

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XV.

{ \$2.50 PER YEAR }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES }  
Five Cents.

NO. 15.

## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address 129 1-2 East 20th st., New York City.

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

## AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

### NO. 2.—THE SAILOR BOY.

A cold May storm had come, and it sent the apple-blossoms whirling away like flakes of snow, and the green grass bent its tender spears, and the little violets turned backward, as if wishing they had waited a little longer before venturing to look up so lovingly to the blue sky. The clouds had been dark and threatening all day, and now in the afternoon the large drops fell in torrents.

We had engaged to be at Aunt Ratie's cottage at that very time, and as I looked down the road and saw it resting in its quiet beauty amid all the storm, I felt sadly troubled lest I should miss the promised treat of a story. What is the need of storms, and especially in May? I thought, when I heard a merry shout, and saw Willie Mason, with a huge umbrella, just entering our gate.

"Come," said he, "they are all there—even Anna, who is afraid of a drop of water, and we only wait for you. Oh! it's splendid being out in such a rain. I feel as fresh as a cabbage."

After a deal of coaxing and wrapping up in shawls and comforters, I was permitted by my careful mother to prove myself to be as strong as the little sparrows and robins who seemed to enjoy the storm.

How bright Aunt Ratie's room looked as we opened the door, with its fire on the hearth, and its merry faces! Her tender care provided against the dampness, and the sunshine of her loving face drove away all thoughts of the clouds.

"Oh! I'm so glad you could come!" said Bertie, "for now we are all here again, and it is such a splendid day for a story! We have nothing else to think of, and I am tired out looking at the clouds and trying to knit. Grandma said I could not come until my stint was done, and so I hurried up well. Aunt Ratie, did you ever have to work when you did not want to?"

"No, Bertie."

"Oh, how nice!" said Anna.

"So you think now," said Aunt Ratie; "but not so I found it when I wanted to know how to work; I then wished I had been obliged to learn. I shall tell you some day how it happened that I needed to know how to work, and what trouble I had because I did not; then perhaps you'll not feel so impatient when your kind friends try to teach you."

"Oh, tell us to-day!" said Arthur, with a look toward Anna, as if he would like to see her taught a useful lesson.

"You need not be looking toward me," said she; "I remember what you said about piling wood!"

"Oh, fudge! I guess piling wood ain't much like knitting. I could knit all day, and not be tired; so saying, he made his hands move as if knitting, putting over the thread and changing needles, until all of us laughed merrily.

"Now for punishment," said Willie. "I move Arthur be compelled to knit five minutes by the clock, and we will see if he likes it any better than Anna. Anna, watch the clock."

Before the five minutes had passed, Arthur begged to stop, saying he had rather pile wood an hour. To atone to Anna, he sat beside her, and asked which story she wanted most to hear, as for his part, he said, he did not care about hearing why Aunt Ratie became so industrious.

"I move Aunt Ratie choose her own subject," said Willie, who had overheard the conversation.

"We all assented, and she said:

"It is a wild, stormy day, and as before the beautiful sights of a mild spring day made me recall the days of my childhood, when I felt the gladness in my heart that I saw all about me in Nature, so now, in this wild and rain, I bring back other memories that I wish to place also in your picture-galleries."

"I do not quite understand what you mean, Aunt Ratie," said I.

"Everything that I remember," said she, "is like a picture to me. As I bring back my home to mind, I see again its shady walks and its beautiful flowers, as if I had them before me. When I tell you of these things, you also form pictures of them in your minds, and remember them, so I call these memories pictures, hung up in our picture-galleries, which are our minds."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Susie. "I've often longed to have a plenty of fine pictures, and now I find I can make as many as I will."

"Just as many beautiful ones as your love of beauty will give you, and just as many unlovely ones as you make by your own unlovely mind."

I thought I never saw anything so sweet as Aunt Ratie's eye, as she looked around on us then, and said, "There is always to be one beautiful picture in my gallery, and that is the one before me," and I looked directly at Aunt Ratie.

"And mine, and mine!" said all.

A tear came into the mild eye, but a smile was on the lips of Aunt Ratie, as she resumed:

"As I said, in the midst of this storm I remember the SAILOR BOY'S STORY, and as I think it will interest you all, I will tell it to you. Bertie's brother, Freddie, returned in the autumn, and a noble fellow he was. We were all of us as glad to see him as Bertie and her mother, so much had we heard of him. He was midshipman, and in his blue coat and trousers, and his sailors' hat, he looked so handsome that all of us were quite proud of him. Bertie loved him dearly, and he contrived all sorts of pleasant games for us, and

taught us some fine songs. He also told us of his many adventures, and we were among the happiest of children. I always hoped that Bertie had not told him of my selfishness about the lamb, but I felt so ashamed of it that I feared she had. But he treated me with the greatest kindness, and called me his sister Rat.

One stormy day in the spring, much such a day as this, he said:

"Girls, I want to tell you about the angels."

"Oh dear!" said I, "I had much rather hear about the ocean!"

"And that is just what I am going to tell you about, and to let you know who took care of me on that same wild ocean. It was a terrible night—one of the worst I had ever known at sea; the tempest raged fearfully, and the waves lashed against the ship as if they would bury it in an instant; but we had a brave crew and a cautious captain, and we outrode the storm. When its worst fury was spent, we were on deck most of us, watching the great waves and the whirling clouds. I stood beside one of the bravest of our crew, and we noticed together how gradually the waves came on, and he said "that white foam always makes me think of our garden at home, with its white roses; they'll be in bloom about now. God keep tenderly the ones who gather them."

The mist came about his strong eyes, but he brushed it away, and fixed them far out at sea.

"Look here, boy," he said, "your sight is keener than mine; what is that afar-off, like a little speck on the waters?"

I could not tell, but like him I saw something, and it seemed, as I watched it, to be drifting near or to us.

"I believe," said Simon, "that it is some one in danger; it seems to me I see a white flag fluttering—a signal of distress. Some vessel must have been lost, and these are a part of those on board; but we are turning our course from her; the captain must let us try to give them help."

The captain, when appealed to, turned his glass and declared that he could distinctly see some persons clinging to some boards. "But," he added, "it is impossible to help them. No boat can live in these waves, and I cannot turn the ship's course. This storm has already put me behind my time, and I shall like enough lose my commission if I linger even an hour; and then it's no use—we can't save them."

Simon plead, and I looked most wishfully in the captain's face; but he was a stern, hard man, and seemed altogether unmoved. Finally he consented that Simon should lower a boat and endeavor to reach the sufferers, if any one would volunteer to go with him. "But it's just as good as throwing away one's life to try, and I do not recommend any one to help him do that," said the captain.

No one volunteered. Simon looked grieved, and the captain looked pleased. I could not bear that, and I said:

"I'll go, sir; I'm not afraid, and if you'll permit it, Simon will take me; I'll be glad to throw away my life, if need be, in so good a way."

The captain consented to my going, but Simon hesitated; he was not afraid to risk his own life, but he dreaded to risk another's. He turned to me, and said:

"I think, Freddie, of your mother at home that you have told me of; I could not bear to take you from her."

"I have a mother," said I, "that would rather I would die than be a coward, and I looked proudly around on the men."

Simon silently took me by the hand, and as soon as the boat was lowered we entered it together. It was frightful! The waves almost covered us, and I could not tell what to do; but in a moment I heard Simon's calm voice:

"Are you afraid?"

"No," said I.

"Remember, boy, there's some one at the helm. What did he mean? I was to sit at the helm and turn the rudder, while he, with his strong arms, bent the oars. But I was not strong enough for the task. I succeeded for a time, but my arms would not hold the rudder as he bade me. I struggled with all my strength, I would rather have died than have been unable to help that courageous man; but the great drops of sweat on my forehead mingled with the dashing foam. At last I said:

"I've done my best, but I can't hold it."

"Remember, boy, there's some one at the helm. I never knew it to fall in such a case, and I've been a sailor these many years. God always sends his angels when most we need them, and I know he'll not fail this time. Keep your heart very calm, and don't be afraid. There; I see her now—my own mother; her garments are whiter than the sea foam; she'll be your strength. Yes, the Lord is at the helm; I will not be afraid."

Something seemed to pass into my arm like life. It grew strong; I held the rudder with ease. On went the boat, Simon striking stronger and stronger against the waters. We neared that which we had come to save; in a moment more we should reach them. Oh, what joy was in that moment! I remembered no peril, no fatigue as I saw that we approached a man and boy who were clinging to some boards. We had them on board our boat in a moment, but they were hardly able to speak, and Simon only said, "Thank the Lord, who has been at the helm."

We reached shipboard with proud hearts. I never felt so proud of anything as of Simon, as I beheld him stand before the captain and say, "I thank you, sir, for letting me do the will of heaven."

The captain did not at first notice those whom we had been the means of rescuing; but after a time he went toward them to order them to be well cared for. We were greatly surprised to see him lift up his hands and exclaim, "My son! my son!" It proved that we had saved his only boy—a fine, noble fellow—and his brother, also a seaman. After our captain had left port for a long

voyage, leaving his beloved boy with great regret, he was taken ill, and on his partial recovery the physicians ordered a sea voyage. His uncle decided to take him with him on board the merchantman he commanded, thinking that he should be at the same port at about the same time of the boy's father. The severe storm had overtaken them, and their vessel proved weaker than had been supposed. After doing all in his power to save his crew, he, with his nephew, clung to the only boards that they could grasp, and trusted to good luck to drift them near some friendly vessel.

When I talked with Egbert—for that was the boy's name—about it afterwards, he said that it was not by mere good luck that they were saved, for when they were in the greatest peril he saw a white light before them, and the same white light was about our helm as we neared them. So you see that Simon was right; the Lord sent his angels, and guided us and strengthened our arms, and preserved those in danger, so that we all were saved.

"But," said Bertie, "I think the captain must have been very much ashamed of his selfishness."

"He no doubt was," said Freddie; "but men often think it is not manly to show themselves ashamed; but he rewarded Simon handsomely, by getting him promoted to the office of mate, and he said he would do anything I wished for me."

"And you wished," said I, "for leave to come home when the ship landed, and remain a year, and then have your place again."

"Yes, Ratie," replied he, "and thankful was I to Simon for showing me how to win that favor by bravery. Now, Bertie, when I go to sea again you must not cry and distress yourself; for remember there's always some one at the helm."

"Oh, what a grand story!" said Anna. "I love Freddie now. Do invite him, Aunt Ratie, to come to your cottage."

"You forget, I fear," said she, "that Freddie was several years older than I, and must be now quite an old man."

"Oh yes; I was thinking he was one of us, and I was wondering if he looked like Arthur or Willie."

"But, Aunt Ratie, do you believe that was a real angel that helped save those who were about to be lost?"

"Yes, I do," said Aunt Ratie earnestly. "The good Father, who cares for all his children, must have means to do all the loving acts he wills to do, and those means are angels, and kind, loving men and women. Perhaps even an angel could not have saved Egbert and his uncle if there had been no loving heart like Simon's. So you see we all act together, boys, girls, men and women, and the blessed ones in heaven, to do the will of the High-est."

Aunt Ratie's voice seemed like sweet music to us, and as it mingled with the pattering rain we all felt as if we stood in the presence of one angel, who ever strove to do the bidding of the Lord.

### Enigmatical Puzzle.

Flory 6, 1, 8, 4, the God of 7, 1, 8,  
4, 7, 1, 10, 4 his sceptre o'er our land,  
Bringing 7, 5, 3 to many a home,  
Once a happy household band;  
For in that last dark bloody 2, 8, 1, 10,  
The husband, son or father 2, 3, 9, 9,  
While fighting for his country's cause,  
And the flag he loved so 7, 3, 9, 9.  
Ahl when will this 7, 1, 8, 2, 1, 8, 3 end?  
When will 1, 0, 9 our troubles cease?  
Not till every 2, 5, 3 is vanquished  
Will our country be at peace.  
Arrange into letters  
The numbers above—  
A word-puzzle when solved  
That all children love.

Oshkosh, Wis.

HENRY S. JONES.

### Word-Puzzle.

S N A R S T Y G U S L E E  
Snars-ty-gus-lee is a hero's name,  
Inscribed upon the scroll of fame;  
Though little known when war began,  
His name is now on every tongue.

COSMO.

### Answer to A., in the Banner of May 28.

I am no poet or writer, merely make clumsy rhymes, and had rather lose the measure than the meaning. The editor gave me a rub for a blunder, and I gave you one for bad spelling, though I did not expect it would be published. Thanks for your proffered friendship; I reciprocate.

Yours,  
MR. COSMO.

### SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

Lonely musing in the twilight,  
When the lightning shadows fall,  
Spirits bright, and holy angels  
Come obedient to my call;  
Lost and loved ones gone before me,  
Phantoms fair from memory won,  
Seem to flit before my fancy,  
Midway to the setting sun.

I can see them, robed in Beauty,  
Some rejoicing, some forlorn,  
Friendly all, and sent to guide me  
Out of Darkness into Morn.  
On the chimneys I hear their voices  
Whispering solace from the skies.  
Holy Angels, honor none me!  
Fit my soul for Paradise!

### One High Private.

A captain on the Mississippi river, who had fought a battle of the Texas revolution, offered free passage in his boat to any soldier who had participated in a certain engagement. One day a man claimed a free pass, asserting that he was in the battle. He was referred to the captain. "In what capacity did you serve?" "High private" was the reply. "Stranger," said the captain, "give me your hand; I have passed two thousand and eighty-two who were in that fight, and you are the first private I have seen."

## Original Essay.

### SUPERNATURALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The human soul, being part and parcel of the Infinite Soul of the universe—whom we call God—has ever aspired toward some ideal conception of the Grand Spiritual Principle in whose "express image and likeness" it was created, and has ever devoutly exercised its superior faculties and powers in endeavor to apprehend the nature and conditions of that stage of our being which immediately succeeds the life upon the earth. The universal instinct of "longing after immortality"—always the profoundest source of our convictions of a future, unending existence—has from all time impelled the soul into broader and higher fields of speculation, to solve the problem of its purpose in creation, its ultimate destiny, and thus to, in a manner, compass the mystery of "who and what is God?"

This prophecy, instinct in our being, were doubtless sufficient demonstration, or foreshadowing of our ensuing spiritual existence, if confidently trusted, and our lives were conformed in strict obedience to its promptings. But being too little prone to repose in the divine impulse—the still, small voice of God within us—and ambitious to comprehend the whole of creation, rather than develop up to a needful apprehension of spiritual things, the vainest and wildest theories of immortal life, and the being and government of God have been generated, have grown up and expanded into philosophies which only serve to obscure the atmosphere of the "promised land," and turned back the aspiring soul upon its sorrowing, unsatisfied self again, and often left it utterly despondent and hopeless. Thus has resulted Atheism, which, in its blighting and heartless indifference, has practically worked its leaven of unrighteous unbelief in superabundance, so that but a small minority have steadfastly maintained the conviction, with full assurance, that "if a man die, he shall live again."

Man, by the comprehensive reaches of his intelligence in its legitimate sphere of employment and exercise, has long ago learned that he is the crowning product in the efforts of creation, and doubtless predestined to an endless existence in some ill-defined spiritual state—an ideal of which he would fashion for himself, as a stimulus for his hope and a reward of his faith. But he seems oft-times to have forgotten that he belongs entirely within the domain of Nature, and that, being thus circumscribed, however God-like his aspirations, he could by no possibility transcend his limits to attain a conception of aught that was above Nature. For, so soon as he might gain an adequate perception of what was above his own sphere of life, just so soon, and just so far would he have risen above Nature, and therefore could be no longer only man.

So, in his lofty flights into the "mysterious" and "unknown," he has seemed to himself to have discovered a sort of mediatorial realm superior to Nature, and, to correspond with the plausible vagaries of his speculations, he indulges his ambition, and measurably satisfies his "longings" by the creation of philosophies of the Supernatural! But he has herein constituted a jurisdiction from the fertile resources of his imagination only; or, if existing at all, only such as the thought of God or of spirits could take cognizance of. For if man, in Nature, fails to comprehend his own being therein, (by his own confession,) how shall he be able to transcend her boundaries—which are already more comprehensive than his utmost capacity has been developed to explore—and in reason hope to attain to that elevation of spiritual perception, which shall engender thought adequate to embrace any genuine conception of the super-natural?

The supernatural, in common acceptance, is an utter fallacy, and is only born of the gross presumption of man in defining the limits of Nature, and in attributing to God a humanly-characterized personality, localized to a grand, central throne of power, and promulgating thence distinct and separate codes of law for the government of the material and spiritual domains of the universe. Nature is not alone the realm of matter, but embraces the material and spiritual worlds combined—each the complement of the other—each absolutely necessary for the manifestation or existence of the other. The boundless, the infinite creation is Nature:

— "that stupendous Whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul,"

admits of no arbitrary dissection into parts "natural" and "supernatural," and God for Nature is all that God (the only super-natural, as He was before and above His creation,) has evolved in the Grand Universe—its laws, its harmonies, and its spiritual ultimates.

By the supernatural is always meant the spiritual; and because of the profound ignorance concerning the spiritual part of Nature, which has ever enfeebled and vitiated human philosophies and creeds, enlightened minds of even modern days, who aspired to a profounder and more interior knowledge of truth than the narrow theatre of their positive experience seemed able to afford, perforce betaking themselves to the solution of mysteries which cast their shadows on the confines of the "natural world," by adopting hypothetical dogmas—the sanctified offspring of fabulous mythologies—and unauthenticated legendary "Revelations from God," as the bases of their supernatural "Theologies," have only succeeded in creating an elaborate, specious mysticism, not amenable to the province of Reason, and which can only be accepted in the exuberant ecstasy of abnormal Faith. And thus faith has come to be the grand climax of human culture and development, and the responsibility of obedience to its instincts and aspirations, the paramount spiritual duty of man. . . .

There has always flourished in every age, a class of minds who would not rest satisfied with speculation, with dreamy, unsubstantial philosophies, whose entire ground of acceptability and principles of conviction were "faith above reason;" who, though holding as deep and abiding elements of faith in the composition of their minds, and of as devout and loving hearts as any of their contemporaries, still could not anchor their souls to vague and incomprehensible fatalism, but must ever sail their life-bark within some glimmering distance of their God-given Reason. This beacon of safety must never be lost sight of, and ought in popular philosophy or religion that would drive them from its illumination was rejected, as fraught with danger and only prophesying of uncontrollable elements, of tempests and darkness that threatened peril and disaster.

To such minds new and grand developments of natural law, however startling, and subversive of darling prejudices, were ever acceptable, and joyfully welcomed and cherished; for there were no "foregone conclusions in the ultimatum of their faith, which barred the vast possibilities in the domain of Nature; they held themselves ever in expectancy, and were prepared to behold and thankfully recognize new revelations of an Infinite Power, with a wholesome, abiding assurance that God, in his infinite goodness, could never hold aught in the arena of his creation so sacred, that a human soul who sought the solution of "mysterious phenomena," and the development of occult principles underlying them, in the light of reason, should expose itself to the sin of sacrilege, and risk the encounter of irretrievable error and spiritual ruin.

Thank God for the abiding presence of such minds, for to them alone has the world been indebted for its every stage of progress out of the sloughs of despond and the enslaving bonds of superstition. They are honest and courageous; they try all voyages of discovery, and sound every channel of truth or error, learning the depths of the deep waters, and the shallows of those just beneath whose surface so insidiously lie the dangerous reefs. Their charts are never pronounced complete, but are open for corrections and additions, and are continually revised and re-constructed as new fields are explored.

The pulsations of the mighty heart of Nature, ceaseless though noiseless in its beatings, must sometimes vibrate on the dull sense of humanity the vital throbbings of its profounder principles, and disclose the elements of its interior life to some gifted souls, spiritually developed to look within the veil, and sympathetically organized to telegraph the vital records of its mysterious, spiritual energies. Thus have shone out on the dreary sameness, the thick, spiritual darkness of the historic record, at wide intervals of time, the vivid illuminations of prophets, seers, and hierophants, whose quickened vision in some measure penetrated the unknown depths and sublime heights of Nature's arcana, which might have opened up grandest mines of spiritual treasure, and adorned the world with brilliant, precious gems of spiritual truth and wisdom, but for the stubborn perversity, the insensate stupidity of their materialistic generations. Still, in modern days, oftener and clearer have these visions of spiritual things been repeated, and here and there among the nations has a broader appreciation of occult principles gradually annulled the hitherto ready verdict of "mystery" at the announcement of each new and strange development that withstood the solution of orthodox principles of science and philosophy; and a Swedenborg, a Boehmer, a Mesmer, a Reichenbach, a Davis, and many others, have attracted the earnest and thoughtful consideration of multitudes of noble men and women, each in his peculiar phase of seership, or scientific exposition of "mysterious phenomena" and "subtle agents," so that a large field has been well prepared for the culture of spiritual elements of knowledge, and a progressive system inaugurated, full of promise for the sure and speedy emancipation of the human mind and its life from degrading superstitions and ecclesiastical terrorism.

We are coming at last to apprehend how superficial have been our acquisitions of the knowledge of the principles and laws of Nature; how materialistic the scope of our philosophies. While most of the subtle agencies in matter were unknown, every extraordinary phenomenon that would not at once yield to the measure of men's science, must be denominated a miracle, and the developments of many ages failed to afford a more rational and intelligent solution. The achievements of research evolved "gravitation," "chemical affinity," "electricity," "magnetism," but all these were inadequate to retrieve the mystery from the vortex of the supernatural, and to this it was helplessly and superstitiously consigned. But now we can most surely know that a miracle is an anomaly, an impossibility, since every real phenomenon, once so mysterious, and thus ignorantly designated, has been reproduced upon the basis of principles strictly within the sphere of science. We recognize the essence, the life of all matter to be spirit, which is the "real reality," and we are rapidly gaining a knowledge of the esoteric principles and laws of its government and relations to matter, which have so long eluded the profoundest investigations.

There was ever a grand and intimate union subsisting between the realms of spirit and matter, though the positive realization of this truth was mostly confined to the spiritual side; but since the spirits of those who once dwelt upon the earth have succeeded in rending the veil that hung as a pall of darkness betwixt the two worlds, light has streamed in upon the earth with a power and brilliancy that bid fair to dispel all the clouds from our intellectual firmament, and illumine all the dark places of our ignorance. The wonderful and startling phenomena produced by spirits are plainly amenable to natural principles and laws, both beautiful and grand. Though at first—in the earlier years of their manifestation—often homely and even low in character, still they met

us on our own plane of development. If spirits could not at once and directly reach our higher spiritual natures, what wonder that they availed of the grosser materialistic, and apparently trivial modes of disclosing their presence to us! Let them first exhaust the commonest approaches to the lower strata of intelligence, thus opening an avenue to the whole world—they come not to seek the learned and wise only—and so soon as they have most obviously demonstrated their ability to hold intercourse with us, they are by no means slow, nor at all wanting in resources, to enter upon the loftiest plane of manifestation.

The advocate of the new Spiritual Philosophy needs only to assert the results of the observations and experiments of the many thousands of well-balanced minds who have fearlessly and thoughtfully pursued the investigation of these phenomena, and to affirm the common and unimpeachable testimony as to their unmistakable evidence of the reality of an established spirit-intercourse with the world. The objector to the validity of such experience is bound to avail of like investigation, or withhold his skepticism—at least his criticism of the authenticity of the phenomena. He simply renders his opposition and denunciation contemptible and unworthy of civil consideration, who, ignoring all testimony as to facts, even when alleged to have been experienced by those in whose veracity and judgment he has ample reason to confide, proceeds to nullify evidences which are superior to his philosophy, by presuming to demonstrate their invalidity on the basis of the principles only which he has been taught to recognize; who treats as "illusions of the imagination," solid realities, that withstand as severe tests of scrutiny as the granite rocks of the earth, or the sunlight of the heavens. Let him have the candor to manfully examine the evidences, for himself, and afterwards, if they so conflict with his preconceived opinions and adopted standards as to threaten their overthrow, if duly recognized—and his darling prejudices must not be subverted though the heavens fall—let him make his quarrel with God, who permits such eccentricities of erratic Nature; or burnish up his spiritual armor to make onslaught upon "that old serpent, the devil," to whose machinations he will not hesitate to ascribe the wonderful things, now boldly apparent to his dulled sense, but so "cunningly devised," as in his fearful estimation, to be able to "deceive the very elect." The advocate of the "spiritual theory" would waive all controversy at this issue, having more genial occupation, and withal more profitable, than battling with supernatural windmills.

It has been so many ages that only faintest and rarest glimpses could be afforded us of the "unseen world," so that it has been long a common saying, "like angels visits, few and far between," how difficult in execution must have been the grand scheme, long cherished, of opening up a clear and untrammelled highway of intercourse between the aetherial world and ours! While we have been in ignorance of the spiritual principles and laws of Nature, and could not meet the advances of spirits, and wisely construe the manifestations they might produce, they have withheld their powers, until we should become so enlightened as to appreciate the marvelous activities of the subtle elements in their control, by whose instrumentality alone they could manifest their presence to us.

Spirits have experienced, hitherto, the "tender mercies" that have befallen the so-called "insane," "witches," and all that class of innocent persons who, in all ages, have been alleged as "instigated by the devil," when they have been only "mediums" selected to work a passage-way through the difficult barrier between the spirit-world and this. Therefore have they wisely refrained from continually forcing upon mankind the evidences of their power to communicate with us, until now, that we have made some progress in bringing to light the agency and efficiency of some of the occult forces of Nature—so long a terra incognita to us—they find us, in a measure, educated up to a standard of fearlessness about mysterious agents, that has enabled them to safely approach us, without subjecting their mediums, as of old, to exorcisms of misguided power, through the horse-pond, the gibbet and the stake.

The evidences of spirit intercourse have, in the past fifteen years, been constantly accumulating, and in great variety, and already are overwhelming in demonstrating Immortality for the human soul, and abundantly fruitful in life-experiences of spirits, in their sphere, to teach us higher lessons of wisdom than all the long centuries of the past have yielded. And it behooves our imperial savans, who hold the balance of power over a credulous and submissive world, to so far descend from the dignity of their self-satisfied greatness, as to be willing to recognize this grandest truth of all time, even though feeble and unpretending women and children were made the instruments—mediums of the wonderful revelations which all their mighty science and philosophy had hitherto failed to invite or unfold. If they display such extravagant enthusiasm over the exhumation of a fossilized bone, and can erect into a species with such unerring precision some antediluvian fish-scale, preserved in Time's elixir, from almost the morning of creation, why shall they not accord their patronage to the "supernal" "deposits," that for ages have slumbered—to the dull sense of man—and now are disinterred to plainest observation, not in disjointed fragments, but in living, glorified organisms that people the celestial strata of the spirit spheres?

Why, oh, astute and critical expounder of inductive science, not bestow the darling principles of your philosophy in investigating the deep significance of "Footfalls on the boundaries of another world," as well as, and with as much diligence, as you pursue the petrified bird-tracks beneath the surface of this? Ah! but the celestial visitors have grossly affronted you dignitaries of the earth, by falling to manifest themselves first to your "superior intelligence," and by not allowing their marvelous phenomena to be first tried in your crucibles; but, without even "by your leave," have the "disembodied" sought the lower strata of the social elements, and therein given forth the not "uncertain sounds" which proclaim their presence.

Why came not the ghostly strangers to such as most devotedly, and with nicest scrutiny and discrimination, "professionally" dealt in resurrected types and emblems—who might thus spread for them the broad, protecting wings of their social prestige, when all the sacerdotal hounds of opposition would have withheld their cry? Why was Jesus, "the accepted Son of God," not born in a palace? of imperial parentage? and surrounded by the grand accompaniments deserving to attend on the advent of so august a personage? but must first see the light in a humble village—and in a stable, at that—whose first cradle was a manger? Who kept aloof from the magnates of the land, but devoted the ministrations of his noble life to the poor, the lowly and the despised of earth; while credulous women and untutored fishermen became his almoners of the gospel of glad tidings to the spiritually famishing race? A not dissimilar answer is pertinent to either category!

A mighty epoch has been inaugurated on the

earth; a grand celestial telegraph has been successfully established in connection of the upper and lower worlds; and soul-comforting messages of spirit-friendship, and glorious revelations of spirit-wisdom are sent down into bereaved hearts and starving souls, while the gratitude of millions, disenthralled of error, and hopefully progressing in spiritual regeneration, has joyfully responded; and devout thanksgiving and praise are this day constantly ascending to the Father and Mother-God for this final consummation of intercourse between the long-discovered realms of spirit and matter. And now, to all those whose conviction of this glorious realization has been established, there comes the grateful duty—though often painful task, in execution—of spreading the glad tidings, in order that the whole world may learn to rejoice that Heaven and Earth have been brought so near together.

The further purpose of this present, and subsequent efforts, shall be, to endeavor to present some of the grand features of this new dispensation in such a light, as may serve to dispel the infidel prejudices of that class of minds who have hitherto resisted all innovations upon their cherished philosophies and faiths, and the more stoutly defended them from fear of unsettling the foundations of the religious life of man, and bringing about a reckless anarchy in the social elements, by destroying the veneration for things held sacred through many ages: to show that, if old things are suffered to pass away, having filled the measure of their usefulness, all things shall be made new, and in added beauty of truth, and enlarged spirituality, shall become worthy of all sacrifices, and amply restore and repay all possible loss.

Spiritualism is the farthest thing conceivable from a mere fad. It is not in the remotest sense sectional or sectarian; and in its largest acceptation is scarcely less comprehensive in its scope than Nature itself. It is all of possible science, all of pure, rational philosophy, that the human mind, aided by spirits, may attain to, or be able to comprehend; all of the religious life of the soul on the earth that man may aspire to, enlightened by the revelations from the spirit-world. Spiritualism preeminently recognizes a universal law of endless progression. Its science, therefore, can contemplate no limit short of the principles and laws of Nature, embracing the worlds of matter and of spirit, to the extent of human capability to understand their relations. Its philosophy can never be complete, until it has evolved a system of living on the earth fully in accordance with, and in obedience to, the requirements of Nature, whereby the physical energies and mental powers and faculties shall have the most healthful, the amplest development, be guided and directed into most useful fields of labor, and ever be exercised and controlled in wisdom. Its religion can never rest satisfied until the spiritual instincts and affections of the soul shall unerringly gravitate to and become unchangeably fixed in the love of righteousness for its own sake, constantly seeking to attain a closer communion with the highest influences of the spirit spheres, and manifesting an undivided allegiance to the spiritual government of God. Thus, in the new plan of salvificity, shall humanity develop into mediocrity for His constant inspirations, and work out His exalted purpose in the creation of the race, a universal destiny of endless happiness.

The science and philosophy of Spiritualism, while not at issue with the great mass of well-demonstrated truth, and the elements of many well-ordered systems of erudition, differs from these, or rather rises superior to them, by embracing new and grander truths than heretofore recognized; develops occult principles and laws, which have only been suspected and vaguely hinted at by isolated individuals of the learned world, who may have attained a certain eminence of perception, that from their high standpoint they could dimly prophesy of their possible reality. Upon the previous resources of our knowledge the superhuman has been engrained, and we can now draw from deeper fountains of knowledge and wisdom—from an experience above and beyond our own. But in this direction all was mystery till the spirit telegraph flashed the imperishable elements along the delicate wires of the human nerve-organism, and revealed the cabala which is to solve all that remains problematical in the domain of letters. Animal magnetism and electricity—the "universal solvent"—respond to spiritual auras, and a flood of illumination breaks through the shades of Supernaturalism. In other words, by virtue of the magneto-electric principles—or dual principle of life—we have readily come into intelligent rapport with superior, spiritual elements, and have learned to understandingly avail ourselves of forces little dreamed to be within the possibility of our experience.

We are already in possession of a multiplicity of varied and elaborate instructions in problematical—deductive science, as also in the field of experimental philosophy in treatises of the imperishable elements, &c., which abundantly testify to the powers of spirits to scan the past beyond and outside of all records of human attainments, and to perceive the beautiful and perfect laws governing the refined elements of Nature. From what we have already received in contributions to our hitherto accumulations of knowledge, it is but reasonable to believe that we have now found teachers, under whose kindly, intelligent and loving ministrations, all who will may become instructed in the sublime realities of Nature's arcana, and receive wisest counsel for the direction of our energies of research into surer and richest fields of truth.

But it is not for mere worldly knowledge that we should prize the instructions and assistance of our spirit-guides. A nobler purpose underlies all their expositions of natural science and philosophy, and is never for a moment lost sight of; and that is to educate the human family into the highest enlightenment of spiritual brotherhood, that they may avail of that true freedom of culture which will fullest expand the whole being of man—fitted to receive the divine influx of heaven's revelations—and thus prepare the human spirit at death to enter upon the full fruition of the inexpressible joys of the spirit-land. With terrible earnestness have our spirit-friends entered upon the task of exposing the world-wide fallacies of all supernaturalism; and with sorrowful sympathy do they give utterance to affectionate warnings against the delusions of "plans of salvation," humanly invented, but accepted as of divine origination. But while denouncing our errors of ignorance, our self-satisfied wisdom, our shortsighted and presumptuous creeds and philosophies, and meting out righteous indignation against all the time-honored formularies and priest-hallowed mockeries that pass current in the world's acceptance as religious worship, they span the whole firmament with a spiritual "bow of promise," whose soul-clearing radiance dispels all fears of future deluges of the "wrath of God" in "eternal damnation" for the sins of his people. They carve out a highway of spiritual progression for the earthly pilgrim, which allows the soul to develop its completest capabilities, involving no humiliating or degrading service. Never affecting to define the Infinite God by magnified human

characteristics, they on the contrary impressively enjoin upon us to strive to acknowledge him as a Grand Principle of Intelligence, utterly incomprehensible, but within whose all-pervading essence the soul may confidently repose its destiny, always abounding in a living faith that his eternal love shall never cease to draw all humanity ultimately into the sphere of his holy habitation. Language is powerless to express the deep soul-utterances of spirits, as they attempt to unfold to our clouded perceptions the glowing visions of loveliness which are manifested to their familiar sight; the grand significance of the earth-life in its relations to the spirit-life; the possible happiness that lies before each soul in all the worlds of the universe, sooner or later to be attained; the wisdom and love of God, as beheld in these mighty relations of material and spiritual worlds. The most glittering generalities of human speech are confessedly tame, and utterly inadequate to clothe the sublime conceptions which well up in their expanded being as living fountains of wisdom, which flow fast by the oracles of God. They fail would inspire all mankind with some realizing sense, some foretaste of the exaltation and blessed harmony of life in the spheres; but thus far only a favored few organisms, comparatively, have become so cultured by their assisting development, as to reach the mount of vision, from which the flooding glories of the Summer-Land have in ecstasy been beheld. But spirits express themselves as cheerfully buoyant with hope, and confidently prophesy the eventual encompassment of all the earth by the grand "aroma" of the celestial telegraph, which shall directly reach the interior, spiritual senses of humanity, and all shall come into intimate communion with them, and behold them, not as through a glass, or "medium," darkly, but openly, and face to face.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SONG OF TRUE LOVE. DEDICATED TO FAITHFUL HEARTS.

BY MARY A. WHITTAKER.

When Night enfolds her sable wing / Around the weary earth, / And stars their holy radiance fling / Where purest thoughts have birth, / Dear memories of the olden time, / Beam brightly from afar; / Heart-gems, in Love's clear heaven they shine, / Thy truth the fairest star.

The sun, which o'er our pathway smiled, / In happy days of yore, / When Hope's young dreams were brief as mild, / Hath set to rise no more. / But not less beautiful to me, / This lingering, chastened light, / That warns to prayer each thought of thee, / And cheers life's darkest night.

From heaven descends the sacred flame / That feeds affection's fire; / Through long, dim years, for aye the same, / While earthly flames expire. / Life of our souls, thy mystic power, / So pure, and bright, and free, / Will crown e'en death's lone, shadowed hour, / With Immortality.

St. Louis, Mo.

MR. HOME'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EXCURSION FROM ROME.

I arrived at Rome on the 15th November, 1863, for the purpose of studying sculpture. On the 21st of January, 1864, I received, at five o'clock in the evening, a letter requiring my attendance at the office of the chief Police Station. Feeling sure that this summons could be connected with nothing but Spiritualism, I could not help thinking how sad it was that men who ought to be more enlightened should treat as a crime a matter that the Church ought rather to encourage and support. In order, however, to avoid any disturbance, I determined to do as was required of me, and so, with a companion who I kindly consented to accompany me, at half-past eleven on January 21 I presented myself at the Palazzo-Citerio. We were shown into an ante-room, where there were some straw chairs, but no fire, and as the roof was covered with snow we found it very cold. After waiting for more than half-an-hour, I began to get a little impatient, and, calling a servant, I asked him if it was the custom to treat in this manner people who had been summoned; and told him to warn those who had desired my presence that I would wait no longer. After a short absence he returned with excuses for my detention, and saying that M. Pasqualoni was ready to receive me. We were shown into a large room, where that gentleman was seated at an office table with drawers. The apartment was recently furnished with a few chairs, a plaster bust of the Pope; an engraving of the Holy Virgin was suspended behind M. Pasqualoni, in the frame of which some visiting cards were placed.

Upon my entrance Mons. P. bowed to me, and motioned me to seat myself opposite to him; the friend who accompanied me sat at the end of the table, on the left of Mons. P., who commenced his remarks with—  
Q. You are Mr. D. Douglas Home?—A. Yes, sir, and here is my passport.  
Q. (Without taking it) Very well, I must ask you some questions.—A. For my part, sir, I am ready to answer you.  
Q. Were you born in Scotland?—A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Are you thirty-seven years old?—A. No, sir; I am only thirty years old.  
Q. But, sir, you are thirty-seven.—A. No, sir; I was born in 1833; next March I shall be in my thirty-first year.  
Q. (Taking a paper from a drawer, and looking at it) According to my notes you ought to be thirty-seven.—A. I am sorry that I am unable to corroborate your information; but I am only thirty years old.

Q. Your father's name?—A. William.  
Q. Your mother?—A. Elizabeth.  
Q. Her maiden name?—A. McNeil. (Here I interrupted him with a request that I might be furnished with pencil and paper.)  
Q. For what purpose?—A. To write.  
Q. To write what?—A. I am a free man, and should wish to preserve questions and answers of such great importance.  
Q. (Handing me a sheet of paper and a red pencil) How many times have you been in Rome?—A. This is my third visit.  
Q. When and of what duration were the other visits?—A. In 1856, I remained here two months, then it was that I became a Roman Catholic; in 1858, I passed three weeks here; and upon this occasion I have been here since the 15th November.  
Q. Now, you have been here since the 1st of November?—A. Here is my passport, which will show you that I have been here only since the 15th. Q. Is it your intention to remain a long time here?—A. No, sir; I propose in April to return to Paris.

Q. Have you a house there?—A. No, sir.  
Q. What was your object in coming to Rome?—A. For my health and to study sculpture.  
Q. What was your religion before 1856?—A. Protestant.  
Q. Have you published any works—how many—and under what titles?—A. Incidents in My Life. Q. Was the book published in Paris by Dentu?—A. It was.  
Q. Now say that you are a medium, that you become entranced, and that you see spirits?—A. Yes, sir, I have said so, and it is true.  
Q. And you hold communications with spirits?—A. When they think proper.  
Q. How do you summon them?—A. I do not summon them; they manifest themselves of their own accord.  
Q. How do they manifest themselves?—A. I was about to answer, "Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another," when raps were made upon

the table close to him and far from me; he asked me in a tone of great astonishment the cause of these noises. My companion answered him by saying: "These are the spirits, and it must be evident to you that Mr. Home has no volition in the matter." "Spirits!" replied M. Pasqualoni, looking all the while at the table more and more astonished; then he said, "Let us continue our examination. Proceed."

Q. Do you consider your gift as a gift of Nature?—A. No, I consider it a gift of God.  
Q. Since the year 1856 have you never exercised your power?—A. Neither before nor since, seeing that I am passive in these manifestations which are spontaneous.

Q. In your opinion what is the object of these manifestations?—A. To assure skeptics of the immortality of the soul, and to afford heavenly consolation.

Q. What religion do the spirits teach?—A. I was about to answer that the spirits retain the same religion they held when on earth, but my friend explained to me that it would be better merely to say, as I had become a Roman Catholic, that the teaching of the spirits was rather in favor of that religion, and I further added that there was actually in Rome a family of father, mother and seven children, as well as a Protestant clergyman, who had become Roman Catholics under the influence of the spirits, and that, moreover, the Protestant minister had become a Roman Catholic priest.

Q. You relate in your work on miracles performed by you, amongst others, cases of cure?—A. I have cured many persons by my raps.

Q. How did you accomplish them?—A. I know nothing about it. I am but an instrument.

Q. You have given séances in France, England and Russia?—A. At friendly assemblies met for the purpose, manifestations sometimes occur. But why do you ask me all this? My book answers this question in the affirmative; all persons there-in named are prepared to corroborate what I have printed, and I will maintain, even at the risk of my life, the truth of what my book asserts.

My friend, considering me a little fatigued, requested M. Pasqualoni to postpone the examination to another day, but I replied that I preferred finishing it then.

Q. You say in your work that articles of furniture move, why does not the table stand off for you to walk? Do you see spirits when you are awake or asleep?—A. In both states. With regard to the cases of locomotion you speak of, they occur sometimes, but not by any will of mine own. (As I said this, a cracking noise was heard on the table, which moved slightly. M. Pasqualoni, looking about, said in a troubled voice, "Let us continue.")

Q. Did you not say in your book that your mother was a medium?—A. Yes, sir; and my son is, also.

Q. What is the age of your son?—A. Four years and a half.

Q. Where is he?—A. At Malvern.  
Q. Where is Malvern?—A. In England.  
Q. Has he a nurse?—A. Yes, sir.  
Q. Is she a Catholic?—A. No, sir; she belongs to the Greek Church.

Q. With whom is your son?—A. With Dr. Gully, one of my friends.

Q. Is Dr. Gully a Catholic?—A. No, sir.  
At this point my friend began speaking in a low voice with M. Pasqualoni, and I learned that the subject of their conversation was my expulsion from Rome. Then I demanded that the order for it should be made in writing, which was done, and I was told that within three days I must leave Rome.

Q. Do you consent to do so?—A. (Rising up) Certainly not, for, having infringed no law, my consenting to go would look as if I had committed something of which I was ashamed. I expect to find this the cause of much scandal before I go. I warn you beforehand, and upon my leaving you shall be entirely at liberty to see my Consul.

Then he said to me: "I hope, Mr. Home, that you will not refuse me your hand." I gave him my hand, at the same time saying that I was sorry to see him the instrument of authority such as this. I went to my Consul and told him what had happened; it being Sunday, nothing could be done, but the next day he promised to see the Governor of Rome. I then betook myself to a person of the highest importance, who was kind enough to go immediately to Monsiegnor Mattouci, which Cardinal, in a long conversation, told my friend that he had nothing to say against me except on the matter of sorcery.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, the English Consul went to see the Monsiegnor, who said to him that if I was willing to sign an engagement, in which I would promise not to give any séances, I might remain in Rome, but I lost no time in writing the following declaration:

"I give my word as a gentleman, that during my stay in Rome, I will have no séances, and that I will avoid, as much as possible, all conversations upon Spiritualism."  
DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME.  
Palazzi-Paoli, a January, 1864.

My Consul, not satisfied with this, wished me to make known why I had come to Rome and why I was anxious to remain; then I wrote on the same paper:

"I have only come to Rome for my health and to study art, therefore I should wish to be left alone."  
D. D. HOME.

This document was dispatched to Monsiegnor Mattouci, and for the remainder of the week I had no more to do, as the subject, until Saturday afternoon, at 5.30, when I received the following letter:

"M. Daniel Douglas Home will have the great kindness to present himself at the passport office between six and eight o'clock, provided with his passport."

I begged of my friend, who had accompanied me on the previous occasion, to perform once more the like service, and we both of us went to the Palazzo-Citerio at a quarter before six. I went to the office of M. Peggallo, who, after having taken and looked at my passport, said to me: "But, sir, you had first to have visited my Consul." "For what purpose?" was my reply. "That he might vider your passport, as you intend to go." I answered that I had no intention of leaving. Then he said, looking at the passport, "In that case your passport is quite correct; with such a passport you can remain a whole year." I bowed and thanked him. The next morning, a quarter before six, I went to the office of the mistress of the house where I lodged, entered my studio in a state of alarm, and said: "Sir, there is a policeman awaiting you at your house." I replied that he might make himself quite comfortable at my place, for I had no intention of returning home just yet; and that if he wished to see me he must come to my studio. Ten minutes afterwards the man came, and said that he was obliged to seek me; consequently I ought not having the preceding day appeared at the passport office, where I had been summoned. I replied that not only had I been there, but that I had been accompanied by a friend. He then said, "Your friend had been, but you had not." Upon this, with difficulty keeping my temper, I answered, "Come along; the same person will accompany me again;" which he did. Going to the same apartment, I went to the same desk, and gave my passport to M. Peggallo, who said, "I was waiting for you till eight o'clock yesterday, and you did not come." I answered him that I had come at a quarter before six, and that having to come twice I did not find it particularly gratifying.

Q. But you did not come?—A. I tell you I did come; you took my passport, and told me that I might remain a year. Now say no more on that subject; do not lie unless your position requires that you should do so.

He said, "At three o'clock to-day you must leave Rome." "Very well. I have no intention, however, of going, and I do not mean to go." He replied, "You must by three o'clock be outside of the gates of Rome." I then said, "Do you wish to sign my passport?" He signed it, gave it me back, and I went off to find my Consul, who received me with feelings of suppressed rage, saying, "Why do you make promises to break them immediately after?" I asked him what he meant; he replied that I had been playing the fool with M. Pasqualoni. I cried out angrily, "M. Severin, I have come to you as an English subject, and not to speak to you either as to my belief or the phenomena which I might or might not see, and you have examined the matter only to show that they are independent of my will. I only require of you to do your duty as Consul; any other advice is out of place, the more so that since my promise no manifestation has taken place, although in undertaking not to give séances I am unable to promise that no manifestations shall occur." He went to see the Governor of Rome, who told him that since I was unable to avoid having mani-

festations, I must not be allowed to remain longer in Rome. One of my friends called upon Monsiegnor Mattouci (whom I presented myself between four and five o'clock, without being received). He obtained permission for me to remain till Wednesday following. Learning that I resolved to depart on Monday, a great number of friends conducted me to the railway as a token of their sympathy.

Q. Cousin Benja sends us the following lines, written at a time when he could almost hear the splash of the boatman's oar that is, sooner or later, to ferry him "over the river." We should be very sorry to have our "Benja" go in that direction just at present; but we are glad to see him so cheerfully awaiting the change. We trust there are no many long days, and happy ones, for him on earth yet, and that he will bestow many sweet songs upon the pilgrims here to cheer them on their homeward way;

GOOD-BYE, OLD WORLD, I'M GOING HOME.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

Attr.—I have a father in the Promised Land. I feel that the old world is fading from my view; Good-bye, old world, a happy adieu! In losing sight of thee I'm gazing on the new— My home in the bright land above.

CHORUS.  
Then come, come with me to the bright happy land; Give the Father your heart, and the Saviour your hand; We shall all meet again, a joyous band, And praise Him in the bright home above.

One little struggle, and my earth-life is o'er. I see the angels smiling and I hear the ruffled oar. Good-bye, brothers, I'm nearing the shore, To my home in the bright happy land.

Make me a grave where the breezes shall play, Shed not a tear o'er my cold form of clay, But sing me a song when you lay it away, I shall hear it in the bright home above.

I shall wait for your coming on the beautiful shore; I shall be the first to meet you when your earth-life is o'er; We shall meet again to part no more, But dwell in the bright home above. Thatchwood Cottage, 1864.

Correspondence.

Progression in North Easton.

Spiritualism comes to the mass of people on the earth plane, inculcating in its teachings the great fact of universal Brotherhood, elevating to a broad platform of equality, each and every one of earth's children; linking interest to interest, binding heart to heart, and unfolding every day new principles of science and love, to aid in developing harmony here on this earth plane.

With the recognition and realization of this harmonious element pervading the New Dispensation, I doubt not but a few words concerning Spiritualism, and its advocates, in the pleasant town of Easton, will be of interest to the readers of the BANNER.

For years, perhaps, the hearts of the faithful few in Easton, have been strengthened and refreshed by communion with the loved ones from the eternal shores, yet conditions and surroundings have been unfavorable toward the external manifestations, for a long time past. But last January, the noble hearts of Bro's Ripley, Smith and others, cleared away the obstacles, surmounted the rubbish of opposition and set the ball in motion.

Bro. Ripley's Hall was then engaged by the Methodists to hold meetings in, until the coming April, so the spiritual meetings were held in the evenings. When April came the plan was to have the hall occupied afternoons and evenings for spiritual meetings; but the Methodist chapel was incomplete, and the opposing brethren requested the use of the hall until they could enter their own sanctuary. The genial, open nature of Bro. Ripley could not withstand their request, and so they still shed the light of their countenances within the hall; although, in former times, they were so much disgusted with the spiritual proceedings, that some believed that a certain old gentleman, vulgarly called "the Devil," was prime minister and director of the spiritual manifestations. Nevertheless, I think that they have never yet been troubled with his influence, although they "reason together" in the same place in which—as some believe—the weekly holds meetings.

The five o'clock spiritual meetings will continue during the month of June, and then they intend to rest during the two next months; and in September come together again with a renaissance of courage, faith and love, when there will be a prospect of hearing from some of our most prominent speakers, including Sisters Townsend, Doten and others. Bro. Ripley has been the one—assisted by others—who has labored earnestly to find funds and speakers, and has thrown his vitality, money, time and energy into this cause, and the coming generations will long remember him with love.

The spirits, through my organism, have lectured in North Easton several times, and each time I have been enabled to see an internal growth of harmony. Last Sabbath evening (May 22d) was one of deep harmony and interest. The love element and interest that awaited me as a speaker, and which was visible on every countenance, strengthened and encouraged my physical frame, and most earnestly do I thank the entire audience, for the sympathy and interest that refreshed my weary spirit.

Among the mediums which were in attendance, we noticed Bro. Humphrey's little daughter of about ten years, who will undoubtedly, some day, be in the field as a speaker, when time shall have enabled progressed spirits to control her easily and effectually; also a Miss Jennie Deane, who will, ere many years, enter the field as a clairvoyant, and healing medium, and perhaps also give tests. Bro. Ripley has fine impressional gifts, being enabled to trace, by impression, the forms of those whose names are written on paper, and so folded that with his natural sight he cannot read them, yet after holding the folded paper for awhile, he has given an accurate description of the life of the person whose name is enclosed. Development of such a gift will enroll him as one of the best seeing and impressional mediums of the present day. There were other mediums among them, but time and space will not allow of even a passing record.

To lecturers and mediums visiting North Easton, I would say, that many a glad sunbeam will find its way to their hearts, to aid them on in their life-work. When they meet the whole-souled, progressive Bro. Smith; when they partake of Bro. Humphrey's hospitality—quiet though he is—the harmonious, gentle, lofty influences that cluster around him and his gentle, sympathetic wife, are enough to make one rejoice; and when they form the acquaintance of the noble-hearted, generous Bro. Ripley—who in his every act shows he is one of Nature's noblemen—and his hospitable, pleasant wife, they will indeed feel that the Christ-Life exists elsewhere than in the crowded city, and

with those for whom Fame has woven her wreath. There are others who strive to make life beautiful to themselves; and others. But I trespass on your valuable columns, I will forbear at present to speak of them.

I trust that other towns, where at present there are no meetings, will be incited, by learning of the success met with in Easton, to "go and do likewise."

I want good wishes to all the readers of this Spiritual Light, and will do all I can to forward the advancement and spread of this glorious cause, and of its advocates in the form of literature. For Truth and Love to all Humanity, thus writes

C. FANNIE ALLEN, East Bridgewater, 1864.

Criticisms by Mr. Hacker.

I have been looking over the BANNER of this date, Mr. Editor, and desire, with your permission, to make a few remarks on some portions of its contents. I learn that you have had a great feast in the City of Notions—a Spiritual Convention, or Lovee, in which you "unanimously adopted a series of resolutions expressive of sympathy for the noble men who are periling their lives and health in the cause of their country; of loyalty to and support of the Government in its efforts to put down this wicked rebellion; of an uncompromising hostility to all kinds of slavery, especially African Slavery."

It is surprising to me that Spiritualists cannot see that all governments founded on, or supported by, carnal weapons, are at war with genuine Spiritualism, and that in proportion as either rises the other must go down. Spiritualism, as I understand it, appears to the whole universe and spiritual government free from swords, guns, pauper-houses, prisons, and all the life-destroying machinery of the old and barbarous churches, and just so far as Spiritualists aid in prolonging any of the governments sustained by the sword, they are delaying or postponing the spiritual government, or dominion of love and good will; for both cannot both at once, any more than fire and water can both fill the same space at the same time. They are deadly foes, directly opposite in their nature, and whichever rules must keep the other down. A man professing to be a Spiritualist while laboring to uphold such a government, is holding the Devil up with one hand, while trying to knock him down with the other. My prayer is, that all governments which look to carnal weapons for support, may be dashed to the earth, and be forever removed by the reign of the spiritual life in each and every soul, and I can see no more reason for Spiritualists to uphold such a government, than I can for a man to preserve the life of a mad dog, while his family and flocks are being daily bitten and kept from labor by the brute.

You express sympathy for the fighting men! Then you are in the war spirit with them, and Spiritualism, or love, cannot dwell in you. You may pity the fast, or the misguided man, who casts himself into the fire in a fit of passion, and comes out writhing with pain—you may pity him, though you do not approve of his folly or his ignorance. But when you say you sympathize with him, it means that you are fully in spirit with him, and approve of his folly.

You resolve to support the Government in putting down the rebellion. What right have Spiritualists to do this? Both ends of the nation are rebelling against God—rebels against Spiritualism—both are equally guilty of slavery; for while the South held slaves, the North bought the productions of slavery, and the partaker of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, is just as bad as the thief. The North and South have both rejected the counsels of God—have denied him and forsaken him, and he has left them to punish each other, and has no more to do with them now while fighting than the man in the moon has, nor can true Spiritualists have.

The war sprung naturally from the corrupt state of the public mind—just as natural as fermentation in a compost heap; but the public mind had no right to be in that corrupt state which produced the war. As warmth and moisture are both necessary to produce fermentation, and purify the compost, so are Jeff. Davis and A. Lincoln both necessary to carry on this political fermentation, and neither of them should be put down, any more than either heat or moisture should be excluded from the compost till the process of fermentation and purification is completed. Then let all true Spiritualists and Christians stand aloof, and permit the parties—both of which are rebels against God—to humble each other till they are willing to return to him and be saved. And if they dash the sword-supported government to the earth, the sooner the better, for then the sooner will Spiritualism, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands or swords, roll on and fill the whole earth. May heaven hasten the day when all such governments will be dashed in pieces.

I intended, on taking my pen, to notice other inconsistencies I have met with, but as your columns are crowded I defer them. I have for some weeks past, been holding meetings on the Sabbath, and am now getting out a "Chariot" in place of the "Pleasure Boat," and then think of going to Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, if the way opens bright before me, and may take a look at you when I arrive in the notional city. I have appointments for the first two Sabbaths this month.

Yours, JERH. HACKER, Portland Me., June 4, 1864.

Friendship's Tribute.

Allow me to give you a brief account of the services of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this place, in memorial of the transit of Flora, (one of our fairest flowers, whose obituary appeared in a recent number of the BANNER) to a purer clime, daughter of our worthy brother J. K. King. Owing to a contagious disease in the family at the time of her decease, we were denied the privilege of performing the rite over her remains, and accordingly on Sunday, June 12th, the children of the Lyceum, with their respective officers and leaders, assembled at one o'clock, and an interesting and impressive service took place. The children—supplied with flowers and their flags drooped—marched around the hall to appropriate music, (Miss Ella Bonney, member of Liberty Group, presiding at the melodion), and as they passed the platform in front of the speakers' stand deposited their bouquets, where was laid the little flag and badge of Flora, after which they sang the beautiful hymn, "Spirit Voices." An appropriate and affecting prayer and address followed, by Miss Nellie J. Temple, which drew the tears of sympathy from many eyes, assuring us that, though absent from our mortal vision, she was with us still, and with the white-robed angel band, was singing her songs with ours. The Lyceum then joined our worthy and honored conductor, James Furber, Esq., in responsive readings of a beautiful poem on Death. The services closed by a song from Miss Alice Carle, eight years of age, one of the members of Sea Group. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all present, and a most potent argument in favor of establishing schools and lyceums for the developing of our children in the truths of our beautiful

Portland, Me., June 14, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DRIFTING.

BY NETTIE COLBURN.

I stood, when a child, by a beautiful stream, And watched the warm sunrays all over it gleam, While smiles seemed to ripple its bright surface o'er, Each chasing the other far up on the shore.

A sweet, lulling music stole into my heart, As I stood by the river and could not depart, And the flowers 'd gathered, still fragrant with dew, Into the bright waters a tribute I threw.

The soft spell was broken. I thought to detain My sweet floral treasures, but sought them in vain, For sparkling and brilliant one moment they lay On the water's fair bosom, then drifted away.

The grief of my heart struggled forth in a sigh, As I caught the perfume of their vanished good-bye, And the laughing waves mockingly "knelt on the shore," Then closed o'er my treasures—I saw them no more.

Long years have rolled past me since that summer's day, And down Time's dark river have drifted away, And each year in passing has swept from the shore Some joy of my heart, to return nevermore.

The bright, dewy blossoms of life's summer's day Far out on "Life's Ocean" have drifted away, For, thoughtless, I cast them far out on the tide—The cold waters chilled them—they withered and died.

Soon, soon I shall enter the pale boatman's bark, And over Time's river drift out in the dark, Through lone, dusky shadows, and death-chilling spray, To you bright eternity—drifting away! Waterford, N. Y., 1864.

Granville Free Hall Anniversary. Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Middle Granville, N. Y., and vicinity, held their Fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Free Hall, according to appointment, June 10th, 11th and 12th.

Speakers present, Henry C. Wright, Mrs. S. A. Horton, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. Wiley, and Dr. Hamilton. Stephen Wing, President, G. F. Baker, Secretary.

H. C. Wright offered the following Resolutions, and spoke upon them pointedly. Others also spoke for and against them; a general good feeling prevailing.

Resolved, That man has no power to create or annul moral obligations; therefore, Resolved, That whatever it is right to do with a license or commission from human government, it is right to do without it; therefore a man should never accept an office, in Church or State, which requires him to do as an officer, that which it would be a sin for him to do as a man.

Resolved, That whatever is unjust, mean and degrading in an individual acting by and for himself, and on his own responsibility, is the same when done by a man acting for others, as their agent.

Resolved, That what is theft, robbery and murder in one man, acting alone, is the same when done by millions acting together, as a Church, State or Nation.

Resolved, That man's natural demands are God's only commands, and all we have to know or do to be saved, is to know the demands of our natures and healthfully supply them.

Resolved, That whether in or out of the body, we shall find what we carry and deserve; therefore if we would be in heaven, we must carry with us a consciousness of deserving it, and no more trust to the fatal delusion that heaven can be our portion because of whatsome other being has done.

Resolved, That he who gives, in any relation of life, what he is not willing to take, is a self-convicted evil-doer, and should be so regarded and treated as such by all around him.

Resolved, That we should receive nothing as true in principle or right in practice, on the authority of any being or power outside of our own souls; but ever remain true to our own convictions of right, and duly regardful of consequences to ourselves or others.

Resolved, That it is woman's most sacred right, to decide for herself when she shall assume the responsibilities, and be subjected to the sufferings of maternity; and man's home will be his heaven and his children his crown of glory in proportion as he respects that right.

Mrs. Slocum said we ought to bring out ideas that will tell upon future generations. Organization ought to be our main question; and conclusions arrived at to satisfy the demands of the age. Principles ought to be clustered together to form a nucleus to centre around.

Mrs. Townsend favored and opposed organization. Was in favor of a financial organization. Approved the anti-slavery system. Proposed to send H. C. Wright to the National Convention.

Mrs. Horton favored financial organization. Approved of organizing principles in the soul. Wanted to organize so as to embrace all mankind within its influence. Wanted to be one of the workers to do good and live for the great whole.

Mr. D. Wilbur could not find anything in nature but what was organized for a definite purpose. We have not got so high as to be above the creative power. He is the great organizer. It would do no good to have good thoughts if we did not arrange and express them in definite forms. Spiritualists needed to organize to ultimate the grand aims of existence.

D. Wilbur did not wish to oppose organization, for he did not know what it might result in. Was ready to do good, and wished to see a plan upon paper.

H. C. Wright said we needed an organization to raise and disburse money. Supposing each town, county and State should organize, and combined, form a National Society, it would aid greatly to our strength. Thirty years ago a few individuals organized to overthrow the gigantic powers of chattel slavery. You all can see the result.

SECOND DAY.

V. P. Slocum in the chair. H. C. Wright re-read his Resolutions, and urged the importance of being true to our own soul's convictions, and not another's.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend's Resolution: Resolved, That the Spiritualists and truth-seekers, we endeavor to practice more those glorious principles of peace and good will to man revealed to us from the angel-world and established by our philosophy; that we return kind looks for unkind ones, gentle words of earnest love for words of anger and hatred; that in our acts we prove ourselves worthy of the communion we hold with the dear ones that love us still, though they have laid off the mortal; in short, that we live in the exercise of the love-principle, which is our God, and overcome evil with good.

She then remarked, that if any one wished to reform her they must love her out of evil into good, and that is the only way to reach others.

Dr. Holt spoke of the power of the sick to shape the destiny of the child; and was much of punishing people for crime. Organization was natural; he feared creeds; that they might lead to a narrow sect.

H. Warner earnestly desired that every one should work to spread the light, and draw up resolutions in their own minds and live them.

H. C. Wright said, you make your children's dispositions like your own, and then punish them for acting thus out. The father has a mighty influence through the mother's sympathies over the destiny of the child; every change in the mother's physical or mental nature affected the pre-natal condition of the child.

J. Landon said, right and wrong are eternally opposite. Crime exists; that it is right that it should exist, is wrong; children are now governing their higher wisdom; some men do; opposed to individual sovereignty; some need guiding and ruling for a time; he proposed to do something about organization immediately.

Dr. Holt spoke of the need of the need of it; also caution to be used in the use of it. Physical training and the laws of life and health ought to be understood by all. Offered a little book, his first production, for sale; ten cents a copy; all ought to read and practice its teachings; title, "Life and Health." The present agitation pointed to organization; it would come as soon as Nature's Author was ready.

He acknowledged the truth of H. C. Wright's Resolutions, and their importance. Spoke of dress reform, but dared not take the advance step. Love should be free from sensualism; spoke of the mother's love and its purity. Spirits held woman out of Paul's doctrine. If occasion required, woman should be able to play; girls should be taught that they were made for noble purposes, and fitted to do useful work, rich or poor. Women should speak her noblest thoughts. Truth should never put her to the blush. Physiology should be taught in common schools. She believed in a God whose attributes were all that was good, whose spirit fills and pervades all things. The love that is in our souls is God's love and is free. When we love each other as we ought, we shall help each other. Love demands that we bring our bodies into more beautiful and harmonious condition. She pathetically and powerfully delineated "the empire of the mother over the character and destiny of the race."

After her remarks, we adjourned to D. Staples's shade trees, and had a good, old-fashioned picnic dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mrs. Wiley, entranced, spoke briefly of the angels ministering to the lame and weary ones of earth, urged all to the teachings of her sister, (Mrs. Townsend), and raise the nation to a nobler condition, so that their sons will have to go to war no more.

Mrs. Horton said that the subjects being agitated are all important to elevate the race. We come not to tear down your favorite ideas, but give them strength. We know that the inharmonious of the present must be unrooted. A government will be formed that the angels will love to cling to; it will be a moral power that will sway nations and worlds.

We know that the angels of God will sustain you in calling forth thought. We are willing to guard and guide those who will go forth and advocate moral subjects to elevate man. Those who have great moral principles unfolded within, are the ones that should be organized, and form the mightiest power that ever existed upon the earth. She made powerful appeals to every one to organize truth in their being, and cling to it as a trellis.

G. F. Baker's Resolutions: Resolved, That war is constantly causing suffering, the most horrible character, destroying millions of human beings, and billions of property, and is in direct opposition to the purest and noblest teachings of human nature, and the precepts and example of Jesus, whom all Christians profess to follow. Therefore we cannot, consistently with love and forgiveness, take part in settling individual or national wrongs by an appeal to arms and blood.

Resolved, That Spiritualists and friends of progress should make more efforts to circulate the BANNER OF LIGHT, HERALD OF PROGRESS, and other spiritual and liberal papers, books, and pamphlets, among all classes of people; and further, let each by a good example, life, and conversation, try to spread the light and truths of immortal life that we have and are receiving daily from our friends who have left the body.

Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of all persons contemplating marriage to thoroughly inform themselves upon the laws and functions of parentage, and the best modes of rearing children, that they may people the earth with a more harmonious class of beings.

Resolved, That the condition of men and women should, in cases, be treated prior to a deep interest in age, and then such a misfortune would never occur as an unwelcome child.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Mr. Walker opposed organization and was willing to be a mark to be shot at; wanted to be free; if any one hit him and hurt, he would ease himself over again with truth and love.

Dr. Russell said some are afraid they will have something wrapped around them. He wished to organize to unite our strength.

C. Bull favored financial, but was opposed to forced organization. Vessels of war acting in concert, then the individuals acting alone.

Dr. Smith, Mr. Richardson and Dr. Hamilton briefly alluded to the question of associated effort.

Fannie Davis Smith gave a discourse suited to the times and this occasion. Paid a tribute to Garrison and Phillips for their nobleness of soul; wished to see organization take form and do its work; and made an earnest appeal to all not to let creeds of opinion keep them from uniting their efforts.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Hamilton read his poem, "The Devil and his Home." H. C. Wright spoke substantially as follows: Have we anything for humanity, any ideas that are essential to human welfare? If so, let us all go to work to spread those ideas and make them efficient to human redemption. We live only in the present, we need a religion, a God, that will bring health to our bodies and heaven to our souls now, not in the future. When the future becomes the present, we will attend to it. It is madness to overlook and disregard present duties in our anxieties and visions about the future. We all need an immortality that shall be a great power to save us, our families and friends and fellow beings, from present ills, into which misdeeds and misdirection we are constantly plunging—from the hills of physical disease, drunkenness, war, slavery, and prostitution. Disabled men and women are ever present with us to console and stimulate us to truth and justice. Where is Jesus? Going about doing good, blessing and helping the outcasts and despised, as he did while in the body. Where are Jefferson, Maine, Washington, Franklin, Parker, John Brown, and Nat. Turner? With us still, stirring up the minds of the people to abolish slavery, and carry out the self-evident truth that all men are equal in natural rights. When husbands or wives, parents or children, brothers or sisters, or friends and associates pass within the veil, ever feel that they are with you to cheer and bless you. Ever feel that disordered men and women are around you to comfort and assist you, and that you are living and acting daily and hourly in the presence of a mighty host who anxiously watch your conflicts and rejoice in your triumphs. The doctrine of external life is a power peculiarly adapted to elevate and perfect the nature we bear. It clothes man with might and dignity with a grandeur and majesty to subdue our lower appetites and passions; and crown us with glory before God and man.

The following resolutions were offered by a committee, as an expression of the desires of those assembled.

Resolved, To elevate and perfect the nature which we bear in the first and highest duty of man and the ultimate of divine worship, and

Resolved, That we, in convention assembled at Middle Granville, New York, wishing to disseminate and promulgate these glorious truths, do form ourselves into a society which shall be known as THE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF PROGRESS, of Granville and vicinity.

Resolved, That we recognize God as the embodiment of Love and Wisdom, and believe love to be the most effectual power to redeem and govern mankind; and Reason, with intuitions, the only safe guides.

Resolved, That it is self-evident that we should never give that which we are not willing to receive, and

Resolved, We crave to do good and elevate ourselves according to our own convictions of truth, we ever recognize the right of others to do the same, and will ever exert ourselves to the utmost of our ability, as an association and as individuals, to spread this law of Love and principle of freedom throughout the world.

Resolved, That we appoint a delegate, and transmit through him a copy of these resolutions to the National Convention at Chicago.

The above resolutions were adopted and Henry C. Wright chosen as a delegate to the National Convention at Chicago.

STEPHEN WING, Chairman. G. F. BAKER, Secretary.

A Remarkable Vision.

A collector, residing in the Isle of Wight, had business at Southampton. He stopped at one of those hotels for which the town of mail steamers is famous, and after dinner he was looking over his law papers while he sipped his port. He was aroused from his doze and red tape by the opening of a door; his wife (whom he had left at home on the Isle of Wight) entered, gazed at him steadily, and passed out through the opposite door. He naturally thought it was a hallucination, and resumed his reading, with a wondering smile at his weakness. But within a quarter of an hour the same thing happened again; and there was on the countenance of the specter an imploring look which terrified him. He at once resolved to return home. With some difficulty he got a boatman to take him across; and when he reached his house he was struck by the ghastly and alarming look of the maid-servant who opened the door. This woman was so frightened by his unexpected return, that she spontaneously confessed her intention to murder her mistress; and her confession was confirmed by the fact that she had concealed a carving knife under her pillow. This is a very perplexing case for those who think spectral phenomena can be philosophically explained. Here you have the phantom of a living person projected, entirely without that person's consciousness. Let it be assumed that a person in extreme peril can, by intense volition, act on the nervous system of the universe, so as to influence his dearest friend; but here, the person whose likeness appeared, was entirely devoid of apprehension; while the servant, who alone knew what was likely to happen, would naturally exert no volition toward revealing it.—Dublin University Magazine.

The following is the solution of the problem printed in your paper of June 11th: The Hypothenuse of the required triangle is equal to the square of the sum of the three sides of the triangle given, plus the square of its Hypothenuse.

The Perpendicular of the required triangle is equal to the difference of those squares.

The Base is equal to twice the product of their roots.

A smaller triangle of the same series will be found thus: The required Hypothenuse equals the square of the difference of the Hypothenuse and the sum of the Base and Perpendicular, plus the square of the Hypothenuse (of the triangle given).

The Perpendicular equals the difference of those squares; and the Base equals twice the product of their roots.

The relations of these two triangles thus found are to each other, as are those in Mr. Fay's series to each other, and series may be obtained in the same way as was his series. There are also other methods for finding series, too perplexing for a place here.

MOHAWK, N. Y., 1864.

"THE POET AND OTHER POEMS," BY AGNES W. SPRAGUE.—This volume of poems by the late Miss A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, Vt., will possess a peculiar interest for all acquainted with the life of the writer. Possessed of wonderful mental activity, she found time amid pressing public duties assumed by her, to pen the poems embraced in this volume of three hundred pages, besides numerous others; poems which show a strong individuality, an earnest life, and a remarkable facility of composition. Those who read the sketch of Miss Sprague's life, in the beginning of the volume, cannot fail to find a deep interest in, and sympathy with the poems following. Published by William Whitall and Co., 168 Washington street, Boston.—Whitall Daily Herald.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

At a Convention of the Spiritualists of New England, held in Boston, in March last, the following Preamble and Resolutions, after a full and free discussion, were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we believe that the exigencies of our times demand that measures should be taken by which this concert of action on the part of Spiritualists should be brought about. And for the accomplishment of this object, we recommend that a National Convention of Spiritualists should be convened at some central point in the great West during the coming summer.

Resolved, That this Convention appoint a committee of five to correspond with the friends of the movement throughout the country, and decide upon the time and place where the Convention shall be held, and make any other necessary arrangements in relation to the foregoing Resolutions.

H. F. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Miss Lizzie Doten and Henry C. Wright were appointed said Committee.

Resolved, That we most earnestly recommend all Spiritualist associations and neighborhoods to appoint one or more of their best minds to attend this proposed Convention when called upon.

After careful examination and deliberation the Committee have decided that the greatest facilities for the accommodation of those who may attend the Convention can be had in Chicago, Ill. They therefore most cordially and earnestly invite all Spiritualists throughout the country to meet in Convention in the city of Chicago, on Tuesday, the 9th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue from day to day thereafter during the pleasure of the Convention, for the purpose of a free interchange of thought upon all subjects embraced in the foregoing resolutions, and to take such action in the premises as they may deem best. And as the Committee fully recognize the identity of interest of all Humanity in the "New Dispensation," they would extend the same cordial invitation and greeting to the Spiritualists of the Canadas to unite with them in their deliberations.

No pen or Uta confines our powers, For the whole universe is ours.

It was said in a former notice, all Spiritualists realize the great fact, that we live in a transition age. Old things are rapidly passing away in the religious and social, as well as in the political world. Behold all things must be formed anew. And the time has fully come when the millions in our country who have received the glorious light of the incoming day, must decide whether, by associated action, they will give direction and shape to the new, securing to all and each the greatest possible amount of individual, social, religious and political freedom, compatible with the greatest good of the whole; or, whether religious and political demagogues, the rulers of the past, shall, in the reconstruction, so frame our Constitutions and Laws as to crush the millions, for the exclusive aggrandizement and benefit of the few. Slavery, cruelty, oppression and wrong have had full sway under the old regime, based as it was, and is, upon the Mosiac code of barbarisms, and it is for us to decide whether they shall still rule the earth, or the more rational and beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of all races of men, and the Fatherhood of God shall furnish the basic foundation of the new Church and State.

In conclusion, the Committee would urge upon the attention of all Spiritualists the recommendation contained in the last resolution. Do not fail to have a representation from every city, town or hamlet. Come, and let us reason together. Arrangements have been completed with the

Vermont Central R. R. Company to convey passengers from the following places to Chicago and return for twenty-five dollars the round trip: Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and Fitchburg, Mass.; Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Keene and Portsmouth, N. H.; Bellows Falls, Rutland, White River Junction, Burlington, Montpelier and St. Albans, Vt., and Ogdenburg, N. Y., by the following route: over Vermont Central Railroad from Boston to Ogdenburg, thence via the Grand Trunk R. R. to Port Sarina, thence via Sarina Line of steamers to Chicago, and return by the same route. Tickets good from August 1st to September 1st, inclusive. Tickets to be had in Boston only of L. Mills, Esq., General Agent, No. 5 State street, and at the ticket offices of the Vermont Central in the above mentioned places. From the State of Maine passengers will be conveyed over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Sarina, thence by the Lakes as above for the same fare, viz., \$25 for the round trip. Apply to Wm. Flowers, Esq., General Agent, Bangor, Me. The Spiritualists of New York can make satisfactory arrangements for reduction of fares by calling upon E. P. Beach, Esq., General Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, 279 Broadway, New York City.

H. F. GAUMER, M. D., Chairman. H. B. STORER, Secretary.

All papers favorable to the movement will please copy.

Annual Festival at St. Charles, Ill.

The Fifth Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society, will be held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 2d, 3d and 4th, at St. Charles, Illinois. Everybody is invited. Entertainment free.

Most of the speakers present at the last annual festival pledge themselves to be here this year. Among the distinguished speakers who were not here at that or at any previous meeting of this society, is Hon. Warren Chase, who has already signified his intention of being present. We invite none in particular, but all speakers, far and near, are respectfully informed that their presence will be highly acceptable.

The picnic plan for refreshments will be adhered to, and our friends are requested to be as liberal in their contributions as circumstances will admit of.

By order of the Executive Board, S. S. JONES, Pres't. S. H. TODD, Vice-Pres't. A. V. SILL, Sec'y.

St. Charles, May 20th, 1864.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Reform will hold a meeting in G. R. Wilbur's grove, one mile south-west of the village of Farmington, Oakland Co., Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, the 2d and 3d days of July next, commencing at 10 A. M. each day. H. C. Wright, of Boston, Mass., G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y., and W. F. Hill, of Bakers Creek, Mich., are expected to attend. A general invitation is hereby given. Homes will be provided for strangers. In behalf of the Committee, NORTON LAPHAM, G. R. WILBUR, A. L. POWER, and others.

[Herald of Progress, please copy.]

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress in Little River Village, Me., will hold a Grove Meeting at their place on Sunday, July 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. W. K. Ripley is engaged to attend, and several other speakers are expected. The grove is one of the most delightful in Maine. A cordial invitation extended to all. Fox Order Committee.

Obituaries.

Passed to Spirit-Life, from New York, June 6th, Mrs. Lydia Crumston, aged 82 years, daughter of the late Capt. Hall Child, of Warren, N. Y.

She was the oldest child of a family of ten children, and the last taken to spirit-life by two. She had enjoyed the blessing of good health through life, and was still vigorous and active a sick day was. She passed away suddenly by apoplexy. She leaves two daughters, with whom she has lived, and by them been taken the utmost care of, and a son, who is now enjoying the beauties of that world which she so much delighted in hearing them read to her, and from which she was about to return, and which she so much enjoyed, and that her vision is now clear, so that she can behold the beauties with which she is surrounded, and also see and enjoy the company of father, mother and brothers who had gone before.

Her earthly remains were brought to Providence on the 8th, where the funeral services were held, and the casket which was carried by her Bro. J. G. Fish of Michigan, who is speaking here this month. His remarks and prayer were very appropriate and touching, and were listened to with interest and sympathy. He realized that the spirit of the departed was present.

Her remains were then carried to Warren, to be deposited in the grave, and a short time after she was received upon some word fell upon soil ready to receive it in the mortal form, and that it will grow and bear rich fruit in spirit life, if not in this.

Passed on to the Summer-Land, from Jerseyville, Illinois, on April 9th, aged 1 year 10 months and 19 days, the long suffering little child of Mrs. F. W. Frost, and the wife of the late H. C. Hebebrand Frost. To the sorrowing mother, the blessed angels of consolation say, through the imperfect medium of earthly words.

We took the blossom from the arms, to bloom On summer soil eternal and divine; In the narrow path of life, we found, Of Love and Knowledge, an immortal seed. Thy loved one rests within the smile of God.

No peeping storm of fortune there assails; No foe can rob thee of thy loved one's friend; The striving spirit, safe within the veil. Where memory, joy and inspiration blend. Look deep into the valley of the dead; With angel greetings from the Morning Star.

And bids thee live, erect in faith and love, In hope supreme, until that blessed time, Which summons by the voices from above. Thy soul shall list the joy-bells welcome chime, That usher in the heavenly morn for thee. The promised bliss of Immortality!

We guard thee, mother! and we bring him near, Close to thy heart of longing and of pain; With loving touch to wipe away the tear, And with our hands to soothe thy grief and pain; To lift thy soul unto bright realms above, The resting-place of thy own household love.

COBA WILBUR.

Colonel Henry C. Gilbert, of the 10th Michigan Infantry, was wounded at the battle of Revere, May 15th, and passed to higher life May 21st, at Longport, Tenn.

Col. Gilbert was by profession a lawyer, and in August, 1862, left business, home and dear ones, to brave the perils of war, and to die for his country. He was a man of noble character, and upon the enemy. For at least one year he has been impressed of his impending fate, and has made every preparation for the change. His business and his home letters breathed the thought of his nearness to his spirit-home.

His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery at Coldwater, Mich., where they were buried, and the casket which was designed to have been performed at his home, were held at Hope Chapel, on account of a heavy rain, where a large concourse of friends gathered to pay the last tribute of love to the man, the hero, and the Christian, being a Spiritualist of the firm order, his faith unshaken; and as we lowered his

Notes from Washington.

Our meetings have closed for the season; the last lecture was given on Sunday, June 19th by A. E. Newton, on the "Uses of Spiritualism."

Of Bro. Pardee's lectures I need say nothing in addition to what has already been published in your columns. Our lectures for next season will commence on the first Sunday in October, to be continued through that month by T. Gales Foster.

A committee composed of Bro. Newton, Dr. H. Dresser, Bros. Loomis and Oliver, and with myself, were selected to prepare a platform of the views or belief of the Spiritualists of Washington, and to secure speakers for the next season.

Washington is a fine field for lecturers, and good speakers will receive hearty receptions. There is also great need of test mediums, or one who can give communications. We hope some one of the many in Massachusetts or in the other Northern States, will remove to Washington permanently.

We have been called upon to part with one of our most worthy advocates, Mrs. Anna M. Cosby, a lady whose praise was on the lips of all who knew her. It was my fortune to make her acquaintance on my first visiting this city, and to no one have I been more indebted than to her for many pleasant hours.

Mrs. Cosby was the wife of the recent Consul to Genoa; she was a Southern by birth, but as loyal a woman as the North ever produced. Her personal attractions were only equalled by her excellencies of character; no one could be in her presence without feeling themselves associated with a superior person.

I was surprised on reading the remarks of your correspondent, "G. A. B.," on the position I had taken in regard to writers for the proposed Spiritual Magazine; it is a matter hardly worth discussing at present, for not only are the chickens not hatched, but not even are the golden eggs laid so necessary to the incubation.

And although we mention these practices of the preachers only to lament and condemn them on the one side, we are too ready to confess, on the other, that they supply just the evidence wanted to prove that the old things are everywhere undergoing rigid examination, and being weighed in the balances of reason and spiritual inquiry.

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1864.

Proud of Wounds.

The correspondent of a leading journal of New York, writing from the battle-field in Virginia, speaks most touchingly of the wounded men who are to be seen all about him. All of them, says he, bear their wounds with a degree of manliness, patience and cheerfulness to which he had never seen a parallel among sufferers from maim in civil hospital practice.

The Spirits in Providence.

A recent number of the Providence Press publishes the following item of interest: "MYSTERIOUS.—At a house in the central part of the city there have recently been manifestations of a most remarkable character. The door-bell has rung on numerous occasions when no one was near it, rung both day and night when it was certain no one was at the pull or in any place accessible to the wire.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] L. H. AUGUSTA, ME.—Very acceptable indeed. Thanks. A. SUBSIDIER, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—No. COVINGTON, IND.—Money received for subscription to BANNER, but no name attached. Send name. W. C. GENESEO, ILL.—\$10.25 received.

The bellman of Watertown, in announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

The Protests of the Day.

We hear continually, until it seems as if we should never be done with hearing, of the protestations, and cautions, and warnings, and denunciations of those who occupy what they think are established and permanent positions in the Church, against everything like free and humble inquiry, against honest criticism of every sort, against all prayerful exercise of faith for one's self, and against every kind of belief and opinion, and practice, which militates with the particular formula, or theory, which they assume to be the only truth, the only right, the only authority in the universe.

Go where we will, into any church where what is styled "Orthodox" preaching can be heard, and invariably this lamentation is put up about the evil tendencies of the times. The pulpit orators deem it their special vocation to thunder with all the force of their vocabularies against the spirit of free inquiry, assuming that it is but a disguise for unbelief, and so denouncing it to their hearers and followers.

It is thought to be a most summary and efficient manner of dealing with the free exercise of one's own mind and spirit, to hurl at the practices all the diabolical phrases which were ever forged in Pandemonium. They who do it, and do it professionally and for the purpose of getting their living by such one-sided advocacy of their own creed, forget that the spirit whose championship they assume is the spirit of Christ, the spirit which deals gently with all men, that is long-suffering and gentle, full of kindness and patience.

And although we mention these practices of the preachers only to lament and condemn them on the one side, we are too ready to confess, on the other, that they supply just the evidence wanted to prove that the old things are everywhere undergoing rigid examination, and being weighed in the balances of reason and spiritual inquiry.

It is, really, a cheap way of getting rid of the inconvenience of inquiry, to denounce and condemn the inquiry itself. It is a short cut to the defence and establishment of a theory, religious especially, to head off everybody who has so little respect for what other people say as to denounce them for the saying it. That is the manner in which the spirit of persecution has from the first conducted itself.

It cannot be other than a cause of sincere congratulation to all tolerant souls, that pursue truth only for the love of it, to find this temper of investigation so prevalent as it is—to know that there is such wide and general doubting as there is. When men cease to doubt, they stop learning; for there can be no knowledge where there is no free and unrestricted inquiry unless there is toleration and freedom.

And this age is full of the practice. We perceive it, and rejoice in it. We believe in individualism, under God's beneficent government to the last possible limit. The confusion and apparent chaos into which all things are now thrown should be accepted by us joyfully for the very reason that out of it all will be certain to come that ulterior settling of the faith on things which are divine rather than human, and that abiding truth which is the result of a patient and prayerful search after truth, undisturbed by the authority of any creed in existence.

In our next issue we shall commence the second section of the sixteenth paper on "The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns, Esq. This series of essays are very ably written and should command the attention of our readers.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by WILLIAM WHITE, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

This favorite lecturer gave two more most excellent addresses, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, June 19th. "The Magic Staff" was the theme of her afternoon lecture, and "The Immaculate Conception" in the evening. They were the two best lectures of the course, and exceedingly interesting. At the close of the evening discourse, the influence changed, and a spirit purporting to be the poet Burns took possession of her organism, and delivered in *naivete* style and quaintness of dialect, the following fine poem:

GUID FRIENDS:

I will na' weave my rhymes to-night In winsome measure, Or strive your fancies to delight Wi' songs o' pleasure, But gin' ye hae na' heard too much O' solemn preachin', I'll gie ye just anither touch O' usefu' teachin'.

But, ablin's, when ye hear my verse, Ye may be thinkin' That I hae stunk frae bad to worse, And still am sinkin'; But though I seem to fa' from grace, In man's opinion, Auld Hornie no'er will see my face In his dominion.

An unco' change will come ere lang, O'er all your dreamin', And ye shall see that right and wrang Are much in seemin'. Man shall na' langer perjure love, Nor think it treason Anent the mighty King above, To use his reason.

Ay, love and nature frae the first, Hae been perverted, And man, frae Adam, will be cursed, Till he's converted; For Nature will avenge her cause On ilka creature, Who will na' jake her, wi' her laws, For guide and teacher.

Auld Custom is a sleekin' saint, And so is Fashion, And baith will watch till sinners faint, To lay the lash on; Men follow them wi' an accord, Led by their noses, Because they cry, "Thus saith the Lord—The God o' Moses."

The time will come when man will ken God's word far better, He'll live mair in the spirit then, Less in the letter; And that which man ance called impure, Through pardal seel'n, He'll find for it bath cause and cure, In his ain bein'.

Man needna' gae to auld lang syne For truth to guide him, For if he seeks, he sure will fin' Truth close beside him. Each gowan\* is ordained o' grace To be his teacher, And ilka toddlin' wanie's†† face, Is text and preacher.

Man was na' born a child o' hell Frae his creation; The love that made him, will itself, Be his salvation. Each child that's born o' perfect love, Can be man's saviour: Love is his warrant frae above, For guid behavior.

His mither may be high or low, A Miss or Madam, The God within him will outgrow The sin o' Adam; His only bed may be the earth, His hame a shealin'‡‡; It will na' change his real worth, Or inward feelin'.

Though born beneath the Church's ban, Or man's displeasure, He will na' be the less a man, In mind or measure. God's image stamped upon his brow, Is his defender, And makes him—as ye hae it now—"Guid legal tender."

But ilka child that's born o' late— However lawful— Will be the victim, sunn or late, O' passions awfu'; Will hie|| o'er the ways o' life, Wi' friends scarce ony, And in the doo|| world's angry strife, Find fae full mony.

The Power aboon, sae kind and guid, Who ever sees us, Will gie to men, whenever they need, A John or Jesus. The sin o' Adam will na' cause His love to vary, Nor need he change creation's laws, To form a Mary.

Man's sympathies must largely share In what is human, And he will love the truth the mair, That's born o' woman. The De'il himself, at last through love Will be converted, And, reckoned wi' the saunts above, Leave hell deserted.

The One who laid Creation's plan, Knows how to end it, Nor need he ever call on man, To help him mend it. Then, syne\*§, this Being is your friend, And man your brither, Gae on rejoicing to the end, Wi' ane anither.

\*If. †Perhaps. ‡Very great. §Against. ¶Every. †Cunning. \*\*Daisy. ††Each tottering child. ‡Humble cot. §§Walk crazily. †††Contrary. ††††Referring to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. \*\*Since.

\$300 Commutation.

It was proposed to annul the clause in the Enrollment Bill which permits a drafted person to exempt himself for a year on payment of the sum of three hundred dollars, thus compelling all persons drafted either to go to the field or procure substitutes. The proposition has been debated in Congress with a good deal of earnestness, and the decision was finally reached that it was best not to disturb the clause at all. Certainly a very large force has been raised by the aid of this clause, and we cannot well count on any improvement by making a change. Volunteering will naturally work better than compulsion.

Physical Manifestations.

We attended a second private seance of the Danvers Sisters a few evenings since, and were, if possible, more than ever convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, and of their remarkable power. At the instant the lights were extinguished the manipulating of ropes was heard, and in about three minutes lights were called for, and the ladies seen bound in a very elaborate and complicated manner, more completely so than any one visibly present could have bound them in half an hour.

In addition to the roping and the playing, was the voice, to us, the most extraordinary feature of the seances. It was not a faint imitation—not a scarcely audible sound, that you must put your ear on the closest watch to hear; neither was it given through, or with the aid of a trumpet, but wholly independent of all earthly appliances. It was a loud, clear voice, answering our questions, making inquiries and casual remarks, each syllable distinctly enunciated, and each sentence perfectly audible in all parts of the room.

The room was small; the atmosphere close and oppressive. The mediums had been bound firmly in one position for upwards of an hour, and one of them began to exhibit symptoms of exhaustion. A glass of water was brought to her, but that not being sufficient to restore her, she was loosened from her fetters, and left the room to inhale the fresh air.

The lights were again extinguished. In a few moments we heard a dripping of water, and presently the voice:

"Oh, dear, me, Mr. Lacey." "Well, what is the matter?" "Why, you know that glass of water which Lamb brought for the medium?" "Yes."

"Well, I've split it all over. It's gone all over the guitar and accordeon." While this talking was going on, there was but one of the mediums present, and she was laughing so as to be heard by all in the room, a fact that convinced several who were before skeptical that the voice was wholly independent of her.

At another time, after a performance upon the instruments, a light was called for, with a request for us to look on a blackboard on the wall in the rear of the table. And there we beheld, written in a large-sized, plain letter, "BELL WIDE-AWAKE."

"Will Mr. Fox speak to us through the trumpet, to-night, Bell?" "Don't know. Guess not; it's too warm and close here." "Can't he speak as well as you?" "Not to-night. You know it's always harder for a man than a woman to talk."

In order to convince those present that the guitars were carried over our heads, a quantity of phosphorus was placed on them. We then watched their motions above us and in front of us as before. One of the guitars touched a gentleman who sat near us, and who, all the evening, had been wishing they would touch him lightly, leaving a phosphorescent impress on his clothing.

A rattling of the articles upon the table was heard. "What are you doing, Bell?" inquired a gentleman.

"Oh, only tinkering the accordeon." In a few moments a light was brought and there was the accordeon, pretty well "tinkered," indeed, for it was in half-a-dozen or more pieces, upon the table and floor. The light was then withdrawn and the accordeon put in its proper shape in less time than we have taken to write about it.

Again, a rap upon the floor was the signal for a light. It was produced, and upon the table before us, sat one of the mediums in a chair, her hands and feet securely bound, as they had been during all the wonderful enactments of the evening. The light was extinguished, and when brought again, the lady and the chair were in their former place upon the floor, and the instruments upon the table. Out went the light again, and a general movement of everything on the table was heard.

"What are you doing now, Bell?" "Cleaning house." A rap for a light, and the light came. There was all the instruments upon the floor, and the table upside down to cap the climax of confusion.

The champagne process was carried on as before described. A lady, whom by personal acquaintance, we know to be truthful, first submitted to these strange manipulations and came out of the scene with her hair every way but beautifully arranged. Two other ladies and a gentleman followed.

In everything that occurred, the greatest spirit of fairness was exhibited by Mr. Lacey, who has the management of these seances, and by the mediums. They were not only willing but especially desirous to have everything rigidly tested. Great credit is due the mediums for the patience and good feeling they maintained during the entire evening. It is no small matter to be closely bound hand and foot for that length of time, and particularly so, when, as is often the case at public exhibitions, they are subjected to opprobrious epithets from unmannerly, and, we must say, heartless individuals, as was the case on one or two evenings during the week, at the public circles.

On Monday evening a public exhibition was given in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, and continued every evening during the week to fair audiences. Perhaps we ought to state that these were not dark circles, as the gas was kept burning all the time. On the platform stood a large wooden cabinet, about seven feet high, ten feet long, and two in width, placed upon three wooden "horses," which raised the cabinet about two feet from the floor, in the door of which was a small window. Each evening, before the mediums entered this box, it was thoroughly examined by a committee chosen for that purpose by the audience.

On Tuesday evening the test was applied of placing rice in the hands of the mediums after they were securely tied, and yet the musical instruments were played upon, greatly to the astonishment of the audience, as well as the committee of investigation, who declared they could not account for the strange and wonderful proceedings. On Wednesday evening another test was ap-

plied, of tying the ropes with thread after the mediums had been securely bound, and the result was equally astounding, for not only did music come from all the instruments, but hands were plainly seen at the port hole in the cabinet in which the mediums were confined, with their hands and feet tied, and ropes fastened around their necks and secured to a bolt, this preventing them from even moving; and they were found in that secure position when the cabinet was opened suddenly. The committee, one of whom was Alderman Plummer, expressed its utter inability to fathom the mystery.

Still another, and to many, more satisfactory, test of spirit power was given: the mediums being in the same secure positions, the cabinet was closed, when instantly the accordeon, guitar, tambourine and other instruments were played upon, but before the music ceased, the door of the cabinet was pushed open from the inside, and the guitar was seen suspended about midway in the cabinet, and several strains proceeded from it before it fell to the floor. At this the skeptical portion of the audience were utterly nonplussed.

We were present at a private seance held at a room in the Adams House, Thursday forenoon, where the manifestations were of a still more satisfactory nature, and left not a shadow of doubt, in our mind, as to their genuineness.

On Thursday evening the mediums entered the cabinet, were tied by the spirits, and then a thorough examination was had by a committee of skeptics, chosen by the audience, who reported the trying to be of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of the mediums disengaging themselves without help from some source. The cabinet doors were then closed, and instantly musical sounds came from the instruments, and the violin was thrust from the window of the cabinet, and fingers were distinctly seen thrumming the strings; then white, delicate hands were seen at the window, but on quickly opening the cabinet, the mediums were found securely tied, hands and feet, and the ropes fastened to bolts in the wall at the back of each medium, so that they could not possibly rise from their seats. This was more than the committee could account for—there was evidently something more than human agency at work.

The manifestations given by these mediums will have a tendency to arouse public attention to the spiritual phenomena.

The "Delusion" in Scotland.

We have received a copy of the "Herald," published at Glasgow, Scotland, in which the editor recounts the adventures of "sixteen reputable gentlemen" of that city, who clubbed together to find out the truth or falsity of the "spirit-matter." The result of their efforts seems to have been to vote it a humbug. The tables did not move as they wanted; ridiculous questions were answered ridiculously, and a general confusion of muddled intellects prevailed. So the editor chimes in with the "sixteen reputable gentlemen," and assuming to be the mouthpiece of his nation, says: "The great majority of our countrymen are convinced that supernatural agencies in the latter half of the nineteenth century are neither more nor less than delusions or arrant humbugs."

Poor Scotland! The land o' cakes is perplexed. But it is quite amusing to the six million people of this country who have positive assurance of the truth of what the sixteen men call false, to hear of these doings and conclusions. We are knowing to the fact that there are very many men in Scotland, and even in that same city of Glasgow, who know the manifestations of spirit-presence to be a glorious reality.

In the same paper we notice that the necromancer, Anderson, whom our friend Partridge of New York so completely annihilated in that city when the former offered publicly to expose Spiritualism, exhibits in Glasgow what he calls "The Great Spirit-Rapping-Drum." If any music can be drawn from that to edify Mr. A., we suggest the "Rogue's March."

A Picnic and Grove Meeting.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that another picnic is to be held on Thursday, June 30th, in Green Mountain Grove, Medford, under the superintendence of Mr. A. H. Richardson of Charlestown. The Spiritualists and their friends of Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Boston, and vicinity, are cordially invited to unite in this social gathering to be held in one of the most beautiful groves in the State. From an elevation in the centre is an observatory from which a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained; a spacious, airy lattice hall, and a miniature lake in the centre of the grounds, add a charm to its natural attractions. Suitable buildings required for such an occasion as this, have been erected, in one of which is a drawing-room for ladies. The locality of the grove is about half a mile from Medford Centre, on Foulton street, and the cars pass close to it. No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the premises.

Excellent speakers will be present; also a band of music will accompany the party, and furnish music to those who wish to indulge in the exhilarating amusement of dancing. A very pleasant and orderly time will be the result, so the superintendent assures us, and we endorse his statement. Cars will leave the Boston and Maine depot at five minutes past eight, at half past nine A. M., and at quarter to one o'clock, P. M. Charlestown and Chelsea passengers can take the cars at Prison Point at ten minutes past eight. Price of tickets for the trip, 40 cents; to be obtained at the depot, and of A. H. Richardson, City Hall, Charlestown; also at 160 Harrison Avenue; in this city, of Dr. O. H. Rivers, H. W. Lacy, 21 Bennington street, East Boston, and Thomas Gordon 30 Adams street, Roxbury.

Fires and Accidents.

The season is come when we may be expecting accidents by railway, fires, and steamboats, explosions of magazines and laboratories, and all those other unaccountable "nobody-to-blame" disasters which have been wont to send a shudder of horror through the minds of readers of the newspapers. The burning of the steamboat on the Hudson, but a few weeks ago, has been followed very promptly by an explosion of the laboratory at Washington, and now by a railroad smash-up on the route from Newport to Boston. Some of this kind of accidents, we do not question, may be unavoidable; but that does not relieve conductors, agents, managers, superintendents, and overseers everywhere, from the careful and conscientious fulfillment of their duty. It is one of the worst signs when men begin to show a cool indifference to the value of human life. The precious gift was not made to be recklessly thrown away, and those who have any care for their own lives, have no better right to trifle with the lives of others.

New Music.

"In the Bye and By," is a beautiful song by H. Millard. "O, bury me in the Sunshine," a canzonette in memory of Archbishop Hughes; words and music by H. Millard. A fine composition. For sale at all the music stores.

New Publications.

THE POTOMAC AND THE RAPIDAN: Army Notes, from the fall at Winchester to the reinforcement of Iowacran. By A. H. Quint, Chaplain of the Second Mass. Regiment. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Chaplain Quint's "Army Notes" have already received deserved commendation from general readers. They let one into views of soldier-life very different from those which are usually served up in the letters of army correspondents. Chaplain Quint wrote home from the field for the Congressionalist, of this city, and those letters form the basis and body of the present volume. They are not, as might be supposed, merely reprinted, but are in a liberal degree expanded, touched up, freshly, and made over nearly new again. They make capital reading, especially at this season; and there will be drawn to the Chaplain's pages many an eye whose possessor is all the while thinking of some loved and dear one, far away at the front. We can speak in high terms of the mechanical appearance of the volume. It comprises upwards of four hundred pages, and has a convenient index and a map of the Potomac and a part of Virginia, which points out the route of our armies in their several campaigns.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN; OR, WOMAN AFFRANCHED. An answer to Michelet, Froudon, Girardin, Legouve, Comte, and other Modern Innovators. By Madame D'Arlevent. Translated from the last Paris edition. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The sub-title of the above book comprises the substance of Part First, and in that Part, the authors before enumerated are handled by the writer with briskness. The Second Part comprises the following topics: Objections to the Emancipation of Woman; Nature and Functions of Woman; Love, its functions in Humanity; Marriage; Summary of Proposed Reforms; Appeal to Woman. All are most earnestly discussed, but not from Mrs. Farnham's standpoint, in her noble book on Woman, by any means. We have space only to make this mention of a work which many will without doubt be interested to read.

HOTSPUR. A Tale of the Old Dutch Manor. By Mansfield T. Walworth, author of "Lulu." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The theory of this story—the second of the author's—rests on incidents of a tragical character. In fact, it is a melo-drama throughout. There is a "heroine" whose tender heart carries around with it the terrible secret of a murder; and, with this cue, the story is kept up in the most mysterious manner. There are pleasing pictures of country, and an old style home, in the book, which are woven in most acceptably with the more tragical portions of the story. The author shows himself personally familiar with some of the manifestations of the power of spirits, which add much to the interest, if not the mystery, of his effort. There is room to pass criticism on many portions of his performance, which we hope the author himself will not forget to do with freedom. The work will, however, find a great many readers.

OUT IN THE WORLD. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The character of Mr. Arthur's stories is well and widely understood. He has little or no imagination; he is all morality, and obedience, and truthfulness. The lessons he seeks to inculcate are always valuable ones, related to the every-day affairs of life, and needful to be carefully considered by all persons, young and old. He is a very effective preacher of morals, and his books are everywhere read with interest and profit.

HOWE'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND; containing about one hundred and seventy-five of the gems of Caledonia's Songs and Ballads. Arranged for Pianoforte or Melodeon. Boston: Published by Elias Howe, 103 Court street.

One of the most complete collections of the songs of bonnie Scotland we remember ever to have seen. The peculiar quaintness of the dialect, and charming freshness of the melodies that breathe so truthfully the pure spirit of the highlands, have always combined to render these songs as beautiful as they are immortal. This volume may be had of any music dealer.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for July. This ably conducted periodical is more brilliant than usual this month. Read the following list of contents, and then procure the work and read the articles: An Army; Its Organization and Movements, by Lieut-Col. O. W. Tolles, A. Q. M.—second paper; Abolition, chapters VIII. and IX.; American Slavery and Finances, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Cross, by E. Foxton; The English Press, by Nicholas Rowe, London; Life on a Blockader, by the author of "The Last Cruise of the Monitor"; Buckle, Draper; Church and State—fourth paper—by Edward B. Freeland; Look-Out Mountain, by Alfred B. Street; One Night, by Julius Wilcox; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa Colton; James Fenimore Cooper on Secession and State Rights, by Charles H. Tuckerman; The Resurrection Flower, by M. E. Dodge; Recognition, by Virginia Vaughan; The Seven-Hundredth Birthday of a German Capital, by Prof. Andrew Ten Brook; The Danish Sailer, by G. T. M.; American Civilization, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Church Music, by Lucia D. Pychowska; Literary Notices, J. F. Trow, 60 Green street, New York, Publisher.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for July is about the best number yet issued. It is embellished with a double colored fashion-plate, and has a fine steel engraving called "How they caught Fish"—the latter quite amusing. Besides these embellishments it has a piece of music, and several illustrations of fashion; also a good variety of attractive and readable literary articles. Only \$2 per year. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it for sale.

PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July. This old favorite monthly is elegantly embellished with engravings, fashion-plates, embroideries, etc. The present number commences a new volume (XLVI.), and contains its usual variety of literary attractions. Its moral and elevated tone makes it an ever-welcome visitor to the home circle. Price \$2 per year. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

A New Mania.

What is styled the "Pony Mania" is just now raging in England—that is, in London. We are told that every lady of ton; which means every lady who is anybody, insists that she must have her park phaeton and her couple of ponies that must step very high. This outfit makes a lady's establishment complete. They have raked the country round for specimens of these little ponies for the London market. One trifle after another seems to please people who know not what to do with their time and money. We who have to work, ought to hall our own necessities as our best friends.

The Chicago Convention. An Excellent Route for Summer Excursionists.

The National Convention of Spiritualists to be held in Chicago, on the 10th of August is already being talked of in all directions, and our friends are arranging their business so as to be able to avail themselves of its benefits. The Spiritualists of Chicago have determined to do their best, and to prove to their friends from abroad that the liberality of the West is as broad as its prairies. Through the indefatigable exertions of our friend, Dr. Gardner, everything on the whole route has been admirably planned for the comfort and convenience of those who go. At Chicago the hotel keepers have consented to make a reduction in their prices to those attending the Convention, and the proprietors of the best restaurants have manifested an equally liberal spirit. Resident Spiritualists will throw open their doors and gladly accommodate as many as possible, and spare no pains to render the season of sojourn in their city, one long to be held in kind remembrance by all whose good fortune it may be to present.

The route from New England, by the Vermont Central and Grand Trunk Railroads, is the best that could be devised; the most popular excursion trip open to the public, and, at the reduced price, by far the cheapest—two very important, in fact, all-important considerations. We need not tell our readers of the beautiful scenery through which they will pass on their way to the lakes, nor attempt to portray that of the lakes. No pen can do justice to the beautiful waters of Michigan and Huron, mirroring verdant banks and bright blue skies, or to the pure, and invigorating breezes that ripple their surface. The picnic at Abington, under the popular management of Dr. Gardner, has become one of the looked-for events of our summer, and hundreds attend it who have no particular sympathy with Spiritualism, because of the excellent opportunity it affords for a pleasant day in the woods. The Chicago Convention will carry out this plan on a more extended scale, and offer an equally excellent opportunity to those who wish to make a really fine summer excursion at a moderate expense. The price of tickets, guaranteeing a passage to and from Chicago, will be but twenty-five dollars. The tickets will remain available for one month, commencing August 1st. They may be obtained in this city only of L. MILLS, Esq., General Agent of the Vermont Central Railroad, No. 5, State street.

Those leaving from places east of this city, will be conveyed, if they choose, over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Harlow, thence by the lakes, as before mentioned. Application for tickets may be made to the general agent, Wm. Flowers, Esq., Bangor.

Gen. Grant's Work.

The Lieutenant-General finds, of course, that he has hard work to do, let him turn which way he will. He has not taken Petersburg exactly, nor does Lee intend that he shall without a severe struggle. Petersburg forms the most important step to Richmond. Five railroads converge there. If it falls, Lee must either hurry back his army to Richmond, or else pursue his way Southward. Hence he will not let the place pass out of his hands until he is obliged to. We fear that he has been reinforced by Johnston, in Georgia, which may account for the latter's being so willing to retreat before the advance of Sherman. And there is danger, too, that he may have sent out part of his force to the relief of Lynchburg, making Hunter's position in that quarter a most uncomfortable one. Grant's work is hard, but he will certainly do all that man can do.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The attention of our readers is particularly called to the essay on our first page, entitled "Supernaturalism and Spiritualism." It is an able article. Read, also, Mrs. Willis's fine story in the "Children's Department." The large children can read it with profit to themselves. Our "Message Department" is more than usually interesting this week.

The report of a Spiritual Yearly Meeting held in Longwood, Pa., will appear in our next paper.

That excellent test and unconscious trance medium, Miss Anna Ryder, at 12 Harrison avenue, intends leaving the city in three or four weeks, and those who desire her agency in enabling them to communicate with their spirit friends should take an early opportunity to do so before she leaves us.

Dr. Dio Lewis having purchased the Lexington Hotel estate, for the purpose of establishing a "Movement Cure," has had the place fitted up for that purpose, and on Monday last gave an opening reception.

While a female operative in the Waltham watch factory was telling the other day how it was impossible for her to live upon her wages, she wore a dress that cost sixty dollars. Extravagance, and the foreign debt created by excess of importations over exports, for silks, wines and other dispensable luxuries, will eventually bring more misery on the country than half a dozen such wars as we are now engaged in.

"How many years have you been dumb?" said a gentleman to an Irish beggar. "Five years, please your honor," answered the mendicant completely taken off his guard by the question.

Joseph True of Garland, Mo., has invented a machine for cutting and planting potatoes.

General Pelessier is dead. He was made Duke of Malakoff as a reward for the able generalship he displayed during the Crimean campaign.

AN OUTRAGE.—In New York last Friday, as we learn from the Evening Post, a respectable woman, the widow of a deceased soldier, dressed in deep mourning, was dragged by two men, a policeman and the conductor of a car, out of one of the Eighth Avenue cars into the street, and there left. She was clean, orderly, in every way decent. But she was black—that was her offense.

Senator Sumner has succeeded in engraving on the Washington Horse Railroad bill a proviso that no one shall be refused admittance to a car on account of color.

The total debt of the country on the last of June, will be one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five millions.

"What a pity," said Meyerbeer, when one night watching Patti in Zerlina, "that Mozart is not alive to see such a charming creation."

Maximilian has reached Mexico. He arrived at Vera Cruz on the 28th ult., and was cordially received by the French. The natives seem to have had no part in the affair any way, and from present appearances they are not likely to have.

Fanny Fern, who ought to know, says, speaking of cotton: "The ladies, as we all know, owe something of their angelic symmetry to this pure and delicate Southern staple. Of all the products of the earth it is nearest to their hearts."

Miss Amanda Tilton, daughter of the late Cornelius Tilton, of Williamsburg, Mass., was married a few weeks since, at Oxford, O., to Rev. Calvin Fairbank, after an engagement of thirteen years. Preparations for their wedding were being made twelve and a half years ago, when Mr. Fairbank was imprisoned in Kentucky, for assisting slaves to escape, and has just been released. During all this time Miss Tilton did not relax her efforts to secure his release. He is well rewarded in at last possessing so noble a woman.

Mrs. Green, the wife of the Malden murderer, has written a letter to Gov. Andrew, begging mercy for her husband. She appeals to him as a Christian, and says she is sure, from Green's past uniform good life and kindness to her, that he must have been insane when he committed the murder.

On the 10th of June the Crystal Palace in London had been opened ten years. During that period it had been visited by the extraordinary number of more than fifteen million and a quarter of persons.

The French now make bonnets out of India-rubber, painted to imitate Leghorn braid.

The following case is an illustration of what one sometimes gets by not being satisfied with what he already has: "In the Superior Court, Judge Vose presiding, William McDonald, appellant from a sentence of three months in the Police Court, for picking the pocket of Mrs. Mary Graves, of Newburyport, while in a horse-car in this city, was tried and convicted by a jury June 16th, and sentenced to four years hard labor in the State Prison, making an addition of forty-five months imprisonment."

The Missouri plerics are receiving attention for the manufacture of turpentine. A Boston company has purchased three thousand acres in the plerics, and the necessary works are in course of erection, and other stills are being put up.

The love principle is stronger than the force principle, and oh! how sublime, how beautiful its strength! It is as high as heaven! Who can attain it?—deep as the unfathomable ocean! Who can reach it?—vast as eternity! Who can embrace it?—and yet an infant is its type, it is so humble.

Hon. Edward Everett has received contributions to the full amount of \$100,000, which he undertook to raise for the relief of the sufferers in East Tennessee. He has also received articles of clothing valued at some thousands of dollars.

A regiment of negro troops (the 68th U. S.), at St. Louis, having contributed the sum of \$1,200 to the Fair, the treasurer was warned not to receive it, as it would be regarded as an insult to the superior race.

Renan has been displaced as Hebrew Professor in Paris.

The London Times says that there has been no such fighting in the history of the human race as that between Grant and Lee in Virginia. The Evening Post says if it wants to see better fighting still, let some one of the European nations interfere in the quarrel.

A Western Court has decided that a kiss is a valid consideration, and forced an old bachelor to redeem the promise made to a pretty maiden that he would give her a pony for a kiss. He had tried to crawl out of his bargain.

Father Chiniqui, who left the Romish Church some five or six years ago, on Sunday, June 20th, gave an address in the Hall of the House of Representatives in Washington, which was listened to with breathless attention.

Isabel Cubas, the celebrated danseuse, died in New York on Monday, June 20th, of consumption.

A man in Wisconsin got up in the night and drowned his two young children, in order, he said, that they might be sure to go to Heaven. Had he possessed the Spiritualist's faith he would not have resorted to such an insane course.

A lock of Washington's hair was sold at the Philadelphia Fair for twenty dollars. It is said that Garibaldi exhausted two mattresses in sending locks of his hair to fair applicants, while he was in England recently.

Five hundred men are now hard at work on both ends of the Hoosac Tunnel.

There are said to be twenty thousand Southern women in the boarding houses of New York City.

The first step toward self-improvement is to leave off whining over the past. Let the past go. It can never be recalled. Bend every energy to the improvement of the present. This is the only way.

The Philadelphia Sanitary Fair is doing finely. The sales total up \$660,000, and the cash contributions \$490,000.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Tea-drinkers may be interested to learn that reliable information makes it appear that about seventy-eight thousand pounds of exhausted tea-leaves, dried and blended with cheap, genuine tea, are sold annually by inferior shop-keepers to the poorer classes of London.

A HORSE STORY.—Here is a horse story which is quite a match for the best dog stories afloat. Near Bermuda Hundred there is a large corral, where all disabled and worn out horses—brought here by Gen. Sheridan, after his famous raid—are confined. The poor beasts have apparently but little of their original vigor left. That was what we thought a week or more since. Now we have changed our opinion. During the heavy firing on our right, a short time since, these lame and worn out equine warriors pricked up their ears, straightened their sore and stiff limbs, tossed their manes, formed in squadrons, and with a loud snort charged on a number of inoffensive mules. Two mules were instantly killed, and the others fled in the wildest disorder. The horses again formed to the music of Gilmore's artillery, and charged on a high rail fence, which they at once broke down. They did not desist from their warlike demonstrations until the artillery firing ceased.

THE POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPTS.—We beg to correct an error which is going the rounds of the press. The twentieth section of the act approved March 3, 1863, authorizing book manuscripts and proof sheets to be transmitted by mail at the rate of two cents for four ounces, does not embrace manuscripts for periodicals, or communications to newspapers, but applies only to bona fide book manuscripts and proof sheets. Consequently, if manuscript communications to periodicals or newspapers should by any means be sent forward at the above rates, it would be the duty of the postmaster at the office of delivery to charge the package with letter postage at double rate, deducting the amount prepaid by stamps.—Washington Republican.

A married couple traveling in England recently held the following dialogue: "My dear, are you quite comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

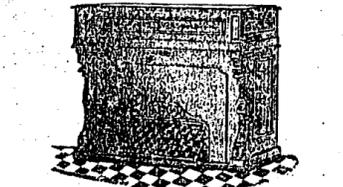
Perry Davis's Pain Killer is a Cure for Diphtheria.

All interested, please read the following extract from a letter from Mrs. Ellen B. Mason, wife of Rev. Francis Mason, Youngs Bay, Vermont: "My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, cold chills, burning fever, and sore throat. I counted one morning ten little vesicles in his throat, very white, and his tongue toward the roots just like a watermelon full of seeds, the remainder coated as black as a knife-blade. So many children had died around here, I was afraid to call a physician, and thought I would try your Pain Killer for a gargle, with small doses inwardly. I did so, and found the gargle invariably cut off the vesicles, and he raised them up often covered with blood. He was taken on Sunday; on Wednesday his throat was clear, and his tongue rapidly clearing off. I also used it as a liniment, with castor oil and hartshorn, for his neck. It seemed to me a wonderful cure, and I can but wish it could be known to the many poor mothers in our land who are losing so many children by this dreadful disease. I have found your Pain Killer one of the most valuable medicines ever used in Vermont. Once I was stung by a very large black scorpion; the pain was indescribable. I immediately applied the Pain Killer for I never traveled without it, again and again, and in half an hour my foot was well. I do think it would be one of the best safeguards our soldiers could carry. It is the best thing for colic, or when exposed to severe hardships. \* \* \* \* \* July 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MISS CYNTHIA HARTWELL, Clairvoyant, Medium, Symbolic Medium, Trance, Healing, Writing, and Developing Medium and Astrologist, No. 22 Hudson St. From 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50c. half an hour. 1st—July 2.



THE CABINET ORGAN,

MANUFACTURED BY MASON & HAMLIN, BOSTON.

IS RECOMMENDED BY TWO HUNDRED OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED MUSICIANS, ORGANISTS, and ARTISTS

Of America, as unquestionably far superior to all other similar instruments. Among those who have given written testimonials to the superiority of THE CABINET ORGAN are such men and musicians as LOWELL MASON, THOMAS HASTINGS, WILLIAM H. BRADBURY, GEORGE F. HOOT, HENRY S. CUTLER, GEORGE W. MORGAN, JOHN ZUNDEL, L. M. GOTTSCALK, AND OTHERS.

Embracing a great part of the musical talent of the country. It must be readily admitted that an instrument which receives the endorsement of such an array of the most competent musical judges, must possess most decided points of excellence and superiority, and a careful and candid inspection will satisfy any one for himself that such is the case. In 1853, Messrs. M. & H. commenced the manufacture of improved Melodeons. They studied constantly the operation of these instruments in all their parts and conditions, and by employing the best workmen that could be obtained, and encouraging them to excel in their several departments, they were enabled to make valuable improvements, till in the Fall of 1855 they introduced to the public the ORGAN HARMONIUM, which was a decided advance upon any similar instrument then known, and received the highest tokens of favor from the most distinguished musical critics and amateurs. Stimulated by this success, Messrs. M. & H. renewed their efforts, and by the addition of still further and more important improvements, they had the satisfaction, near the end of 1862, of presenting to the musical world the now justly celebrated CABINET ORGAN, which for the following reasons is manifestly preferable to all other instruments of the Melodeon or Harmonium kind, and but little inferior to the costly pipe Organ, except for the larger class of churches and audience-rooms: 1. Its organ-like quality of tone. 2. Its great volume and power. 3. Its superior and sustained expression. 4. Its remarkable quickness of action. 5. Its adaptation to both sacred and secular action. 6. Its great durability. Being made of steel-class materials, in the most workmanlike manner, it is not likely to get out of order, and may be transported with safety around the world. 7. Its great economy. Its cost is moderate; it occupies little room, and is warranted for five years. It is to such peculiarities that the great celebrity of the Cabinet Organ is due, and that it has been so widely adopted, and remembered by all interested or about to purchase, that it is MADE ONLY BY MASON & HAMLIN, and can be supplied only by them and their appointed agents. The instrument is the result of inventions and improvements duly patented and held by Messrs. M. & H., who place their imprimatur thus: "MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN," in gilt letters on every instrument. Purchasers will please observe whether or not the above lettering is on the instrument for which they are negotiating, as parties have suffered by having inferior instruments passed off upon them under the representation that they were "Cabinet Organs."

All persons interested are invited to send for full description of these instruments, with styles and prices. Prices from \$85 to \$550.

MASON & HAMLIN, 274 Washington Street, Boston. 7 Mercer Street, New York. July 2.

IMPORTANT TO REFORMERS. JUST PUBLISHED. THE HYMNS OF PROGRESS: Being a Compilation, Original and Select, of Hymns, Songs and Refrains, Designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School, by LEVI C. COOLEY.

This very neat and most excellent collection should be in the hands of every Reformer, and is the most interesting development of the times. It is without the music, but largely adapted to tunes in popular use. Where unusual music is required, the works having the music attached, the reply often comes: "In the 'Reasons for publishing this aid to Melody,' the author says: 'In traveling for the last seven years in various sections of our country, and the most distinguished of them, I have seen a great many of our people who were unable to sing, and who were not acquainted with music; give us a book of Hymns and Songs without music, adapted to familiar tunes and well-known metres of convenient size and comparatively low in price, and we should like it better.' On the other hand, many of the Leaders of Chorus say they prefer the words separate from the music, and in large-sized type; that they choose to select for themselves the music adapted to the words to be used; that very frequently the words to be sung, as they were written, were not suitable for the occasion, and that two books became necessary. This work is issued to meet, in part, these deficiencies. It contains a large number of Hymns and Songs, and is adapted to the use of meetings, and gives a variety of exercises that cannot well be dispensed with in the present demands of the variety of subjects treated upon. When any of the words have been taken from copyrighted works with music, the author's name is given, and reference made to the source, so that it may be obtained, if desired, so as to give a wide extended notice of such publications. Nothing is given in the HYMNS OF PROGRESS that can give offence to any true Reformer in whatever department he or she may feel it a duty to labor. The first one hundred pages are devoted to the HYMNS OF PROGRESS, and the rest of the work is classified as follows: 1. Being Hymns and Songs concerning the change from earth to spirit-life, in various metres. 2. Hymns and Songs adapted to the use of Lyceums, Schools and Festivities, in various metres. 3. Union Pearls—Songs, patriotic and sympathetic, of our country and its defenders. 4. Hymns and Songs for opening and closing meetings, and for private or social gatherings. 5. Wm. White & Co., Publishers. 12 mo., 224 pages, large type, cloth bound in various colors. Price 75 cents, postage 10 cents. For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Je 25.

SECOND EDITION OF A SPLENDID VOLUME, ENTITLED, POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE!

THE quick extension of the first edition of these beautiful Poems, and the rapid sale of the second, shows how well they are appreciated by the reality and the intrinsic merit of the Poems are applied by all intelligent and liberal minds. There had long been an earnest call for the re-issue of this work in a new form, and it is now given with a title and others, which could not be longer unheeded, since their appearance in this splendid volume. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

Table of Contents: PAIT I. A Word to the World (Prayer); The Prayer of the Sorrowing; The Song of Truth; The Embarkation; Kepler's Vision, Love and Latin; The Spirit-Child, (By "Johnnie"); The Revelation; Hope for the Sorrowing; Contemplation; The Eagle of Freedom; Mistress Glencare, (By Marjorie); Little Johnny; "Hallelujah" Spirit-Song; My Spirit-Home (A. W.); I Still Live, (A. W. Sprague); The Song of the North; The Hurl of Webster; The Parting of Sigurd and Gerd; The Meeting of Sigurd and Gerd.

Table of Contents: PAIT II. Love (Shakespeare); Love (Shakespeare); For A That (Harris); The Song of the Sorrowing; The Prophecy of Vala, (Poe); The Kingdom, (Poe); The Street of Baltimore; The Mysteries of Godliness, (Poe); Farewell to Earth, (Poe); HOOKS & SLEEVES throughout the Royal States and the British North American Provinces are hereby notified that the Poems are ready to receive orders at the usual discount to the Trade. Retail price of the full gilt edition, \$1.75; postage free. Retail price of the WILLIAM WHITE & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston. April 2.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

IN All Ages and Nations and in All Churches Christian and Non-Christian, demonstrating a Universal Faith, by WILLIAM HOWE. "There are two courses of Nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary."—Butler's Sermon. "The common sense of the world does not call the madness of which thou art proved to know nothing."—Terullian.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I. An Apology for Faith in the Nineteenth Century; Spiritualism before the American Development; Manifestations of the Supernatural in Germany—continued; Manifestations of the Supernatural in Germany and the United States; The Supernatural in Switzerland and France; The Supernatural in the Bible; The Supernatural in the Apocrypha; The Supernatural of the New Testament; The Supernatural in the Ancient Customs; The Supernatural in Assyria, Chaldea and Persia; The Supernatural in Ancient Egypt; The Supernatural in Ancient India and China; The Supernatural in the Ancient Scriptures; The Supernatural in Ancient Greece; The Supernatural in Ancient Rome; The Supernatural among the Early Fathers; Supernatural of the Neo-Platonists; The Supernatural of the Roman Catholic Church.

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FOOTBALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

WITH Narrative Illustrations. BY ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. "As it is the peculiar method of the Academy to interpose no personal indignation, but to admit, with respect to which we are most probable, to compare arguments, and to set forth all that may be reasonably stated in favor of each proposition, and so, without obtaining any advantage, to leave the matter to the judgment of the hearers, and to be understood, we will retain this custom which has been handed down from Socrates; and this method, dear brother, is the only one that is pleasant to us, as often as possible, in all our dialogues together."—Cicero.

CONTENTS: PREFACE.—List of Authors Cited. BOOK I.—PREFATORY. Statement of the Subject. Book II.—The Miraculous; The Improvements of the World; Sleep in General; Dreams. BOOK III.—DISEMBODIMENT; FETTERED HASTINGS; General Character of the Phenomena; Narratives; Summing Up. BOOK IV.—OF APPEARANCES COMMONLY CALLED APPARITIONS; Apparitions of the Dead. BOOK V.—INDICATIONS OF PERSONAL INTERFERENCE. Re-tribution; Guardianship. BOOK VI.—THE SUGGESTED REASON. The Change at Death; Conclusion; Addenda to Tenth Thousand; Appendix; Index. Price \$1.50, postage free. For sale at this office. June 11.

DWELLING-HOUSE FOR SALE.

A TWO-STORY WOODEN DWELLING, with a small garden, situated at "Cambridge Crossing," in North Brighton, is offered for sale at a bargain. It is on a lot of 10,000 feet of superior land, and is a most desirable residence for any one who wishes a genteel residence a few miles in the country, at a moderate cost—particularly so for a person doing business in Boston. There are 10,000 feet of superior land, under cultivation, embracing Vegetable and Flower Gardens, with a supply of choice Peas, Apples, Quinces, Currants, etc., etc. The House is pleasantly located, in a very good neighborhood, and is well adapted to school-rooms, or for any one who wishes a genteel residence a few miles in the country, at a moderate cost—particularly so for a person doing business in Boston. For full particulars, apply at 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3. June 11.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND!

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE. BY HENRY W. MORGAN. THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view he has often had intuitively of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Whither those who desire to have the most interesting and instructive land beyond the veil of darkness, he has published it in the popular CARTE DE VISITE form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office. June 25.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM;

OR, Emancipation from Mental and Physical Bondage. BY CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, M. D., author of "Legal and Political Freedom," etc. This tract, containing eight and eighteen pages is the earnest testimony of an inquiring spirit, in favor of a more perfect emancipation from intellectual bondage, as well as from the mental and physical bondage of man labor. If it shall assist even one truth-seeking mind in taking another step forward into the light, it will have answered its good purpose. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office. June 4.

EVIDENCES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

Being a Debate held at Decatur, Michigan, March 12th, 13th and 14th, 1861, by HENRY W. MORGAN, and JOSEPH JONES, upon the question: "Resolved, That the origin of Modern Spiritual Phenomena is entirely Hypothetical and therefore, the revolutionary theory of the Spiritualists is reliable." This discussion created great interest in Decatur, and vicinity, as the disputants are of the highest standing in the spiritual ranks. This pamphlet of one hundred and fourteen pages, is just issued, and is a document as our friends should circulate among skeptics. Price 40 cents, postage free. For sale at this office. May 25.

STUDIES OF RELIGIOUS HISTORY AND CRITICISM,

BY M. ERNEST RENAN. MEMBER of the Institute of France, author of "The Life of Jesus." Authorized translation from the original French, by G. B. Frutkinham, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in New York. With Biographical Introduction and Notes. This work is very interesting, and those who read the "Life of Jesus," by Renan, will desire to peruse these pages, written by the same great author, and translated into English by one of the few scholars and most prominent liberal clergymen in this country. The great interest excited by Renan's "Life of Jesus," induced the translation of this volume of Essays, which is strongly marked with a rapid eye. A glance at the following table of contents will give an idea of the variety of subjects treated upon. CONTENTS.—Translator's Preface; M. Ernest Renan; Author's Preface; The Illusions of Antiquity; History of the People of Israel; The Part of the Semitic People in the History of Civilization; The Critical History of Christ; Mohammed and the Origins of Islamism; John Calvin; Channing; M. Feuerbach and the New Hegelian School; The Future of Religion in Modern Society. Price \$2.50, postage free. For sale at this office. May 25.

IRELAND'S INVIGORATING REGULATOR CURES Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Gravel, Urinary Complaints, Impotent Consumption, all Glandular Affections, debility in both sexes, &c., &c. DR. W. Q. FAIR, No. 3 Amity street, two doors from Broadway. 4th June 11.

MISS L. HASTINGS, TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOCAL MUSIC, Italian Method, and FRENCH and LATIN LANGUAGES, will give lessons at her residence, No. 100 Washington street, Boston. Terms reasonable. 4th—June 11.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 60 School Street, next door East of Parker House.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was taken from the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

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

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

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Tuesday, May 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: General Johnson, of the Confederate Army, to his friend, Valentin... Thursday, June 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rev. Wm. A. Andrews, to his wife, Olive Andrews, residing near St. Charles, Texas...

Invocation.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? oh Grave, where is thy victory? Since thou hast claimed only that which was thine own, we will cease to prate of thee, sting of Death, and victory of the Grave.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The friends are now at leisure to propound their inquiries, as we are ready to answer. CHAIRMAN.—Our correspondent, H. M., of New York, sends the following questions to be propounded at our circles:

1st QUES.—Is the germ, or starting point, of all souls equal? Will all souls become equally developed in course of time?

ANS.—Yes; or in other words, the principle from which every manifestation of life is eliminated, is the same. The soul of the Hottentot, the Bushman, and the Anglo-Saxon is the same.

2d QUES.—The brain, or seat of intelligence of all persons, differs more or less in capacity.—Daniel Webster, for instance, was more developed in mind or soul, at the age of thirty-five, than I am.

ANS.—The brain of a Daniel Webster might exceed in unfoldment, in certain localities, the brain of your correspondent. And, again, the brain of your correspondent might exceed that of Daniel Webster in certain localities.

3d QUES.—The brain, or seat of intelligence of all persons, differs more or less in capacity.—Daniel Webster, for instance, was more developed in mind or soul, at the age of thirty-five, than I am.

ANS.—The brain of a Daniel Webster might exceed in unfoldment, in certain localities, the brain of your correspondent. And, again, the brain of your correspondent might exceed that of Daniel Webster in certain localities.

4th QUES.—Have those souls which have lived a hundred thousand years ago, on this or some other planet, been proportionately developed? Or do souls born this century have the advantage of whatever progress has been made during the lapse of time, so that one will not have what seems to be an unfair advantage over the other?

ANS.—There is nothing unfair in the economy of Nature; eternal justice is exhibited everywhere, although it sometimes seems to be the contrary.

5th QUES.—Have those souls which have lived a hundred thousand years ago, on this or some other planet, been proportionately developed? Or do souls born this century have the advantage of whatever progress has been made during the lapse of time, so that one will not have what seems to be an unfair advantage over the other?

Q.—Which is first, heat, motion or electricity?

A.—Motion, certainly.

Q.—Will you give us a scientific explanation of what we call Northern Lights?

A.—They are but the reflection and refraction of electrical forces in the atmosphere. This phenomenon is exhibited only when your atmosphere is highly charged with electricity, and when this planet is positioned, or stands in a certain relative position to the sun.

Q.—Is electricity the power that keeps this earth in motion?

A.—It is one of the powers; but we do not believe that it is the power entire. We do not believe that it embraces within itself all the power by which your earth is kept in motion.

Q.—Can you give us the other power?

A.—Certainly; magnetism, its twin sister, which embraces the law of attraction and repulsion. Certain atoms, or certain worlds, attract to themselves certain other atoms, or certain worlds, each obeying the law of their own being, each having a centre of its own, and rotating around that centre.

Q.—Can we ever arrive at a point where all division will cease?

A.—That implies annihilation. No; division is necessary, therefore it is, and ever will be, in our opinion.

Q.—Spirit, soul and mind. Please give the definition of those terms and their difference?

A.—They have been defined many times. It should be remembered that these are but terms used to designate certain ideas. Now it is the opinion of your speaker, that the soul, the term soul, applies to that immortal part, that principle of which you all are one.

Q.—Is mind material or spiritual?

A.—In an absolute sense all things are material. Now do not charge us with being stern materialists in the sense which materialism would claim for us, although partially such, for we can conceive of nothing that has not for its foundation something material.

Q.—Are mind, spirit and soul one and the same thing?

A.—No, they are not, except in principle. Q.—Mind is, then, the combined organs of the brain, distinct from the soul?

A.—No, you are mistaken. The mind is dependent upon the brain for its manifestation; but aside from the brain it is an independent power.

Q.—Still you say mind and spirit are different?

A.—Yes, in manifestation. Q.—Are they not one in principle?

A.—All things are one in principle. The life of this table, and the life of the body and soul, are one in principle.

Q.—Then the three, mind, spirit and soul are terms denominating one thing?

A.—Yes, so far as the principle is concerned. There is no difference in the principle, but the terms are used to designate different manifestations of the soul.

Q.—Are they not one in principle?

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Q.—Then the three, mind, spirit and soul are terms denominating one thing?

Invocation.

Spirit, Wondrous Spirit, with whom these bright blossoms hold silent but sacred communion, we cannot name thee, neither can we locate thee; still we can worship thee, for all life pulses thee instinctively. From the highest mountain-tops of Wisdom down to the lowest valleys of ignorance, thou art worshipped everywhere.

Thou art worshipped everywhere. There is no soul that does not pay thee homage, no life that does not turn to thee. It is said that there are some souls who know thee not, who never worship thee. But this cannot be, for as thou hast created soul, thou hast given it the element of worship.

And so it pays thee homage, for it knows thee. Although it may not be able to project that knowledge into outer life, still it knows thee fully, and recognizes thee fully in thy manifestations. Oh Wondrous Spirit, since thou hast placed us upon the stage of activity, and endowed us with immortality as our crown, oh, we know that much will be expected of us.

We know that as we are part of thy divine being we must continually ascend toward thee, for thou art the centre of attraction—the grand Sun around which all souls revolve, and we cannot wander from thee, if we would. We cannot cease to worship thee, if we would. We must ever adore thee, ever sing our songs of thrilling gratitude, ever lift our souls daily and hourly in worship unto thee, Great Heart of all Life.

George Grimes, 1st Michigan, Co. I. Please say I reported here, was enrolled above last week, from Spottsylvania. My friends will look for it. Good-day. May 12.

George J. Elwell. I am a rebel, sir. George J. Elwell, 1st Virginia Cavalry, nineteen years of age. I have parents—a father in the army, and a mother in Virginia. I wish to ask that they furnish me with means to talk at home.

My body is within your lines. I believe your forces have possession of the field. And I'll ask, if any one takes the lock and small leather case from my pocket, that they will forward it—according to the directions given in the piece of paper in the case—to my mother. It's possible it may be found by some one who will do this.

I am not strong, sir, so I shall do better when I learn more. [When did you lose your body?] Only a few days ago. May 12.

Edith Lathrop. Oh! I'm so glad to come. I almost despaired of ever getting the privilege of coming. I went to Savannah with the hope of gaining my health, early in the winter before this war commenced. I've never been able to return; wasn't able to before death, and never since death till now.

I went in company with my aunt and two cousins. My mother was sick at the time. My father died two years before with consumption. I was sixteen years of age. My name, Edith Lathrop, of New York City. My mother is there. I only want to tell her that I received very good care in my sickness, considering the unfortunate confusion of the times.

Say I have met my father, and he would be very glad to communicate with my mother, and my Uncle Philip, who was killed by the Indians in California, and my brother Henry who died sometime ago—thirteen years, I think.

Tell my mother that I was attended during my last illness by Dr. Sidney Webb. If she should ever be able to send to him, she can write to him and he will tell her all about my sickness, my last illness, of which she's had no definite news. Good-day to you.

[Will your aunt and cousins who remain in Savannah return soon?] They are there, and will come North as soon as possible. It's easier for them to return than it was for me, for I was an invalid, and they feared I would die on the passage unless we came smoothly through. They will avail themselves of the first opportunity, no doubt, to come North.

Say I am happy, and, best of all, I'm well and entirely free from suffering, except as I come here; but that is momentary. May 12.

Colonel William Taylor. Colonel William Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky, would like to speak with his friends personally. He finds himself happily situated in the spirit-world, and meets his friends not at all in the way he expected to. There is no reason why I may not manifest perfectly through some medium nearer home. I have availed myself of your kindness, and expect you will deal with me in honesty and kindness; for which I will pay you in deeds of kindness to all I meet, if in no other way. Farewell, sir. May 12.

James Mahoney. James Mahoney, of the 7th Maine, without priest or church. [Is it possible?] Faith, sir, I'm here somehow or other, and all I want you to do, is to send my letter to Augusta, saying I'm all right, and ready to talk as fast as the next one; ready to advise the folks about things here; and that I find things somehow—oh! so much better than I thought for—oh! so much better! They're not at all like I expected them to be.

Faith! I can't see how it is that I'm here—whether I got out of Purgatory before I went, or whether I've got prayed out since. [How long have you been away?] Well, since last Friday, and here I am all right, all that's required to be, anyhow. [How did you get here today?] Oh! I come with the crowd, and I said if I came here, I'd speak, anyway. So, you see, here I am. When I start for a thing I'm determined to persevere until I get it. Faith! I want sure that I'd not get killed when I went to war, and I was killed, you see. But I was sure when I came here that I'd speak, anyhow. So all you've got to do is to send my letter to Augusta. I'll be there right off; just give me the chance like this. May 12.

Georgie Dodge. Oh, dear! dear! [What's the matter?] I promised to come and tell my mother when my father was killed; if he was killed, I promised to come and tell her. He was killed, and he's just got round to the spirit-land, and he do'n't know—he can't talk himself. He's too weak. He do'n't know about these things. As soon as he learns he'll come, too. But my mother did. She knows, and she—she made me promise that if my father was killed, I'd come here and tell her.

He was killed Sunday—killed last Sunday; and his name was Hiram Dodge. He was killed last Sunday, and she's not got the news of it yet, 'cause full list aint come—official list has'n't been published yet. And she won't get his body at all. You say to her that Georgie came here and told her that his father was killed, and she needn't expect him home. [Where does your mother reside?] She's in Brooklyn. [New York?] Yes, she's there, now, with her brother. We did n't always live there. We lived in Michigan; but since my father went away we went to Brooklyn and lived with my mother's brother.

She knows little about these things, and she said I must come here and tell her whether he was killed or wounded. If he was wounded, so she could go to him, and if he was killed, so she'd know what to do then.

Now, I was seven years old. I have been in the spirit-land since March, a year ago. That's all she's asked me to tell her. Now I'm going; but I do'n't like to do going out. [Did you ever come before?] Yes, write—no, make letters—with sounds, raps. I never spoke this way. No, I moved the table, made sounds, and they wrote them out, spell them out. That's how I said I'd come when my father was killed, because I said he was going to be killed. Somebody told me he was, and she said, if he was, to come and tell her. Good-bye. May 12.

word, give them knowledge, give them understanding.

Q.—The understanding that I propose to give others, is to give to the husband and wife the same legal rights. That will instruct them right.

A.—Yes; that is one of the fundamental steps, surely. Q.—I would study to give all adult citizens the same rights. Would not that be the proper doctrine to inculcate?

A.—Yes. If you are a true liberalist, and worship under the banner of Freedom, you can promulgate no other religion. Q.—Did I understand you to say that we should not enter into organizations until we were harmonious in ourselves?

A.—We intended that you should understand that it would not be safe to enter into an organization until properly organized within; and that is simply to be at peace with yourself. Q.—Does not uniting one with another tend to produce harmony?

A.—Not among those who are not already harmonious. Individual reform must begin within or from the centre of individual life. No person should enter an organization unless he have the golden rule for a foundation upon which to build; for so sure as they enter without this, so sure will they be black sheep in the flock, finding fault with the conduct of others, and the fire of their ill-will will be likely to spread throughout the entire flock.

Q.—Then the time for organization is not yet? A.—Is it possible that you are not prepared to exercise the golden rule toward others? Q.—We do n't think any community is prepared for it. We do not believe that there is any one who does not sometimes speak ill of others.

A.—We have not so poor an opinion of humanity. If the golden rule is taken for a guide, you will be able to fulfill all that is required of you. Perfection is not looked for while you are passing through the transition state. You are only called upon to approximate to it, to keep the rule with you, to live as near it as your nature will permit you to do.

Q.—We understood you to say that one should not enter into an organization until his own harmony should be complete. A.—If you understood us to say that harmony should be complete, you certainly misunderstood us. We meant that you should be as harmonious as your nature would admit of. Ever seek to obey the golden rule; keep it in sight all the time, and always look steadfastly at the golden rule before passing judgment, and then you cannot judge harshly, uncharitably, if you have the golden rule in sight. That would be impossible. It is a beautiful element which we find in Shaker life, that no one is admitted into their societies until fully satisfied that they are able to practice, to some extent, the golden rule, that they are willing at least it should be kept ever before them. Now if in organizing in your spiritual life, you Spiritualists would pattern at least in this respect after your Shaker friends, and take the golden rule for a basis, you would lay for yourself not only a foundation for heaven on earth in this sphere, but you would lay it in your life.

Q.—Will there ever be a time when the stains of guilt will be obliterated by Nature, when man will lose the effect of sin? A.—Yes, certainly. If progression is eternal—and we claim it is—it follows as a self-evident truth, that you must at some time pass beyond that which you brought with you to the spirit-world, must outlive and go beyond all guilt, all that which bears the evidence of sin, for there must come a time when you will understand law, and that sin is but a term used to express violation of law. You will not violate it, for you will know that it will only bring you suffering, and no one wishes to suffer unnecessarily. May 30.

General "Stonewall" Jackson. Friends, in your Northern patriotism, you have doubtless associated the name of "Stonewall" Jackson with all that is repulsive; in your Northern loyalty stigmatized him as a disloyalist, a rebel, as an enemy to your National Government.

But, my dear friends, did you ever pause for a moment to think if "Stonewall" Jackson might not have been as conscientious as you are? Did you ever pause to consider that Southern disloyalists may be as loyal in their sphere as you are in yours? Very few of you doubtless have thought of this.

I confess that during my earthly life I did not see these things as I now see them in spirit-life, as so they understand it. If I had, I might have done very different. But even as it is, I have few regrets surrounding me.

Could my friends at the North have seen more entered as an active member of the Southern Confederacy, they would at least have believed me to be honest, for as I live, I spent whole days and nights questioning my conscience—which was my God—to know which was right, to know what course to pursue. I felt that the time had come when all should be up and doing something, when we were all called upon to do something for our country, and each would have to do that which seemed to be best and truest to them as individuals.

So after weighing the subject carefully and measuring it as well as I could, I at last came to the conclusion that it was my duty to do all I could for my country, or that portion of it which I called my home. I must defend the institutions of home. They were both sacred and dear to me. African slavery was to me a something which I felt was sanctified by the Divine. I felt that slavery was the very best of blessings that could be conferred upon the black man. I looked upon slavery in all its bearings; critically I examined it, and I could see no way by which the black race could be sustained so well as by means of slavery. I loved them from my birth, many of them intensely. They were to me like children, and I felt that to send them out upon the cold world alone would be cruel; and I saw no way, in the present condition of society, to colonize them. Indeed, they are not fit to be colonized, and I felt in my soul that slavery was the very best condition in which they could be placed.

So, feeling as I did, it of course had very little weight in turning the scale. I felt, indeed I knew, that there was much of rottenness at the heart of the Government to which you are loyal subjects. I had lived there, I knew by experience that there was more of darkness than light. I felt that your Federal Government was sick at heart, and a Southern rebellion might be perhaps the only physician that could restore it to health; and I might as well lend my efforts in that direction as to use them toward perpetuating a condition which to me was full of evil. Had I seen that your Government was based upon immutable Justice, had I seen that Federal Government lying, or exerting its influence, under a flag that represented Right and Justice, instead of the evil that is found dwelling in very many of the hearts of the rulers of your nation, I might have done different, might have remained true to that Government. But with my views, my experience, with the knowledge I then possessed, I could but

do as I did. I was impelled to take that position not by Southern interference, by no means, for I strenuously opposed the offer of arms, and I think I am safe in saying that I adopted the course I took because I felt it was right for me to. But I now take broader views. I now see with clearer vision. I now know no North, no South, no East, no West, but wherever I can exert my influence upon the side of Right and Justice, there it shall be given, and no one shall hereafter say that I am sectarian, that I am bound to any party save that of Eternal Justice.

I have been called upon to visit this place by my dear friends at the South, and some few at the North. I have visited you twice before; but on those occasions I was unable to fully express my views. To-day I have endeavored to do so, through the weak lips of female organism. And to those friends who have earnestly desired to know what I was doing, and what I am now doing in the spirit-world, I have only this answer to give, "I see clearer, and therefore I act broader." May 30.

Nat Eagers.

So the old fellow stands between heaven and hell and fights, hey? [You see better than we can.] See? I only see that he seems to be standing in the centre of creation, and throwing his sword this way and that way.

Well, stranger, I'm here to send a word or two to my folks, if I can, and I suppose you'll be just the chap that will bear correct intelligence to them. [If you give it correctly; if not, then it will be no fault of ours.] You don't propose, then, to correct any mistakes I may make? [We should not have that knowledge that would enable us to do so.] So I understand it. Well, now, stranger, let me ask you a question. What would you do about going home, supposing all your friends opposed your coming, but you were almost anxious to let 'em know where you was and what you were doing? Now would you come in spite of their fear, or would you wait to be asked? [Try to banish their fear.] How are you going to do it, unless you come?

Well, then, here goes. Now, stranger, I'd like to have you say that Nat Eagers, of the Fourth Illinois, comes here to you, and wants his friends to open the door, so he can come to them at home. I've been waiting since the Bull Run fight to come here and speak. [The first battle at Bull Run?] Yes. Now I should like to have a chance to go home. I've got a good many things to square up at home, that I don't care to speak of here. In the first place, I want to convince them that I can come and speak to them, then tell them how to live better than they now do, and then I'll show them how to straighten out that pension affair. Let me see: what else? Well, I'll tell them about things of some of what do you call it? Home nature; that's it.

Now for your facts, by which I'm to be recognized by my folks. Well, let me see. When I was seven years old I got badly burnt, up here on the left arm. It was badly scalded, and my good mother said at the time, I was told, that "she was glad that I was a boy, instead of a girl, for I would not feel so badly because my arm was burnt." Now, so see, there's one of the things to be known by. Now for another one. Well, when I was eighteen I got into a little scrape, by which I kind of made my poor mother feel pretty bad. Stranger, if you've no objections, I'll hold that back, throw out only just enough to be known by. I rather guess I'll hold it all back, for you don't know anything about it, stranger, and I don't mean you shall, either.

Well, here's another fact. When I was twenty-one—the very day I was twenty-one—I met with another sort of a mishap. Well, stranger, I got married, and found out shortly after that I'd married another man's wife. [That was a mishap, surely.] But I got out of it pretty slick. I seemed to be kind of lucky always about getting out of any scrape of that sort.

Now I think you ask for this: you want these facts to publish, so that my folks may recognize me. Well, now, about marrying: I never got into that trap afterwards. I thought I might get sold again if I did. But I stopped here, let me see, ten, eleven, hard on to twelve years after that, but you didn't get me married a second time. During that time my life kind of—well, moved along kind of quiet; nothing remarkable happened to me in those years. I suppose I told a few lies, and did a good many things I had not ought to, as most folks do; but one can't be identified by them kind of things. You see, I got my lesson before I come here, so that when I was told to come to-day, I was all prepared to give dates, and such things, down to a dot, because I know my folks—well, they are straight-jacketed Orthodox folks, and I've got to give something that will knock the Orthodox out of them by force. I know, 'em, sir, so I'm going to throw out these things, and see if they'll open the door and let me speak at home. I'm going to tell something stronger, if that don't do, so they'd better call me home. Good-by: I belonged to Company G. May 30.

Horace A. Clark.

I said if there was any truth in this, I'd come back and acknowledge it. I died in the hospital, in St. Louis. I was on my way home to Janesville, Wisconsin, but I got too sick to go further, and was sent to the hospital, and died with a sort of—well, they said it was inflammation of the lungs, and I should say a sort of breaking up generally. I belonged to the Second Wisconsin, Company A. I was nineteen years old, and my name was Horace A. Clark. I have a mother, two brothers and a sister. I have also one half-brother, very much older than myself, that's in the rebel army. He's a colonel, I think, in the rebel army.

My mother was somewhat inclined to these things, and in my last letter to her I said if I was killed I'd come back, if I could, and acknowledge the truth. So I'm here just as soon as I could get here, for I've only been away about eleven days. I do not know much about the country I've gone to live in, but as far as I can judge, I should say it was a pretty good country. I seem to be just about the same as I was here; that is to say, in spirit. I do not really think I know much more than I did here, but you have every advantage there of getting along, so I think I shall be likely to improve some.

I sought out this place, sir, because I saw by papers that passed through the hospital that spirits could return and speak here. I got sight of 'em once, two, perhaps I did three times, but I never saw 'em before, although I heard about them. [Several of our papers reach your town.] I dare say; but then we wasn't in the way of getting them.

I'd say more, sir, if I felt able to do so now. So you'll release me, I think, from saying any more. It's no use for me to say it's all true; my coming says that. Good-by. May 30.

Michael McCurdy

En, faith, an Irishman never surrenders. How are you, sir? [Were those your last words before you left?] Faith, sir, I suppose so. I do not know

what I did say. What was it, sir? [Faith, an Irishman never surrenders.] Oh my God! well, I did say it—no will be his alive. Well, the amount of it was, I suppose, I was thinking when I came here, was thinking of the time when I went out, and got it so stamped upon my mind, sir, that I did not entirely lose sight of the picture while I was being absorbed in here. I do not know at all what it means, sir.

I am Michael McCurdy, just as I was before I surrendered to death. He was the only person I ever did surrender to. I've lost my body, but then I'm Michael McCurdy, after all, and we only borrow a body like this that we may come here and say what we had not a chance to say before we died. I'm from the 132d New York, a private in Company I, and I was just as good a shot as any one. I could fight as good a battle as any other Irishman, when I had but one to fight with myself. If I had that, I could hold my own; but there was five of them bloody cut-throats came upon me, and told me to surrender, and I said, "An Irishman never surrenders." Faith, it was better to be killed than to surrender.

Now, sir, I've got folks I'd like to send some word to. In the first place, I've got nothing to say about the Catholic religion at all. I've nothing to say for or agin it. It's all very well in its place; but I want to tell them that I can come, am the same, have the power to use these er bodies to talk through.

Now I'd like my wife and brother Jim, and Tom, if he's a mind, to come to some place where I can come and talk, and I'll tell them many things for their good, and about affairs at home, too. [Do you mean Ireland?] Yes, sir; there's many things I've got to tell my folks, but I must take time for it. But I can explain some things without taking much time for it. Now, sir, I've been in the spirit-world, dead, I say, faith, I do not feel myself dead at all, but dead, I suppose I must say so because it's the custom. Well, I've been dead, I suppose, since the battle at Gettysburg. Ah, begad, wasn't that a glorious fight! And, somehow or other, Major, I would like to be back there, just fighting the same thing over again. Never mind; I can use my influence in a great many ways, so I'm told.

I'd like you to send my letter to my brother Jim, and ask him to go to one of these mediums and call for me; just centre his thoughts upon me, and I'll be pretty sure to come. Then I shall tell him many things that will just convince him that it's me. Then I'll tell him about affairs at home that he don't know about. There's many things I can give to convince them, many things that concern themselves, and that I do not care to speak of here.

I'm not accustomed to this kind of business, anyway, Major, but here I am, you see, dressed up in lady's clothes, telling you what word to send to my friends. It's out of my line, Major, so I'm a little confused; but at anyrate I'll tell you the truth.

Now my brother Jim will, I think, of all, be the most likely to receive me well, for he's a little given to this belief. [He is?] Yes, sir; I once heard him say something of the kind, so I think he's a little favorable to this set. So I want him to take the match, sir, and set fire to all the rest. Good-day. May 30.

Evangeline Wheeler.

I want, sir, to send a letter to my father and mother. I lived in Georgetown before I went to New Orleans. [Near Washington?] Yes, sir. I was nine years old. My—my body was named Evangeline Wheeler. My father's name, Charlotte. My mother's name, Charlotte. My two brothers, Henry and Alexander.

The doctor said I had the pneumonia, which he said I contracted on the passage. The doctor I had, his name was Collins. He was an army surgeon.

I went there with my mother. My father was there on martial business. She's a member of the Episcopal Church, and she don't hold that spirits can come back and talk. But I could not stay away when I knew I could come, because I knew she'd be glad to have me come as soon as she knew I could come.

My father is not anything—do not belong to my Church. I met my Grandmother Rogers, and grandfather, too, in the spirit-land. Grandfather Rogers says for me to tell my mother that if he was here now he should be preached against; that he was a—he was a—my Grandfather Rogers was a Calvinist Baptist.

When my mother was small she went to live with her aunt. After her mother died, my mother went to live with her aunt, and she was an Episcopal, so my mother became one, too.

I want to go home, sir. [To New Orleans?] No, sir; that wasn't my home. I was only stopping there awhile with my mother and father. I lived in Georgetown. I want to see my mother. Well, I want to talk to my mother. [Ask her to find you a medium.] I'd rather have this one. [We can't spare her.] Don't you never let her go? [Won't you let her buy her?] [You could not buy her?] Oh dear; well, I thought you'd let me go home. Don't you ever let folks go? [Your mother will probably call for you when she sees this letter, to speak at home.] Won't she come after me? [She'll come after you in that way.] She'll come after me, will she? If she don't come after me, shall I come here again? Shall I tell her to come here? Won't you let me come to her if I tell her to come here? [Yes.] Well, good-by, then. May 30.

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