, and twenty miles in diameter; thus proving what a vast workshop Pittsburgh must have been in ancient times!" This may be the opinion of some historian a few thousands of years hence.

Then coal oil, vulgarly called petroleum, will take the place of coal, both for fuel and light, as well as for all kinds of medicines, and in all the arts. Then will begin to lie down the lion, with the lamb; and the lamb will be so frightened that he can't move, and they will both lie together, like BAKER and his book. Custom Houses will exist only as fossils; taxes will be only things belonging to an old historical period; war will have ended; needle guns will be needless; nobody will be hurt; the whole earth will be engaged in the oil business; nothing will be struck, but oil. Is it not time that we of our generation should be preparing for this new order of things? We have now arrived at that particular juncture in the affairs of the Universe when men appear to have determined to remedy permanently the oversights of Providence. Men are now exclaiming in their wonderful wisdom, "What a pity that the Creator, instead of doing the Universe in such a hurry—taking only six days!—had not worked one more, on the seventh, instead of ceasing on the evening of the sixth, with so many things left undone! 'so much forgotten!' How could Providence foresee the great growth and wonderful advancement of the human family, or know the vastly increased needs of the millions of the human race so long beforehand?" It was not to be expected. But we can foresee them. We have learned so much by experience, that we can look away forward into futurity, ever so many years!

Seriously, why should these terribly smart men, some in and some out of the pulpit, be worrying themselves and their fellow creatures with senseless jargon on the subject of the *lapses of Providence*? For that is just what it amounts to. Why should men who think they can look so far into futurity, not believe that God has always looked still further? Besides, in all the preceding calculations, we have taken no account of the vast consumption of fuel needed to sustain the old Christian hell fire! And this ought not to be left out of the calculation. If there is, as they contend, a vast interior hell fire region, it must necessarily consume an enormous quantity of coal and oil; and in that case we must modify the foregoing figures materially, for the world would be like a barrel with an open spigot at each end, and all the fuel would soon be used up. It is well known that among the ancient Jews there was a hell fire on earth, in the suburbs of Jerusalem, but that was only on a small scale, for the purpose of consuming the offal, &c., of the city; it was reserved for Christians to imagine and define another sort of a hell fire, on a much grander scale, big enough for the whole universe; big enough for the vast majority of mankind, with Providence for head fireman, who would take pleasure, of course, in roasting and toasting his creatures (whom he had made to suit himself), through all eternity—except an elect few, whom from the beginning he had picked out and laid aside to be dealt with in some other way; not according to their deserts, but to please himself, amusing himself with them in a different manner.

It is fortunate that Providence could not see into futurity (according to some religionists) as far as we can. He evidently thought he had us on the fire through all time, but we see that in a few thousand generations all the coal and all the oil must be consumed, and this Christian hell would go dry. What a comfort!

He who knows most of Nature, he who is most reverently her lover, will be least likely to set up his knowledge as a boundary beyond which fact and philosophy may never advance. The higher we rise, the wider the circle of the unknown stretches around us; while Destiny with uplifted finger beckons us on.—Prof. William Denton.

THE CAUSE OF THE GULF STREAM: ITS ORIGIN, COURSE AND ULTIMATE ENDING.

BY CHARLES PIERCE, OF DUCK'S HARBOR, ME.

Some months since, when attending the séances at the BANNER OF LIGHT rooms, a question was asked by some one—the cause of the Gulf Stream. The question was attempted to be answered by the spirit of the celebrated Scotch astronomer, Doctor Dick.

I cannot agree with the doctor in his solution of the question. The sun and moon, or the rotation of the earth, in my opinion, have nothing to do with it in the least. It is well known that the Gulf Stream is very warm at all seasons of the year. Now for the solution. It is a well known fact that the noble river Amazon is directly under the equator, especially its outlet, and it drains about two-thirds of the continent of South America, and consequently brings an immense body of water from the excessively warm regions that lie directly under the equator, and many of less capacity lying north of the Amazon and in the latitudes of the West Indies, contribute their contents of heated water to the great flowing mass which forms the Stream. We may well conclude, and reasonably too, that this immense and powerful body of water from the great river, through its outlet one hundred and fifty miles wide, has been flowing for thousands of years, or since this globe found its equilibrium; and it is very plain that in the outset the water flowed, uninterrupted, directly into the broad Atlantic; but the constantly flowing of debris of all descriptions, as well as the rolling of sands from that broad country, in time formed a shoal or barrier, extending along from the southern limit of the outlet some four or five hundred miles from the main land; this barrier or shoal, now existing, finally turned the current of this vast volume of water in a northerly direction, taking in its broad sweep the Caribbean and West India Islands, the western limb passing directly through the Caribbean Sea. Northerly it keeps its course, occupying the broad space between the main land and the islands of Porto Rico and Hayti, embracing in its course the island of Jamaica, which is indebted to this great rush of water for its sand bars, which nearly surround it, the first great obstruction in its passage being the Isle of Cuba. From personal observation I have discovered a very strong current setting at the rate of five or six knots (nautical) from the east coast of Jamaica toward the opening between the western capes of Cuba and Yucatan, and finally into the Gulf of Mexico, where it meets the superabundant waters of the Mississippi, the reputed father of waters. This increased volume of water causes a rush for relief, occupying the whole space between the Florida capes and Cuba, so contracted in width that it has apparently forced a channel so deep as to have caused the common idea of "no soundings." This immense body of water in its rush has thrown up another barrier, partially of sand, that forms the Bahama banks or islands, and very shoal water for some hundreds of miles, causing a sweeping current northerly, passing by the eastern coasts of the Southern States, of South Carolina, North Carolina, and occupying nearly the whole space between the Bermuda Islands and the main; still following its northerly course, the western limb sweeps Cape Hatteras, causing the violent gales so frequent in that locality; the warming influence of that vast ocean, as it were, of tepid water causing a magnetic and heated atmosphere, that attracts the cooling winds from the ocean (as well as from the main) to rush to the vacuum created by the rarification of the common atmosphere over this heated volume of water.

This vast moving current speeds on its course through the cooling waters of the north, passing directly over "George's Banks," and to whose warming and genial influence we are indebted for the bounteous accumulation of the ponderous treasures for the use and comfort of man. From the same cause is the fisherman indebted to the severe storms and destructive gales he is obliged to encounter while operating in his modes of industry. This same current, still flowing in the same direction, causing the excessive fogs and too frequent hurricanes which infest the northern coasts of this continent, when passing the Gulf of St. Lawrence encounters on its northern limb the immense body of water drained from almost all North America. The Gulf Stream still pursues—after the conjunction with the northern waters—a somewhat varied course eastward, crossing the Grand Banks, and causing, by its genial influence, the immense gathering or concentration of the finny tribes, from which comes the wealth of the noble, self-sacrificing class of hardy and enterprising fishermen.

This warming water from South America still pursuing its course (partially unmixing with the cold northern waters, by its strong current) across the North Atlantic, takes in its broad sweep the beautiful and lovely green Isle of Hibernia, giving indubitable evidence by the extraordinary genial atmosphere which pervades the Isle, that the Stream has it in its friendly embrace. After this friendly embrace, it loses itself and its influence on the coasts of Spain, Portugal and France.

I would now ask, if this vast volume of warm water does not proceed from the regions under the equator, where does it originate? If the warming influence of the Gulf Stream does not affect the cold northern latitudes of England and Ireland, what is it that does? They have the climate of Southern Virginia, while lying in the cold latitude of Quebec. And then if these waters of the Stream do not proceed from the source above mentioned, why is it that in crossing it we meet with limbs of trees and shrubs that are produced nowhere except in the equatorial regions?

In crossing the Atlantic in an eastern direction, I have observed (after sailing three or four hundred miles from Boston,) that we come into a

strong current of warm water running in a northerly course, which is some ten hundred miles in width; the winds, and curious floating debris of almost every description from Southern climes, move in windrows, some two to three hundred feet apart, regularly in parallel lines—as a good farmer would prepare his hay for use. What does this all mean, if my theory is not true and reliable?

INFLUENCE OF MINERALS UPON HUMAN BEINGS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

By accident, I met with a rare work treating upon this subject, written by a "Rosicrucian," and employed a Jewish Rabbi to translate it. The effect that certain precious stones have upon the wearer is known to me from strict observation, especially my magnetic patients, who are influenced by gems, and even common glass, in different degrees. I once lived near the Indian settlement of the Seneca tribe, and noticed the great cures they made by the use of minerals, either taken internally as medicine, or by enclosing them in silk bags, to be worn about the neck. An intelligent lady informed me that whenever these occurred so frequently she could not help noticing it. I have given precious, and even common stones to persons, either as ornaments, or to wear in the pocket, and they affirm that not only has health been restored, but everything prospered with them since. These gems were selected according to the planetary requirements and natures of the persons.

This learned Rosicrucian gives the form of the cross of his order, and directions how to form them into magnets for healing, for he used metals as well as minerals, with a curious mixture of herbs, as amulets only for the sick. It was supposed that weak and delicate patients were the only ones affected by precious stones or minerals, but experience shows me that the strongest man can be influenced both by shells and minerals. Clairvoyants can be deprived of their powers by standing on ground where a certain kind of pebbles abound. Persons of peculiar temperaments become catatonic by sitting on a sand heap; the most common kind of pebbles do them injury.

I cannot give an elaborate description of this interesting and now obsolete work in a short article, but shall write a few chapters for a magazine devoted to Masonic interest soon, in which the gems of Egypt will be noticed. I will give the names of the stones to be worn in accordance with planetary influences and natures. Those persons who are born in the following months will be more fortunate in wearing stones by their affinities:

January, Blood Garnet, or Jacinth.
February, Amethyst.
March, Green Jasper, or Bloodstone.
April, Diamond, or Sapphire.
May, Emerald, or Beryl.
June, Moss, or Plain Agate.
July, Carnelian, or Ruby.
August, Onyx, or Sardonyx.
September, Chrysolite, or Crystal.
October, Opal, or Amber.
November, Topaz, or Aqua-marine.
December, Turquoise, or Malakite.

Those persons who are termed mediums should notice what effect the stones set as jewelry and worn by them have on their health or mediumship; for several such persons inform me of singular effects, from wearing certain ones, upon their powers, especially those who are clairvoyant. The most sensitive are the most easily affected.

Mr. Lincoln's Dream of Warning.

In Judge Pierpont's address to the jury at the Surratt trial, he related the following singular incident:

"Mr. Pierpont resumed his remarks, and said he now came to a strange act in this dark drama—strange, though not new—so wonderful that it seems to come from beyond the veil that separates us from death. It is not new, but it is strange. All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the Great Ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, boodings, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming dawn when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So was it in the days of Saul—when Cesar was killed—when Brutus died at Philippi—so was it when Christ was crucified—so was it when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings—so was it when the Czar was assassinated—so was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. In the life of Cesar, by DeQuincy, in the life of Pompey, by Plutarch, he given the portents that came to warn Pompey. Here it is we find now Cesar was warned. We find it true in all cases, and never in the whole history of the world has there been a single instance when the assassins of the head of a movement have not been brought to punishment. The assassin of a ruler never has escaped, though he has taken 'the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth.' On the morning of April 14, Mr. Lincoln called his cabinet together. He had reason to be joyful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said Sherman was all right; but Mr. Lincoln feared, and related a dream which he had the night before—a dream which he had had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone River, and whenever a disaster had happened. The members of the Cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A few hours afterward Sherman was not heard from—but the dream was fulfilled. A disaster had befallen the government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to the God who gave it. The dream was fulfilled. It was to this purpose: He seemed to be at sea in a vessel, that was swept along by an irresistible current toward a maelstrom, from which it seemed no power could save her. Faster and faster the whirling waters swept the fated ship toward the vortex, until, looking down into the black abyss, amid the deafening roar of the waves, and with the sensation of sinking down, down, down an unfathomable depth, the terrified dreamer awoke. The same terrible dream Mr. Lincoln had four times; first before the first battle of Bull Run, again before the second disastrous defeat at the same place, again before the battle of Murfreesboro', and finally, as above mentioned, the night before his own assassination. Mr. Lincoln had at last come to recognize the dream as a portent of some grave disaster."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Lincoln.)

(Original.)
REMARKABLE BOYS.—No. 3.

On the fourth day of May, 1769, in the ancient city of Bristol, England, a little boy, the youngest of sixteen children, was born and named Thomas Lawrence. There was nothing about his babyhood to indicate the celebrity he was in after years to attain. He was doubtless very much like all other babies, eating and sleeping and crying his full share, and, like other babies, staring and crowing and grasping with his little fists at nothing with all his might.

But before he was four years old he began to give evidence of possessing very remarkable abilities, and by the time he was ten years old—the age when most boys are absorbed in spinning tops, playing marbles or flying kites—he had attained a wide-spread fame.

When five years old he recited verses and read tales and sketches with great effect. His father at this time kept an inn at Devizes, called the Black Bear, and he was very fond of showing off the talents of his little son to his guests. One night Lord and Lady Kenyon stopped at the Black Bear for the night. They had been traveling a long distance, and were weary and hungry, and were very much annoyed to see old Mr. Lawrence enter their room with a volume of Shakespeare under one arm and one of Milton under the other. He immediately began to talk about his wonderful little boy, Tommy, and asked his guests to hear him recite some verses. The lady and gentleman were very much vexed, and began to tell the old man that they wanted their supper more than they wanted poetry, and that they wanted the privacy of their room, when the door opened, and in pranced Master Tommy riding on a broomstick, his cheeks red and glowing and his eyes sparkling from the exercise he was taking.

They soon forgot their anger, and the lady took the little fellow in her arms and petted and caressed him most tenderly; and having been told by his father what his abilities were, she asked him if he could take the portrait of Lord Kenyon. Tommy looked at him earnestly for a moment and then said:

"Yes, I can, and make it very like, too." His father sent out for materials, and, while waiting for them, Tommy began capering around the room on his broomstick. At length, when all was ready, he was lifted upon a table, where he seated himself in a little arm-chair, and with a pencil rapidly sketched a very spirited and correct likeness of Mr. Kenyon. After he had finished this, so full of fun was he that he was very impatient to get back to his play; but Lord Kenyon persuaded him to sketch a likeness of Lady Kenyon. It was soon finished, and so perfect was the resemblance that it was recognized twenty-five years afterward.

At this time he was only five years old, and his sketches were very remarkable for their beautifully expressive eyes; and in the height of his fame this remarkable power of his boyhood distinguished all his portraits.

When he was six years old he could recite the lengthy poems of the great poets of his country. When seven years old his fame had become so wide-spread that accounts of him were published in the journals of the day with engravings of his portrait.

It was several years after he began taking pencil sketches that he first saw an oil-painting. When he was eight years old he was taken to Carsham House. The party that he went with entirely forgot the little fellow, and when they returned through the rooms they found him gazing eagerly at a painting of Rubens.

"Alas!" said he with a sigh, "I shall never be able to paint like that."

When he was ten years old he began to work upon original compositions, giving expression to his own imagination, which is the most difficult and the highest effort of this glorious art of painting. Among the subjects that at this early age he placed upon canvas were Christ reproving Peter for denying him, and Reuben's petition to Jacob to allow Benjamin to go down into Egypt.

When he was but thirteen he supported his father's large family wholly with his brush. All the fashionable ladies of the day were desirous of being immortalized by him.

A celebrated man in 1780 wrote of him thus: "This boy is now nearly ten years and a half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace in the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakespeare."

When he was twelve years old he received from the Society of Arts five guineas and a silver gift palette as a prize for his painting, on glass, of the Transfiguration of Jesus.

In his eighteenth year the family moved to London, which was a most fortunate move for him, as it brought him in contact with the great artists of the metropolis, and gave him the means of improvement in his art, from which his father had foolishly kept him, under the mistaken idea

that instruction would spoil his natural genius. So he would not permit him to go to Rome, or even hear for a moment of his taking lessons from a master in his own country. As soon as he reached London he hastened to gain admission as a student to the Royal Academy.

The celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds was then in the height of his fame, and to him our young artist got himself introduced, and this acquaintance was of very great advantage to him. His whole after career was one of very great brilliancy. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he was appointed his successor, and became painter to his majesty the King and President of the Royal Society. Finally he was acknowledged to be the greatest portrait painter of the age.

He was not alone distinguished for his genius and skill as a painter, but for his rare goodness of heart, his universal gentleness, his kindness to every living thing; and although he was surrounded from his cradle up with so many influences that tend to corrupt the young heart and fill it with pride, egotism and vanity, he kept his pure loving nature unchanged to the end. He died when he was sixty-one years old, beloved and sincerely lamented by all who knew him.

(Original.)

YOUNG POETS.

The following stanzas were written by a young lad in Mystic, Conn. Though faulty in measure and occasionally hard in rhyme, yet they give evidence of a decided poetic talent on the part of our young friend that ought to be cultivated and encouraged. Let him read the sweet poems of Longfellow and count the syllables in the stanzas, and see how uniform one stanza is with another, the lines all containing the same number of feet throughout the entire poem. Let him get an idea of the mechanism of poetry, and he may yet sing sweet songs of the coming time to the weary heart of humanity, that shall make it grow glad and strong with faith and trust.

We feel that our young people ought to be encouraged in their efforts in this direction, for from their ranks are to come the writers of the literature of the coming time. And yet the publication of these stanzas must form no precedent for the publication of others, unless in our judgment they possess decided merit. Mere doggerel, the mere jingle of rhymes does not constitute poetry by any means, and a great many young people get an idea that it is a very fine thing to string together a lot of lines whose last words shall rhyme with each other, even though there may not be an idea in the whole batch.

No one should attempt to write poetry who cannot express ideas well in prose, because the soul of poetry, all that gives it any value, lies in the sentiment, the ideas it expresses.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

One night when the sun had sunk to rest,
And the clouds blushed red with his parting
kiss,
When the weary bird had sought its nest,
And tired Nature slept in bliss;

There came to my soul in that calm, still night,
When perfumes rich on the air were flung,
Sweet notes from the realms of spirits bright,
And this was the song the angels sung:

"Away, away, o'er the earth we fly,
The earth all stained with blood and tears,
All darkened with clouds of doubt and pain,
And burdened with want and crime and fears.

Away over palace and cottage and hut,
Over town and city and river and sea,
But our path gleams bright with heavenly light,
For clouds of doubt from our presence flee.

We will soothe the mother's aching heart
As she mourns o'er the grave of her only child,
For her babe is safe in our cloudless realm,
All safe from earth's sorrows and tempests wild.

We will dart a ray of heavenly truth
To those creed-bound souls who in darkness dwell;
We will visit the haunt of crime and woe,
And lighten the gloom of each earthly hell.

We will make the earth like a rose to bloom,
And weary souls shall find joy and peace;
Then I listened in vain for another strain,
But naught could I hear save the whispering breeze.

Z. C. W.

LETTER TO CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE READERS OF THE BANNER—I would like this afternoon to gather you all around me and have a pleasant, social conversation; but, as our homes are so far distant from each other, I must banish that idea and content myself with writing you a letter.

Only think how many little children there are all over the country, who read the same words and sentiments from this same dear BANNER OF LIGHT, and yet they are nearly all unknown to each other, and live thousands of miles apart. Some of you have homes on the beautiful, flower-sprangled prairies of the West; some live in the golden region of California; some among the orange groves of the sunny South, and others in our own New England, to us the dearest home of all. What a bond of sympathy this paper should be among its numerous readers—a cord of union to bring us together in spirit and make us feel like dear friends, almost like brothers and sisters. But I took up my pen this afternoon to write you some of the scenes of my daily life, and I hope you may be as interested in reading them as I am in telling them.

Imagine yourselves for a short time in a pleasant little school-house in a quiet country place. Around it are fields of waving grass, which is rapidly falling beneath the scythe of the mower. Behind it is a high hill crowned with lofty forest trees. An immense oak grows close to the door, and its boughs overshadow the roof and droop over one of the windows, almost concealing it with foliage. And here in this grand old tree birds build their tiny nests and rear their young, and its branches serve as a concert room for myriads of little songsters who pour forth notes of sweetest music from morning until night.

Here in this pleasant school-room gather from day to day a group of little ones whom it is my task to instruct in the rudiments of learning. They are very dear to me—these little children, with their happy, smiling faces, and as I watch them with their studious eyes bent on their book, I remember the words of Christ uttered in the days of old: "Of such is the kingdom of God;" and I pray that their little feet may be trained to walk in the paths of virtue and wisdom, and that they may grow up noble men and women. Every morning I listen for the sound of their merry voices; I watch for the bright, laughing eyes, and the little sun-brown hands that bring me offerings of wild flowers, and I often think how lonely I shall be when school is out and I see them no more.

Some of them are paragons of seriousness and industry; others are uneasy little fellows, for whom it is an impossibility to sit still five minutes

at a time. Here is one with golden, curly hair and roguish blue eyes whom I just caught in the act of tickling the toes of his next neighbor, said neighbor being a sober-faced little boy intent on his lesson, and seeming to think that the flies took unwarrantable liberties with his bare feet by the way he tried to brush off imaginary insects. And then the roguish offender laughed till his little blue eyes went almost out of sight, till, feeling my hand on his head and hearing the injunction to mind his lesson, he studied away for a few moments with remarkable zeal and industry. Just now I heard an audible laugh from some source, and, looking around, saw a bashful little chap hanging his head and blushing violently at having laughed aloud in school. The cause of his amusement was soon manifest, and the little ones could scarce restrain themselves from shouting with merriment, to see a little squirrel sitting up in the door, nibbling some crumbs which had fallen from the children's dinner-baskets. As soon as he discovered that he was observed he scampered off in a hurry. There is a very little boy here who never attended school before this summer. For the past fifteen minutes he has been very uneasy, looking constantly from the window. We are having a little shower, and he seems to be somewhat troubled about it. Just now he said, "Teacher, it's raining, and we can't have any recess." "Never mind about it," said I, "I'll look out for the recess." A few moments after he looked up with a brightened face and said, "Teacher, it's a most stopped raining; I don't hear it guess now."

We had a visitor the other day, and who do you think it was? It was a cunning little bird. He came in before school commenced, and as I did not wish to frighten him I opened the doors and windows so that he could escape if he wished, and let him remain. He stayed till almost noon, hopping and flying about the room and making himself very much at home. Once in a while he would give us a little song, and his funny actions amused the children so much that they could hardly attend to their lessons.

I have one scholar, a sturdy little fellow, with unburned face, almost white hair, and a loud, shrill voice that can make him heard without much difficulty. The scholars have nicknamed him "Uncle Billy," for that is the appellation his grandfather is known by. One day, at recess, one of the scholars said to him, "Charlie, whose grandfather are you?" "Uncle Billy's," shouted Charlie at the top of his voice. This blunder caused the children no little amusement.

As the scholars come from a distance they are obliged to bring their dinners, and at noon they have merry times playing together. They have made them a pretty playhouse. It is built between two large rocks, and the roof is covered with bushes which they broke down and spread over it. The girls have furnished it very nicely with broken dishes, &c., and they stay at home and do the cooking, while the boys go hunting. One little, chubby, blue-eyed girl, only five years old, comes to school almost every day, and her home is more than a mile distant. She is very little, but she can learn, and she is so anxious to keep ahead of the other scholars that she often comes in at noon and at recess and takes her book and goes to studying very busily.

But I cannot close this letter without mentioning one little girl, whom I am sure you would all be glad to know. She is about twelve years old, but she appears almost like a woman. She is always pleasant and agreeable, ever ready to do a favor for anybody. If the little ones chance to get hurt they go immediately to her, and she coaxes them up and makes them almost forget the pain in a few minutes. If they have difficulties with each other, she comes between the hostile parties, makes peace and restores good feelings on both sides. She is always ready to play whatever the others desire, and is ready to leave one game for another whenever the rest wish to do so; and, although she is naturally rather hard to learn, she never fails of having a good lesson. In short, she is a favorite with schoolmates and teacher and her brothers and sisters at home.

But I think I have written enough for this time, and will leave to your imagination to form a description of the remainder of my scholars, for there are many other little girls and boys whom I have not time to mention. So good-by, children; try to be good and loving and gentle, and angels will be with you and your Heavenly Father will look upon you with approval.

Your true and sincere friend, C. W.

Charade.

(Selected.)

By means of my first my second performs
Many works, both amusing and grand;
My third oft encounters terrible storms,
At a distance from houses or lands.

My whole is an art of great use to mankind,
But they who excel in it most
Sometimes have more skill in their fingers than
mind,
And have little learning to boast.

Answers to Selected Conundrums in our last.

1. It is always spreading reports.
2. Because flours are rising (flowers).
3. Because it is called a smack.
4. They are both engraving themselves (in-gravating).

Answer to Charade.

Pen-elope.

From Ipswich, Mass.

We enjoyed a rich spiritual feast here a few weeks ago, through the instrumentality of an excellent medium, Mrs. E. Richards, of Boston, who paid us a short visit. We received many satisfactory tests of the presence of our dear departed friends, who came to greet us. There is also much interest in the community in regard to Spiritualism, excited by the successful efforts of E. S. Wheeler, who encouraged the few believers and confounded those who knew nothing of it, and set them to thinking. Good will result from his lectures, which were the first of the kind ever given in this place. Inquiry is made, "When will Mrs. Horton come?" We sincerely hope the time will soon come when our numbers will have so increased that we shall be able to sustain regular speaking in this place. Wm. W. Russ.
Ipswich, Aug. 7th, 1867.

Mrs. Hyzer at Binghamton, N. Y.
Allow me to inform you that Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is here again, "knocking loudly at the doors of Old Theology." She spoke twice last Sabbath in the Unitarian Church in this city, displaying such elevated inspiration, such brilliant and lofty ideas, logical and scientific, as are seldom, if ever, surpassed by any lecturer in the field at the present day. The church was filled to overflowing; so much so, that the meeting for next Sabbath was appointed at the "Academy of Music," a place sufficient to hold two thousand people.

H. P. Brown.

Binghamton, N. Y., August 7, 1867.
There are thirty pounds of blood in the human frame, and two hundred and forty-eight bones. Women have the same number, not including whalebone.

Biographical.

JOSIAH BRIGHAM, ESQ.,

Passed away, in Quincy, at a quarter before twelve, Wednesday night, July 24th.

"Mr. Brigham has passed away." Never on human ear fell more sadly, more unexpectedly, the unwelcome intelligence of the departure of a dear friend from earth, than when, on the day of the picnic at Abington, when he was communicated to me that one of the best, truest and dearest friends with which a mortal ever could be blest, had suddenly passed away, to return no more in body. Three weeks from the very day that his form was tenderly laid away from human sight, I visited him in his pleasant home—that home which shall know his earthly presence no more—and then and there he received through my mediumship fresh evidences of the ability of departed spirits to hold communion with mortals. I never shall forget the ineffable delight he manifested at that time—the tears rolling down his furrowed cheek as word after word of angelic encouragement and cheer fell on his listening ear—nor the friendly shake of the hand he gave me as the fervent "Thank you" and "God-speed" tumbled on those lips which were so soon to be sealed in death, so soon to be cold and silent in the grave.

A year and a half ago Mr. Brigham was called upon to give up to the custodianship of the angel-world a valued treasure, in the person of a beloved wife, with whom, for more than fifty years, he had shared the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats, the sunshines and shadows, of our constantly-varying life. A firm and consistent believer and actor in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, he yet felt very deeply her departure—that a vacuum had been created in the family circle, which not even the knowledge of her ever-present spirit could wholly fill. Since her translation, and for some time anterior, his physical system had slowly but surely yielded to the ravages of time, and many felt it would be no longer ere he, too, would vacate his tottering house of clay, and his matured spirit soar away to the mansions of light and felicity; but few expected it would be so soon.

Josiah Brigham, the subject of this notice, was born in Northboro', Mass., Sept. 1st, 1788, and married Miss Elizabeth Fiske, who was born in Cumberland, R. I. He was associated with the Quincy Light Infantry, which was then commanded by Capt. Thomas Tirrell. This company was drafted into the service of the country in the war with Great Britain in 1812, and was ordered to Boston the 12th of September, 1814. It was encamped at South Boston with the troops there stationed under command of Gen. Malby. Mr. Brigham was with the company through the service, and in 1833, having previously filled every subordinate office in the same, he was elected its commander. It was considered one of the best disciplined companies in the State. In the year 1836, Mr. Brigham was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Regiment of the First Brigade in the First Division of the Massachusetts Militia; but having been several years in the service, he saw fit to decline the honor.

Mr. Brigham left Northboro' early in life, and located in Quincy, in which town he has resided ever since. He taught school for a considerable length of time, and was zealously interested in the cause of education. For a number of years he was a merchant in town, and by diligence, fidelity and unswerving integrity, he enjoyed the confidence of those with whom he has had intercourse and dealings. He retired from business when failing eye-sight and health precluded the idea of a longer continuance in it. He held the office of President of the Quincy Stone, now National Granite Bank, for many years, filling it with credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of all connected with it. He was highly esteemed in all his relations and dealings with mankind, and no more fitting epitaph could be engraved upon his tombstone than "An Honest Man."

The fruits of his marriage were two daughters, the eldest of which, Abigail Fiske, married Dr. James A. Stetson, of this town, and the youngest, Elizabeth Ann, married Charles F. Baxter, formerly a merchant of Boston, both of whom are still living. Fifty years of happiness and usefulness crowned the married relation of our departed brother, and his spirit, rounded and ripened by a long life of usefulness and probity in the form, has gone to renew with his ascended partner his marital vows at heaven's holy altar, with an unending eternity for their honeymoon, and its vast, circling spheres for their bridal tour.

Thirteen years ago last June, Mr. Brigham became very much interested in the subject of Spiritualism. The first message he received purported to come from a dear brother, who departed this life several years before, beneath the very roof where we were then sitting. In it were such palpable evidences of his brother's individuality presented, that he hesitated not to acknowledge the spiritual authenticity of the communication. This was the first link in the grand chain of spiritual communication—the beginning of a new era of life to him. Steadily, degree by degree the ministering ones above led him on through the labyrinthian passages of mere faith to the flower-crowned summits of positive knowledge.

At this time John Quincy Adams made himself manifest to Mr. Brigham, and gave him such proofs of his identity as only he could give to his old friend and townsman. Allusions were frequently made to past political relations, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Brigham as to the real communicating source. It was then that the spirit of Mr. Adams announced to Mr. Brigham his intention and desire to present to the world Twelve Messages descriptive of the various scenes which marked his passage through the spheres, together with his comments upon such subjects, religious and political, as might engage his attention. Mr. Brigham entered heart and soul into the work, and gave to it his influence and affluence, until it was given to the world. He was intensely interested in the progress of the work, and as page after page was dictated, unfolding some new beauty and feature of spirit-life, and presenting some fresh evidence that the hand of the "Old Man Eloquent" was visible in the production, his soul was filled with ineffable pleasure that he could again converse with his distinguished townsman, and be instrumental in carrying out his desires.

Mr. Brigham is a man who will be very much missed in the community in which he lived, and which his pure and exalted life adorned. Old and young, rich and poor, will miss his kindly smile and the friendly shake of the hand. To his beloved children and grandchildren he has left the stipend of a pure and noble character—a legacy of far more value than all the wealth of the world. They can never be too grateful that he was spared to them so long; and that the closing hours of his life were so calm and peaceful, haloed by the blissful realization of a reunion with the loved ones gone before. To friends, children and all, he has bequeathed an incorruptible name, which no breath of calumny could tarnish. In Quincy's most beautiful necropolis of the dead, by the side of the dust of his sainted wife, not many rods from the spot hallowed as the resting-place of the older and younger President Adams, the mortal body of Josiah Brigham sleeps the sleep which knows no earthly waking. May no unhallowed foot ever desecrate that sacred mound, nor vandal tongue talk lightly of the soul that is gone.

The land of affection shall embower his grave with the fairest and sweetest of flowers, and the stern winter-king, when he sprinkles his blossoms of snow upon his lifeless bosom, will weave for him a mantle as pure and white as the immortal spirit which once enshined it. And as year after year bears us further away from the event of his translation, may his grave be a Mecca to which we may often make pilgrimage to renew our vows of fidelity to the great principles which he embodied and reduced to practice in his earthly life, and to stimulate our lives to a nobler performance of all the duties and missions devolving upon us, that when we, too, shall join the mighty procession heading toward the Throne of the Great Eternal, we may tread with him the same shining pathway, and enjoy the same exalted condition of beatific life.

The following poem was improvised through me at the close of a discourse last Sabbath, delivered in commemoration of the departure of Mr. Brigham, which poem many friends have requested that the controlling intelligence would reproduce, if possible, and forward to the BANNER OF LIGHT for publication:

Gently as an infant slumbers,
Passed he from the earth away,
Joining the uncounted numbers
In the land of endless day.

Heads and hearts are bowed in sorrow,
Watching up and down the street,
Thinking that mayhap to-morrow
He may fill the vacant seat.

But in vain will he be gazing,
He in form will come no more;
Songs of gladness he is raising
With the loved ones gone before.

Tell us where thy life-bark drifted
When it left time's troubled sea;
When the mystic veil uplifted,
And thy sapphire eyes could see—

Tell us what celestial beauties
Hast thou seen in Eden-bowers;
Tell us, brother, what new duties
Now engage thy spirit powers.

Tell us, oh thou dear departed,
What bright scenes have met thy sight,
Since thy feet immortal started
On thy voyage of life and light.

Hast thou met the wife, the mother,
Dearest treasure of thy heart,
And thy loved and loving brother,
Early called with him to part?

Hast thou, in those heavenly stations,
Met the "Old Man Eloquent,"
Whose immortal inspirations
Strength unto thy spirit lent?

Is it true that woe or anguish
Reached not that resplendent shore?
That the deathless soul will languish
Mid the scenes of pain no more?

Hark! I hear his spirit sainted,
Speaking from yon "bending bough,"
"All the pictures angels painted,
Now, indeed, I know are true.

"On eternity's broad river,
God has launched my bark of life,
Sailing onward, upward ever,
Tossed no more by waves of strife.

"In those heavenly mansions o'er me,
Forms familiar, robed in white,
Passed in grand review before me,
Like a panorama bright.

"Among the countless legions shining
Was my dear, devoted wife,
Who, with flowers her brow entwining,
Welcomed me to angel life.

"There before me stood no longer
A pale face or form diseased;
Death but truly made her stronger
When her spirit it released.

"There I saw John Quincy Adams,
Who, with words most sweet and kind,
Breathed assurance that those life-thoughts
Were the products of his mind.

"There I met my faithful pastors,
Who to heaven my spirit led,
And who, in yon granitic temple,
Fed my soul with living bread.

"Through death's Royal Arch my spirit
Passed, an endless life to live,
Richest blessings to inherit,
Such as only heaven can give!

"Angels, with sweet diapason,
Greeted me to mansions bright,
Where presides the Master Mason,
Author of all Life and Light.

"I my first degree have taken
In the beauteous summer-land,
Hands of brothers I have shaken,
Members of our mystic band.

"Brother Masons, in your meetings
You my earth-form may not see,
You may not extend the greetings
Of the Brotherhood to me;

"Still, there is no life-link broken,
Death has not dissolved life's ties,
You may yet receive some token
From me you yet recognize.

"I would have you live most holy,
Doing right for sake of right,
Ever meek and ever lowly,
Ever first to spread the light."

Thus he speaks with voice potential,
Speaks from his refulgent bower,
Speaks in language reverential,
Speaks with pathos and with power,

Bidding you, with true endeavor,
Labor for the good of all,
That the tyrant, Error never
May the human soul enthrall.

Ever, friends, will he be near you,
Ever from his home above,
With his messages to cheer you,
Messages of truth and love.

Onward, then, enfranchised brother,
Onward through the circling spheres;
All our sorrows we will smother,
All our rising doubts and fears;

For we know, by thy transition,
Thou hast found a better life,
Happier in thy new condition,
Happier with thine angel wife.

We will not, blest spirit, call thee
Back again on earth to dwell,
For no pain nor suffering thrall thee;
Brother, with thee "all is well."

With thee all is peace and gladness,
All is harmony and cheer;
Nay, a note of pain or sadness
Grates upon thy spirit ear.

Nevermore these friends shall greet thee
While within the form they dwell,
Yet in heaven above they'll meet thee—
Father, brother, fare thee well.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

Quincy, Mass., August 5, 1867.

"Wanted, a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion." Is an English advertisement.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WISCONSIN STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

[Concluded from our last.]

Evening Session.—The Vice President called the Convention to order, and announced the order of exercises to be conference from 7 to 8, and the subsequent hour to be occupied in lecture by A. J. Fishback.

Dr. Brown opened the conference with some very appropriate remarks upon charity, and the proper treatment of our medium, and was followed by Mr. J. H. Spencer, of Fond du Lac, who said, "We've no right to expect ill of any one. If persons err, show them their wrong, and make them better by love and kindness."

Mr. Johnson wanted mediums treated kindly, but also wanted them to feel that they were responsible for their acts.

Mrs. Severance thought people in general did not realize the extreme sensitiveness of this class of persons, and how much they suffer from antagonistic influences; that people ignorant of the laws of spirit-control should not interfere with the necessary and required conditions of spirit-communication.

After a song by the Hutchinsons, Mr. A. J. Fishback, of Fond du Lac, formerly a Universalist clergyman, interested the people with a lecture upon "The New American Church." After a few preliminary remarks, in which he referred to his age being but eighteen months in Spiritualism, during which time he had outgrown the necessity (?) of prefixing *Rev.* to his name, he proceeded to the treatment of his subject in his usual earnest and enthusiastic manner. The church, like the government, is a spontaneous outgrowth of human nature. There has existed this demand, and with it has come the supply. All things are good in their own place and time. The divinity of the universe is the logical inference from the divinity of the Almighty. Nevertheless, all nature is constructed upon the principles of progress. The mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms are susceptible of improvement to an inconceivable degree. Have we not made progress in agriculture, manufactures and commerce, in science, art, literature and philosophy; and especially in politics and religion? In the histories of governments we trace their progress from the crudest despotisms through many forms down to our own, which is by far superior to all others that have preceded it. The Declaration of Independence grew out of the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of the race; this then is the central idea of the American government, and is one illustration of the principle of the race. Science embraces the primary truths and principles of the universe; politics pertain to external wants and relations of mankind; and religion comprehends their moral and spiritual wants. The new American Church, like our government, will be new only in the sense of improvement upon preceding Churches. It will embrace all the truths of the past, and add thereto those of the present and future. As our government is becoming more free, so shall the new church be a free church for all men, no matter how widely they may differ in their thoughts, opinions or lives. There is not a free church in America, unless Spiritualism may be called a church; they each and all enslave the minds and hearts of their subjects. Politically, men are somewhat free, and women have a prospect for freedom; now let us have a free church for both. The women of these churches are well cared for! First their husbands rule over them, second the church, and third the fashionable world. Men cannot believe or disbelieve at pleasure, hence the only creed of the New American Church shall be a plain declaration of man's individual right to believe or disbelieve, according to evidence; and the priests and people of this church shall be every human soul who has received the inspiration and spiritual gifts of the age.

Miss Bertie Sherman, of Fond du Lac, called for, and recited "Barbara Frietchie," eliciting much applause. Bertie is a little girl of eleven years, and a member of the Milwaukee Progressive Lyceum. Her entire self-possession and perfect comprehension of the ideas and sentiment of her recitations, together with her great powers of elocution, mark her as an uncommonly gifted child in this direction.

The Hutchinsons sang the next lecture, and the Convention adjourned from the Free Church to meet in the grove at 8 o'clock the next forenoon.

Sunday Morning.—The friends of Beloit had nicely prepared the grove for the occasion, and also large baskets of necessary eatables, the external evidences of generous hearts and busy hands, and with largely increased numbers all entered upon the duties and devotions of the day with new interest.

The following resolutions were submitted and adopted:

Resolved, That as all organizations exist by inherent union of principles and action, it is therefore necessary that we, as a body, cultivate harmony and discountenance everything that savors of caste, or tends to discrimination.

Resolved, That we, as the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, do hereby acknowledge the benefits and necessity of such Lyceums, and therefore would recommend that all local organizations in this State do all in their power to institute the same in their localities.

The conference was one of interest, in which some practical things were said.

J. H. Spencer thought Christianity meant relieving the poor and suffering, living temperately, and exercising charity.

Mr. Severance called for opposition, if there was any. Was in favor of a radical reform in woman's dress, and did not expect people to think that the women there who wore the American costume were actuated by no higher motives than a passing fancy or love of notoriety, for women who adopted this dress did it from principle. As the tobacco question had been introduced, he wanted to say that if the consumers of this weed really felt that it added to their physical health and cleanliness, and their spiritual development, and thus used it from principle, he should not object to their using it.

Mrs. Severance claimed that she had had more opposition in wearing her style of dress from Spiritualists than from any other class; that they were very anxious to receive the blessing and benefits of her psychometrical and healing powers, which have been largely induced and strengthened by her healthful habits of living, but when Mrs. Grundy looked that way they did not wish to acknowledge her as their friend and benefactor.

Dr. Brown did not want to be looked upon as a Christian, but as a religious man, for Christianity had no more to do with natural-law religion than Mahometism.

Mr. Fishback said that Jesus and the apostles were his brothers in the cause of Spiritualism, and he would no sooner shoot a bullet into a Spiritualist of the past than of the present.

The conference closed by Miss Bertie's reciting the "Conductor's Story."

Mrs. Jennie Hildebrand, of Fond du Lac, read Miss A. W. Sprague's poem, "I Still Live," and while Col. Winslow, of Chicago, was singing, "Spare the Old Homestead," she was entranced, and gave the first lecture of the morning, from these words, "Love ye one another." She said that as fast as people developed the love-principle they outgrew the conditions of the past, for love censured no one, and was the only means whereby the erring could be reclaimed; that every condition was true to the cause that produced it, and one was no better than another. God, through his works, says, come up higher; so should we say to all below us, and thus help to roll forward the great wheel of progress, which forces every one to move forward, whether they desire it or not. Love, through development, casts out all fear, even that of death, and helps us to act our part in the field of reform, though criticised and censured on every hand; said many persons were willing to enjoy the blessings brought them by mediums, but were not ready to stand by them while traveling over the thorny road of development, forgetting that many were forced through various experiences by circumstances over which they had no control.

Mrs. Hildebrand makes her religion of love practical by curing the sick and afflicted after the manner of Jesus.

While the souls of all present were again drinking in the sweet inspirations of the talented and reformatory troupe of singers present, a little bird, with execrable jealousy of this monopoly of his beautiful temple and songs of freedom, perched himself on the bough of a tree just by the side of the trio and warbled forth his song, the words of which we did not distinctly understand, in such perfect harmony with theirs that for a moment it was difficult to determine which member of this quartet uttered the greatest applause.

J. B. Loveland was the next speaker announced,

The Banner of Light is issued on and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Indians—Their Treatment and Destiny.

The policy on which Congress has finally settled in its dealings with the Indians is that which was long since urged by the BANNER, in the face of ridicule from Western men, apparently without exciting the least attention on the part of Congressmen, and almost, if not entirely, as the solitary advocate of any policy, that had justice for its foundations. The press cared little or nothing about the subject; these Indians, what did the papers care for them? They were busy about other things, and more profitably engaged in defending Orthodoxy or making political capital for themselves and their party. The BANNER was the pioneer in this business; and to-day it enjoys the indescribable satisfaction of seeing its propositions relative to the red men accepted by the government of the nation, and incorporated into the laws of the land. We hail and accept it, not as the triumph of individuals, but of sound principle and the cause of justice and truth.

The bill providing for a permanent adjustment of the Indian troubles, as it passed Congress, authorized the appointment of a Commission, to consist of three army officers in rank not below that of a brigadier general, with Senator Henderson, of Missouri, Mr. S. F. Tappan, of Minnesota, John B. Sanborn, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Their duty is, to call together the chiefs of the various tribes that are hostile to the United States at present, and propose terms of peace to them, on the basis of securing them a reservation of land ample for a settlement. They are authorized to locate the reservations as follows: one north of Nebraska, west of the Missouri river, and south of the Southern Pacific railroad; the other south of Kansas, and west of Arkansas, including a portion of what is now the Indian Territory; but Congress is to approve of the agreements before the Indians occupy the territory, and all the tribes, peaceful as well as hostile, are to move upon these reservations. And then, if the tribes refuse peace, war is to be prosecuted with vigor. We are able to see no justice in the last provision, since it is to be considered that it is not the Indian who is responsible for the war now being carried on. Yet we gladly accept the measure as a whole, regarding it as the first step, and therefore the most important one toward permanent pacification and the establishment of relations inspired by justice and right.

After the Indians shall have been settled on the reservations thus provided for them, they are to consider themselves in possession of permanent homes, and strangers are not to be permitted to enter without permission of the interested tribes, unless they are officers and employees of the United States. The district, too, is to be located so as not to interfere with travel on highways established by authority of the government, or with either of the several routes of the Pacific Railroad. To carry out this act, Congress appropriated the sum of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides furnishing subsistence and transportation for the Commissioners. This bill runs by the title of "a bill to establish peace with certain Indian tribes," which is a decided improvement on all previous measures, that have looked mainly, if not entirely, to making war upon them.

Is it necessary for us to review the causes of all these Indian troubles, of the wars which have been running their bloody course through so many weary years, which have cost so many valuable lives, and wasted so much treasure? Go back to the early Indian treaties, and there the seeds of these retributive troubles will be clearly discerned. The Cherokees and Crocks were virtually dispossessed of their homes and lands in the Southern States by force, since they were bidden to go of themselves or be driven away by superior numbers. A home was offered them beyond the Mississippi, it is true; but as they notoriously went against their will, there could be no more justice than there was choice about it. From the days of John Quincy Adams, there were men in public life who insisted on the government's laying down some broad and generous policy for its dealings with the Indian tribes, in order to vindicate the honor of the nation in the first place, and that there might be no such opening as was afterwards made for corruption, shameless frauds, and costly violence. Gold hunters and others have hitherto intruded upon the Indian reservations, engendering troubles of a grievous nature; but the specific terms of the new law of Congress prohibit any white man, unless he be an officer or employee of the government, from setting foot on the new reservations, on any pretext whatever. No cause ought to be sufficient to induce us to break our treaties, whether with the Indians or with foreign nations; and if we offer the insufficient excuse that the pursuit of gold in gulches and mines warrants an intrusion which certainly conduces to outbreaks, then we are ready to admit that money is of more value in our sight than the soundness of our solemn pledges, made to those who have not the power to force us to redeem them. Here is precisely where all the trouble has sprung from: in our neglect to keep our treaties. Not that we have a government, or a nation, deliberately and selfishly broken the same, but that we have tolerated a state of things which permitted conscienceless wretches to prey upon the red man, and after they had aroused them to vengeance, we have voted money and sent men to kill the Indians for resisting and resenting what they could no longer endure. In brief, our government has taught them to suspect, if not to hate all white men, friends as well as foes, by promptly taking the part of those who fleece, defraud, abuse and destroy them. It is perfectly natural that they should not make any discrimination between the two, the agent and the employer.

Since this matter has been pressed with such power upon public attention, as it has been of late, in which work the BANNER claims to have been early enlisted and faithfully engaged, the press has come out with more plainness and emphasis respecting the practices which we have steadily denounced and held up to general condemnation. It has come to see for itself that the other side of the case is indefensible; that it is hard work to make out for a pack of lying and cheating agents and traders that they have been shamefully abused by the Indians, when the

facts are notoriously the other way, but have been industriously concealed or misrepresented by those whose interest it is to keep such truth hidden as they do not choose to poison. And since the public journals have taken the matter up, Congress has been reached by their conjoint influence, and this late bill is the result of its concentrated exercise. It shows what an enlightened press can do in a free country, if it chooses to put forth its exertions.

When we stop a moment to consider how many lives and how much treasure these protracted Indian Wars, almost wholly needless, have cost, it makes one shudder at the fearful recital. A gang of greedy speculators able to excite a government like ours to open a war with the Indians, whom it affects to treat as the children and wards of the nation! It is preposterous as a statement to go into history. It seems as if it had been not much but a continuous Indian War, for nearly forty years. With a government disposed to deal out only justice to all for whom it acts as an agent, such a statement could hardly be possible.

The question has often been raised, and discussed with much more prejudice and prepossession than intelligent candor, whether it is possible to elevate the condition of the red man, by instructing him in the arts of civilization and the pursuits of peace. For the first time, that question is likely to find a satisfactory answer in the result of the experiment to be actually tried. Hitherto it has been open to debate, although those who best knew the character and capacity of the Indian were competent to give the right lead to public opinion in finding an answer. But now we are to have the matter determined on a basis of actual, undeniable, visible fact; and that is worth all the more theories in the world. Where opinions have differed on the matter, it is to be observed that those who contest most earnestly against the red man's capacity and teachableness are most warm in their feelings and prejudices; and of course these hurt a course of right reasoning on any subject. We are satisfied to quote from a speech of but one public man on this point, although, did our space permit, we might make similar citations by the column from others. The speech is by Mr. Morrill, of Maine, in the United States Senate. Said he: "The Indian is a man, and he is entitled to protection, and I never will consent to legislate on any other theory than that. He is susceptible of civilization, I do not doubt. His history shows it. His race has vindicated itself amid perils and difficulties that have surrounded him ever since the dawn of civilization on this continent. We declare here now that we want assigned him an adequate portion of land on this continent, over which he may roam, and which, under God, in some sense belongs to him, and to which our fathers said he had at least the right of possession. In the bloody days of the Revolution, in the struggle for national independence, they called him brother, and asked him to come to their side and vindicate our right to this continent as an inheritance to him and to us. Now, sir, when we have stripped him of his possessions, taken away his hunting grounds, and the graves of his fathers, and driven him on either side to the centre of the continent to which our population is rapidly tending, the honorable Senator from Michigan says he will raise his 'feeble voice' against any attempt to secure to him a foot of ground on which he shall stand and say it is his own. Well, sir, I meet him on that, and say that he is entitled to a portion of the continent, once his own, adequate to his necessities; and I take up the refrain of the honorable Senator from Massachusetts, so often repeated here and elsewhere, that the only salvation for the negro whom you have enfranchised is land to stand on; and I say the only hope for the Indian is that he shall have a place of land on which he shall stand, and the 'border' shall not prevail against him; the nation shall stand behind him, and when population advances, shall guide, guard, and protect him against its invasion."

That is nobly spoken, and still it is only justice. Had such sentiments, positive and earnest as these are, actuated the government of this nation from the first, it is no presumption to say that these troubles with the Indians would never have been heard of. If we appeal to the better qualities that reside somewhere in all men, red as well as white, we are very sure to get a response from them, and a favorable one, in due time; but when we set about our business by dealing, or permitting others to deal, corruptly and falsely, using violence to back up our wanton frauds, we are guilty of a blunder as great as our injustice, and are certain at some day to be overtaken with merited retribution.

The present generation of Indians will pass away, as well as ourselves, but if we now establish a system of friendly treatment, their posterity will be born into the full enjoyment of its advantages, and ours into familiarity with the plain rules of right and justice; and the mutual relations of the races will be wonderfully improved. It is clearly impossible to go on as we have been going. War cannot be waged always to such manifest disadvantage.

The Commissioners have met and concluded to send out runners to the hostile tribes, asking them to be present at a general conference at Fort Laramie, in September, and at another at Fort Larned, about the middle of October. At Laramie, they met a number of agents, traders and interpreters, who will set forth their own interests to the best of their ability. The Commissioners will of course sift the stories of this crowd of men to the bottom, and exercise their caution and wisdom in coming to their final conclusions. They must know that it is from interested whites alone that the disturbing causes generally proceed. It is hardly to be expected, either, that the hatred so deliberately fomented by the whites in the breasts of the Indians, will be allayed all at once by the simple appearance of the Commissioners on the frontier; time will have to be allowed them to fairly begin their work in, which we hope will be improved to the utmost in the cause of humanity and peace. It is much to be assured that the Commission cannot be interfered with at present by outside parties; they have but to do their work fearlessly and on their conscience, and the gratitude of red and white men both will be their permanent reward.

The BANNER OF LIGHT has long and earnestly pleaded with this government for justice to the red man; and this can be had through the agencies of peace, not of war. Therefore it has deprecated and denounced war, and asked for the employment of other influences. Its pleas have not been altogether in vain. Whatever the direct motives of our public men may be in voting at last for a measure that promises to establish justice, we know that this work has been advanced and directed by the powers above, which are constant to their purposes when the resolutions of mortals fail. Our appeals have been put forth as their own. They have spoken and wrought through us in this matter. We could tell of many incidents in the history of this matter, which would strike multitudes with astonishment, but which were

the plain evidences of superior power, exerted to a single end, and this very one.

Now let the nation demand of the government that the new plan be carried out to its full limit faithfully, and we shall all become satisfied of the errors and faults of the past, and combine with the more earnestness to correct them by performing our whole duty in the future.

The Political Horizon.

We eschew the discussion of party politics in this paper. It was established for another purpose entirely. We do not believe in uniting "church and state" for the aggrandizement of a privileged few at the expense of the toiling many. On the contrary, we are for and with the people, against all and every kind of slavery—mental as well as physical.

The great spirit-world has us all in its keeping, and will guide our destinies right. Each and all, however much they may plan and scheme, will ultimately be compelled to act in accordance with its teachings. "Man proposes—God disposes."

This nation is going through a transition state, preparatory to a new and far better order of things. Everything is in its time and place. And as Nature performs her work in silence and with regularity, so will the problem of Free America work out its mission, silently but effectually, notwithstanding the jarring elements of discord observable in our political horoscope to-day.

Spiritualists therefore should stand aloof from party politics at this time, and abide the issue, with a firm reliance upon the invisible intelligences who have them in their keeping. That the nation is to be purified none can for a moment doubt; and when the dark clouds that now hover over it, portending a dreadful storm, have passed away, as they surely will, the bright sun of Righteousness will shine out in resplendent glory, and all will acknowledge the justice and goodness of God, and admit that the chastening we shall have received was for a wise and holy purpose.

Many true and worthy men and women in our ranks, conscientiously no doubt, believe the time is ripe for them to enter—as Spiritualists—the political arena. They feel that their mission lies in that direction, and that, by forming themselves into a political party, they shall be instrumental in inaugurating a new order of things. In this they are mistaken. They are doing all that is required of them now. What the immediate future will develop, no mortal can foresee; but it is plainly visible to the clairvoyant eye that mighty changes are to take place both in church and state, and that Spiritualism will have much to do in reorganizing the discordant elements now agitating the nation. Then, when the spirit-world commands us to enter the field political, it will be ample time for us to do so, but not until then. If we attempt to marshal our forces in this direction prematurely, we shall only retard the progress of the great ball of reform that is steadily rolling on, to result in the final disenthralment of all humanity.

Take Care of the Mediums.

What Dean Clark said in our last issue concerning the scanty rewards of mediums—a class of men and women to which Spiritualists are indebted for all of their direct knowledge of the invisible world—should reach the heart of every reader. It is a fact that no class of laborers, so devoted and self-sacrificing as this one, is so wretchedly rewarded. We do not have it in mind to speak of the need or the propriety of their getting rich through their exhausting calling, but the idea is that they should certainly be abundantly rewarded, over and above what it costs them for time, travel and positive exertion. Spiritualists of ample means are sometimes guilty of inviting mediums to come and lecture, and then are not ashamed to send them away with a mere pittance for pay, perhaps not sufficient even to pay their railroad fares.

To bring about that state of harmonious and fraternal feeling which should subsist between mediums and the great mass of Spiritualists, which in its turn would go very far to elevate the calling itself, the first step requisite is to amply and even generously reward those who bring to our souls such welcome tidings, and are the instruments of our being so largely blessed. Where are there other persons to whose agency we stand so deeply indebted? If we are indeed spiritual then the gifts exerted by mediums on our behalf are above what we can say or do by way of testifying our gratitude; and we should lay our offerings at their feet from sheer gratitude to the angels-powers which have kindly directed them to us for permanent good. A true Spiritualist is no niggard with the mediums. Let them be paid generously and give them even a larger store of sympathy and cooperation.

Third National Convention Address.

The Address of the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, which we published in last week's BANNER, made a wide and profound impression on all who gave it a perusal. Its leading points are so strong and forcibly put, that it is impossible to refuse to be convinced by the reasoning and influenced by the appeals that sustain them. Spiritualism holds in its hands, as that powerful Address asserts, the hopes of Liberalism. It is not restricted or weighed down by a creed, and wastes neither strength nor time in defending its positions.

The Address must stir up all true believers in progress and the genuine inspiration of ideas, to put forth united efforts to throw off the iron despotism with which free thought is threatened. Let the traduced party show itself superior to, and therefore stronger than, its traducers. If the right voice speaks through the approaching Cleveland Convention, it must be that Spiritualism will draw to itself the thousands upon thousands who are dissatisfied with the rule of bigotry and naked authority, and would be glad to form a union powerful enough to break and shatter its power at a single well-directed blow.

The Grand Picnic at Abington.

Our readers must not forget the Grand Union Picnic of Spiritualists at Island Grove, Abington, on Thursday, August 22. Dr. Gardner is making arrangements for one of the grandest affairs ever held in this State. Some of the best speakers in our ranks will be there. The proprietors of the grove can accommodate all with dinners who do not bring their "baskets." From the interest manifested we expect this picnic, if the weather is willing, will be the largest ever assembled in the Eastern States.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Dr. H. B. Storer has been lecturing afternoons and evenings in the above hall, in this city, for the past three Sundays. His truly spiritual discourses are always appreciated by the listeners. Next Sunday closes his engagement. Mrs. S. A. Horton will follow him, for the month of September. The Children's Lyceum, which meets at 10 A. M., is getting along well.

Dr. Randolph and his Work.

We had the pleasure to meet, a day or two since, this strange, erratic man. His fate and his life are very singular and his experiences wonderful. He himself has such an unwavering faith in the reality of the visions which he sees, that even a skeptic is bound to respect his opinions.

Through the importunity of those "who walk the earth unseen" by us, though to him palpable and real, he has been induced to reconsider his resolution never to appear again as a teacher of the great truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, and will once more enter the lecturing field. He spoke on Sunday evening, August 4th, at Charlestown, to a very attentive audience; and again on the Sunday evening following, upon "The Science of Mind." His manner of speaking is his own, peculiar, like himself, and he will hold an audience rapt when another could hardly gain a hearing. He kindly gave us a list of the subjects upon which he proposes to lecture: "The Spiritual Kingdom of Further Space," "Origin and Destiny of the Human Soul," "The Philosophy of Mutation," are subjects which we may expect will call forth all his power as a medium and speaker.

The following are the subjects for the season of 1867 and 1868:

- 1st. "The Future of the Globe, or America, A. D. 1998."
- 2d. "Origin and Destiny of the Human Soul."
- 3d. "The Soul—her Sorrows and her Aspirations."
- 4th. "The Spiritual Kingdom of Further Space."
- 5th. "The Soul's Journey to Earth, Heaven and Hell."
- 6th. "Hearts."
- 7th. —
- 8th. "What and Where is the Spirit-World?"
- 9th. "Psyche's Search for God."
- 10th. "Death, Hell and the Grave."
- 11th. "Love and its Hidden Mystery."
- 12th. "Clairvoyance and Mediumship."
- 13th. "The Philosophy of Mutation."

He will lecture in the New England and Middle States. His address is box 332, Boston, Mass.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Rev. J. B. Harrison has reengaged at Bloomington, Ill., to speak to the Independent Society of that place for another year. He will attend the National Convention of Spiritualists at Cleveland.

Dean Clark would like to make arrangements to speak in New England during the fall and winter. He can be addressed care of this office. Mr. C. is a young man of fine ability and an excellent lecturer.

Abraham James, the renowned clairvoyant medium, paid us a brief visit last week. He is at present engaged in delving, clairvoyantly, into the bowels of the earth in search of the hidden treasures which Nature has in store for the human family. His address is Pleasantville, Venango County, Pa., box 34.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, the psychometrists, we learn, intend to be present at the National Convention of Spiritualists, in Cleveland.

Dr. J. M. Grant, a healing medium, is practicing in Sacramento, Cal., in the office recently occupied by Dr. Bryant, who recommends Dr. Grant as a good healer.

Dr. L. P. Griggs will lecture and heal in Princeton, Ill., and vicinity during August and September. The Doctor writes: "Will you please state in the BANNER OF LIGHT that A. H. Buckman, of Etta Green, Ind., would be glad to have mediums passing over the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, call and see him? They will find an excellent home and a man both willing and able to sustain the cause of Spiritualism."

Davis's Works in German.

The New York Tribune of August 7th thus notices the progress of the Spiritual Philosophy in Germany: "The translation of the Complete Works of Andrew Jackson Davis into the German language has been undertaken by Mr. Gregor Constantine Wittig, an admirer of the 'Harmonial Philosophy' in Breslau. The first volume has recently made its appearance in Leipzig, containing the Fourth Part of the 'Great Harmonia,' entitled 'The Reformer.' It is issued in an elegant octavo edition of more than five hundred pages, and has evidently been translated with extreme care and fidelity. Mr. Wittig has devoted several years to the study of the writings of the 'American Seer,' and professes to find in them the complement of German philosophy and a most valuable accession to the intellectual treasures of European civilization. It would not be surprising if Mr. Davis were to receive a more cordial appreciation of his peculiar gifts among the mystics of Germany than he has yet experienced with the more practical portion of his own countrymen."

A Convention in New Hampshire.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire are moving in the right direction. By a call in another column it will be seen that they are to assemble at Bradford on Tuesday, Sept. 24th. It is the first Convention of the kind ever called in the State, and we trust every portion will be represented, and that judicious measures will be adopted to place before the people the grand truths of Spiritualism.

Spiritual Convention in Kansas.

The Spiritualists of Kansas publish a call in another column for a Convention, to meet at Lawrence on the last Saturday and Sunday in August. Mrs. A. Wilhelm, an excellent lecturer on Spiritualism, will address the Convention. Other good speakers will be present.

Judge Edmonds's Tracts.

Henry Witt, publisher and dealer in spiritual books, 67 Fourth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has republished Judge Edmonds's tracts in fine style. For terms, &c., see advertisement in another column. The BANNER OF LIGHT can be obtained at Mr. Witt's counter every week.

Smyth's Jesus of Nazareth.

We have just received a supply of the new edition of "Jesus of Nazareth; or, a true history of the man called Jesus Christ," by Alexander Smyth, medium. The book is having a lively sale. Price, \$1.75; postage, 24 cents.

Moses Hull.

This able champion in the spiritual ranks is in great demand in the West, and is kept constantly at work in the lecturing field. We are glad to learn that he intends to be at the National Convention at Cleveland.

Dr. J. Whipple in Woonsocket.

Dr. Whipple will be in Woonsocket, R. I., from August 17th to the 20th. We hear that he has performed many truly remarkable cures.

New Publications.

SEVEN YEARS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE. By George Edward Clarke, (Yankee Ned), of Lynn, Mass. With nine full page illustrations. Boston: Adams & Co.

Here is a handsome book of travel and adventure by sea, overrunning with those changeful incidents which attract readers of all ages and degrees of culture. The author describes with vivacity and much warmth his several voyages in merchantmen and ships-of-war, coasting and trading vessels; his shipwrecks and disasters in the Indian ocean and the Gulf Stream; his captivity and sufferings on the coast of Africa; his wanderings and adventures in the Nubian Desert, Arabia, Hindoostan, and the Indies; and his active personal service on board Union gunboats and blockaders; and the perils and experience of a fisherman on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. It is a thoroughly exciting book, whose rapid pages the author has touched off with a ready pen. The publishers present it to the public in remarkably handsome dress, and do not miscalculate large and prompt sales. There is enough real romance in a book of this sort to set up a dozen writers of fiction.

The New York Medical College for Women make their Fifth Annual Announcement, with their charter appended thereto. The plan of the original incorporators embraced so much that is necessary and useful to the female sex in this century, and proposed so thorough an education of them in medical science and practice, that it challenged at the start the confidence of all. But the affairs of the country were too unsettled to secure for the institution the material aid for which it now appeals. Of late, the true friends of the College have come in to strengthen and uphold it, and that ought to call in more. The facilities for acquiring a complete medical education are to be increased and enlarged, the standard of attainments is to be elevated, and funds are to be solicited to erect proper buildings and the basis of present endowments. The next term, beginning the first Monday in November, and continuing twenty weeks, at No. 361 West Fourth street, N. Y., will open a department of instruction, to be called "The Department of Sanitary Science;" in which lectures will be given on the laws of health, under the heads of Personal, Domestic and Public Hygiene, with so much of Anatomy and Physiology as may be needed to render the subject practical and intelligible.

All communications, whether with contributions or for information, should be addressed to Mrs. C. F. WELLS, Secretary of the New York Medical College for Women, care of Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW; The Official Organ of the Order. A Monthly Magazine, published by John W. Orr, New York. Two dollars per annum.

The August number of this valuable Magazine is upon our table. Its contents are varied and interesting, and in neatness of appearance it can not be excelled. This Magazine has lately been enlarged, is finely illustrated, and should be patronized by every member of the Order. The publisher offers a premium of five hundred dollars for the best original story that shall be contributed previous to the 10th of November. Here is an opportunity for the literati to enter the arena of fair competition, with the chance of gaining not only an enhanced reputation, but also, a handsome addition to the private exchequer.

A. Williams & Co. publish the ARGUMENT of C. M. Ellis, Esq., before the City Committee on the opening of the Reading-Room of the Public Library on Sundays. It is very neatly published.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for August has been received. Its pages are fresh with beautiful thoughts befitting the youthful mind. For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have sent us the following new musical compositions: "The Gathering Homeward," or "One by One," song and quartette, music by J. H. Pixley; "A Weary Dove" is a pretty song, music by W. T. Wrighton, words by Mrs. Evans Bell; "Sally's Favorite Galop," by Alex. R. Webb; "Mugby Junction Galop," by Charles Coote, Jr.

The more we hear it sung the better we like Dr. Ordway's new song and chorus, "O'er the graves of loved ones plant beautiful flowers." Its sweet melody and spiritual ideas will please all who listen to them.

"Birdie's Spirit-Song," "With rosebuds in my hand," continues to be largely called for, especially by the Children's Lyceums. It is a universal favorite.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, have just issued the following pieces: "The Cross and Crown," a sacred song for contralto or baritone, words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr., music by George O. Dana; Miss Muloch's poem, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," music by W. P. P. Longfellow; "Come into the Templar's Lodge," as sung by the Good Templars, Words by Dexter Smith, Jr.; "His spirit hovers near me," is a very pretty song, composed by Dexter Smith, Jr., for the popular vocalist, Miss Louise Myers, music by George Dana. The title page bears a splendid lithograph likeness of the fair songstress.

Reed Meyer, 722 Arch street, Philadelphia, has just issued another song by Felix Schelling, entitled "When we are gone."

Particular Notice to Subscribers.

As the present volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT is drawing to a close, we request those of our patrons whose subscriptions run out with it, to renew at once—if they intend to continue, (and of course they do.) By so doing it will save our clerks much unnecessary labor, as they have to remove every name from the mailing-machine when the subscription expires. It would create confusion to make exceptions to this rule. In a word, a prompt renewal will save much extra labor in the mailing department.

Mrs. Mary M. Wood.

This lady, whose remarkable susceptibility to spirit control has been illustrated in the delivery of public lectures of rare merit, in various parts of the country, has been speaking for the last four Sundays at Pierpont Grove, Melrose. Her lectures have awakened great interest, as we are told, in the subject of Spiritualism, both among Spiritualists and outsiders. She speaks at the same place on Sunday afternoon next at 2 o'clock.

Our readers, and especially those in New York and vicinity, are referred to the card of Mrs. A. Hull, whose powers as a magnetic healing medium, we are assured, are of a very high order; and as a psychometrist and clairvoyant, she gives the best satisfaction.

Read Dr. Storer's programme for the Spiritualist Camp Meeting to be held in Pierpont Grove, Melrose, commencing August 29th.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED.
FIFTH EDITION, (full gilt,)
or
POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE,
BY LIZZIE DOTEN.
PRICE \$2.00. For sale at this office; also at our Branch
Office, 544 Broadway, New York.
NEW EDITION

than the piano.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Luxury that leaves a Good Effect,
Is the Turkish Bath, which none can know but
those who try it. If you doubt it, go to 63 Colum-
bia street, Brooklyn Heights, (a few rods from
Fulton Ferry) to Dr. Shepard's, and try it, and
we are sure you will join us in recommending it
and the doctor to others. Much sickness might
be cured, more prevented and a general sanitary
improvement attained, by a more general use of

REDUCTION OF FARE.—Just as we were going to press, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Warren Chase, stating that arrangements had been made with the Central Railroad of New Jersey, to return delegates free who go to the Spiritualist Convention at Cleveland, over that road, provided they have a return certificate from the Secretary of the Convention. New England delegates who go by the way of New York City

REDUCTION OF FARE.—Just as we were going to press, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Warren Chase, stating that arrangements had been made with the Central Railroad of New Jersey, to return delegates free who go to the Spiritualist Convention at Cleveland, over that road, provided they have a return certificate from the Secretary of the Convention. New England delegates who go by the way of New York City will not be able to avail themselves of this privilege.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Aug. 7th, 1867. 634 Race St.

PAVILION, 57 Tremont street,
Boston Aug. 14, 1867.

terested. Fraternally yours,
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

At a meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, last Sunday morning, the following named persons were chosen as delegates to represent the Society at the National Convention in Cleveland: Lawrie Burtis, Sarah A. Burtis, Justin Gates, Caroline Stewart, Charles W. Hebard, Mary S. Hebard, C. W. HEBARD.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 8th, 1867.

These manifestations are related to the "great spiritual movement proper," as the sports and plays of childhood are to the normal functions of

So Spiritualism is inherent and universal, and manifestations in all departments of life only its expression.

Many are anxious to spread the "glorious cause"; but the cause already fills the universe. Others desire to build spiritual halls and establish churches of spiritual brethren; but though real, these are

points of celestial grandeur, and our mighty beams may
gladly flock to those hosts, and make them reverberate
with echoes of our glowing praise, as assuredly
they will, to glorify and exalt our praise in the
praise of all the universe, and dim those local points of
light by the brilliancy of unfolded spheres.

"God furnishes the stars, man the astronomy."
God makes the birds, and they sing because
they cannot help it. God furnishes the Light,
Wm. White and Company the BANNER. God
gives existence to spirit and to all life, and—man
calls Conventions."
NEW YORK CITY. WALTER HYDE.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are holden at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 214 York street. Lecture in the morning at 10 A. M., upon Natural Science and Philosophy as basic to a genuine Theology, with scientific experiments and illustrations with philosophical apparatus. Lyceum in the afternoon. Lecture in the evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, by volunteer speakers, upon the Science of Spiritual Philosophy.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, at 23 and 74 P. M.

Business Matters.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will bear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

Invocation.

Our Father, may the Angel of Peace fold his shining mantle close around thy children who are weary and heavy laden. May thy children here learn of thy love, learn of thy power, learn that thou art their Father indeed and in truth. May that love which casteth out all fear enter within their inner lives, causing the Kingdom of Heaven to be set up there.

Oh our Father, this day with its brightness blesses thy mortal children. It comes to their souls dispelling the darkness, driving out the clouds, and cheering them on to that glorious Kingdom of rest in the hereafter; not that rest which meaneth no action, but that rest which meaneth action; that rest which meaneth life.

Our Father, thy blessings we have received through all our lives, and we thank thee for all of them. They have come to us sometimes folded in shadows, yet they have been blessings. Sometimes they have come to us folded in sunbeams, and they are no greater blessings than those that are folded about with cypress leaves.

Our Father, we are with thee, and thou art with us; therefore we will not ask for salvation, for salvation comes unto us, and will never forsake us, for thou canst not leave us. We need not ask that thou wilt deal with us through all eternity, for in thy great love, in thy nearness to us thou wilt guide us, wilt love us through all eternity. For all thou hast given and all that is to come, we praise thee, our Father. Amen.

May 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, are ready to consider.

Ques.—By A. R. Simmons, of Marietta, O.: Do the peculiar theological views of the mediums on religious tenets, influence the spirits in the instruction they impart to us concerning the conditions of higher life?

Ans.—Sometimes mediumistic control is so absolute and perfect in itself, that there is no coloring given to the ideas that are advanced by those in control. But it so happens that at other times the control is not so perfect, and therefore what is given through the medium is tinged somewhat by preconceived notions of the medium. Those who are anxious to teach mortals new ideas concerning theological subjects, would much rather the mediums would have no religious belief of their own, for then the ground is clear—the workshop is not cumbered up with needless tools.

Q.—[By the same.] Can the spirit after it has left the form—being an intelligent and scientific one while in the form—take cognizance of physical bodies still in the form, without the aid of a medium's physical senses?

A.—Spirit takes cognizance of the things that belong specially to spirit; and it takes cognizance also of the things that belong to material life. But the spirit must be in rapport with material sense, in order to take cognizance of these material forms.

Q.—Do spirits see celestial bodies as we do, or only the spirit of them?

A.—When in the atmosphere of earth, we see them as you see them; but when outside of that atmosphere, or in a more rarified atmosphere, then we see them not as you see them, but in their spiritual state, a state, if I may so term it, a degree higher than the state physical or material. And yet all forms are of matter. Spirit manifests through matter. It cannot manifest outside of it. But there are as many degrees of matter, as there are needs of spirit for matter.

Q.—By what natural law, if any, does a spirit know that in the coming future of eternity, that it and others are to be incarnated?

A.—It is not absolute knowledge, for that comes only by experience. Spirits have the power to analyze the past with reference to the present, and when that present is perfectly understood, then you know somewhat of the future by that present. The spirit is constantly taking observation of all its surroundings. A wise Father has furnished it with a great variety of telescopes, and it uses them for its own growth. These telescopes peer into the past, they take cognizance of all that exists in the present, and peer into the future, bringing back to the soul tidings of all these different degrees of life.

May 23.

Mary E. Surratt.

It is a wise and magnanimous nation who can afford to hang its weak, delinquent members of society, and allow those who commit crimes under the mantle of power, to go free, crowned with laurels. Such a nation may look for the blessing of God!

I am forcibly reminded of a conversation that took place at my house, between myself and two gentlemen, who were conversing first among themselves—and, as I entered, I joined them—concerning the future of Mr. Davis, and concerning also our own future.

One of that little party remarked that the Northern people would never dare to hang Mr. Davis, but if those who understand him and his plans should be unlucky enough to fall into the hands of law, they would be dealt very harshly with.

I then thought that should Mr. Davis fall into the hands of Northern law it would deal severely with him. But I see I was mistaken, and my friend was right.

I have not visited you this afternoon because I would murmur against the decrees of fate, but because I would like to understand something more concerning that fate. I would like to know if we individualized immortals and mortals have not something to do with the shaping of fate. It seems so to me now. Perhaps I may change.

Mr. Johnson says, "I must hang Mrs. Surratt, because the people demand it, and will not be satisfied without it." Mr. Johnson also says, "I must not hang Mr. Davis, because the spirit of secession, of rebellion, is still very large all over the land; and because it is, I am somewhat fearful of

it. I desire peace and power, and I am determined to have it; and my experience has taught me that all who do gain power, gain it by shrewd maneuvering. It was policy to hang Mrs. Surratt—it will not be policy to hang Mr. Davis." And again he says to others, "I have no power over this man—I cannot do as I would."

It is false, and the whole spirit-world know it is false. Mr. Johnson has not only proved himself a traitor to his party, but he has proved himself a traitor to all who trust him. He would just as soon turn traitor to Mr. Davis, as he would turn traitor to the party who put him in office, if his interests lie in that direction. But he knows they do not. He has weighed and measured his power, or thinks he has; and he has measured also the feelings of the people, not only at the South, but at the North.

Many think that he has rushed to certain conclusions wildly. It is not so. Many think that he stands definitely upon what he calls "my policy," because he does not know any better. Mr. Johnson is not a fool, and he knows wherefore he stands defending that policy.

But there is a power in yonder spirit-world that he does not know; there is wisdom there that he has never been introduced to, and the time may possibly be nigh at hand when a mirror will be held before his face, wherein he can see somewhat of his future. And it is possible that by seeing that, he may lose strength and become enfeebled, as Mr. Buchanan was said to have been.

I come, speaking, my dear sir, as I do, because I know he expects I will come, because also he has need of my coming, and because also my own spirit is ill at ease in that glorious spirit-world, while so much injustice, so much of wrong exists with the Government that shielded me, and murdered me, too.

It seems to me that a wise man, if he would kill a poisonous tree, would destroy the roots or trunk first, instead of lopping off branch after branch, expecting it would die because he cut off the young branches. It seems also to me, that this nation has need of the visitation of the archangel of justice. It seems that a will to do right should be forced into the souls of every individual existing here. Now Mr. A. says, "Let Mr. B do the work." Mr. B says, "It is not my business; let Mr. A do it." And in conclusion would say to Mr. Johnson, beware! your policy, so far as Mr. Davis is concerned, conceals a viper that will turn and sting you. Oh you may not believe it, but if you do not, and do not heed the warning, a sad experience will befall you.

I am Mary E. Surratt. Good afternoon, sir. [Did you get an opportunity to communicate with your son?] I did, sir, but rather imperfectly. I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. I shall never forget it. May 23.

Robert Clyde.

Stranger, I'm pretty much of the opinion of that woman that's just left.

Now I've a very short story to tell to identify myself and them. I suppose I'll leave my story with you, for you to do with it as you do by others. My name, sir, to begin with, was Robert Clyde. I am from Missouri, and by some sort of a strange freak, I got enticed down South at the breaking out of the rebellion, and I soon got sick of it. But I was shot as a deserter. I'm not sorry, because I was bound to leave, anyway. And since that time I've been watching the progress of things from an elevated standpoint, instead of taking part in them, like one of our Generals. Whenever there was any hard fighting going on he was pretty sure to be out of danger. You'd never catch him at the front, or rear either—unless he was pretty well shielded—during a battle.

That your Government has dealt unjustly with Mr. Davis I know, for I was where I could look down and see the workings of that thing, and I've come to the conclusion that Government is made up of the most confounded set of knaves and fools that you could scare up anywhere on the surface of the earth. It seems as if you'd done your best to send such a miserable set to Washington. You ought to go there and hear them. My heavens! if it would n't make you sick clear through. [Do you often go there?] Yes, I do; I often go, and I get disgusted, and think I won't go again; and then something or other attracts me, and I get there before I know it.

Now the chap that thought he was doing a smart piece of business in sending me up higher, is in a place where they sell ladies' traps down South. He was in the army when I was shot as a deserter. Tell you what it is, it takes a smart man, and a brave man too, to desert. Oh, I was no coward, not a bit of it. But I saw how like the devil things were conducted down South, and I was determined to leave. I didn't care how quick I got shot. I said like this: If I stay here, I'll be shot some time or other. If I make an attempt to leave, the chances are ten to one that I'll get shot right away; so I think I'll desert.

The first chap I want to reach is the chap that done the job in sending me aloft. [Do you know his name?] I know one of his names; do you not know the other; that is, he was called—and I suppose that's his last name, quite sure it was—he was called Haven, Lieutenant Haven. I don't know what his first name was, but I followed the chap, and I found him in a place where they sell ladies' traps down South. [In a dry-goods store?] Yes, that's it, a dry-goods store. I want to send him my compliments from the country I'm living in now. I do n't feel hard toward him, but I guess he and I had better have a talk, because he might go out quick, as I did; then it would n't be pleasant for him, you know. Guess we'd better have a talk.

And then I've got a daughter, I suppose, that's perhaps afraid of these things. She's inclined on the Methodist order, and I don't know, but I'm pretty sure I shall be able to find her out as I did Lieut. Haven. If I am, I'll just give 'em a call. If they've got any fire and anything for a fellow to eat, it's all right; that is to say, if they will give me an invitation to stop; if they say "dump your truck and come in." That's it; if they'd say that to me, then I'm all right. That's a Missouri phrase. Oh, laugh away and grow fat, it don't hurt me any. I expected to get laughed at here. [I'm glad you take it so kindly.]

I wonder how Jeff. Davis felt when he was caught. They said he was rigged up in glasses, and cape bonnet, and somebody's gown. [You are better able to judge than I am how he felt.] Me? oh no, I'm not a judge of his feelings. Well, I should feel a little sneaky if I was running away from anybody. As I'm facing the music, I do n't feel so streaked.

My daughter is married to a man by the name of Brown, Nat Brown. I don't know but he's—I do n't know anything about his religious proclivities, do n't think he's got much. He can swear faster than I could, and if he is n't afraid of these things, I'd like to have him just introduce his wife to them.

The amount of it is, I'd like to have a talk with my daughter. I want to tell her that I wasn't shot as a deserter because I was afraid of gunpowder and lead. I don't like to have that thought of

me; don't any of us like to be remembered as cowards, you know.

Don't forget to tell that chap Haven we'd better have a talk, he and I. [Where is your daughter?] She's in Ohio, sir, she is. [Do you remember what place?] Yes, I do, I do, sir. Did you ever hear of Columbus? It sounds pretty much like that.

Look here! A something, I do n't know what it is, stranger, makes me think Haven is interested in these things. [Then he will get some inkling of your coming.] Well, he can order pistols and coffee for two; at the same time he can send an order for me, write to me to talk with him. And as I ain't a very good mark now to shoot at, I rather think he'd get the worst of it, was he to attempt it. I was a pretty good mark, good stocky mark to fire at when here, yes; but I ain't now. It would be like firing at something, and hitting nothing. [Oh, yes, you could dodge the flash, do you?] Oh, yes. [Do you remember your daughter's age?] Do I remember? Lord, yes, she's in her twentieth year now. [Your age?] Well, I was hard on to forty-three; yes, hard on to forty-three. Well, stranger, good-day to you.

May 23.

Annie Nelson.

I'm Annie Nelson, yes; and my mother lives in New York, and I lived there; and we went to the Orchard-street Church; and my mother do n't believe that the folks can come back. Mr. Flinders used to say that he did, when he prayed—used to say he did. But my mother didn't believe it. And I thought I'd come to her, because I know she'd like to believe it.

I've been in the spirit-land over two years. I have been dead, I have. I had on my blue dress when I was buried. I did. No, I didn't, but I—I—[Your little body did.] Yes, because they wanted to make me look like I was alive.

Well, I was alive, and there was two of us. [How old were you?] I was seven years old. [Were you there when they buried you?] Yes. I was n't when they buried me, was when I was laid out—when I was dressed—but was n't when I was buried. Didn't like to be; didn't like to be there, and I was taken away. [Who took you away?] Oh, my grandmother and Uncle Joseph, and some others that I didn't know, took me away.

I want my mother to know that we do come back, and that there is schools in the spirit-land; there is schools where we can learn. Mr. Flinders said so, and my mother thought that was wild. She thought it could n't be. She thought the children went into the arms of the Saviour when they died. And he said that they were educated in the spirit-land; that they were taught to return to their earthly parents, and that they were brought back to them, so they would n't forget them. He said a good many things that she thought was n't so, and my mother thought he was going crazy. Well, it is so, and my mother must believe it; it is so. He was n't crazy. And we do come back, and we do n't forget folks we've left here, because we are brought here quite often, and we do n't want to forget; and they do n't want us to forget.

I have n't seen the Saviour, I have n't. I do n't know where he lives. I do n't know which way to go to find him. My grandmother said I should see the one they called the Saviour when it was right—when it was best. But I don't know where he lives. Tell my mother I reckon he loves little children, because they tell us so. But I have n't been to see him yet.

My mother's name is Elizabeth Nelson. Yes, sir. [Were there other children besides you?] I got a brother. He is n't at home, he is n't; he is not at home; so I can't send anything, can I? [Your mother can. She knows where he is.] Oh, yes, she does. Well, tell Walter it is beautiful in the spirit-land, and I do n't think I should like to come back at all; not to stay, no, not to stay. And send my love to him, and father, too. He is n't at home; can I send to him? [Yes.] Oh well, I can, can't I? You tell him not to let mother be afraid about my coming, because I'm just as I was—I ain't nothing to be afraid of. And tell him he must n't smoke any more cigars, because it makes him sick, and mother do n't want him to. I'm going now. [Come again.]

May 23.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by C. A. Randall.

Invocation.

Our Father, we thank thee for the beauty of life and the life of beauty; for that beauty which we see in holy thoughts and holy deeds; for that beauty which we see in the flowers, in the grasses, in the tempest, and in the sunshine; for that beauty which we see after the deep darkness of human sorrow has passed and given place to the sunshine of resignation. Father, for all the beauty of Time and Eternity we praise thee. We know that beauty is eternal. Though forms change, though ideas pass away, yet the life remaineth forever and forever.

Thou Spirit, whose life we perceive through every age, through all conditions of Time and Eternity; thou Spirit, thou Infinite Jehovah, while we behold thy glories, while we behold the manifestations of thy power, we would know thee, that we may the better love and serve thee. We cannot love and serve truly that we do not know. So, thou Spirit of Infinite Wisdom, teach us of thee, and let all thine Angels of Wisdom gather round the soul that asks for knowledge, inviting it into thy arena of divine life, and teaching it daily of thee.

Our Father, we praise thee that so many souls throughout the length and breadth of the land are searching to know concerning thee; each in their own way, and according to the unfoldment of their inner lives. There are temples opened this day, wherein the souls of thy children have congregated to learn of thee, to agitate the water of thought, that therefrom may be born new ideas, more glorious truths; that there may come therefrom a divine inspiration of thy power of baptism.

Holy Spirit, may every soul receive the baptism it asks for. May every longing heart receive an answer to its prayers, and every gift laid upon the altar of thine Eternal Being be recognized by thee.

Father, our prayers belong to thee—are a part of thy life—and our praises, also, belong to thee. So we know that thy blessing will rest upon them to-day and forever. Amen.

May 30.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Is the use of hashish advisable to open the clairvoyant vision, to be used once only for that purpose?

Ans.—The ancients employed it for that purpose, under certain restrictions. But the ancients, like the people of the present time, did some very foolish things. That clairvoyance that is induced by the introduction of any such narcotics into the physical system, is a very poor kind of clairvoyance. It is very short lived, for it is entirely dependent upon the existence and presence of the

narcotic. There are times and conditions under which it would be advisable to administer such remedial agents, but we would not recommend their general use. We would not advise that any individual use any such narcotic for the purpose of opening the clairvoyant vision. They may rest assured that if it is indeed once opened by the use of these agents, it will become closed again when they are withdrawn.

Q.—By J. W., of North Castine: Will the controlling intelligence give his views on the temperance movement in New England? Which is best for us, an unrestricted sale of liquor, a prohibitory or a license law? It is believed by the questioner that you see clearer than we in mortal do in this respect.

A.—A large class of persons on the earth are slaves to ardent spirits, and because they are slaves, they have laid down their reason, their self-government upon this altar of slavery, and the master will not allow them to take up these God-given inheritances. Now since this condition is apparent to every discerning mind, it will be clearly seen that some superior power must be introduced between the master and the slave, in order that the slave may go free. The prohibitory law which has endeavored to gain a foothold upon the soil of Massachusetts, is a most excellent law in its way if rightly administered, but imperfectly or unwisely administered, it is somewhat like the use of hashish. There are a certain class of minds in Massachusetts and every other State in the Union, who are determined to wage war against this law. They are determined to oppose it, consequently they seek out its weak points, and they direct their forces toward those weak points, and they gain, in many instances, victories over them. Therefore so long as the law has its weak points, or is administered in weakness and ignorance, just so long its opposers will continue to assail it through the weak points, and continue, from time to time, to gain victories over it. There are also a certain class of minds who are largely in favor of the license law. This law in itself is most excellent, and could it be righteously and wisely administered, it would be of great value to those upon whom it acted. But as this slave power is very great throughout the length and breadth of the land, we question very much as to whether a license law would be sufficiently efficacious in liberating the slave. We are very much inclined to believe that as the master is determined to hold the slave, just as determined as the Southern slaveholder, nothing but a most rigid course, nothing but a most determined course will avail in the case. Therefore we are strongly in favor of the prohibitory law, if it could be administered wisely. But when it deals vengeance upon the petty offender and allows the offender who deals in offence on a large scale to go free when it does this, then you may expect to be constantly admitting the enemy into your garrison. But if it would deal justly, righteously, wisely with all, then it would perform the mission that those who have prayed earnestly for its success hope it will perform. The American people, throughout all classes, are disposed to bow down before power, whether in the rum-shop or Chair of State. The masses are ready to bow down and serve it. It is power, and we will render obedience to it. The American people talk this in their actions. We are sorry it is so, but it is an evil that the American people alone can uproot, and it can only be uprooted then by diligent search after all the weak points. Then by a diligent course turn away from this weakness, march straight away from it, and determine that that power shall not enslave you. Be determined that the power within your own diviner nature shall determine for you. The time has not yet come when might and right are one. We would it had. On the contrary, might, in all places, so far as earth is concerned, is constantly gaining victories. But, in the hereafter, in that land beyond time, in that condition of being beyond the fleeting scenes of earth-life, there right prevails over might, and might shrinks out of sight. Power there is crowned with right. If it were so here, we would advise that you would bow down to serve it. Now it stands shorn of right. It is power, power alone, without any justice, without even the light of the sun of righteousness to shine upon it.

Q.—By Thomas Norris: What is the cause of the mirage or optical deception seen on the plains on the road to the Pacific Ocean? The appearance is like that of a lake on the plain, so much so that one would swear that there was a natural lake there.

A.—Men of science who have given their attention to this particular subject and others of a similar character, believe it to be caused by the peculiar condition of the atmosphere in that locality. It is dependent upon atmospheric life. Soil is but a mirror to what the atmosphere contains.

May 30.

Adjutant William P. Mudge.

Learning that there was a way, or different ways, by which we people who are out of sight could make our presence understood to those who still take part in earthly scenes, I have thought it might add to my own happiness, and perhaps to the happiness and well being of those I have left here, for me to return.

I have been away since October, 1863, and there have been times since then, when I have felt a very earnest desire to come into communication with the friends I have here. But there are many obstacles in the way of return. Notwithstanding there are so many different ways, it is very hard sometimes to be able to send those telegrams to our friends, particularly when our friends have put it down as a settled fact in their own minds that we are dead, gone perhaps to some distant star or planet to live. But, at any rate, our fate they suppose is sealed, and our dwelling-place somewhere apart from the earth.

I cannot describe the mingled feelings of joy and wonder that pervaded my spirit when I learned I was indeed away from my body, no more to have control over it. I hardly knew what to expect. I had been taught of a heaven and a hell, and I did not seem to be in either place, so far as I could judge. I found myself not in an unhappy state, but in an ecstatic, wondering state. After that there came a season of rest, of unconsciousness, and then I woke in the presence of friends I had known here, and was told my true condition.

I went out from Boston in the 33d Massachusetts; was adjutant under Colonel Underwood. I heard that he was mortally wounded at the time I was killed, but as I've never met him in the spirit-world, I suppose I've a right to infer he is still on the earth. And, if he is, I would be most happy to come into communication with him, also with my parents and the many friends I have on earth. Since I know I can return, it is no matter of speculation with me now, but actual knowledge. I shall labor earnestly to overcome their prejudices, labor earnestly to overcome all their doubts.

I have visited the medium in New York—a Mr. Mansfield. I believe they call him—and I am quite sure I could do well at sending something entirely satisfactory by him to my friends. If they will only avail themselves of the usual means, I will

guarantee—think I am safe in guaranteeing—that what would satisfy any reasonable mind. If I should fall, then I will try elsewhere, for I am quite satisfied that my happiness and their future happiness depend somewhat in their belief of this most glorious truth of the spirit's return.

I am, sir, or was, William P. Mudge, of Boston. Be kind enough not to forget my regiment—33d—and the time of my death, sir, I'm quite sure it was on the 26th of October, '63. I was shot through the head, and suffered nothing.

May 30.

Augusta May.

There are many reasons why I should not even desire to return to earth. There are many others why I should seek to return.

My name was Augusta May. I received this name from the matron of the institution where I was carried by the officer, the policeman who found me upon the avenue. I received the name of Augusta, because he sent a little one by that name to the spirit-world, and of May, because it was the first day of May when I was found.

I died in August last, and I was eighteen years old, I suppose, in April preceding the August of my death.

When here I never knew my mother, but since I have passed to the spirit-land I have learned that she still lives on the earth. I have learned that her name is Virginia Barrows, and I know by her own thoughts that there is no day passes she does not ask herself what has become of me. I do not blame her for abandoning me, for I know that circumstances that were hard and most terrible forced her to it. I have nothing to forgive. I have all pity for her.

A few weeks ago I was attracted to a certain place where my mother went, hoping that she might hear something of my whereabouts. It seems that she did not lose sight of me until I was eight years old, and then she lost sight of me, and has never known since what has become of me. But she went to this place hoping to learn something of my whereabouts. It was in New York, where she lives, where I was born, where I was found, but not where I died.

I tried very hard to communicate with her, but I found it impossible, for this reason: She was determined in her own mind that I was on the earth, consequently was hoping to hear through somebody where I was in earth-life. So I was kept away. I tried in vain to come, but could not. And then I was told there of this place, and was told, also, that my mother would be led to look at the journal through whose columns these messages appear, hoping to hear something of me.

After she lost sight of me, I was adopted by a Southern gentleman. He carried me to his home at the South. But he died, and after that I was not so well cared for as while he lived. So I went out upon the world, young as I was. I was then but ten years old. I passed through some very hard places—very hard indeed. And when the rebellion began I entered the hospital, and there, by over-exertion, I suppose, I broke down, and died of consumption.

But I am not unhappy now; do not regret that I lived on earth, though my life was ever attended by a shadow. At the same time there was a power of good guiding me, sustaining me, and always leading me away from temptation. That power, I have learned, was my mother's sister. She died in early life, and she came at the call of my mother. When she abandoned her child, she uttered a prayer something like this: "Oh, my God and his angels watch over her!" And so I was watched over; so I was all along the way, although it was a hard way. And now, in company with that sister, I come back to bless my mother, not to curse her, asking that she let me talk with her, as with you, a stranger. I know I shall lift her soul out of the shadow into the sunlight. Farewell, sir.

May 30.

Jennie King.

I'm Jennie King, of New York, and I want to tell my mother that I've woken up, and that I live with God now. I could n't wake up here. I had drooped on the brain. I was nine years old, and I want you to tell my mother I've woken up now.

Do n't forget my name—Jennie King. My mother's name is Marian King, and my father's name is Edward King. And I want you to tell my mother that I've woken up, and that I've got the permission to come here and send word to her. There's a great many people here; there's a black folks, there's Indians, there's Irish folks, there's Germans, there's all kinds of folks waiting to come. But I had the chance, and they must wait. Do n't you forget, will you? [Does your mother live in New York City?] Yes, on Walker street.

Are you dead? [Not exactly.] Oh no, you ain't. You're like what my mother is, so that I can come back to you. Well, you'll put it in the magazine, won't you? [In a paper.] Yes, I forgot. I thought it was Harper's. Isn't it? [It's the BANNER OF LIGHT.] Is it? [Have you ever seen it?] No, sir; I've seen Harper's. I've seen Frank Leslie's. My mother has them; it's n't in them, is it? [No.] Oh dear! [How do you think she'll get this?] Where's the paper sold? [In Nassau street.] Nassau street? I know where that is. If I send my mother there she can buy it! [Yes, or by going to our office, 64 Broadway.] Well, I'd rather; that ain't so far. Is it up stairs, or down? [Room No. 6; nearly opposite Barnum's Museum.] Oh yes; I know that. Well, I can send her there; I know I can.

[How long have you been in the spirit-land?] Oh, I've been there since last winter. I be dead, ain't I? Yes, I'm dead. I did n't get woke up till I died; then I woke up. [Who did you find with you then?] Who did I find there with me? Oh, I found my cousin Jennie, cousin Harry, uncle Charles. I found my grandmother Tibbetts. I did n't know her here. She died before I was born. I did n't know her here. Good-night.

May 30.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George L. Wyman, of Troy, N. Y.; to his friends: Sarah A. Southworth, to friends; Annie Maria Barry, to her mother, in Denver City, Colorado; the wife of William Tappan, to her husband, in Colorado; Lewis C. Samuel Foster Tappan, to friends.

Tuesday, June 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Alexander Murray, to his wife; Frances Howe Prescott, to her husband, in New Bedford, Mass.; Samuel Foster Tappan, to friends; living at No. 11 King street, New York City; Charles Brady, of East Boston, to his brother James, and Uncle Daniel Brady, in N. Y.

Thursday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George F. Polity, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; William Banks, to his brother, Hon. N. P. Banks; David Roche, to friends in Springfield, and Boston, Mass.; Annie E. Williams, to friends.

Friday, June 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen H. Caverly, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, Co. K, to his wife; Jackson Logan, of Hainburg, Penn., to his wife; Patrick Macnamara, of the 9th Mass. Regiment, to his brother; Adeline Garvin, of Chicago, to Stephen W. Garvin, in New Orleans; Sister Mary Burke, to the Society of Friends in Water Villa, N. Y.

Saturday, June 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Daniel H. Frost, of Almond, Wis.; Abbie Green, lost on the steamer "Golden Gate," to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y.; George W. Harker, to friends in Philadelphia; Gen. Hiram, to friends in Boston; Olive Bargett, to her mother and sister Sarah, in Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Callahan, to her daughter Mary, and a priest of this city.

Sunday, June 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George F. Polity, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; William Banks, to his brother, Hon. N. P. Banks; David Roche, to friends in Springfield, and Boston,

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEARLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for publication should be sent to J. M. PEARLES, Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 10th Street, New York. Those who wish to be published in this Department, should be directed to J. M. PEARLES, Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 10th Street, New York. Those who wish to be published in this Department, should be directed to J. M. PEARLES, Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 10th Street, New York.

Items of Interest West.

Col. D. M. Fox, Lyons, Mich., has perfected an arrangement with the proprietors of the Cleveland and Western Steamship Company, to carry persons attending the National Convention of Spiritualists at a reduced rate. A similar arrangement could doubtless be made with the Michigan Central and Southern Railroads.

To many inquirers we would say, We were made aware by letter several weeks since of Bro. S. J. Finney's resignation and of the Hon. J. C. Wall's refusal, from press of business, to act, since which we have been canvassing and corresponding with friends relative to the most feasible location for holding the next Michigan State Association of Spiritualists. Our decision is Adrian. The friends in this flourishing city hold out for the best inducements. It meets the second Thursday of October. A formal call will be issued in due season.

The timely suggestions of Bro. A. A. Wheelock, referring to the propriety of having our and all State Associations meet previous to the National Convention each year, is a good one, as touching State delegates. There is no power vested in us, however, to change the time of the meeting of the Michigan State Association from the second Thursday of October to any previous date.

The Progressive Lyceum we assisted the friends in organizing a few months since in Detroit, is working gloriously. Bro. Matthews and the officers all are deeply in earnest. It is the centre of spiritual force in the city—the motive power of the Spiritualist Society.

Being urgently requested by the Spiritualists of Cleveland to lecture before them the Sunday previous to the National Convention, we have concluded to do so. Any service we can be to you, brothers, by way of "counsel," will be rendered cheerfully.

A Rochester (N. Y.) letter informs us of the very able course of lectures there recently delivered by A. B. Whiting, and of a resolution there passed in the late Convention recognizing the important part phenomenal Spiritualism has had in establishing the truth of spirit-communion. Bro. Whiting was Chairman of Committee on Resolutions.

Elder Miles Grant has pitched a big tent near Washington Park, Rochester, N. Y., where he preaches his non-evangelical notions with little success in the line of converts. He persistently insists, however, that the "Lord Jesus is about to come." ALL NIGHT. We shall extend him the warm hand of welcome. Will the churches? Will not Universalists hurt the Winchester creed at him, Episcopalians hand him the thirty-nine Articles, the Baptists insist on his immersion, and the Methodists suggest several spiritual wives, in imitation of Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, the "wisest man"? And will not the returned Jesus say, "Depart from me, ye creed-workers of iniquity; I never knew you!" There must be more preaching to the "spirits in prison."

Yes, yes, Spiritualists will gladly welcome their old friend, that ancient Judean Spiritualist, into their midst. About how soon, Bro. Grant, will he come? No matter about your past blunders and false prophecies; tell us the "times and seasons."

Sojourner Truth, called by Mrs. Stowe the Lyliam Sibyl, has returned from a three years' tour in Washington and the adjoining regions to Battle Creek, Mich. She has purchased a residence, and will make this glowing city her permanent home in the future. Noble have been her purposes to her people and strange her experiences. The Chinese measure time by dynasties; she counts by the length of time the Israelites were in the wilderness, for she was forty years herself a slave in the State of New York. Though now between eighty and ninety years of age, she starts out very soon upon a lecture-tour upon equal rights for all.

We take pleasure in acknowledging for the benefit of the ex-Lutheran minister, five dollars from B. Shraps, Rockland, Me., one dollar from E. C., one dollar from J. S. and two dollars from blank. Thank you, good brothers. We shall forward to our disheartened brother immediately. It will kindle the fire of gratitude in his noble soul.

Mrs. L. Murdock, Garrettsville, Iowa, suggests that Spiritualists after reading the BANNER OF LIGHT, circulate it among their neighbors. Many thus get new ideas, and finally embrace the truths of spirit-communion.

Mrs. D. J. Chase, a resident of Plattburgh, New York, says there's a deep interest in that community touching the merits of Spiritualism. Many are seeking the truth. They want both test mediums and lecturers to come among them.

The address of Abram James, the excellent man and medium, is Evansville, Pa. He writes encouragingly of the spread of Spiritualism everywhere in Western Pennsylvania, of its final triumph over superstition, and of the blessings that are continually showered upon the BANNER OF LIGHT for its "certain sound."

El F. Brown, Richmond, Ind., writes us that the "Friends of Progress" are in a healthier and better condition than ever before. Their influence is becoming mighty in the city. The Progressive Lyceum has lately purchased a new library, and have held several sittings; and next Sunday "we hold a basket-meeting four miles in the country. Our number is constantly increasing, and great harmony of feeling exists. Our Lyceum has been the cause of remodeling in all the other Sunday schools in the city; they are copying after us in everything except in marching and gymnastics."

Rev. Moses Hull shot in upon us yesterday like a stray sunbeam. He is recently from St. Louis and Iowa, looking hale, healthy and joyous-countenanced, as all Spiritualists have a right to look. This month he speaks in Battle Creek, many second-advantists listening to him. He is not only a missionary, but a very able debater.

Dr. William Thomas, San Francisco, Cal., writes a most encouraging letter concerning the matters of Spiritualists on the Pacific Coast. He makes honorable mention of those noble souls, "Peace" and "Harmony," and of the noble work being accomplished by Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

Jesus's Mission in Hell.

The man of Nazareth was doubtless early in life initiated into the mysteries of that religious, philosophic and somewhat progressive sect of learned Jews called Essenes. They were practical communists, with a form of society similar to the Pythagoreans. Love of labor, love of peace,

love of truth, fidelity, sobriety, sympathy and complete equality in the social relations, property in common, love to God and love to man, were the principles that distinguished the order of Essenes. These Jesus boldly preached, beautifully practiced; and being also highly meditative, aided by angels, he aroused the envy and hatred of the Jews—that is, the Orthodox portion of them, the Pharisees.

Accordingly they arrested, tried, condemned and executed him. The "Apostles' creed," which is sound Orthodox divinity throughout the Evangelical world, says he was "crucified dead and buried. He descended into hell." This language embodies three important facts: the death, the burial of the body, and the descent of the spirit into hell, the hidden state, the world of spirits. And this last act was voluntary on his part. By the way, the Hebrew word *sheol*, usually rendered hell (hades) commonly signifies, says Buck in his Theological Dictionary, "the invisible state"—the unseen world, or world of departed spirits. And Dr. Macknight confesses that "Jesus' descriptions about the abodes of departed souls are not drawn from the writings of the Old Testament, but have a remarkable affinity to the descriptions which the Grecian poets have given of them." Jesus, as an innovator and gentlemanly young Jew of radical tendencies, was touched in thought with the poetry of the Greeks, the theology of the Hierophants of Egypt, and the philosophy of those grand old Gymnosophists of India. This accounts legitimately for his "affinity in descriptions" with the Grecian poets.

"He descended into hell," affirms that old document, the "Apostles' creed." That much of it we believe. But what the purpose? Why did he thus descend? Let Peter, one of the prominent disciples, answer: Jesus "being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit, by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which some time were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing." "For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit."—1 Peter iii: 18-20 and iv: 6.

This was the reason of Jesus' descent into hell—the under-world. It was on a missionary tour, among undeveloped and imprisoned spirits. Beautiful, transcendently beautiful mission! Think of it. Preaching the gospel to darkened spirits! or preaching the gospel (that is good news) to "them that are dead," as Peter terms it. And the very fact of his thus preaching, implies that those listening could and would be benefited by his gentle, loving teachings. They were still children of the Infinite Father, and the subjects of eternal progress. How can Orthodox theologians deny this, while believing the epistle of Peter and holding to the Apostles' creed, read every Sunday morning in Episcopal churches?

Jesus's sermon on the mount was not his last. Having ceased preaching on earth, he commenced preaching to "spirits in prison." It was perfectly natural. Our earth tendencies accompany us to the future life. The work of progress there continues. No doubt Channing, Ballou, Parker, King and Pierpont, are preaching to those along the more shadowy borders that fringe the brighter summer-land. Teaching and being taught is to be the work of eternity.

This Life and the Next.

The Gospel Banner (Universalist) has given its readers a series of articles on the above subject, the main gist of which is that there is no taint of moral ill in the spirit-world; that death bleaches out the incorrigibly wicked. Glory to death in the highest!

Bro. Quinby, you are getting to be elderly, and according to the known laws of physiology, you have died many times—that is, have cast off your bodies and taken new ones. Death now can be nothing more than the dissolution of the house you live in. Say, have these transitions spiritualized you? Have you no sin left? The tenacity with which you hold the ecclesiastical chains upon your brethren shows that you have not progressed much during the last quarter of a century, the "death and glory system" to the contrary notwithstanding. Not but that you are as good as the rest of mankind; but we would like to see the evidence of your spirituality by virtue of your physical deaths. Are you not still "whirling round the circle," like a kitten playing with its tail?

Interpreting Paul, Bro. Quinby says in his seventh article—

"The appetites and passions of our nature which manifest themselves when not properly controlled, in the commission of the outward evil acts enumerated in this dark catalogue, belong alone to our existence in the flesh. They do not reach into the spiritual, immortal life. In that existence, having been divested of our physical being, with all its lusts, appetites and passions, and being clothed upon with a new, spiritual vestment, pure and glorious, we shall possess a new constitutional nature, as we have before shown, in which the element of sin or the desire to sin shall no longer exist."

Plain this—that man would not be a sinner if he had not a physical body—that "lusts, appetites and passions," are constituents of the body only, and therefore, that getting out of the body leaves the spirit sinless! What a calamity it is to have a body! Why not commit suicide to-morrow and pop right off to glory?

Did your body make your spirit, or did your spirit make your body? If you say the body is the primal cause, as runs your argument, what possible evidence have you of immortality? If the cause is destroyed, the effect (spirit) surely shares the same fate. This position is abstract atheism, materialism, blank infidelity!

But spirit is cause, say you. Then, of course, the body is simply effect, and its appetites and passions are but the organs of the ruling spirit. "Desires and inclinations" lie behind the organs—in the spirit, which alone is volitional and responsible. Pluck out an eye; is the faculty of sight-sight lost? Root out the physical organs of appetite or passion; is the principle of passion destroyed? Well, let death do the work—kill all the organs—is anything essential lost? Any attribute of character improved? Does the rendering of the whole garment of the spirit make a new man? As well presume to construct a world out of nothing as to regenerate man by working on his effects.

"He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." If we thought it would save Bro. Quinby from his materialistic errors and purge his affections from denominational pride, by running the Gospel Banner (an effect of his spirit) through the vats of the paper mills, how gladly would we employ such a "death and glory system"; but, alas, his heart is stubborn, and no baptism will purify him but the spiritual. Is there not some Ananias in Maine who can lay hands on him, that the scales may drop from his eyes, and he receive the Holy Ghost?

We have an interest in your soul, brother, for all must be saved. Why don't you read the Bible more carefully, for in it "ye think ye have eternal life"? Does it tell you the way to heaven is by death or by repentance and good works?

"Wrest not the Scriptures to your own destruction!" If you are determined to be one of "the spirits in prison," as materialistic as the ante-diluvians, you certainly can, for God never forces a man to goodness, and you can remain there just as long as you can live upon "the letter that killeth," even for "thousands or millions of ages," yea, till the prodigal son is ready to return to "the Spirit that giveth life." Better not wait till death, brother, but repent to-day, and save great expense! Soul-sleepers, death-regenerators, filthy-dreamers, and "all Hars," shall have "their part in the lake of fire," the very condition essential to the burning up of the materialism of the church. But then there is no need of this continued sloshing in brimstone. It ought to have cured so much theological itch long ago. Try some of our spiritual pills, you sinners!

Second Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Pierpont Grove, Melrose, Mass.

The Committee of arrangements respectfully announce that the Second Mass Camp Meeting of Spiritualists will be held at Pierpont Grove, near Malden and Melrose, (the same beautiful grounds that were occupied last year,) commencing Thursday, August 29th, 1867, and continuing till Sunday evening following.

The grove is cool, quiet, retired, and well adapted in every particular. It is near the public highway, and a short distance on the west side of Boston and Maine railroad, one mile from Malden Center, and the same distance from Melrose, and less than half a mile from the Wyoming station, the nearest station to the grove.

Horse cars run every half hour between Scollay's Building, Boston, and Malden, until 11 p. m. Through tickets to the grove 25 cents. Fare to Malden 15 cents.

Baggage from Boston should be sent by Benj. Vaughn's express, 34 Court Square, or 3 Washington street; or by H. L. Pearce's express, 10 Court Square, or 6 Congress Square.

Cars leave Boston and Maine Railroad Station, Haymarket Square, 7, 7:45, 10:15 and 12 A. M.; 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:15, 6, 6:30 and 7:30 P. M. Fare 20 cents.

Omnibuses and Job Wagons will be at the station, to carry passengers and baggage. Omnibuses run from Malden and Melrose to the camp grounds.

Room of tents, accommodating from eight to ten persons, \$4 per tent for four days.

Parties desiring tents, or accommodation for single individuals, can secure the same by writing beforehand to George W. Vaughn, Malden, Mass.

Board to those who stop on the grounds will be furnished at reasonable rates. Parties wishing a tent, and desiring to provide for themselves, may bring their own provisions, or have a few tonsils, pillows, blankets, etc., and they will find all kinds of provisions for sale on the grounds at the market prices.

Though no disorder is anticipated, yet police officers will be on the ground and cooperate with the Executive Committee to insure order and harmony. No phenomenal exhibitions or disorderly manifestations will be permitted, either in or outside of the tents. The strictest order and decorum will be preserved.

A course of official speakers is already engaged, and all accredited speakers and workers are cordially invited to attend and participate.

Public services at 10 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M.

H. B. STOREY, Boston, Chairman.
Moses Stearns, G. W. Vaughn, R. T. Barrett, Charles Blanchard, Henry Phelps, L. D. Phillips, J. B. L. Pearce, C. E. Thompson, Malden.
Francis Fountain, Alvin Lynde, J. S. Hopkins, J. T. Lervey, Melrose.

James Durgin, West Cambridge.
John Crandon, J. S. Dodge, Chelsea.
E. T. Whittier, Col. Eldridge Gerry, James Gould, Stoneham.

A. H. Richardson, Charlestown.

Camp Meeting on Cape Cod.

Arrangements have been perfected for holding a Spiritualist Camp Meeting, of three days, in a beautiful grove in the town of Harwich, on Cape Cod, to commence on Friday P. M., the 30th inst., at two o'clock.

Those who believed that this meeting will occur at the same time our brethren and sisters will be assembled, for a similar purpose, in a beautiful grove in Malden, only five miles from the city. We wish, by way of explanation of our reason for holding our meeting at the time indicated, to say it was our original intention to call it one week earlier, but we were prevented doing so by circumstances beyond our control. Besides, as the two meetings will be nearly one hundred miles apart, one cannot materially affect the attendance at the other.

This meeting will afford our friends residing in the extreme south-eastern part of the State a favorable opportunity to enjoy a "spiritual feast of days," without being subjected to the expense and trouble of traveling a great distance, and afford thousands who have no just conception of the nature of our beautiful philosophy, an opportunity— which they would not otherwise enjoy—to hear its beautiful doctrines expounded and the popular objections to it met and removed.

We extend the most cordial invitation to all "skeptics," whether in the church or out of it—especially the clergy—to meet with us, to whom, if they wish respectfully to oppose our philosophy, we shall listen with the greatest pleasure. To all such we will say, let us use reason together, and may God and the blessed angels control and guide all our deliberations.

For the information of such of our friends as may desire to be with us, and aid us by their presence and otherwise, in making our meeting one of pleasure and profit, we are happy to say good accommodations for board and lodging will be provided at the most reasonable prices. The friends on the Cape—who are proverbial for their hospitality—will do everything reasonable for the comfort of those who may visit them from abroad.

Those who may go—and we hope many may—had better, for a few days, do without inconvenience, take with them some provisions, which they will find conveniences for cooking upon the grounds, thus living economically and healthfully, in true camp style. The cars will leave the Old Colony depot, on each morning, at ten minutes before eight o'clock, and take passengers to a point near the grove. The fare—there and return—about 175 miles down and back, being only \$3.00; tickets to remain good until Wednesday, Sept. 4th. WILL YOU GO?

P. S.—Parties wishing for tents will address, by the 29th inst., Dr. P. CLARK, 140 Court st., Boston, stating how many will wish to occupy them.

P. CLARK, Sec'y.
Dr. LOUIS MOODY,
For the Committee of Arrangements.
R. THAYER, Sec'y.

Spiritualist Picnic in the Grove at Kingsbury Pond, Franklin, Mass.

The friends of progress and a free religion are invited to meet in Nature's Temple at the above place, on Thursday, Aug. 22, at ten o'clock A. M. Good speaking, social enjoyment and a general good time for all may be anticipated. Speakers and mediums are cordially invited. Each family represented are requested to provide liberally for the tables, that all may have enough to eat. No refreshment stands or exhibitions allowed on the grounds except by special agreement with the managers. If stormy, the picnic will be held the next fair day.

In behalf of the Managers,
Franklin, Mass., Aug., 1867.

[This notice should have appeared last week, but we omitted it for reasons given. We have since learned that the fault was in our counting-room, not with the sender.]—Eds.

Second Grand Union Picnic for 1867.

The Spiritualists of EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS will unite in a Grand Social Gathering at Island Grove, Abington, on Thursday, August 22d. Excursionists from all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, Plymouth and Hanson, Fall River and Bridgewater, will take the regular trains reduced fare. Special trains will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 8:30 and 12 o'clock for the grove. Tickets—adults 50 cents, children 50 cents. On the route from towns north and west of Boston can leave the grove at 4:20 P. M., and reach Boston at 8:30 o'clock.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

To the Spiritualists of the State of New Hampshire.

For purposes of mutual acquaintance, consultation, concert of action and business organization, you are all respectfully requested to meet at the Town Hall in Bradford, on Tuesday, the 24th day of September, 1867, at one o'clock in the afternoon, in State Convention, two or three days. The hour of meeting is just after the arrival of the cars from Concord, and the hall is but a few rods from the depot. Good speakers will be in attendance. All speakers will be entertained free. Speakers from other States are earnestly invited to come on a pleasant excursion to the Granite State, and assist us in this glorious work. Kearsarge Mountain, a celebrated place of resort, with its new hotel, is not far distant; and those intending to visit the White Mountains this fall, might come this way. Board in respectable families not over \$1.00 per day, and at hotel \$1.25. Good music will be in attendance, and a good time generally is confidently anticipated.

EDWIN CUMMINGS, JOSEPH HANCOCK, MORTIMER HANCOCK, JOHN PAGE, JOHN ANDERSON, JOHN A. NEWSON, BENJA. JOHNSON, J. T. LEONARD, G. WHITTIER, C. H. FOWLER, DR. W. H. SALISBURY, RICHARD PORTER, ABRAHAM PORTER, PHILIP N. LITTLE.

Spiritualists of New Hampshire, one and all—Rally at this call that comes not only from those whose names are appended, but is a summons to duty from the Higher Powers, who are sounding the Resurrection Trump to awaken the spiritually dead to new life and activity! Let the lovers of civil and religious liberty, of progress and of humanity, gather from the hill-sides and valleys of the Old Granite State, and show by their presence and their deeds that New Hampshire is spiritually alive, and emulates the progressive spirit of her sister States that are moving to organic action for disseminating the divine truth and power of Spiritualism! I heed the call of the spiritism, and saying, "Come to this Pentecostal baptism, and have your souls quickened with divine love and angelic rapture." Your brother and co-worker, DEAN CLARK.

Notice.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress throughout the State of Kansas.

A State Convention will be held at Lawrence on the last Saturday and Sunday of August, for the purpose of enabling the friends of freedom to become better acquainted with each other. Also for associative action in the spread of Spiritualism, the promulgation of political, social and religious truths, tending to human freedom and spiritual progression. Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., of Philadelphia, is the speaker engaged for the occasion. Let all, far and near, who can appreciate the importance of such a movement, come and aid us. They will be welcome to our hearts and homes. A good time is anticipated. Address box 14.

S. J. WILLES, President.
MISS A. K. DRURY, Secretary.

Vermont State Convention.

Our State Committee for the Annual Convention issued the call without knowing whether our railroads would carry for half fare. If you are willing, I wish you would just say to the readers of the BANNER that arrangements have been made with the Rutland and Burlington, and Vermont Central railroads, and they will return members of the Convention who went over their roads and paid full fare one way free on presentation of the certificate of the Secretary of the Convention. Very respectfully yours, GEORGE DUTTON.

Corresponding Secretary of the State, Rutland, Vt., Aug. 12th, 1867.

Vermont Radical Peace Convention.

The Vermont Radical Peace Society will hold their second Convention in the church at Mechanicsville, Mt. Holly, Vt., on the 11th and 12th of September, Wednesday and Thursday. Rev. Chas. W. Emerson, President of the Society, Henry C. Wright, L. K. Joslin and other earnest souls will be present. Come ye who love the Lord and work in his vineyard! This village is on or near the Rutland and Burlington Railroad. All true souls will be welcomed cordially, and a profitable meeting is anticipated. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt., Aug. 11, 1867.

Spiritual Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Geneva, O., and vicinity will hold a Basket Picnic Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24th and 25th, in a grove near the village of Geneva, fifty miles east of Cleveland, on the Lake Shore Railroad.

O. P. Kellogg and E. Whipple are engaged, and a general invitation is extended to speakers from the east, on their way to the National Convention, to stop off, and participate in the exercises of the occasion. Good music, and entertainment for strangers will be provided.

Per Order of the Committee, E. WHIPPLE.

North Collins Yearly Meeting.

The twelfth annual meeting of the "Friends of Human Progress," of North Collins, will be held at Hemlock Hall, in North Collins, N. Y., commencing on Friday, Sept. 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Able and eloquent speakers from a distance will be in attendance.

NATHANIEL TUCKER, WEALTHY M. WOOD, } Collins, N. Y.
LYDIA BALDWIN, ALONZO M. HOWLEY, } Angola, N. Y.
LUCEY HAWLEY, JOSEPH SINTON,

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.
Arranged Alphabetically.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, author of the Panophonic System of Printing and Writing, will lecture Sundays on Spiritualism, and where desired give week-evening instruction in the new shorthand and calligraphic system of Light, Boston. Speaks in East Boston, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1.

G. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Putnam, Conn., Aug. 18 and 20; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 1 and 2; in Stoughton, Mass., Sept. 15 and 16; in Providence, R. I., Sept. 22, in Meville Hall, New York, during October; in Worcester, Mass., during November; in Chelsea during December. Address as per appointments, of North Collins, N. Y.

J. O. ALLEN will receive calls to lecture and organize Children's Lyceums. Address, Chicopee, Mass.

Mrs. N. K. ANDRAPS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

Dr. J. T. AMOR will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDRAPS, Fishing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon the subject.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lynn, Mass., during August; in Stafford, Conn., Sept. 1, 3, 5 and 21; in East Boston, Sept. 29; in Salem during October; in Providence, R. I., during November. Would like to make further arrangements for the fall and winter. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Hartland Four Corners, Vt., Sept. 15 and 16; in St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. ARY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, Address, Portland, Me., for the present. Will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity.

Mrs. M. A. G. BROWN will speak in East Braintree, Vt., last Sunday in each month, and further notice. Would like to make other engagements to speak. Address, West Randolph, Vt.

Mrs. H. P. BROWN will speak in Putnam, Conn., Aug. 18 and 20; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 1 and 2; in Stoughton, Mass., Sept. 15 and 16; in Providence, R. I., Sept. 22, in Meville Hall, New York, during October; in Worcester, Mass., during November; in Chelsea during December. Address as per appointments, of North Collins, N. Y.

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ALBERT E. CARPENTER is now travelling with Dr. J. Whipple. Will answer calls to lecture or establish Lyceums Sundays or week evenings anywhere within a half-day's car ride, at the Doctor's appointments. Permanent address, Putnam, Conn.

P. CLARK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 16 Marshall street, Boston.

Dr. J. H. CROSBY will answer calls to lecture. Address, 100 West 10th Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LIZZIE DODGE. Address, Pavilion, 51 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Rutland, Vt.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. Y., at P. O. Box 100, during August, and during August, in Springfield, during November. Permanent address, Hamlet, N. Y.

Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance medium, Address, Elly street, Washington Village, South Boston, Mass. No circles until the first of October.

S. J. FINNEY, Troy, N. Y., will lecture in Stockton, Me., during August; in Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 1, 3 and 15. Would like to make further engagements. Address as above, or La Grange, Me.