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ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Wake, Liberty! wake from thy slumber of years!
The Lord has come down to his battle again;
And the light of His face in its glory appears
On the ground where He cherished the hosts of His slain.

Wake, Liberty! See, from the slumber of death
The dust of thy myriads stirs on the plain;
For the love of His soul and the life of His breath
Shall glow in the bosom of Glory again.

Oh Liberty! where are the hosts that went down,
In the pride of their strength, to thy valleys so fair?
They shall bud like the bursting of seeds that are sown,
For the life of Omnipotence nourished them there.

In the Valley of Vision that treasured their sleep,
See, their life is renewed by the breath of His might;
And the tempest of promise is strong in its sweep,
Where it thrills through thy hosts in the darkness of night.

Oh Liberty! wake from the slumber of years!
Thy youth will be strong in its newness of life;
And the arm of the Lord in its glory appears,
When the hosts of Oppression come up to the strife.

The light of His presence thy children will find,
When the trumpet the sound of its warning shall cease;
And the brow of thy beauty again shall be twin'd
With the garlands that bloom in the Valley of Peace.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BIRDLING PHANTOM: A STARTLING NARRATIVE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

BY MRS. JULIA WARDEN.

"We are the stuff
That dreams are made of."—TEMPEST.

A gentleman residing in Baltimore, something over six years ago, married a young and very amiable lady, with whom he lived most happily until after the death of his second child—the first having also died some months before—when there came a change over the spirit of his dream.

This child was a beautiful cherub boy, on whom the father doted with more than usual fondness. Less than a year, however, was the limit of his existence on earth. It was a blooming, healthful creature, seemingly, up to the last hour of its life, when it was suddenly seized with a strange sort of convulsion, and quickly expired. The spasms were of a description entirely different from anything usual to children, or recorded in medical works, as incident to adult or infant life. The physician pronounced it a nameless disease, and the death an unaccountable and mysterious "visitation of God."

The child, after the customary delay, was buried in the grounds attached to the church in which the parents worshipped, in a grave alongside of its departed sister. The grief of both parents seemed excessive, particularly the father's, who continued to mourn night and day, and could not be comforted. At length, after several days of sorrow, he became haunted with the idea that the "resurrectionist," or "body-snatcher," had robbed the grave, and taken the dead body of his "beautiful boy" for the purposes of the "anatomical theatre."

Nothing would satisfy his mind, or convince his belief to the contrary to this strange supposition, until the grave was re-opened, and the lid of the coffin raised, in order that he might see the corpse of the fondly-cherished babe. Indeed, such was the eagerness of the stricken parent to behold the face of his departed child, that he could scarcely wait till the coffin screws were loosed, and the cloth removed from the countenance. His eyes peered anxiously and inquiringly into the recess of the mahogany case, when suddenly the dead body rose up, or rather, turned over in the coffin, with its face downward, throwing out one of its arms and hands, and striking the father quite a severe blow in his face, which felled him instantly to the ground, where he lay for several minutes like a being suffering from an epileptic fit. At the same instant, there was a loud report, like the discharge of a revolver, in close proximity to the coffin, while a pale, yellow Canary bird, which appeared to have come out of the "receptacle for the dead," hovered over and fluttered around the corpse three or four times, and flew away out of sight altogether.

The father never recovered from the effect of that blow from the hand of his dead child, nor could he ever be induced to refer to the incident, or to make any mention of his bereavement in the loss of his children, until the day before that of his own death, which occurred exactly one year afterwards, on the anniversary of the demise of the infant son, whose memory he had so grievously mourned.

During all this while he was a strangely altered man from what was his nature and habits prior to the death of his second born. From a gay and sociable companion, he became exceedingly abstracted and melancholy, nay, quite morose and sullen, avoiding society and declining conversation, and, as a matter of course, neglecting utterly a very lucrative business in which he had been engaged up to the time of the sad occurrences we have detailed. Truly, his case was one of those extraordinary and pitiable.

The body of the child, was replaced in its coffin, and restored again to the earth, from whence it had been taken, as it were, in so sacrilegious a

manner. The turning of the body in the coffin, and the explosion like a pistol shot, though evidently caused by the gases evolved in its decomposition, (or, perhaps, by the subtle and mysterious agent now known as "odoric fluid," in psychologic parlance,) were very naturally the subject of much comment and marvel in the neighborhood for a long time thereafter, some attributing them to supernatural agency, and others to everything possible and impossible, agreeably to chemical affinities, or the unalterable laws of universal Nature.

Suddenly, just one year, on the day previous to the anniversary of the death of the child, the stricken father relapsed from his misanthropy into a being of strange tenderness and affection for his wife, conversing with her in accents of soothing sweetness of voice, while his mind seemed perfectly clear and rational as ever it had been, though it partook of a sort of subdued sadness, or rather, perhaps, we should say, it was a species of chastened joy, allied to what we might suppose the serenity and bliss of heaven itself.

During this lucid interval (so to speak), he stated to his wife that on the day, and at the moment when he was struck down speechless by the tiny hand of the dead child, he distinctly saw its spirit, in the form of a light-colored Canary bird, leave the inanimate corpse, and wing its way to heaven, while there came a sweet voice, which plainly told him that on the day of the anniversary of the death of the babe, his own spirit would be called from its "clayey tenement," to meet that of his child in the world of shadows. He also stated that while he lay stricken in the supposed fit, he was perfectly conscious of all that was then said and done, but that his soul was so utterly engrossed and entranced by revelations made to him by a voice belonging to a being of the spirit-world, that it was out of his power to explain to the distressed friends who surrounded him any idea of his condition, and the seraphic bliss which filled his soul for the time being. The angel voice informed him of the spot where his mortal remains would be laid after death, and also presented to his vision the form of a tomb, tabernacle, or monumental structure, which was destined to be erected to mark the place of the final deposit of his earthly ashes. He described the spot quite minutely; said it was in the new cemetery, in a secluded part, on a gentle slope of a hill, by the side of running water, beneath the shade of a cluster of yellow willows, and surrounded by a thicket of wild sweet-brier, or a hedge of meadow-rosebushes.

His wife looked incredulous when he narrated all these particulars, and thought his mind was disturbed by some peculiar "hallucination" for the moment, indicative of the total loss of reason thereafter. She made some playful remark in reply to what she considered a mere "freak of fancy," or some wayward working of his brain; but he instantly checked her levity, and in a very serious voice, and with saddened countenance, bade her not to doubt what he had revealed to her, for the whole would certainly be realized to her full soon enough.

"Yes, Lizzy," said he, addressing his wife, in tender yet earnest tones, "to-morrow I shall be called from Time to Eternity! My soul will then go to meet the spirit of our departed Willy, in the bosom of our Father in Heaven. Be not cast down, nor troubled in your thoughts concerning the issue of what I have detailed."

His wife was now really alarmed, and experienced some sensations vague and unsatisfactory. She could not refrain from being deeply affected at the import of his words, yet she was not prepared to believe that they would ever be realized to the sorrowing and palpable sense. She, however, strove to put on the best face she could under the circumstances, and seeing that her husband stood before her as if expecting some reply in acquiescence with his views, she quickly answered:

"Whatever is, or may be the will of God, I trust I shall have the strength given me to submit patiently and uncomplainingly to the chastening rod."

"That, dear wife, is right, and spoken like a Christian woman. I am happy now, and will be ready to depart in peace, at any moment, after you shall have accompanied me to the cemetery, and seen the spot of my grave, which I will point out to you."

His wife, feeling quite indisposed on that day, at first declined going abroad, and pleaded her indisposition to her husband. He, however, would not listen to excuses, but somewhat impatiently insisted on her accompanying him to the graveyard, on the very instant, as the very last request he would ever be called upon to demand of her. Unwilling to "vex the spirit" further, and wishing that her ready compliance with his wishes might "administer to the mind diseased," she hastily threw on her bonnet and shawl, took his arm, and proceeded with him to the "garden of the dead."

During their walk to the burial ground, which was more than a mile from their residence, scarcely a word was spoken by either party. The cemetery had been but recently laid out, and neither the man nor his wife had ever visited the place, or knew anything of its peculiar beauties, or of the plan on which the burial lots were set off. The enclosure had originally belonged to a wealthy gentleman, and had only undergone such improvements as to free it slightly of its primordial exuberance of trees, wild underwood, tangled fern, vine and shrubbery. It was indeed a lovely spot, with its hill and vale, or rather dell and gentle slopes, and purring and meandering streamlets, and small lakes or ponds, divested of its heaviest timber, and other obstructions of uncouth and decayed vegetation to allow the grass to spring up in its richest emerald sheen, begemmed with wild flowers of every hue and fragrance, beneath the sunny openings of the native forest trees, a few of which had been left for shade, and the picturesque adornment of the cemetery.

On reaching the Garden, the husband, with his wife still clinging to his arm, at once struck into a narrow foot path, away from the leading avenues or carriage roads of the grounds, and in a few minutes reached a small dell, of great beauty and seclusion, when he brought his rambles to a close.

His wife was immediately forcibly struck with the appearance of the scenery around. There was the murmuring rivulet, the cluster of yellow willow trees, leaving their long, feathery branches in its pellucid waters, the grassy, sunny slope, and, at some little distance, quite a hedge of wild sweet-brier, full of pale pink blossoms, giving their sweet fragrance to the wooing zephyrs. There was a patch of moss beneath the willow trees, as soft to the tread as elder down, while the grass of the hillock-side was studded with innumerable blossoms of the dandelion, which appeared like golden doublets, or "double eagles," sparkling in the sunlight like gems, bespangling a widespread piece of emerald-colored silk-velvet. The gentleman at once selected the greenest spot of the sward, beneath the evening shadow of a tall and graceful young cedar, near where the rambling wild flowers were the thickest, and presently remarked, in a voice of singular sweetness and composure, opening his lips in speech for the first time in the lapse of an hour or more:

"Dear wife, this is the place designated in the vision, where my earthly remains will be buried on the third day after my death, which will take place on to-morrow!"

His wife was startled at his strange, prophetic words; and observing the extraordinary coincidence between the place described by him, as told in his vision, where his body would be laid after death, with the actual resemblance in the scenery around about, she had great difficulty to control her feelings, or to refrain from yielding to a degree of awe, nay, superstition, which speedily began to envelop her soul. She was, however, a woman of strong intellect, and little disposed to place much faith in presentiments or ghostly things, and promptly rallied from her temporary perturbation.

"What nonsense, my husband! you only wish to play a little upon my sensibilities. You surely do not believe either in dreams or presentiments, dear George. Indeed, you are much more likely to outlive me than I you. You will bring me here, probably, ere long, and live perhaps to place another spouse in her tomb," said his wife, with a forced attempt at indifference and pleasantry.

"Nay, Lizzy, I repeat, to-morrow will be the last I will have to do with earth or earthly things. Heed, dear wife, what I declare, and all will be well. Now come with me and view the tablet, the fac-simile of which, as near as possible, I wish you to have placed at the head of my grave, when my spirit shall have departed from time to eternity."

The poor wife was only too glad to quit the haunted spot, as she now felt it to be—beautiful as it was in its physical, vernal and floral aspect—as well to relieve her own choking emotions as to direct the mind of her hapless husband from the gloomy themes on which it was now so prone to dwell. She caught his arm while he hurried away to another part of the cemetery, in almost a direct "bee line" course, in search of the semblance of the tomb he had seen in his clairvoyant condition of being. And, sure enough, and most extraordinary to relate, a walk of a few minutes brought the twain to a newly-made grave, at the head of which was placed the identical structure which they sought. It was a plain shaft of white marble, of pyramidal shape, about ten feet in height, tapering up in symmetrical proportion from its base, like the graceful spire of a church. On one side of the monument, about midway, was a sort of *bas-relief* device, in the shape of a shield, on which was engraved, in clear, round, distinct, italic letters, of good size, the simple and expressive inscription:

"TO MY HUSBAND.

Born Dec. 15, 1800.—Died May 6, 183—"

The wife was amazed at what she beheld. She could now no longer doubt the perfect sanity of her husband, while her unbelief in omens, or supernatural agencies of whatever kind, was completely shaken—nay, entirely removed. She could not question the palpable evidences of her unclouded senses. Everything that her husband had described as the teachings of his trance or vision, was presented in tangible reality to her perceptions. She had, however, little time for reflection upon their mysterious, solemn and portentous importance before her husband again addressed her:

"This, Lizzy, this is the monument I beheld while in my death-dream. Promise me that you will cause one to be procured as nearly alike to it as may be, and erect it at the head of my grave, with only such inscription engraved thereon as may tell the simple story of my birth and death. One thing more I have yet to ask of you, my dear and loving wife. It is this: let there be no unnecessary parade or ceremony at my funeral; let my grave habiliments, instead of the usual shroud or winding sheet, be the clothing of my ordinary wear, and have me placed in the grave with my head toward the Occident and my feet to the Orient. Promise me this, sweeter harp of my sorrows and joys heretofore, and all my thoughts and wishes will be fulfilled in this life!"

"Certainly, my dear husband, your every wish and desire shall be faithfully performed."

This was all that the grief-stricken wife could utter as she threw herself about his neck and yielded to his last, lingering, fervent kiss and a prolonged embrace of thrilling warmth and tenderness. There was no eye to witness that holy interchange of bliss and fidelity between husband and wife, save the all-seeing one of the great God of Love and Nature. They returned to their homes with the same elation that had been observed between them on going forth therefrom to the habitations of the dead. The husband soon after retired to a

small room, and occupied himself during the rest of the day in drawing up a copy of his will and other incidental legal papers, while his wife resumed her usual domestic avocations with more than her usual cheerfulness and assiduity of purpose. The day following was the anniversary of the death of their second child, the little Willy, whose soul's departure to the world of spirits had wrought the mental aberration of the father, and brought such deep grief and comparative desolation in the late small but blissful family circle.

The father arose at an early hour, in the seeming enjoyment of his original health and spirits, and set about some ordinary duties that had been neglected by him entirely for many months, with that thoughtful care and consideration for the wants of his family, as had been his wont in the first years of his married life. He was gay and conversable to a degree that argued a hope in the bosom of his fond wife that the strange hallucination that had, for the entire year past, fettered his being, was at length about to be dispelled—that he would be "clothed again in his right mind," and speedily resume his wonted habits and pursuits of life. His wife did not forget that that day was the anniversary of the death of their last and only child, nor had the startling revelations of the previous day passed from her mind, as mere chimeras of an excited brain. Her husband made not the slightest allusion to any of the various mysterious matters that had so long absorbed and shut out his soul from all sense of worldly things; and she so guarded her own expressions and conduct as to present no cause for the return or aggravation of the mental malady from which he was now apparently so hopefully recovering.

After the morning meal was over, he casually remarked to his wife that, from his long negligence of his business pursuits, his affairs had fallen into some confusion, and that, by consequence, it would be necessary for him to have some consultation with his attorney, with a view to their proper adjustment or regulation. His wife noddingly acquiesced in the necessity of his plans, and saw him depart from his home on such errand, with a degree of joy she had not experienced for many months, for she ardently longed for the dreaded "anniversary" to pass over without a realization of the events foreboded in his vision, though some vague and indefinable fears possessed her breast as to the sequence of all that was yet in store of their wedded union. If her husband should only survive through the few short hours of that single day, the "spell" upon his destiny would be banished, and joy and happiness would once more be their portion, undisturbed by terrible apprehensions of calamity, or unquieted by superstitious fears and forebodings. Oh, how fervently she prayed that the bitter cup might be removed—that her husband might not die, at least on that dread day of prediction! She, however, soon brought herself to say, "God's will be done!" Then she set about the usual cares and duties of her household, which now consisted of herself and husband, an aged mother and a young sister.

How her heart bounded within her bosom for joy, when she saw her husband return to their habitation, at the dinner hour, in the full glow of health and spirits, accompanied by his friend, the attorney, whom he had invited home with him to dine. The day was now rapidly drawing to its close, and there was nothing that indicated immediate danger or death in the circle of their home. Yes, she now felt the "anniversary" would pass without the dread approach of the "angel"—he would live and all again would be peace and joy. At the dinner table her husband conversed with his guest, with his accustomed freedom and intelligence, upon the ordinary topics of the times, and seemed to have forgotten entirely the circumstances of his vision and its fearful forebodings in connection with that very day, which he had so strenuously insisted theretofore would be his last on earth.

His wife had entertained some fears up to this very hour that it was the intention of her husband to take his life, in some secret and suicidal manner, on the return of the anniversary of the death of his so fondly beloved child; but now his assiduous attention to the wants of his guest at dinner, his animated deportment and rational and cheerful conversation, left no room in her breast for any such apprehensions or suspicions in regard to his exit from the scenes and trials of a terrestrial existence.

But the fatal hour approached—it came! The various courses of the table had been duly served and removed, and the wine and walnuts only remained to be discussed, as a portion of the social family feast. He pushed the decanter toward his legal friend, and gaily invited him to fill his glass, remarking jocularly that he hoped his guest would excuse any seeming breach of politeness or etiquette on his part by declining wine, and drinking the health of his friend in a goblet of cool fountain water. The attorney nodded approbation of this, and the usual sentiment of long life, prosperity and happiness was exchanged between the parties. In raising the goblet to his lips, the host cast his eye upon the dial of the mantel-clock; "What, friends! I am going. The spirit of Willy is here! There! there! I—I—"

His speech remained unfinished. He fell from his chair to the floor, there was a slight groan, and a sort of choking, rattling in his throat, and he was dead!

Precisely at the same moment a small, "pale yellow" Canary bird appeared in the room, fluttered a few times around the body uttering a sort of anxious or frightful chirrup, then darted through an open casement, and was seen no more! Thus was the presentiment, or prediction, fulfilled! The distress of the poor wife may be better imagined than described; but, as before remarked, she was a woman with a well balanced brain, and bore with a philosophy of resignation, somewhat unusual with her sex in view of the heavy chastenings of Providence, her present af-

fliction and bereavement. She desired that a speedy consultation of physicians should be held, with a view to a post-mortem examination of the dead body of her husband, to ascertain if his death had been the result of poison, or of some lurking disease, unknown to her, incident to his organization. The inquest and medical investigation took place, but nothing was discovered indicating poison or decayed mental or physical powers. He had died in the full flush and vigor of his manhood, without disease, apparently, of any kind whatever. The usual verdict in such cases, "Died by the visitation of God," accordingly was duly rendered. The body was buried in the secluded grave by the brook and the willows, where the wild roses bloomed and the melody of birds resounded in the depth of the forest shrubbery and trees, while the white marble memorial was not omitted from the requirements the departed had enjoined in fulfillment of the several specialities of his mysterious vision.

The young widow realized that her husband had literally "set his house in order" previous to his demise. The writings at which he had engaged himself the day previous to his death, proved to be a draft of his will; while his business with the attorney was with a view to collection of funds due him, and the closing up of his temporal affairs, as one quitting business entirely, or about to journey to another land. His property was found amply sufficient for all the wants and luxuries which his relic would be likely to require during a life of many years, after he had himself departed to that "hourne from whence no traveler ever returns"; but glistening gold and the pomp and pageantry of life have no charms for the stricken heart or the bereaved soul. The widow could find no consolation in her loneliness. There was now no joy left to fill up the aching void of her heart. Though she prayed, "God's will be done," it was many weeks before she could bring herself submissively to say with the poet—

"And when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave."

She at length became possessed with the strange desire to have the spirit of her husband manifest itself to her in some special manner or other, and oftentimes sought the solitude and darkness of a remote chamber, with the hope of seeing the ghost of the loved departed one. She even ventured alone to the "Garden of the Graves" at the witching "hour of night when apparitions are wont to appear," but there came no shapely form in grave habiliments to gratify her gaze, and there was no token or manifestations by which she could be informed of the bliss or gloom of the soul of her husband in the world of spirits.

At length, about six months after the death of her husband, the widow retired to rest at night, and, falling into slumber, dreamed that her husband stood by her side, as he had usually appeared when in the heyday of his health and happiness. He addressed her in some endearing terms, and she put forth her arms to receive his embraces, when she awoke, and realized that she had only dreamed. To make "assurance doubly sure," she arose from her bed and lit a lamp, as if she would in this way convince herself of his tangible presence, although such procedure was but an act of supererogation, since a full, bright moon beamed into the chamber, and revealed every object with the distinctness of the light of day. She threw up the casement, and allowing the cooling zephyrs of the evening to fan her brow, returned to her couch, and again dreamed of seeing her husband. She saw him as he lay a corpse in his coffin, and, bending down, she imprinted a kiss upon his pallid brow, and breathed a brief prayer for the repose and happiness of his soul. As she did so, the dead form instantly changed into a Canary bird, which opened its mouth, and distinctly uttered:

"I am happy in heaven, Elizabeth, where you will meet me on the second anniversary of our Willy's departure."

The bird bent its tiny neck caressingly to her lips, opened its bill, and put out its ruby little tongue, as if to receive a crumb of food from the parent Canary. Then, as she was about to utter an expression of fondness, the little creature flew down her throat, and choked her speech. Then she awoke, and found that what she had seen and heard were only the vagaries of the sleeping hour. She had "dreamed a dream that was not all a dream!"—At least, she fancied that the poor little bird remained lodged in her throat for several days afterwards, when it was suddenly and mysteriously released from its singular prison. There was certainly no "delusion" in regard to a certain protuberance in her neck, as if she had swallowed the core of an apple, whose presence was coincident with her dream, and the three days subsequent thereto. Indeed, such was the choking sensation she experienced during the time of the elongation of the esophagus, that she actually concluded to call in a surgeon to make an incision for its displacement, when it was suddenly miraculously removed by some agency beyond her comprehension altogether. From the night of that double dream, the wailing widow no longer mourned as one who would not be comforted. A calm serenity of mind was here—nay, a degree of happiness and contentment, which was characteristic of her buoyant and gentle nature. She had witnessed the entire fulfillment of the presentiment, or vision, vouchsafed to her husband, and now fully believed the voice of the Canary of her dream, which declared that she should meet her husband in heaven on the ensuing anniversary of his demise, and that of their child "Willy."

In sooth, the "beautiful destroyer" already lay in the widow's heart, now paling her cheeks like the early lily, and again scattering over them the tints of the rose and the rainbow. Consumption had marked his prey. Anon the angel hurled the fatal shaft, and "life's awful dream was o'er."

It was the "anniversary day." She sat in the room with her mother and sister, engaged intently with her needle upon a cambric collar, in-

tended for the latter, and finishing the same, she remarked:

"There, mother, my work is done!" She stretched forth her hand to present the article to her little sister; she smiled through a tear which glistened in her eye; her breathing seemed oppressed, and the rose, which a moment before bloomed on her countenance, vanished in fitful streaks, like the midnight dances of the Northern Lights, and her soul had gone to meet its spiritmate in heaven.

The Canary bird, too, strange as it seemed, again was present at the flight of the soul to its home in the phantom world. It came and went as suddenly and mysteriously as the same bird, or its afflicted predecessor, had done on former occasions of sorrow and death.

Little more remains to be told to conclude our tale of Psychology and Presentiments. It was early in June. The swallows chased each other in sport, twittering as they flew over the clear waters and lakes of the cemetery; every bush, every tree, yea, every branch, sent forth the music of singing birds. The very air seemed redolent with melody, from the bold song of the thrush to the pleasant chirrup of that tiny field musician, the grasshopper. The fields and the leaves were in the loveliness and freshness of youth, luxuriating in the sunbeams, in the depths of their summer sheen. The yellow butterfly sported the livelong day along the flowery banks of the stream, alighting occasionally to lave its fairy wings in the cooling element, and the bee hummed in merry mood while it pursued its honeyed errand from flower to flower. On a day like this she died; and on a day of equal joy among all things of Nature, the last relic of the late happy family was buried at the side of her husband, by the singing brook and the weeping willows, in that lovely "Garden of the Dead."

[NOTE.—There are now living in Philadelphia several individuals, and many in Baltimore, who were acquainted with the parties, and are able to attest to the truth of the material facts and incidents of the foregoing narrative. The occurrences were before the advent of the "Rochester Rappers" and the now common belief in "Spiritual Manifestations," although the works of Davis, and other writers on Supernatural Theology, had made their appearance, and become familiar to the minds of both the lady and gentleman who were the objects of the remarkable "Psychological Phenomena" detailed in our present sketch. Whether these marvelous "presentiments," or "dreams," are referable to the impressions traced on the brain by such mystic writings, or whether the Canary birds were living things, or mere phantom creatures, concomitant or growing out of optical and mental imperfections, are left to be determined by those better versed in mental alchemy and metempsychosian mysteries than ourselves.]

Original Essays.

THE CRIMES OF LAW-PRACTICE, OR DANGERS OF TAKING SIDES.

I am induced to address you with a view to call attention to one of the greatest evils and dangers of our social system. I do not see that you have noticed it in all its points, and demanding a reform. The trial of persons for the assassination of our late excellent President has given rise to much comment as to whether the civil or the military authorities should investigate the cases and give judgment. And I have found that while many, ignorant of law-practice, generally advocate trial by the Civil Courts, those who have suffered by litigation prefer the Military Court, as more simple, certain and just in its proceedings. Which is right?

It is clear that, if we want justice, all we need are the facts in the case; and the quicker, simpler and surer the process of arriving at them, the better. If, on the other hand, we want wrong, the slower, more confused and uncertain the proceedings, the surer the doing of a wrong; for, by gaining time, all the facts, words, meanings, evidences, &c., can be modified, lost or perverted by gossip, intrigue, insinuations, calumnies, &c., &c., of the press and of society.

It is equally clear that, if we want justice, there must be but one side to a case: that of the ascertainment or discovery of the facts, without quibbling, false witness, subterfuge or delay, under pretence of defending the accused, when the proofs are positive; and that if we want wrong, we need only engage men to take sides, in order to sink the facts, proofs and merits in professional rivalry, ambition of litigious sharpness, and a desire to make money.

In ancient times religion and law were one—the priest was lawyer and judge. In modern times each has been made a trade, or business, by which a literary or wordy class are to live or make their fortunes. Very little moral progress has, therefore, been made in either, and it has required violent revolutions, even to modify very slightly either the religious forms or the legal forms weighing upon and checking human advancement. Some, viewing religion by its bright or true side, declare it to be of God, while all attribute law, or, rather, law-practice, to the agency of a Devil. This is so evident, that our popular sayings, our plays, our literature, are full of satire on the farce of justice emanating from these practices.

Would it not be better to salary our lawyers, as we do our clergy, to interpret law, arbitrate between disputants, and administer justice? Would it not be cheaper? Can any good come out of that which is made a mere trade? Have not the most sacred things and rights been perverted for the sake of wealth and power? And who are the sufferers—the martyrs—in this struggle of lawyers to make money? Is it not the widow and the orphan, the weak, the ignorant, the honest, the confiding, the candid—the very ones the law professes to protect?

It were easy to give multitudes of examples of the crimes committed by taking sides in disputes between individuals, and of the injustice and sufferings consequent thereof. I will give a few very briefly:

One of the most "respectable" lawyers I ever knew had a bad case, and feared the testimony of an honest witness. Without thought of doing wrong, (for he had been trained to think the crime no harm since his own interest was concerned,) he deliberately laid a plan for abducting said witness. He gained his case, and wrong triumphed. The lawyers laughed, the judges laughed, the people, I am ashamed to say, laughed at this "gentlemanly" blow at their own vital interests.

In another case, a witness who had sworn to a certain fact occurring on a particular day, was handed an almanac, the date of which had been previously altered. As the witness became confused by this sudden disparity of facts, he was dismissed, and the jury gave a verdict for the wrong. A young lady disappeared from the home of her guardian, who, on the equivocal statement of an ill-natured neighbor, was arrested, tried and hung for murder. Some months later the lady returned

with her husband, having gone with him to live in retirement in a foreign country, until her guardian's opposition to her marriage should be softened by time. The lawyers, in taking sides, had so blackened the good old man's character, had so calumniated him and exaggerated every act of his life into villany and hypocrisy, that the jury could not help finding him guilty, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE FACT TO PROVE IT. They—the jury—were magnetized by the persistence and violence of the lawyers, and yielded, as a passive congregation will do to the oratorical assertions, however absurd, of the preacher or stump speaker.

Did any one dream of punishing the lawyer for the crime of abducting a witness, as in the first case? or committing a forgery, as in the second case? or bringing about murder, as in the third case? We sympathize with those whom necessity drives into crime; but when the well-fed and prosperous and "highly educated" deliberately erect their mode of business into crimes of the coldest and blackest dye, what ought an honest man to think?

There are millions of such cases, and the sufferings produced by these practices are infinitely more appalling, and dangerous to the morals of society, than the horrors of the Inquisition. The only difference between the two is, that the one afflicts multitudes in open daylight, making their very existence a curse, while the other afflicts hundreds in dismal cells. In both cases somewhat similar influences were at work—money or property to be procured, revenge to be gratified, and power to be had over some female. Religion, like law, was only the pretext for the persecution.

There is hardly a case or claim in the world, that two honest men could not decide justly in a few minutes or hours. But as the vast multitude of litigations arise from the desire of some bad man to wrong or trouble another man, delays become, with ample means, a necessary element for the success of their crime, and here the rogue and the lawyer find their mutual interest.

There is another feature of mal-practice that is developing itself every day, viz: the political position assuming by lawyers all over the world, and the pernicious influence their litigious habits and modes of thought are having on the liberties of men. How can men so trained, so interested in preying upon their fellows, be in favor of the triumph of justice and liberty? They have so betrayed it repeatedly in Europe, that after the events of 1848-9, the bitterest threats were uttered against them.

The habit of receiving fees for every frivolous work, very naturally makes the habit of receiving fees for votes very simple; and hence, in all Parliamentary bodies, monopolizing companies make friends of the lawyers, while poor claimants dread them. Thus corrupt ways grow up in society and strengthen, and the example to youth is most pernicious.

All good men should strive for a reform of law-practice, as a first step, in conjunction with religious reform, toward a purification of our social atmosphere. In a republic, all professions which educate men to live upon other men, should be discouraged.

When the relations of men with each other, in so far as their legal rights are concerned, become better, we may expect, in spite of our imperfect social system, an immense moral and material revolution. Man will become more just, because justice will prevail and law be administered fairly; and he will become infinitely more wealthy, because, instead of wasting his energies in picking other men's pockets, he will direct them toward wresting from Mother Earth her exhaustless riches and boundless products.

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE:

FOUNDED ON THE LAWS OF PHYSIOLOGY, AND THE DURABILITY OF THE COMPACT NOT DEPENDENT ON THE CIVIL LAW WHICH MAY PREVAIL IN THE COMMUNITY WHERE IT EXISTS.

BY E. HANCE.

Marriage, as interpreted by lawyers, means a civil contract, and so it is, as between the parties and the community; but between the parties themselves who engage in the contract, it means something vastly more. In examining the subject of marriage, we must observe that in the bulk it is similar to all other human institutions which prevail amongst men; that is, it partakes of all the various grades of development to which the parties who engage in it have reached. Hence the manifestations of the parties before the world outside, will generally furnish an exact index to the state of their mental and spiritual growth and discipline. Thus, in all cases in the world, each particular case is unquestionably visited by the reward, or penalty, which governed and controlled the action of the parties, whether it be the highest state of purity of which the parties were susceptible, or reaching on down to the lowest depths of lust, or mere mercenary motives. Hence no civil or outside law can be enacted that will altogether overcome the effects which will invariably grow out of the violation of the inner and immutable principles. But still there is a necessity for some action of the civil law to restrain, as far as possible, acts of injustice between the parties jointly and the community. For instance: here (in Pennsylvania) the civil law gives a married woman the undisputed control of all her property, however it may have been acquired, with power to will the same in every respect equal to the husband; nor can a drunken or improvident husband seize the earnings of his wife, and squander them in dissipation. And further, if she has no separate estate, and he becomes dissipated, or otherwise spends his property, she can (by her next friend) take the estate out of his hands, and the Court will appoint suitable persons to take charge of it for the benefit of herself and family, and thus save herself and her children from beggary, or a resort to the cold charities of the world.

But to return to the question. I said that the institution of marriage is founded on the laws of Physiology. In surveying the subject of marriage, in order to fortify my position, we must observe that, perhaps, ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, or certainly a vast majority, continue together through life, notwithstanding the motives which brought them together were frequently faulty, and not calculated for permanent endurance; yet, nevertheless, they generally keep together, and, if they do part, they will most always get together again, and in some cases even after having been divorced; so that it appears plain that there are other causes in operation which produce this general result.

This is the question, and in order to solve it let us draw upon the laws of Physiology in other departments of procreation. It is a known fact, for instance, that a mare, after having bred a mule, can never after, with advantage, be used for raising colts; for the mule will, more or less, always appear. Let us investigate this fact a little further, as the laws of reproduction are the same in the human as in the higher grades of animals. Thus the father imparts the germ of the vital principle to the mother; the mother, in the pro-

cess of gestation, develops and revolves and thoroughly incorporates his vitality throughout her own vital being by means of the circulation of the blood* and nervous action mutually throughout her own body and being, in common with that of her fetus, until the vital principle emanating from that germ becomes so thoroughly incorporated in her own body and being, that it can never be altogether eradicated, but merges her being (in a measure) with that of her cooperator's existence, both in this life and in the future.

It is this fact which accounts for an occurrence which doubtless many have observed, to wit, that a woman that has married two husbands, and borne children by both, the children of the second husband often show traits of character or some likeness to the first.

And again, how frequently we observe that an old couple, who have reared a family of children, become firmly attached to each other long after the instinct of procreation has ceased to operate; and how frequently it happens, too, that when one of them is taken away, that the other follows—often in a few days.

Now to pass from the physical to the spiritual organization, we find that the spiritual depends on, and cannot be organized to a special or personal entity, only through the medium of a physical organization; and as the male or female, separately, only constitute the hemisphere, or half of a perfect whole, and in order that the physical organization be perfectly complete, it is necessary that the two should be united to make that perfect whole a complete physical organization. Hence it is fair to conclude that the spiritual organization is incomplete in the absence of the consummation of marriage in the physical organization. Not but that Nature (or, if you prefer it, God) has, or does, provide certain substitutes to supply such deficiencies as they occur, to a certain extent.

But the positions which I wish to establish are these: First, that marriage is a natural institution, and is adapted to every grade of development, or civilization. Second, that the instincts by Nature of both sexes are monogamic (unless corrupted by excesses, or perverted by sinister motives). Third, that varied or promiscuous sexual intercourse is contrary to the laws of our physical organization, and greatly tends to deteriorate all who fall under its baleful influence, whether the parents, or the children of such inverted intercourse. Fourth, monogamic marriage tends greatly to develop both the physical and spiritual organizations (provided temperance is observed, and the parties properly mated), and builds up a union between the parties, and literally (in one sense) makes the "twain one flesh," altogether above the requirements or necessities of the action of the civil law. And lastly, that all council and teachings to assist or direct the parties to join in marriage in accordance with philosophic or correct principles, can only act beneficially in proportion as men and women become sufficiently developed to give heed to such teaching, and act according to its dictates. In conclusion, I have no doubt but that it is just as necessary to have civil laws in relation to marriage, as any other matter pertaining to our social compact, and these civil laws, or regulations, will be modified from time to time, according to the general necessities of the community; at least, until all are sufficiently progressed to "be a law unto themselves," which happily is now the case in many instances.

To such, the regulations of the civil law are of no possible consequence.

Therefore, I think that all this jangle about "Free Loveism," this crimination and recrimination between parties who feel that they have something to do or say to endeavor to elevate the standard of morals in relation to marriage, is needless and unavailing. For, in the first place, very few of those who are the special subjects of the teaching and labors of these reformers, either hear or heed their counsel or advice, but will continue to "go it blind," in obedience to the instinct which propels them, whether it be lust, mercenary motives, or spiritual affinity. Those who are already mated, will go on acting according to the conditions which surround and control them, including the physiological causes heretofore adverted to. Hence, let every one speak his earnest thought, and give his highest conception of truth without condemning their motives, or prejudging those who differ from him, while his own conduct is unexceptionable, as it is probable that such of us as are laboring in another part of the vineyard are very likely to misinterpret the teachings of others. But if any of us shall discover a brother or sister who we think is departing in practice from the path of rectitude, to his or her own injury, then let us interpose such assistance, sympathy, or advice as may be best calculated for their good, according to our own qualification for such a service, rather than to post them by name in some public print, as dangerous enemies to public morals.

Since the above was written, I have met with a writer on this subject, mainly intended to instruct agriculturists in the importance of improving the breed of domestic animals. The author cites a great number of cases in point, taken from several classes of the larger animals, and some from the human species, one of which I cannot forbear quoting. It is this: "A young woman residing in Edinburgh, and born of white parents, but whose mother, previous to her marriage, bore a mulatto child by a negro man-servant, exhibits distinct traces of the negro." And again, Dr. Carpenter, in his last edition of his work on Physiology, says: "It is by no means an infrequent occurrence for a widow who has married again to bear children resembling her first husband."

The authenticity and authority of the cases above referred to very nearly settle the question and establish the proposition. This hypothesis accounts for the astonishing fidelity which is exhibited by the Creole concubines in Central America for their European paramours, as reported by travelers, which custom almost universally prevails in that country.

The theory of Mr. James McGillivray, veterinary surgeon, of Huntly, as published in the Aberdeen Journal, is, that "when a pure animal of any breed has been pregnant to an animal of a different breed, such pregnant animal is a cross ever after, the purity of her blood being lost in consequence of her connection with the foreign animal, herself becoming a cross forever, incapable of producing a pure calf of any breed."

Now if the action of the laws of Physiology is able and capable of producing such mighty results on the external organization, is it to be supposed that the internal is not affected to an equal extent, and that permanently, too? So, in conclusion, let us be at least as diligent and careful to improve the stock in our own children, as that of our domestic animals.

Fallington, Pa., 1865.

* See Great Harmonia, Vol. IV., page 204.

† Agricultural Report for 1862, pp. 222-23.

Smith asked Jones what the high price of meat was owing to. "A considerable part of it is owing to my butcher," said Jones; "for it is two months since I have paid him."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." [LION HOTT.]

MARTIN, THE MINER'S SON.

Martin was a sweet singer. No one in all the school had so rich a voice as he. When he chose he could make it ring out like Christmas bells, or he could warble as sweetly as the birds. A brave, earnest boy was Martin; and he meant just what he said, and never deceived any one in his life. He would have died rather than have told a lie.

His father was poor, and had many children to care for; so when it was decided that Martin should be sent to school, because he loved his books better than all the children, he had to go as a charity scholar. It was to the beautiful town of Eisenach, in Germany, that he was sent. Grand mountains surrounded it, and a high rampart wall enclosed the town. Its churches were very fine, and it had a goodly share of stately dwellings. It seemed a good place for a boy to go to school, and Martin was very much pleased at first. But after he had been there a while, he learned that it is not outside grandeur or beauty that can bring joy to the heart.

It was the duty of all the charity scholars to go from door to door and sing some sweet song, and then ask for some bread, or a little money, as a return for the singing. People loved to hear the sweet songs, but they did not like to sacrifice their own good things to pay for them; and often these boys singers went hungry for the lack of a little that the rich might have given.

Martin, as we have said, had a brave heart, and he complained very little when he was poorly fed and clothed. Often, in the cold winter weather, he would stand in the early morning shivering at the corners of the street, and yet his voice was steady and strong, as he poured out his songs of praise, so that the early risers would pause and listen, and say, "a noble voice has that lad;" but few stopped to give him the little coin that would have gladdened his heart.

But the love of heaven does not forsake the trusting and faithful. Martin had often gone hungry to bed, through the long winter, and wakened in the morning, before light, and dressed himself, and wandered up and down the streets to sing, before he could taste a morsel of food, and then, perhaps, it was only a crust of bread that was given him, or a hard-boiled egg.

It was in the spring, just as the coldest weather was past, when one morning the choir of boys went forth to sing. Their teacher had written a new song for them. Martin was to sing a solo, and the rest of the boys were to join in the full chorus. They had taken much pains to prepare themselves, and felt sure that the people would be ready to give them a good breakfast, and some coin besides. But they all seemed to be thinking of their own breakfasts, and to have some very strong reason for keeping their pockets closed. Some told them to go home, others said, "we are hungry ourselves; we do not care for singing." Martin grew faint-hearted, and wondered if there was really a good God in the heavens who cared for boys.

After many wanderings they came to a large mansion, with a carved stone gateway in front. It was there that they had often stopped before, and never without receiving something, until quite recently, when the good lady of the house had been absent. They doubted if she had yet returned, but they were willing to try their voices; for the memory even of her kindly, smiling face, seemed better hope to them than the cruel rebuffs they might meet elsewhere.

There they beheld the sweet face of Dame Ursula, for that was the lady's name; she was sitting at the window waiting for them. How pleasant it seemed to be thus waited for; and now they could sing as they had not been able to sing before, and especially did Martin let his voice pour forth in rich and sweet tones, for he remembered the warm cloak that Dame Ursula had given him one day, and the many nice meals that she had furnished the boys.

Martin looked up. A kindly smile is on the good woman's face; surely, he thought, heaven will pity us now. He sings again: "Take no heed, then, of the morrow, For each day suffice the sorrow, Lend the Lord what we would borrow." Chorus.

Much more followed, and the boys received their reward, and turned away; but Martin lingered behind. Although he was hungry there was something else he wanted as much; he wanted food for his spirit, and he waited for the kindly smile of the good woman. He wondered why she did not bend her head, as she had often done, to show that she really thanked him for his song. He thought of his home, and his little sister Lena, who loved him so tenderly, and he cared more for the loving smile than for his breakfast.

Just as he was about to turn away, the servant girl called to him, and said her mistress wished to see him a moment. Martin feared he had displeased her in some way, and thought perhaps the song had not been to her liking; but as he entered, she beckoned to him, and said: "I almost thought the angels were singing, so sweet was your song. Will you not repeat one verse again, about wanting bread?"

Martin sang: "Wanting bread is bitter anguish, For a crust we pine and languish." "And is that ever true with thee, my boy?" said the lady.

Martin could not answer. Had she chid him, he could have been brave, but these words of thoughtful kindness brought the tears to his eyes. She put her arm tenderly upon him, and as he felt the magnetic warmth of her love, he thought of all he had suffered. His head began to swim, the room grew dark, and he fainted. The good Ursula was greatly terrified. She called her husband, Conrad:

"Come, quick! see, here is this poor lad dying; and who knows but we are at fault? I have been gone, and no one has cared for him. How cruel that no one has looked after him. See how thin he is. His hands are cold. Oh, he is dead!" and she wept with real sorrow.

They loosened his clothes, and then they saw how emaciated he was. "Only see, poor lad! Will he live? If God spares his life he shall have a home with us." They cared for him very gently, and he revived; and as he saw them around him, he smiled his gratitude. It seemed so pleasant to him to feel the touch of their gentle hands, and to hear their kindly voices, that all his trust and hope returned. He felt sure that heavenly love cared for him; and thought that this world was not so dreary a place after all. Perhaps some bright visions of a future arose

before him, and he beheld himself master of the circumstances of his life. The hard, dry crusts of the poor scholars, were forgotten. The dreary cold was remembered no more. Perhaps the strong angels that protected that boy's life were then present, and were able to touch the heart of the good Ursula, for she adhered to her promise and said the boy should have a home with her; for God had restored his life.

"But," said her husband, "have we not children enough to care for? Do you think it best for us to add to our labors for the sake of this friendless boy?"

The good woman was silent, but hope filled her heart, for she saw kindness in the eye of her husband in spite of his doubting words. They took the boy, from that hour. He occupied a small room as a sleeping-room, that, in these days, would seem hardly a closet; but he had warm clothes, and enough to eat, and better than all, he had loving hearts to care for him. His heart grew gentle, while he became also strong and resolute.

It was his great delight to sing to the good Dame Ursula and her little boy Heinrich; and every night he would sit in the twilight and let his songs burst out with all the joyousness that his happy heart desired. He did not forget to be thankful for all the kindness shown him; and he won the love of the good and wise who visited his new home.

This is a truthful history of a part of the life of the great Martin Luther. He became one of the world's greatest men, and a noble worker for the world's good. You will find pleasant histories of his life, and will like to know how he became so great and so noble.

The good Dame Ursula was the wife of Conrad Coita, of whom you will read in the histories of Martin Luther.

Years after, little Heinrich went to be educated at the University where Dr. Martin Luther was a learned teacher, and then he was able to return the kindnesses of his good friends. He took him to his own rooms, and showed him how faithfully he remembered the care of the good Ursula and Conrad Coita.

Now it does not seem much to us, as we read of it in this day, that the good Ursula was able to do for one who became so great a man; but we must remember that she did not know anything about his being great then. He was only a poor friendless boy, little better than a beggar. Suppose she had said to herself, "I can't take the trouble of helping this poor boy; there are a plenty more just as poor, and that need help, and if I begin, I shall have all the world on my shoulders. I can give him bread for his songs, but cannot take him into my house." If she had said that, and turned him away, very likely he would have died, or perhaps become discouraged, and then the world would have had to wait long for the great good which he did.

We do not think how a little word of kindness may inspire some poor, sad heart; how a little help may save some doubtful one from becoming worthless. Will we not remember what the good Ursula's love accomplished, and try and do, like her, some deed of love to the sad and suffering? (Original.)

A Little Story for the Little Ones. RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

Little Willie was a merry little fellow, with bright brown eyes, and curling hair. Oh, how he loved to play, and frolic! Sometimes he would run and chase the butterflies; and sometimes he would take a little stick and call himself a pony, and jump around the yard; and sometimes he would build little houses and barns of the little stones he picked up.

Willie had one bad habit: he would sometimes throw the stones, and once he had broken his mother's window-glass. She had often told him that it was very naughty, and that as she wished him to be a good boy, he must not do so naughty a thing. But little Willie did not always think of what his mother said; and perhaps, too, he did not wish to remember.

One day he was out in the yard, and there came flying along a dear robin, and lighted on the fence quite near Willie. Willie loved to hear the robin sing; often in the morning he had heard their sweet songs, and he wondered what they were saying. His mother told him it was because the birds were so good and happy that they sang so sweetly; so Willie thought the robin said, "be good, be good, my boy, my boy, be good, be good, I say."

Perhaps this was the very same robin that had sung to him that morning; but Willie forgot that he ought to try and be as good as the robin, and to show as much love for the little bird as it did for him. He had a little stone in his hand, and he looked up at the pretty red-breast, and before he had time to think how very cruel he was, he threw it. Perhaps he did not expect to hit the poor bird, but only wanted to frighten it; but the stone chanced to strike the robin's wing, so that when it tried to fly it could not, but only hopped about.

When Willie saw what he had done he felt badly enough, and ran to his mother and told her all about it. She soon caught the robin in her hand, and showed Willie its poor broken wing. She told him how hard it must be for the little bird to want to fly and find it could not; and then asked him what he thought of a little boy that could so harm a dear little robin. Willie said not a word, but looked into the robin's eyes, and at its red breast, and at its ruffled feathers. His eyes filled with tears; he would have given all his playthings to have restored the broken wing. He looked at his own arms, so strong and plump, and then said,

"Mamma, please break my arm." "But that will not help robin," she said; "we must do something better than that; we will let the little fellow go, and we will feed him every day with crumbs and cherries, and fat worms, and perhaps his wing will get well." "But he will never sing to me again," said Willie.

"We shall see," said his mother; "if he has no love in his heart I suppose he will not; but perhaps the robin has so much love, that he can do good to them that injure him." "After a time the robin did get well, although it had ever a drooping wing; but it came the next spring and built its nest in the same maple-tree that it had built in that year, and hopped about the yard as if expecting to find crumbs and cherries as before. It sang to Willie every morning, and seemed not to remember the injury he had done it. Willie loved him very much, and he grew so tame that he would come on to the doorstep where Willie sat, and pick up the crumbs that he scattered about. When Willie was a little older, he went out to play one day with some boys, and one unkind boy who got angry with him, took a large stick and struck him a heavy blow on his arm. Willie was very angry, and ran away with pain and rage to his mother. "I'll kill him!" said he, "I'll kill him if I get

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPRITUALISM 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.

Institutions and Souls.

Man is greater than institutions. The latter are but temporary in their purpose, to serve an urgent and present need, having no living root in spiritual life and no lasting lease of existence among men.

We have developed our moral, not less than our material, strength during the progress of this trying war. The bond of union was never so strong as now.

But now how changed! Republican freedom has demonstrated its capacity to protect itself against all foes. The taunts that have been flung in our face we can now triumphantly repel.

But when we are taught that we sin if we do not stop and do reverence to the machine which has been put together only for our convenience, we are instructed to practice nothing less than idolatry.

When individuals combine to carry out a project which is to be for their benefit, they always make things come out about as they would have them, and at the smallest possible cost.

The pure, fresh impulse of to-day, which thrills within the human heart, as thine own errors pass away, fresh life and vigor shall impart.

Oh ye! who dare not trust the soul To guide you in the way to heaven, Remember, that the lifeless whole, Is quickened by the hidden leaven;

The new must ever supplant the old, While Time's unceasing current flows, Only new beauties to unfold;

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more of a pang than the tree feels when it is transplanted; and the better soil, air, nourishment, and surroundings repay a thousand fold the cost of what seems a present sacrifice.

The true way to take life, if we would really enjoy it most, is to court and covet these changes. Let the mind be kept open to the New, no matter through what quarter or instrumentality it comes.

Another Birthday.

We are come to another national birthday. The Union is one again. In four years we have not seen a Fourth of July when this could be said, but we can say it now in a very different spirit from any hitherto.

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Lyceum Hall Meetings. Miss Lizzie Doten gave the closing address of the season, before the Society of Spiritualists who have held meetings in this hall for the past three years.

Dr. Gardner, Chairman of the meeting, announced that this was the last time he should have charge of the meetings, and the last time they would be held in that hall, it having been engaged for a school; he had carried on the meetings in this city for the last eleven years, with the exception of the two years they were free and in charge of a Committee.

Truth Triumphant.

Oh ye who dare not trust the soul To guide you in your heavenward way— Who turn from its divine control, Blind Superstition to obey—

Know that at length shall come an hour, When darkness shall be changed to light, And Truth, majestic in her power, Shall vindicate her ancient right.

The monstrous blasphemy of creeds Which represent an angry God, Who tempts man sorely through his needs, And meets his failings with a rod—

Eternal wrath, through blood appeased, The curse of God, salvation's plan, Are nightmare visions, which have seized The slumbering consciousness of man.

Beyond the dim and distant line, Which bounds the vision of to-day, Great stars of truth shall rise and shine With steady and unclouded ray;

And calm, brave souls, who through the night Have waited patiently and long, Will see these heralds of the light, And feel themselves in truth made strong.

Blind Superstition, covering, sits Amid the ashes of the past; While old Tradition, bat-like, flits Where Time its deepest gloom hath cast.

The bigot, prospering through fraud, Pays to the church his tithes, and then, With pious fervor, thanks the Lord That "he is not like other men."

The church, by deep dissensions riven, To man's progression shuts the door, And falling thus to enter heaven, The "poor in spirit" walk before.

The blood of millions on her hands— She pampers pride and links at sin— A whitened sepulchre she stands, Hiding the dead men's bones within.

Because of long neglected good, And words of stern rebuke unsaid, We claim of her the righteous blood In all this generation shed.

But, would she yet redeem her name, And wash the stain from off her hand, Let her speak out against the shame In the high places of the land.

The distant heathen need "the Word" Far less than those, who, by her side, Starved their "dear brothers in the Lord" In Southern prisons, till they died.

Go! preach to those benighted souls, If must be, of "eternal woe," Of whips, and chains, and fiery coils, But let the guiltless heathen go.

We do not ask for forms and creeds, Or useless dogmas, old or new, But we do ask for Christian deeds, With man's progression full in view.

Ay! be the first to aid and bless, And not the first to cast a stone, The while your robes of righteousness Are over foul corruptious thrown.

Starving at Harvard College. It is an old saying that one-half the world, does not know how the other half live. The following pathetic, and, as it proves, tragical story, is told by a correspondent of the Springfield Republican, who writes from Harvard College, on Class Day.

It is generally easy to believe that young students go there hungering for knowledge, but few could be brought to think that one of their number could starve for want of bread. But so it is, as the narrative will show. Such a disclosure is no credit to the institution, within whose walls it is suffered to transpire.

From these scenes of mirth-loving pleasure to the "short and simple annals of the poor," is but a step, and a sad step, too; for on the morning of class-day the sophomore class buried one of their own number, who literally died from want of the necessities of life, and that, too, right here at Harvard College.

Professor Peabody, the good Samaritan of Harvard, heard of his distress, and repairing to his room found the poor boy really in the arms of death. For a year he had only food been bread and water, and sometimes a little milk, and often one meal a day sufficed.

But it was late; his pride would never allow him to complain; his ambition continually spurred him on. The Fates are amiable sisters, the triple sisters always agree; but pride, ambition, and poverty are most quarrelsome companions.

The authentic accounts from different parts of the country inform us that the prospects for grains this season were never more flattering. The West is going to do its biggest for us all.

The above is the new title given to Bro. Butts's paper, formerly called "The Progressive Age," printed at Hopedale, Mass. It is issued monthly in an enlarged and convenient form, making sixteen pages to each number.

Out of a population of twenty-two thousand and thirty-eight in Springfield, Mass., one thousand, eighty-three over twenty years of age cannot read or write.—Boston Traveller.

What are our theological friends of the Springfield Republican about? Why do not they insist that the heathen in their midst shall be educated? Ministers of the Gospel meet in grand convocations and vote millions of dollars "to promote the interests of the Church," and say and do nothing to educate those outside of the creeds.

We are receiving assurances from various quarters to the following effect: "The Banner is the paper of Spiritualists, and must be sustained." "I have taken the Banner from the very first issue, and rather than it should stop for lack of support I would pay ten dollars per year for it."

The children who read the BANNER are informed that their dear friend, Mrs. Love M. White, is preparing a new story for them, the first chapter of which will appear in our forthcoming number.

In a Trance. The Newcastle (England) Chronicle contains an account of an "extraordinary case of suspended animation." The facts in the case are briefly these: A boy named Batey, twelve years of age, having eaten too freely of rhubarb tart, his father gave him some simple remedy to relieve his pain; but his efforts were of no avail, and the boy apparently "died."

The effort made to establish a Sunday Lyceum for Children in this city is a success thus far. The requisite officers have been chosen who will endeavor to have everything prepared for opening the school as soon as the hot season has passed.

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More Manifestations. Within the last few weeks, says the Liverpool Mercury, phenomena of rather an extraordinary character have taken place in the village of Stourton, Higher Bebbington. These manifestations have developed themselves in the cottage of John Haines, who has been a gamekeeper in the neighborhood for twenty or thirty years.

The Hudson Weekly Star of June 22, contains the following brief synopsis of what took place in one of Miss Lord's circles for physical manifestations. There were eighteen persons present, each of whom signed the statement. Among the names we notice those of Wm. H. Seymour, Provost Marshal, and the editors of the Hudson Star, and the Gazette.

The authentic accounts from different parts of the country inform us that the prospects for grains this season were never more flattering. The West is going to do its biggest for us all. In New England, grass is in fine condition—never better: it came up thick, received moisture enough, made a good stand, and has been getting ready for the scythe and the mowing-machine in fast order.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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 solicited.

Invocation.

Oh Father, thou Spirit of Eternal Good, thou wondrous Intelligence whom no man can analyze, through Nature's clouded face and falling tears, we read a prophecy of thy protection. We seem to hear thee saying to the husbandman, I will reward thy labors with a plentiful harvest. On the mountain tops and in the valleys there are emblems of thy beauty, of thy power, and of thine everlasting love for humanity. Whereso'er we turn, there thou art to bless us, there thou art to guide us, there thou art speaking to us. There never was a time when thou wert not, there never was a place in which thou didst not dwell. True, thou mayest not be understood, yet we feel thee, we recognize thee, we praise thee. The soul, in its internal self, understands thee. The soul communes constantly with thee, is one with thee. It has been born of thy great soul, and must return to thee. Father, Spirit, thy children wait for thy blessing. It may be that they forget thee, thy blessing them. It may be that they forget thou hast called them into existence and so will never forsake them. It may be that they do not understand thee. It may be that they murmur when sorrow comes upon them, that they cannot see thy hand of love in sorrow. It may be, oh Father, Spirit, that they are weak, and if they are, oh give them strength. Wrap them closer and still closer in thy mantle of power. Give them daily to know thou art their Father and they are thy children. Make them to understand, through the teachings of their own inner lives, that thou didst remember them in all the past, that thou wilt lead them through all ages, and finally wilt crown them with wisdom and peace. May 22.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now hear what your correspondents and others have to ask.

Q.—J. H. A., of Michigan, writes: Q.—Will the controlling spirit of your free circle be so kind as to explain the cause of the wonderful display of falling meteors, on the evening of the 12th and the morning of the 13th of November, 1833?

ANS.—There are various opinions in existence concerning this phenomenon. In our opinion, it was simply an atmospheric phenomenon. The cause was in the atmosphere, and the effect was seen through atmospheric life. A certain philosopher declares that these meteors are illuminated stones, that immediately dissolve when they come in contact with the earth. This is one of the many strange and unphilosophic theories that are afloat upon this and many other subjects. It is our opinion, as we said before, that the display of falling meteors is simply an atmospheric phenomenon.

Q.—Are the spirits of the good allowed to visit the different planets, and perhaps progress from sun to sun through eternity?

A.—Spirit, as spirit, is not governed by any planetary law. It is above and beyond all planetary law. It is free to go whithersoever it will. It can visit the sun, moon, or any other planet, if it desires to. But the desire must be strong enough to carry it to the point it wishes to reach. Spirit is free, when it is disengaged from its fleshy tabernacle. Indeed, it is more free when in the flesh than many suppose it to be. There are seasons when even the soul goes out, and roams in its own native soul-element at will. There is no distinction made, we believe, between the spirit of good, or that lesser good or evil.

Q.—B. G. Green, of Somerville, desires to get at the true sense of the passage in Revelations, chapter xviii, verse 24, "And in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth."

A.—There are a great many things said in the present, and there have been a great many things said in the past, and doubtless there will be much said in the future, that amounts to but very little.

Q.—In the book "New Atmosphere," Call Hamilton speaks of the duty of self-culture as so paramount, that if superior opportunities for education and development are to be obtained only away from home, sons and daughters should disregard the wishes and physical comfort of parents, in order to obtain such education, if they cannot otherwise leave home. What would be your counsel?

A.—An ancient counsellor says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." Well, this ancient counsellor may have been at fault, even though he was good and wise. In our opinion, the child is not called upon to ignore the higher law of his own nature to serve the caprices of parents. If they are earnestly prompted by their internal selves to go forth seeking for knowledge, it is our opinion they should obey the law of self. It matters not though a thousand parents should stand in the way. Parents are sometimes exceedingly selfish, and very bigoted with regard to their children. They have a certain fear that their children will learn too much; that no one can care for or dictate them in their studies as well as themselves. Now perhaps the truth is, any one can do it better. When children have arrived at that point of time when they are able to judge for themselves concerning the way in which they shall go through life, it is absolute folly to attempt to dictate them. You may counsel, may advise, but not dictate them. Every individual life has a way marked out in which to walk, and in that way only can it obtain knowledge and happiness. You may not know the way by which your child shall attain Heaven, and the child may not know the way in which its parents are to attain heaven; therefore it is not your place to dictate which way the child shall go, neither is it the child's place to dictate which way you shall go.

Q.—Is it true that the highest object of life is to grow?

A.—Yes, in one sense. Growth signifies enlargement, not simply of stature, but of all the faculties of soul. Growth signifies wisdom. They

who grow fast become early wise, when this term is applied particularly to the soul. Soul lives itself in an atmosphere of wisdom, and projects that life through that atmosphere down to mortals. You have but very feeble manifestations of power even from your own soul. You think, no doubt, that soul manifests itself in all its power, beauty and perfection, through many forms. Here you are mistaken. The soul only faintly shadows forth that power, that beauty, that Godliness that is its own through human life.

Q.—Is there not spiritual compensation for such loss of growth as we sustain by relinquishing our opportunities of growth to others who seem to need and desire them as much as we can?

A.—There is a law of compensation in the universe, and all will receive the full benefit of that law.

Q.—How do those who die in infancy gain the development that the experiences of earth-life were meant to afford them?—and is it either loss or gain to them to die thus?

A.—They gain the experiences of earth-life through all the various avenues through which they would have traveled had they remained on the earth till maturity. These avenues are without number.

CHAIRMAN.—L. M. Smith, of Cincinnati, Ohio, sends the following questions to our circle:

1st Q.—It has been asserted by the spirits that Mr. Lincoln was highly impressible, and under their control, pertaining to all matters of public importance. Such being the case, I would inquire if the spirits having him under their guardianship were not cognizant of the plot for his assassination, and if they could not have impressed him, or given warning through some other medium, in such a manner as to have averted the calamity.

A.—That Abraham Lincoln possessed a very impressible nature, is a truth. That he was ever under the guardianship of those who loved him; that many of those kind guides knew when his appointed time to meet them in the spirit-land had come, is also a truth. That they felt that there was a superior power guiding them, and giving them power to guide him, is also a truth. This so-called calamity is not such in reality. You are in the habit of clinging to form, to the things of time, the unreal, to that which must pass away or change form, and so you cling to these bodies, and when they fall off and leave the spirit free, you mourn. But the time will come when you will not do this, when you will recognize—perhaps many do now—that the Great Father is taking charge of you himself, that there is no time when he forgets you. When you change worlds, or are called upon to part with your physical bodies, you are called upon by the great Infinite Power that loves you, that never did you any harm, that is through many ways calling you higher. There are some who call this calamity a dispensation of Providence. Well, and so it is. Who shall say that Abraham Lincoln's time of change had not fully come? Who shall say that he was not ready to be taken into the great storehouse of the eternal world? I cannot, neither can you. We have affirmed that the many who guided him and watched over him tenderly, knew when he was to meet them in the land of souls, and how he was to come, whose hand was to assist him in laying off his physical body, and, however much they might have desired to have averted the blow, in their ignorance of God's divine law and in their supreme human love, they were not permitted so to do. They were silenced by the great Eternal Power ruling in the universe. Though they knew of this cloud that was to overshadow your nation, they were not permitted to prophesy of its coming.

2d Q.—I would further inquire if the crime, so unprovoked and so horrible in its nature that language fails to express the indignation felt in every human breast against the perpetrator of the diabolical deed, was not permitted by the spirits because of the tendency of the Chief Executive particularly, and the people generally, to deal more leniently with the leaders of the rebellion than the nature of their crime, and especially their own perverse natures demand, at the hands of justice? Or, in other words, if it were not permitted to remind the nation that in receiving them back into the Union upon terms of political equality, with all the rights of citizenship unimpaired, and the elective franchise restored, while their rebellious spirits are still unsubdued, (though exhausted in physical resources), we would be taking to our bosoms a viper, the serpentine influence of which, combined with the copperhead element of the North, would yet sting the nation to death, had it the power so to do?

A.—Abraham Lincoln was a man of mercy. His soul ever overflowed with mercy. He would rather say to his enemies, "I forgive you," than "I condemn you." His successor has less of mercy and more of justice, more of that stern element that is necessary to the times, more of that that shall say to the disturbers of your peace, "Beware how you do this again!" He can better say, "I condemn you," than Abraham Lincoln could. In a word, he is better fitted for this hour and those disturbers of your peace than his predecessor. Abraham Lincoln has been gathered to the home of his Father, crowned with glory. An immortal wreath of un fading flowers has been placed upon his brow by a loving and sorrowing nation. He has emancipated your slaves. He has said to the bondman, "Be free!" He has struck out from your Constitution its deepest and foulest blot. He has said to the nation, "Stand up and be free." Indeed, he has washed your robes for you, and has gone home to receive his reward. And he who now stands where he once stood, will lead these benighted children of the South out of darkness into light. He will show them where they have been mistaken, through stern justice. Remember that mercy, untempered with justice, is not always the best element with which to deal with traitors.

Q.—If the world is governed by law—which law is unchangeable—is prayer of any service? If so, how? If not, why did Christ pray, and command his disciples to do the same?

A.—He did not pray that the law might be changed, but that he might be brought into a condition to understand the law, and, therefore, avail himself of it. Prayer can in no way affect the immutable decrees of the Omnipotent Power, can in no way change law. It only brings him who prays into a condition to understand the law.

Q.—If the Bible is not inspired, how comes it to pass that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah so clearly summarizes the life and sufferings of Christ?

A.—We should hardly want to say there was no inspiration in the Bible, for we believe there is. There is much of truth there, although it has been very imperfectly rendered, as we have before said. God's inspiration runs through everything. It is the life of all thought. Now this record is but a record of the thoughts of those who lived on the earth in past ages, and all those thoughts were inspired. They were of God. But in passing through the various crucibles of the various ages, they have become, in their external forms, sadly changed; and that which, in the

original, meant one thing, now means quite another thing. When you are able to read the spirit of the letter as well as you read the letter, you will be able to discern how much of truth there is in all these various records.

Q.—Do you consider any one book more essentially inspired than any other?

A.—No, we certainly do not.

Q.—Are the works of Homer and Shakspeare essentially inspired?

A.—In our opinion they are.

Q.—The works of Euclid, also?

A.—The same.

Q.—In answer to the question in regard to the falling meteors of 1833, you spoke of them as being an atmospheric phenomenon. Is that an explanation?

A.—No; it is merely an assertion. It would be impossible to give a clear explanation of the phenomenon that occurred at that time. Whatever we might say would be only an assertion, after all.

Q.—Explanations are assertions, are they not?

A.—Yes; but an explanation, to be of use, to contain enough of truth to force itself into any other mind, must be demonstrable. Now we cannot demonstrate any theory that we cannot make clear to human senses.

Q.—Why not?

A.—Inasmuch as we have not the requisite conditions at hand for doing this.

Q.—What is requisite?

A.—A different atmosphere than that in which you are existing; that is, differently composed; not essentially, for your atmosphere is essentially the same, so far as its elements are concerned, as it was three thousand years ago. Now we might declare that the phenomenon referred to was produced by the relation the earth held toward the sun at that time, and, in our opinion, should be right if we should make such an assertion; and, by virtue of that condition, the atmosphere produced the child it did produce, that of which you question. We cannot tell why the earth was thus peculiarly situated in relation to the sun, and so produced the child it did. We know that Nature is very prolific in her manifestations. What she gives you to-day, doubtless she will not give you to-morrow. She has an infinite variety of forms through which to manifest herself to you.

Q.—If God is the author of all thought, how came it to pass, years ago, that a certain class of beings believed that the world was coming to an end. They were sincere in their belief, as they sold their property. Now did that thought come from God, and was it equally inspired with the thoughts of the Biblical writers?

A.—Yes; so far as the internal is concerned, so far as life, inspiration, are concerned, they are equally inspired. The thought was born of God, as much as any other thought was. Understand, that we do not admit of a second Power reigning in the universe. There is only one Power, in our opinion, that governs, and that is God. So, then, all thoughts that are of him are inspired.

Q.—God is the author of false, as well as true thoughts, is he not?

A.—The manifestation of the thought is not always an exact representation of the thought. You may have an idea in your mind that you will build a certain piece of mechanism. You think you have it very perfect. So you have. You think you know just how you are to go to work to give an outward expression to the thought. But, upon trial, you find you have made a mistake; and again and again you try to give form to your thought, but without success. Does it follow that the thought was imperfect? No, only the manifestation is imperfect. Might it not have been so with those people who claimed the world was to be burned up at such a time?

Q.—Is it fair to compare the finite with the Infinite? Is it not to be presumed that God expresses himself so clearly that there can be no mistake as to his intention?

A.—We believe that all God's inspiration comes to the soul intact and perfect. But we also believe it cannot be fully demonstrated through human life. The soul is, in itself, infinite. No one can successfully dispute this. It may be disputed, but not successfully, inasmuch as no one of you, at the present time, is able to understand the infinitude of his own soul.

Q.—Are we to understand that the soul is created of God, or a part of God?

A.—We maintain it is a part of God.

Q.—Are we not made by God?

A.—We claim that the soul, as a soul, had no creation; that, in its distinct and positive essence, it always existed. For that which was capable of being created, that which was created, may perish or pass away. We claim that the soul is immortal, and, if it is, it never had a beginning. It always was, and, therefore, always will be.

Q.—Is not matter essentially inwrought in soul?

A.—No; the soul manifests itself through matter, but matter is, by no means, a part of the soul.

Q.—Is not every human conception of thought a finite one?

A.—In itself it is.

Q.—Is not the human conception of Infinity a finite one?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Can an infinite mind produce a finite thought unlike itself?

A.—The thought is only finite in its manifestation. Inasmuch as all thought is born of the Infinite, it partakes of the Infinite. In other words, it is infinite when resolved back to its starting point. The manifestation of the thought that you can conceive of, you can measure; that is finite, but it is by no means its soul. It has been said, and is truly, too, that every man's God is but a larger growth of himself. Oh, that you would fully weigh this in your own minds, my dear friends. There is so great and grand a truth contained in this, that we hardly think you will be able to reach it in years to come. All of that larger growth, all the God you will be able to see, will come through yourself. This cannot be otherwise. You cannot see the God of the Hebrew. No; he must have a God fashioned after himself. But seek on, and you will come near, still nearer to this great Principle of Infinite Life; for he ever has his messengers through all the highways of life, who are ready to instruct you. Even the humblest flower that blossoms in the vale teaches of God. The grand old mountains teach you a lesson. The ever sounding waves of ocean talk to you of God. The little, silent pebbles preach to you of God. Even the falling raindrops are all mirrors of God and are all God's teachers—every one of them. May 22.

Eleanor Reed.

I hoped to get home before I died, but I did not. I am not sick, but I feel so. I had the ship fever. My father brought it from the vessel, and they called it typhoid fever. But the folks in the spirit-land say it was ship fever. Mother and I went on to meet father. We went to Baltimore to meet my father, Captain James Reed, that's his name—and I don't know how, but I caught the fever, and I had to die there, away from home. I was in hopes to get home. I lived in Detroit. My father's an Infidel; he do n't believe any-

thing. My mother's father was a minister. He lives in the spirit-land now. He says he don't know much, but he knows he lives now; and my father's too good a man to think when the body dies that's all these. And he said I ought to come here, and I ought to preach Christ and the resurrection, to my father. That means the resurrection of soul, my grandfather says. If I had my father here I could talk; I don't like to send letters—do n't like to send word. I want to talk to him; I want him here, sir. [You must ask him to give you an opportunity to speak to him.] Well, he's gone to New Orleans now.

I should be nine years old to-day, if I'd stayed here; nine years old to-day. I don't know what I am—do n't know how old I am now. I suppose I am nine, am I? [Yes.] If I'd lived here I should be. [You are nine all the same, though not in earth-life.] Well, I expect I am.

My father promised me something when I was nine years old, and I want it. I don't mean I want that; I want something. I won't ask for that, if he'll come here so I can talk. I won't ask for anything else. [You'd better mention what he promised you.] It was a little bit of a watch my father brought from Paris, about so big round, [forming a circle with thumb and first finger.] A little bit of a watch; and he said on my birthday I should have it. I won't ask for it; I don't want that now. I want him to come here. Yes, you tell him that Ellen wants to talk with him.

My right name was Eleanor. My father called me Ellen, and my mother called me Nellie. I suppose I had three names. I don't know how I shall be known. My name was Eleanor, Nellie, Ellen, something like that—well, it was all of them.

My grandfather says if my father do n't hear this call, I'd better ask leave to come again. His name was Rhodes, William Rhodes. No, he says he used to be, was when he was here—that name belonged to the body. Then I suppose mine did, and I haven't got it now. [Do n't your playmates call you by any name?] No, sir; I have n't got acquainted much—haven't been in the spirit-land long enough yet.

I wish I could go home. Well, I'm alive, ain't dead. I did die, but I'm alive now. What's your name? [William White.] I want to know who I shall call for, if I come again. Good-by. May 22.

James Ludersfield.

I will be obliged if you'll say that James Ludersfield, of Macon, Georgia, would be glad to talk with his sons. I have been waiting, been on the other side fourteen years. Ever since the breaking out of the war, I've been trying to come back, but as I never like to do things at the halves, I would n't come until I could see my way clear. So I've waited. Now I see that the way is open, and I want to talk to my sons. I suppose you understand all about these things. I've got something to say to them that I do n't want to say here; and their mother, too, has something to say. We would n't like to say what we wish to in this public way, so we'd like to have them come where we can talk. Do you understand? [You want them to furnish you with a medium.] That's just what I want.

Now, boys, do n't stop to speculate as to what I want; come and see; and do n't say that "no message or communication can come from father, for he is dead," but come and see whether he can speak or not; that's the way to do. Do n't say Lazarus is dead, until you know whether he is or not. I'm just as I was fourteen years ago, for what I know. I think the same, I feel the same, I have the same ideas, only I know more, have learned more, that's all. Good-day. May 22.

Isaac Edmonds.

I hail, sir, from the place where Abraham Lincoln made his home for so long a time—Springfield, Illinois. I was a member of the 11th Illinois, Company G; was killed in action. My folks have never heard how. They knew I went into action; was among the missing when the regiment came out of battle; that's all they knew about me. It's pretty hard to tell how I was killed. Folks on the other side say I was shot plump through the head. I suppose I was. I don't remember anything about it; I was in battle. I found myself suddenly without musket or body, either. [When you awoke to consciousness were you near your body?] I was directly over the head of my body. At first I was at a loss to tell whether it was me, whether it was my own body I saw; I was n't prepared for the change, though I've learned since that I was prepared. I suppose we all are, when we do n't know when the change comes. The preparation comes with it in dying. You get prepared in going through the operation.

My folks need n't feel bad about my being killed suddenly. It was far better than to be sick in the hospital, as some poor fellows are, for weeks. I was very fortunate; I was blessed with good health, I was never sick at all; but I kind of expected I should be killed in battle. I say I expected, I rather thought I should be one of the missing ones. I do n't think I feared at all to die, so I do n't want the folks to mourn for me; and if I ever did any good in my life, just think of that. If I ever did any harm—well, think of it long enough to avoid the same errors, then let it go.

Well, sir, if you'll be kind enough to say that Isaac Edmonds would be glad to communicate with his friends, I'll be much obliged. Let me see, I was in my twenty-third year, sir.

I should say, then, my father's name was exactly what mine was. I have two sisters and a brother. I'm no preacher, sir; you see, I can't preach much. May 22.

John Hinckley.

Had John Hinckley, of the 3d New Hampshire. Say I'm all right. May 22.

Father Streeter.

We sleep in death to awake in life. We lose our bodies that we may find our souls. Nature and God seem exceedingly kind, and somehow or other they seem to be in perfect harmony. When tired Nature is no longer able to answer the demands of soul, the great God says, "I will divorce the soul," and so the soul is separated from its body. One passes on into life eternal, and the other is resurrected again in forms of vegetation.

Oh, what a beautiful study this life is. Oh God, how glorious! In looking over my past life, I see such an endless variety of form and feature that it is with difficulty that I am able to recognize that that was an outgrowth of myself, something that was born of my own faculties.

Scenes that I passed through long ago are now so clearly visible, are now so absolutely distinct, that it seems to me that they are gifted, all of them, with immortality, and that they are unfading and eternal. I used to think, when I was living on the earth, that I could only fathom the mysteries of God, what if a happy man I'd be. But I now see that I should have been most unhappy had such power been given me then. For God, in my opinion,

vells his glory from the sight of humanity, and though humanity calls fondly for a glimpse of the glories of the other world, still the veil ever hangs between finite and infinite. The part cannot comprehend the whole.

Oh, I have been so fully impressed with these grand lessons of God's infinite power and wisdom, that there have been times when the universe itself seemed not large enough to hold me. It was too small for my soul. There have been times when I have been so filled with praise, that it seemed to me that all the universe was singing hymns of praise to God everywhere. It seemed that my whole soul was overflowing with wisdom. Oh, I have yet much to learn. Although at such times conscious of my own wisdom, yet I was a child, a little child, as much as I ever was here. But thanks be to God, there is room to grow, to unfold. All of life is ours, and all that we may use for our unfolding.

FATHER STREETER.

[Since the above message was given at our public circle, as per date, we have received letters from various parties asking for an explanation, they supposing the spirit who announced himself meant to be understood as Rev. Sebastian Streeter, (who is still in the form.) Others supposed it to be the spirit of Sebastian Streeter, Jr. While the subject was under discussion, at the close of our public circle on Tuesday last, a spirit seized the hand of our medium, and wrote—"Sebastian Streeter, Sen., is with you; Sebastian Streeter, Jr., is with us; nevertheless, the communication given in this room on May 22d, from a Father Streeter, is true."] May 22.

Invocation.

Oh Holy God, from whose fountain hath flowed all our joys and all our sorrows; thou who art the source of every tear that courses down the cheek of humanity, and of every smile that radiates its countenance; thou who givest us peace and war, sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow; thou who art our all, who art ever with us, this hour do thou baptize us in the holy spirit of prayer. Oh, enfold us in that holy atmosphere, so that we shall forget all envy, all malice, so that we shall remember only thou art our Father, and all thy creations are of the same great family. Oh Teacher Divine, thou hast led us through darkness and light; through countless avenues we have walked with thee. Thou hast cared for us through all the past. We have leaned upon thee. Why should we fear thee? Why should we still ask that thou wilt sustain us, bless us? Oh, we ask because we love to ask. We offer our petitions unto the Great Source of all things, because we love to. We come to thee as thy children, laying all our sorrows, all our joys, upon thy sacred altar, asking thee to bless them. Though they may seem like faded blossoms, having lost all their fragrance, perhaps their life, yet thou canst understand them, canst divine their inmost being, canst analyze and answer them. Father, Spirit, may thy children here fully understand the condition of those whom they have loved, who have passed beyond their human sight. Open their ears, that they may hear the sweet sounds that even now greet our senses, from our spirit-home. Unseal the sealed faculties of those beings, that they may hear the teachings of those who love them. Father, Spirit, we praise thee for all thy blessings. We adore thee for all things, but, most of all, for thy tender love. May 23.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—The New York Scalpel says, "There is no true tonic but pure air; no material of repair but blood." Is this statement true?

ANS.—Yes, it is true. Inasmuch as all the lesser-tonics have derived their medical properties from the air, and in order to be of use to physical life, are passed through the mediumship of the blood, so, in this sense, it is absolutely true.

CHAIRMAN.—Enos Lewis sends us one of the tracts given to a soldier in camp. He desires to know what advantage the perusal of such a tract will be to a sick soldier? The following words will give some idea of its character: "But are you indifferent to these things? Are you 'lukewarm'?" If so, a terrific hell yawns to receive you. A blackness of darkness forever awaits you. Even while I write and while you read, 'the wrath of God abideth on you.' (John III. 36.) May the terror of the lake of fire unquenchable arouse you. May you feel your wretched, miserable, lost condition, in order, with some heart and some reality, that you may look upon the sinner's substitute, and live."

A.—Pitiable indeed is the condition of the individuals who dictated it, for they have need of all your sympathy, all your pity, all your prayers for their redemption from the darkness that enshrouds their souls. You ask of what advantage the perusal of such a tract would be to a dying soldier? None at all, in our opinion. It is but a picture, an external manifestation of that condition of theological depravity that has existed, through a long line of ages, in the minds of certain individuals who look upon the Supreme Ruler of the Universe as one possessed of extreme vengeance. Again we say, we pity such, for they have need of pity. And you who are teachers of a better religion, more reasonable philosophy, should be found daily sending them your tracts, to enlighten their most benighted souls.

Q.—Can and do spirits ever suggest thoughts to mortals, at the same time supposing them to emanate from their own minds?

A.—Oh yes; this is frequently done. Indeed, in some instances it is exceedingly hard to draw a line of demarcation between your own thoughts and those that are given you from an outside source.

Q.—What are the necessary conditions whereby a disembodied spirit may render itself visible to the corporeal eyes of man?

A.—There are many conditions requisite: First, a mold through which they can pass the elements that they may be able to extract from atmospheric life known as a medium, for that peculiar class of manifestations. Secondly, an electrical state of the atmosphere. Third, an harmonious condition of mind of the seer. And so we might go on for a long while. But the time is nigh at hand when the inhabitants of the now, to you, unseen or invisible world will have so far learned the law governing these manifestations, as to be able to avail themselves of it almost directly. And where you now speak of these intelligences as invisible, you will nearly all agree in declaring that they are no longer unseen.

Q.—Is that time supposed to be very near?

A.—Very near. You are now standing upon the very threshold of it.

Q.—That there is an essence possessing the attributes of love, benevolence, mercy, justice, infinite wisdom, and unlimited power, and is every where present; which formed and forms and sustains all things, visible and invisible; which acts with unremitting energy and undeviating regularity, is evidenced so strongly by everything we are conversant with above, below, around and within us, we think, to be absolutely incontrovertible. To this essence the soul instinctively refers its origin; from it infers its never-ending du-

Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGEL SONG.

BY SARAH A. DAVIS.

Sing, oh sing me a beautiful dream, Fresh from the land above, Sing me a dream, of the silvery stream, That flows to the land of Love.

Sing, oh sing how the loved away Glide on its peaceful breast; Floating away from their silent clay Home to the land of rest.

"Beautiful Stream, in thy silvery sheen Little white arms we see, Little soft hands point to the strand, Point, and beckon to thee.

Often they come, when silent and lone Ye sigh for the darlings down, Bright sunny eyes from the blue skies Know thee, and call thee their own."

Oh, when ye come to our bright home Come to our land above, Sweetly we'll sing, and flowers we'll bring That bloom in the Land of Love.

Margaretta, O., 1865.

Correspondence in Brief.

Children's Lyceums in the West.

I am rejoiced to be able to say Spiritualism still lives in the West. To-day we no longer feel that we are weak, but in strength, can stand up bravely and proclaim the beautiful truths of the Harmonical Philosophy. The chains of bigotry and superstition, which have so long fettered the mind, are being broken, and are gaining strength each day. Little children appreciate the teachings of a religion so lovely; and older people rejoice in its simplicity.

One year ago the Spiritualists of this place formed an organization, calling it the West Grove Progressive Sunday School; a school wherein it was hoped the young mind might expand, might be aroused to freedom of thought, and where the minds of older growth would receive new strength to labor. The school prospered, grew in strength beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, and now we feel, children and all, that we are a school—a people, worthy the respect of older schools, and older people.

On the 4th inst. we met to celebrate our first anniversary. The day was one of joyous brightness, and "crowds of people came" to worship and be merry with us. Little children came with rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, feeling that the day was for their enjoyment, that no forms or ceremony would cramp their minds. All went into the exercises of the school with alacrity, and unusual cheerfulness, and so contented that "had come" of the school, a procession was formed, the children, with banner and flag, taking the lead, and all marched out into a beautiful grove, where a large table, loaded with "everything good," stood waiting. The order was extremely good, and all went off "merry as a marriage bell." After the dinner, we repaired to a grove prepared for the meeting of the Temperance Society, where we were cheered by singing and speaking; the I. O. G. T. cooperating with us, and adding in the good course of temperance, by giving their voices in singing and speaking. The day had been one of unusual joyousness, and we all went home determined to live and do good. JESSIE WRIGHT. Pennville, Jay Co., Ind., June 21, 1865.

Correction.

In the Banner of May 27, under the head of Convention at Hammononton, is a statement from Mr. and Mrs. Nichols which reflects upon my veracity. I am bad enough, the Lord knows; but as it is not my custom to tell direct falsehoods, and as I am not guilty in this particular case, allow me to set things right. In the Call of the Convention, I stated that the Spiritualists of Hammononton unanimously voted to sustain it, and open their doors for entertainment, free. Mr. N. says they did not. Now Mr. Nichols means that the Spiritualists, as an organized society, in one of their special meetings, did not. But the fact is, they were all present (Mr. and Mrs. N. excepted,) to hear a lecture from me in the afternoon, on Sunday, (their regular meetings being in the morning and evening,) and they did then and there vote as above, and the Spiritualists of H. will sustain me in this declaration. As it regards the using of names, as a Committee of Entertainment, it having been forgotten in public, I confess an indiscretion in using some names, not all, among them Mrs. N.'s, without consulting them personally. Mrs. N.'s was suggested by one of the lady committee, in good and regular standing in the society, and as her husband had frequently said to me that he had no antagonism to my movement, I put it down reluctantly, for I knew Mrs. N. was not well, never once dreaming that she would object to it, if able, with so respectable a company as we all professed to be. As for the free love insinuation, that must belong to somebody else; it certainly does not to me, nor the party I represent. I own up to being "sage" and "philosophical," and am vain enough to think I was pretty well "reformed" before I came to Hammononton, and hope by my good example to convert Mr. and Mrs. N. from undue sensitiveness to the broad platform of a pure, chaste, practical, consistent, comfortable life, where we shall all strive to overlook mistakes and build each other up the most holy faith and practice. Yours, ever ready to be corrected when wrong, D. H. HAMILTON.

Wisconsin Spiritualists.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" met, according to appointment, at Spring Vale, Wis., on Saturday, June 10th, 1865, and continued until Sunday evening. In the absence of the President, the Convention was called to order by the Secretary, when, on motion, Mr. J. Webster, of Berlin, was chosen Chairman, pro tem. Mr. E. V. Wilson and Mrs. Ada L. Ballou were present as speakers. The Chairman appointed the usual Committees, and the balance of the day was spent in conference. Saturday evening lecture by Mr. Wilson. Sunday morning was occupied by speeches of ten minutes each until 10 o'clock, when Mr. Wilson gave a second lecture. Subject, "Diabolism." At 2 o'clock, a lecture by Mrs. Ballou. Subject, "Good out of seeming evil." The following committee for selecting the place for holding the next Quarterly Meeting were appointed by the Chairman, viz: Oshkosh, O. Libby and Mrs. Lydia Smallley; Fond du Lac, L. H. Spencer; Berlin, Elch Hamilton; Kingston, M. Wilkins; Omro, N. Gerard; Princeton, Dr. Hawley; Appleton, Mrs. A. B. Randall; Waupun, Mrs. W. who reported in favor of holding said Convention at Oshkosh on the 9th and 10th of September next. The Committee to whom was referred the subject of Organization at the last meeting, desired to have the time for making their report extended until the September meeting, as the Chairman of the Committee was absent. The closing lecture was given in the evening by Mr. Wilson, to a crowded house, when, on motion, the association, after passing a vote of thanks to the people of Spring Vale for their kindness and hospitality, adjourned, to meet at Oshkosh on the 9th of September next, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day. JOHN P. GALLUP, Sec. Oshkosh, Wis., June 14, 1865.

Gone Home.

We are under the painful necessity of announcing to you the "passing to the summer-land" of our much esteemed and faithful brother in the cause of spiritual progression—Lucius Balcomb, aged seventy-five years. He was called from his labors by his reward rather suddenly—being sick but twenty-four hours. He was unconscious during his sickness, but having previously, in hours of strength, made it his special request to be buried in the way of his belief, his friends procured the services of Mrs. Lucretia Sweet, trance

speaker, of Middletown, Conn. The influence gave an able and instructive discourse to the relations and friends of the deceased, drawing from many opposite expressions of unqualified admiration, and this remark from a gifted Congregationalist minister—"the address was the best I ever heard." This being the first occasion of funeral ceremonies in our way, in this village, and the fact that the Baptist Church was refused the friends to meet in, though unoccupied, gives more interest to the friends, who offer this for your columns. D. C. Lord kindly offered his large and commodious Hall to them, for which he has their thanks. Yours in the cause of Truth, N. H. BOWERS. Moodus, Conn., June 25th, 1865.

The Banner.

As we are both enlisted in the same common cause, dear Banner, namely: the regeneration and spiritualization of the human family, I take the liberty to send you a few lines. I have been watching the general reception of your "redefining folds," throughout my travels in the different States where I have been lecturing, and feel proud in saying you are doing much in dispelling the dark, mystical clouds of Theology, which have so long hid from view the faces of the loved ones passed on before. Surely and fearlessly are you driving back the grim monster, Death, to that grave that has so long been dug for his reception by the mortal; Progression, and I feel confident in saying you will not cease your labors in this department of your missionary life, till you have tumbled him into his final resting-place, and buried him so deeply and preached his funeral sermon so satisfactorily that his resurrection will never reach the spot. I can only say to you, "Go on in your work." I need not invoke the blessing of angels to go with you, for I know they are walking companions with you always. I have done all I could to add new names to your list of subscribers, and will do so as mostly in the future as I have in the past. I would say to your many readers, I am not engaged for the coming fall and winter as yet, and will answer calls for Sunday lectures, also to speak week evenings and attend funerals. My address is, for the present, West Paris, Maine. Fraternally yours, M. H. HOUGHSON. Malden, Mass., June 24, 1865.

A Powerful Clairaudient.

Having had considerable experience the past six years in witnessing the various wonderful manifestations of our religious science of Spiritualism, and knowing the importance of having right conditions, especially of having an undeveloped medium, to obtain clear communications, allow me to say that a lady friend, Mrs. Abby M. L. Forrester, of Alexandria, Va., seems, in every respect, to possess the above qualifications, together with very extraordinary clear sight, and, what seems to me to be new and very remarkable, power of hearing the conversation of persons at any distance from her, even if it be miles away. Can any one explain the philosophy of such unusual clairaudient power? DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS. Norfolk, Va., June 27, 1865.

D. D. Home, the Medium.

PROVIDENCE, June 23d, 1865. MR. EDITOR—A friend has just placed in my hands a copy of your paper for June 10th, in which the leading editorial is devoted to an attack on a letter in the Providence Journal, about Mr. Home, the medium. If you will take the trouble to re-peruse the letter, I think you will see that you have mistaken its import. Perhaps this mistake is attributable, in part, to the fact that the Providence Journal—being a highly "respectable" and conservative journal, and thinking it may be, with Charles Lamb, that "truth is precious and not to be wasted on everybody"—decided, on mature deliberation, to omit from the published letter a passage in relation to Mr. Lincoln's faith in Spiritualism. The publication of the passage might have clarified our meaning, and saved us from the tremendous onslaught which came down upon us this morning, "terrible as an army with banners." If you will oblige me by re-publishing, in your paper, my letter to the Providence Journal, with the omitted paragraph, as italicized, I shall not be sorry for the misapprehension which has occurred; and if you will, moreover, take the trouble to read the poem of Mr. Browning, to which I have referred, you will understand why it is regarded by some of Mr. Browning's warmest admirers as "a blot on the scutcheon." SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. [From the Providence Journal.] NEW YORK, May 23d, 1865. The Atlantic Monthly, in a criticism on Robert Browning's last volume of poems, assumed us that Spiritualism was a subject too ignominious to bear handling with impunity; leaving us to infer that even Robert Browning's eccentric muse had incurred "a blot on the scutcheon" by tampering with a fact, I believe, which is very generally conceded, even by his warmest admirers. Spiritualism, it must be confessed, is decidedly disreputable. It is only the few who can afford to live without a character for "respectability" and the many who have but a slender chance of ever being able to attain one, who may venture, openly, to countenance it. Did not Sir David Brewster, after an uneasy ride on a rampant dinner-table, doggedly declare that the last thing he would "give in to" was spirit? And did not Blackwood's Magazine recently denounce the giving in to "demons and the Davenport Boys" as the ultimatum of implety, declaring, on the highest Protestant authority, that all spirits, when liberated from the body, went directly to Paradise, there to remain in a comatose state till the day of judgment? Assuredly, Spiritualism must be the greatest of heresies. It is true that Abraham Lincoln, with his cool, passionless temperament, and clear, unclouded brain, not only believed in Spiritualism, but held frequent seances with mediums, "trying the spirits," and receiving from them, in many intricate positions of his troubled career, valued words of encouragement and counsel. But whatever we may think of Spiritualism, the career of Mr. Home, through whose influence or mediumship it has been introduced into so many of the courts and capitals of Europe, is certainly one of those traditional "truths which are stranger than fiction." Mr. Home was born in Scotland of poor parents; his father was the child of an unacknowledged marriage between a handsome and dissipated Scotch nobleman, the late Lord Home, of Berwickshire, and a young and innocent school-girl, who died of grief on discovering the doubtful legality of her marriage. Mr. Home was brought to America in his childhood, by relatives who had adopted him. He inherited from his mother's side what is called in Scotland the "right of second sight," and in 1850, at the age of seventeen, became an involuntary medium for the so-called spiritual manifestations, which brought upon him much domestic persecution, until he was finally banished from his home by the pious horror of his relatives. In a few years we find this sensitive, friendless, deserted child an inmate of courts and palaces, the companion of nobles, and the favored guest of princes. The beautiful Eugenie charges herself with the education of his young sister, and sends him to America to bring her to Paris, where she has been for the last seven or eight years, under the special protection of the Empress, her education being just now completed. In 1853, while living in complete retirement at Rome, whether he had gone for the benefit of his health, his society was sought by a Russian family of distinction, and within twelve days of his introduction to them, he was the accepted and betrothed lover of the young and beautiful sister-in-law of the Count de Koucheleff Besorodkna, a wealthy and powerful nobleman, who stood high in the favor of the Czar, and owned eighty thousand serfs. This sounds very much like a story in the Arabian Nights, but can be authenticated by a cloud of witnesses. The young lady to whom he was betrothed, was the daughter of General Count de Kroll, of Russia, and the goddaughter of the Emperor Nicholas. It was through the good offices of the Emperor in Mr. Home's behalf that all obstacles to the marriage were finally surmounted. Alexander Dumas was present at the wedding, and has published an amusing account of his journey to Petersburg with Home, and the Count and Countess de Koucheleff, in a work en-

titled, "De Paris a Astrolan." Mr. Home was married in August, 1853, and on the 3d of July, 1861, his wife died at Chateau Laroche, the residence of her sister-in-law. Mrs. S. O. Hall, who has recently contributed so many interesting sketches to the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, has written an eloquent memorial of this lovely young wife and mother, which is appended to the volume by Mr. Home, entitled, "Incidents in my Life." It portrays a character whose intuitive grace and childlike innocence belong to a type as rare as it is beautiful. A miniature portrait of Mrs. Home, shown me by her husband, fascinates and surprises by the strange and singular character of its beauty. It is a sweet, unworshipful face, serene and noble, full of candor and innocence, and exudes an unconscious power. The costume, faultless in its unconstrained and negligent grace, seems to be a wide robe of white cashmere with full sleeves, gathered at the throat and wrist into narrow bands of crimson satin, wrought with gold; in all the dress a noble grace and freedom, with nothing to remind you of the painfully elaborate decorations of modern fashion. The dark hair, beautifully relieving the pearly outline of the face, falls in two wavy folds to the waist. It is a face like that of the Dresden Madonna, which lifts you out of the wearisome world of routine and ordinary life like sweet and melancholy music. Let those who would become better acquainted with the original of this lovely picture, read Mrs. Hall's "In Memoriam."

I had long been familiar with the leading facts of Mr. Home's life, and gladly accepted an invitation to meet him at a private party last week in Thirty-fifth street. It is not my intention to speak of the incidents of an informal seance, held on that occasion, at which several persons of distinguished literary reputation were present, among others an eminent Unitarian clergyman of this city, and the editor of the leading Orthodox newspaper, who believe that all the persons who were most favorably impressed by the intelligence and the gentlemanly bearing of Mr. Home, as well as by the rich and impressive tones of his voice, and the earnest simplicity of his conversation. Robert Browning complains that in the magic circle, "Bacon advises, Shakespeare writes you sonnets, And Mary, Queen of Scots, embraces you." None of these things happened to us, and if the tables were turned a little, our heads were not. On Thursday evening of last week, Mr. Home gave a reading at Dowdworth's Hall, one of the most interesting features of which was his masterly and daring original recitation of Browning's great poem, "The Bay Fight," published last December in Harper's Monthly. Admiral Barratt and his wife were present at the recitation, and all felt that the old sailor's heart must have been re-embodied in that terrible "chime of fire and blood," which has made his name and his fame immortal. On Saturday Mr. Home sailed in the City of London for Liverpool. He came to this country a few months ago to visit his friends, and has passed most of his time with them in quiet retirement. I recollect having heard of or through some friends that a gentleman of Providence, who chanced to be a passenger on board the steamer in which Mr. Home sailed for Europe in 1857, admitted to a friend that, while on the voyage, he, with many of the passengers, rather shunned the pale and sensitive "medium," who was looked upon by them as a charlatan or something worse. Soon after his arrival in Paris, however, they met Mr. Home in the Champs Elysees, riding with the Count de Morny and other friends of the Emperor, and he confessed that he had been startled by this fellow-passenger's courteous recognition. On this occasion, at least, the tables were decidedly turned. S. H. W.

A. J. Davis to the Whole Family of Spiritualists.

BRETHREN—I have just sent to the press the stereotype plates of a little work on physical and spiritual education, entitled "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," containing over three hundred pages of instructions, lessons, recitations, devotional hymns, songs of progress, and descriptive chapters; so that you can fully understand the fundamental principles of spirit growth and harmonical culture, as they are known and applied "in the kingdom of heaven," which, in the language of the Primitive History of Spiritualism, is composed chiefly of "little children"—or, perhaps, in more common phrase, of all who are loving, and intuitive, and wise, and youthful, and spontaneous, transparent in heart, playful, worshipful of divine things, ever-learning, and always doing good to others. The little volume is ample in suggestions, and is freighted with pabulum for the organization and nourishment of the higher and more heavenly system of education. I speak to you thus freely and frankly of its contents, because I am neither the author of the ideas nor the system presented, but only the compiler and whole-souled advocate of what has been derived from "The Summer Land." Where you find imperfections in the statement, there I am willing to be deemed the author, and shall be ever ready to welcome criticism, and to adopt what time and experience shall demonstrate to be "improvements." The Spiritualists of America will advance civilization just in proportion as they interest the little ones of each household in the holy truths of science, philosophy, morality, and spirit cultivation. The Children's Progressive Lyceum is so constituted that adults equally with children enjoy the programme, and are equally benefited by its friendly discipline and harmonizing laws of mutual instruction. All the advantages, social as well as intellectual, of conferences and circles, are developed in the sessions of the Lyceum. I congratulate you that so many talented speakers and mediums have already offered their services to congregations, and it is to be hoped that, with your sympathy and financial support, they will be adequately inspired to organize and establish complete Lyceums in every community. The labor is nothing when it flows from the fountain of LOVE. The labor of "duty" is irksome, always, and is seldom a benefit to the doer. Yet the work of duty is better than idleness, and infinitely higher than the works of selfishness. But the labors of love, among children, are not only heavenly in their effect, but in attractiveness they exceed the delights of music, and are more fruitful of happiness than the prayers of innumerable saints. Brethren! Shall we not authorize agents to travel from city to city, and from community to community, explaining the laws of true education, and assisting in the establishment of Children's Lyceums? Brothers Finney and Loveland have already demonstrated their talent in this direction, and there are several well-known and beloved speakers on the progressive platform, women as well as men, who are abundantly qualified to commence these schools—only waiting for your "amen," sympathetically and financially, to take hold in practical earnestness and put the movement in operation. But you need not wait even for speakers, because "My Spirit" will convey all needed instruction, and with the mental qualities of order, industry, patience, and a love of children, any father or mother can become "Conductor," or "Guardian of the Group," and set about the external proceedings which precede the birth of the beautiful work. In evidence of this, I have but to refer you to Children's Lyceums in Philadelphia, in Lowell, in Chicago, in New York, and in several lesser cities, where the chief Officers and the Leaders are gentlemen and ladies, both old and young, who have never before been prominent in the front ranks of Spiritualism, and yet they fulfill the functions of their respective offices in the presence of large numbers of spectators, from Sunday to Sunday, with acknowledged grace, skill, and unrestrained enthusiasm. The true Officers and the true Leaders are sure to come forth after a few brave souls inaugurate the work and prove their faith in its principles. May you all look with the eyes of love and wisdom at these golden opportunities. Fraternally, A. J. DAVIS.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canada: the National Executive Committee send Greetings.

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members. This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization.

All Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discussions of the questions which may come before the Convention.

- S. S. JONES, Chairman, F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec., HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., H. F. GARDNER, M. D., M. F. SHUEY, SOPHRONIA E. WARNER, MILO O. MOTT, WARREN CHASE, BELDEN J. FINNEY, H. B. STORER, MARY F. DAVIS, A. M. SPENCE, M. M. DANIEL.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

DR. J. L. BRAFFITT, SILAS SMALL, DR. COOPER, AGNES COOK, Committee.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

- RELIGIOUS SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chancery street, Sundays, at 10 1/2 A. M. Free. CHILSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Cronin, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 9. QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Speakers in the forenoon at 10 1/2, and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 9. FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 11 and 8 1/2 P. M. WATSON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall, on Friday at 7 1/2 and 10 P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 16, 23 and 30. 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