

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY CORA WILBURN, EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Thusnelda.

One of my friends, whose name was Waldrich, having some two years before completed his studies, had settled himself in one of our Provincial Capitals in some minor employ under the Government, when a blast from the holy trumpet of freedom awoke him. The call was for the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of the French usurper. It is well known what patriotic zeal was kindled among the people. Fatherland and freedom, was the battle-cry in cities and in villages. Thousands upon thousands of young men joyously flocked around the standard. The uprising was for the honor of their native land; for the hope of living upon Hermann's soil, lives worthy of a better age. My dear friend Waldrich had assumed his share of the holy zeal and beautiful hopes of the time; in short, he resigned his office, and chose the sword in place of the pen.

As he was not of age, and his parents were no longer living, and he was in need of means to travel with, he wrote to his guardian for the permission to fight for his country, and plead for one hundred dollars, wherewith to defray the necessary expenses. Herr Bantes, a wealthy manufacturer in the little city of Herbesheim on the Aa, who had been as a father to him, (Waldrich had lived in his house from a boy, until he entered the high school), was an elderly, eccentric gentleman. He sent the young man a letter containing fifteen louis d'or in gold, and these words: "My friend, when you shall be a year older, you can dispose of the small remainder of your property at your own pleasure. Until then, I beg you will postpone your march for Fatherland and attend to your business at home, so that you may obtain a lucrative office and the daily bread, of which you are much in need. I know what my duty toward you is, as well as toward my friend, your departed father. Do let all your nonsensical ideas go, and become solidly sensible. Therefore, I do not send a single penny. Remain yours, &c."

The fifteen louis d'or wrapped in paper, formed a visible contradiction to the words of the letter. Waldrich might never have solved the riddle, had not his eyes fallen on the slip of paper in which the money had been enclosed. He took it up and read:

"Do not be discouraged; go, and defend the righteous cause of our dear native land. God shield you! This is the wish of your former playmate, FREDERICKA."

This playmate Frederika, was no other than the daughter of Herr Bantes. Only the powers above knew how she came to be her father's letter-sealer. Waldrich felt like one inspired, more because of the heroic language of the brave young girl, than moved by the sight of the gold, which probably she had sent out of her own savings. He wrote immediately to a friend in Herbesheim, and sent a few lines of gratitude to the little girl. (He forgot that the little girl might have grown somewhat during four years.) He called her his "German Thusnelda," and proud and hopeful as a second Hermann, he wandered off toward the army and the Rhine.

The Incognito.

I will not digress by relating Waldrich's Hermann-deeds of bravery; suffice it to say, he was always on the right spot. Napoleon was happily deprived of the Imperial power and sent to Elba. Waldrich did not return, like the other volunteers, but remained in the service, preferring it to the tedious labors of his dusty law office. His regiment joined in the second advance against the French, and returned after the completed campaign, amid the rejoicings of life and drum, to Fatherland and home. Waldrich, who had been in two battles and several skirmishes, had been fortunate enough to escape without injury. He flattered himself with the hope that his patriotic efforts would be rewarded with a good office in civil life; for he was much esteemed in the regiment for his amiable traits of character, and his varied talents. But he did not obtain what he expected; there were too many sons of Presidents and Councilors to be attended to. These had been wise enough to remain at home, and send others to the holy war. Of course the preference was given to those of higher birth; Waldrich was the son of a plain citizen; there was no help for it. He remained a simple First Lieutenant, and the more willingly so, as Herr Bantes had long since sent to him the balance of his patrimony, and it had sped its way to the four winds of heaven. He spent his time making verses, and philosophical observations were noted down in his memory while on parade. But time hung heavily upon his hands, until, quite unexpectedly, his company received orders to proceed to Herbesheim.

At the head of his company—for the Captain, a wealthy Baron, was absent on a furlough—my friend entered his native city. How strangely he felt about the heart, as the two black church-towers and the ancient gate met his eye! The drum ceased before the State House, and two officials of the town brought the billets of accommodation; which gave to the officer in command his quarters in the best, that is, the richest house in the city—that of Herr Bantes. The gentlemen in authority could not have assigned to him a more agreeable surprise.

The comrades parted in the best of humor, for it was near the welcome dinner hour, and the citizens, who had been notified in time of the ex-

pected military guests, had amply provided for them. Waldrich, who well remembered the two gentlemen delegated to receive him, observed that he was totally unrecognized by them; for they addressed him with much deference and respect, as a stranger, and accompanied him to the house of the manufacturer. Herr Bantes received him in the same manner, and led him into a pleasant room.

"Sir Commandant," said the polite host, "this and the adjoining apartment was occupied by your predecessor; I hope you will content yourself here. Make yourself at home, and then we shall expect you to dinner, and the like. Make yourself as comfortable as you can."

Our Waldrich was highly amused at his reception, and he resolved to maintain his incognito, until a fitting opportunity should present itself to make himself known. As soon as he had changed his dress, he was called to dinner. He found at the table, besides Herr Bantes and wife, several old clerks and overseers of the factory, all of whom he remembered; but a young lady was present whom he could not recollect ever having seen before. The conversation turned upon the weather, the day's march of the company, and the regret felt by the whole community for the departure of the former garrison.

"I hope," said Waldrich, "you will be satisfied with my people; only give us time to feel at home among you."

In order to feel more at home, he was induced to ask his hostess whether she had any children, hoping thus to hear of his friend, Frederika.

"I have one daughter," replied Madame Bantes, and she glanced toward the young lady, who modestly cast down her sparkling eyes. Waldrich's eyes opened to their fullest extent. Gracious heaven! the little Rilka had been transformed into a being of superior mold! So thought the young man, as he gazed upon the modest young girl. He made some random remarks to cover his embarrassment, and was much relieved when papa Bantes said:

"Take another spoonful of gravy, and so forth, on your dry toast there, Commandant." His wife spoke of a son gone home to the immortal land in early childhood, and her voice was tremulous with the agitation of her mother-heart. "Let the past be, mother," said Herr Bantes; "who knows but he might have turned out a spendthrift, and so on, like that fly-away of a George?"

It was now Waldrich's turn to cast down his eyes; for the "spendthrift, and so on," named as George, was no less a person than himself.

"But, papa, how do you know that George is really such a spendthrift as you imagine?" said Frederika. The question aroused the Commandant; for it gave an indication of the remembered friendship of his playmate. Such an interesting query from such lovely lips, served as honey-balsam to compensate him for the bitter pills so lavishly bestowed upon him by her father. For, in order to entertain his guest, he related the lifelong history of the silent and embarrassed listener, from the cradle up to the time of his assuming the soldier's garb for the defence of Fatherland.

"If the lad had learnt anything useful at the University," said the old gentleman, at the conclusion of the narrative, "he would never have gone among the soldiers, and so forth. If he had remained at home, he would be sitting somewhere as a well-salaried physician, lawyer, and so on; and would have his good daily bread and income."

"I do not know whether he applied himself industriously to study; but I know that he went into the army with a zealous heart, willing to sacrifice himself for the holy cause of freedom," replied the daughter.

"Let me alone with your holy cause, and so on!" cried Herr Bantes. "Where is the 'holy' stuff to be found, I ask? The French have been chased out of the country. Very well. But the holy Empire has gone to the deuce and the mischief all the same. The old taxes have been retained, and new ones added; the cursed English, with their wares, have again admittance, and no one cares whether we holy Germans come down to be holy beggars or not! The Court people, Ministers, and the like, eat and drink as before, do as they please, know nothing about business; they let the manufacturers come to bankruptcy, and help not with either A, or O. The world is in the same condition as of old, and worse. If an honest soul, who understands the matter better than their Excellencies, with the cross and ribbon over the buttonhole, and indifference beneath it—if such a one opens his mouth to whistle another tune from theirs, he is quickly hushed up. March the forlorn sinner into a prison-hole, take him out of office, sit inquisition on him, rub him out; he is a demagogue and a revolutionist, and so on! I tell you, child, hold your tongue; you do not understand these matters. You must look no further beyond your teapot than into the cup, and you won't spill the tea."

Waldrich observed that his old friend was still the same eccentric, excitable, good-natured man as ever, with whom it was impossible to feel angry. As he was called upon for his judgment on the question, he very wisely and considerately gave his opinion in favor of the father—that is, with regard to the "holy cause." And he won the old gentleman's respect for his clear judgment and perfect comprehension. Then, as he did not wish to condemn himself totally, he gave the right also to his interesting genius, Frederika, on the point of the goodness of heart ascribed to George, with which he undertook the sacrifice of self for his country.

"I see it all!" cried Herr Bantes, cheerfully. "The Herr Commandant has as much cunning as had Hansi Paris in the choice before Troy, and so forth. Makes it easy, cuts the apple in two, gives each one a piece, and says, 'Much good may it do you!'"

"No, Herr Bantes; your George was mistaken,

as thousands of others were, probably as I have been myself. I, too, followed the army for the deliverance of Germany, and left everything. Our army was destroyed, as you know, and the people were compelled to rise, because the army could no longer help. It was no time for calculation or for questions; we had to fight to save the life and honor of the nation. We have done so. We will now await the better time. Our best statesmen cannot restore the lost Paradise by a trick of hand. I, at least, do not regret the step I have taken."

"All respect to you, Herr Commandant," said the host, with a low bow; "all respect to your exemption from the rule. The exceptions are the best about the rule in this world. But it is as comical as it is serious to think of our citizens, farmers, merchants, and manufacturers giving their money, for twenty years, to maintain in peace an army of several hundred thousand idle defenders of the throne; help to keep them in velvet, silk and gold; and when in the twenty-first year these defenders of the throne are cut to pieces, we ourselves have to arise in order to uphold the wheels of Government, and cause them again to revolve."

With such lively discussions all began to feel at home with each other during the first dinner-hour. The Lieutenant felt at ease in his disguise, yet he longed for the time to come to cast it aside.

The Discovery.

His incognito was ended before he was aware of it.

Frau Bantes, a quiet observant woman, who spoke but little and thought the more, had recognized him by his voice; and his visible embarrassment when the "spendthrift George" was mentioned, corroborated her conviction. But she said not a word to any one of her discovery. That was her way; few women possessed in like degree the faculty of retaining their thoughts from expression. She heard all, listened and compared, and drew her own conclusions. Therefore she knew more of passing events than any other inmate of the house; and she led by her influence all business matters and other enterprises, without a waste of words. Even the willful, lively old gentleman, bent upon his own way, yielded to her without knowing that he did so. That Waldrich did not discover himself to her appeared strange; she silently resolved to find out the reason.

He had in fact no reason, and only sought for an opportunity of surprising the family. That evening, as he was summoned to tea, he found Frederika alone in the dining-room. She had just returned from a visit, and had taken off her shawl and hat.

"Fraulein," he said, "I must give you my thanks for your generous defence of my friend Waldrich."

"You know him, Herr Commandant?"

"He often spoke of you, but certainly not as often as you deserved."

"He was long with us. But he is a little ungrateful in not once returning to see us. Does he conduct himself well? Is he esteemed by his comrades?"

"No one complains of him. No one has more cause of complaint than you have, Fraulein."

"Then he must be good; for I have nothing against him."

"But he is yet, as I know, your debtor."

"He does not owe me anything."

"He has told me of some money, needed for his traveling expenses, which his guardian refused him, and which was sent by your hand."

"I gave it to him; I did not loan it."

"Is he any the less your debtor, Thusnelda?"

Frederika gazed upon the Lieutenant in amazement as he uttered that name; and, as by a sudden ray of light, it became clear to her who stood before her. She colored as she recognized him, and with joyous surprise exclaimed:

"It is not possible!"

"It is indeed, dear Frederika, if I may still be permitted to call you so. Alas! I may not use the familiar thou, as in former days. Yes, the debtor, the sinner, stands before you; pardon him! If I had known before what I now do, a thousand times for one would I have flown to Herbesheim."

He took her hand and kissed it.

At that moment Frau Bantes entered the room. Frederika hastened toward her, saying:

"Mamma, dear, do you know who the Commandant is?"

The face of the good mother was overspread with a fleeting blush. She answered, with a soft smile:

"George Waldrich."

"How, mamma? You knew it, and kept it a secret? This is the mark near the left eye that he received in a fall from the highest pear tree in the garden, while he was getting some of the finest pears for me. Do you remember?"

"What do I not remember?" replied Waldrich, and he kissed the kind hand of his foster-mother. He asked her forgiveness for not having come to see her before; declared it was not from ingratitude, forgetfulness, or indifference—he could not define what it was that had within his spirit resisted the desire of return to Herbesheim.

"Perhaps the same reason," said Frau Bantes, in a low tone, "that withholds the happy spirits from a desire to return to their caterpillar human state. You were here an orphan, and as such, a stranger. That we could never make you forget. You were here, a boy, dependent, often faulty. You had no charming recollections of childhood. This city has been more your schoolhouse than your native home. As soon as you became a

man, and free, you felt happier elsewhere than you could be with us."

Waldrich looked up to the speaker with a tear glistening in his eye.

"You are the same loving, wise and plump mother still! You are right. But now I feel more at home in Herbesheim than I ever expected to; and I must confess, the contrast between my past and present circumstances may be the cause. Oh, how I wish I had come sooner! Only give me, in your motherly heart, the privileges I once held there, of a foster-son!"

The good woman had no time to answer, for her husband entered, and all drew at once to the table. When Frederika told her father who their guest was, he started, stretched forth his hand, and said:

"You are very welcome, Herr Waldrich. You was a little fellow here, and have grown out of my recollection. Now you are Herr Waldrich, or perhaps even Herr von Waldrich, and so on. Have you a title of nobility?"

"No, sir."

"And the bit of ribbon in the buttonhole there?—means nothing, eh?"

"That signifies that my company took a battery from the enemy, and held it against repeated attacks."

"How many lives did that cost?"

"Twelve killed, seventeen wounded."

"Twenty-nine human beings for a few inches of silk ribbon! Very costly material! Sold by our Princes, and to be had in every shop for a few pennies. Let us go on with our tea. Have you made much booty? How are the finances?"

Waldrich shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"We did not go in search of booty; we went to help our country; that it might not remain a prey to the French."

"Good! good! I like such sentiments; and it is well to hold to them, even with an empty purse. And your little capital, is that safely and solidly invested?"

Waldrich colored, and said smilingly:

"I am certain I shall never lose it again."

The Spectre Bridgroom.

As soon as it was known who the new Commandant was, there assembled to greet him all the former acquaintances. Waldrich was invited to the first houses in the city, and deemed an acquisition to their best society; for he was intellectual, witty, brave; a pleasant narrator; conversant with scientific subjects and with works of art; he painted well, played upon the piano and flute; danced charmingly; and mothers and daughters declared he was an agreeable, handsome, talented young man, and for these very reasons a dangerous being. The young girls could not decide whether his retiring modesty of demeanor augmented or diminished the danger. But it was not the purpose of any of the plain or beautiful maidens of the city to make any matrimonial conquests just then. On the contrary, each one guarded her heart with unusual watchfulness. The reason for this unaccountable proceeding could not be guessed by any one unacquainted with the chronicles of the city; and those who will be made familiar with these will be incredulous; yet, nevertheless, the record is true, improbable as it may appear.

It was the hundredth anniversary of the coming of the spectre guest or bridegroom; a time of sorrow and dread; especially to all maidens holding the position of affianced brides. It was said that a spectre visited the fated city every century, remaining from the first Advent Sunday to the last; that this spirit harmed no man or child, but paid his court to all the brides, and ended by twisting their necks! On the morning of his departure the brides were found dead in their beds, their faces turned black, with broken necks.

What distinguished this ghostly visitor from all others was, that he came not and wandered about at the appointed midnight hour, but he appeared in full daylight, fashionably clad, and gained free access to happy homes that by him soon were rendered desolate. When he could not find betrothed maidens, he sought those yet unclaimed by love, and, after turning their heads with loving flattery, ended by turning their necks for them.

No one could tell whence this tradition had its origin. In the Church books were recorded the names of three young maids who had died suddenly in Advent-time in the year 1720. These words were added: "With their faces turned back, as it occurred a hundred years ago. God have mercy on their souls!" thus proving that the story dated back a century, and perhaps was some legend of centuries gone before.

Be that as it may, the legend was known to all; every one declared it was a foolish superstition, and yet looked forward to the coming centennial anniversary with a mingled curiosity and dread. For the most enlightened heads thought of the possibility of their being betwixt earth and heaven more things than are dreamed of in their philosophy. The aged minister—to whom many went to see the record with their own eyes—even he, famed for his strong common-sense views, answered evasively: "I should not be astonished if—" or he said: "But then I do not believe it!" or, "God forbid that I should have to record such another terrible occurrence!"

The most unbelovings were the young men; they laughed and jested merrily over the matter. The young girls assumed an indifferent and cheerful bearing; but they thought within themselves: "You young gentlemen can laugh, for nothing threatens your necks; alas! it is our lives alone that are in danger!"

The minister became fully aware of the influence exerted by this miserable superstition; for wherever there was a pair of affianced lovers, they hastened their marriage so that it took place before the fatally-appointed time of the visit of the spectral guest. And where there was no hope of a speedy union, love and betrothal were set aside; engagements were broken, though it caused breaking hearts and many sorrows.

It will thus be understood why the lovely ladies of Herbesheim deemed the Lieutenant so dangerous a being, and why they guarded their hearts with such triple care. They feared the spectre in disguise, and were in fear of their precious lives. They took a silent and very unnatural vow not to love until the dreaded time was over; not even if an angel descended from heaven.

Domestic Happiness.

It is not known to me whether the beautiful Frederika Bantes took the same vow as the other vestals of Herbesheim; but it was certain she looked on all alike, with equal gentleness and good-will, giving my friend Waldrich no preference to others.

The Lieutenant lived a Paradisean summer in the house of Herr Bantes. He was looked upon as a son of the family; the olden familiarity was renewed, and again, as in the days of his childhood, he called the old gentleman "Father," the good wife, "Mother." The former again undertook to sermonize him, as he tormented it, whenever his indignation at existing conditions sought to vent itself. Frau Bantes saw to it that his dress was always kept in order, that his linen was carefully got up, that every comfort was bestowed upon him, as if he were yet the child beneath her care. Waldrich did not alone command his company; he commanded the household without effort, with kindness and good humor. Between him and Frederika the days of their childhood were renewed; the former playful tone resumed; and they laughed and disputed, as of yore; forgetting often the more formal you, for the childlike and familiar thou.

Of course all the old and young ladies in the city made their own observations on the young man's surroundings and peculiar circumstances. The ladies of Herbesheim had an idea, which is not at all prevalent with their sex in other places, namely: that it was impossible for a young man of twenty-eight and a young girl of twenty to dwell beneath the same roof for a month without experiencing palpitations of the heart. But this was not at all the case in the household of Herr Bantes; the young people were together and apart without thinking of their hearts, or knowing whether they had sped! This was so extraordinary, that the fast lookers-on at last came to the conclusion that the case was an exception to the accepted rule; not a look, tone or movement, or whatever else is considered expressive in the alphabet of love, revealed anything but a true sisterly and brotherly affection, dating back from earliest years.

Frau Bantes, from the first, would have discovered any heart-evolutions; for women have in such matters a finer sense of observation than men; but she saw nothing calculated to alarm, and remained calm. Herr Bantes never thought of all about such possibilities; he had never comprehended the idea of love, and would as soon have thought his daughter was insane as capable of loving, from affection only, some one outside of the household realm. He remembered that Frau Bantes had been his promised bride before she had ever seen his face; and he had betrothed himself as soon as his father had told him that the young lady destined to be his wife was worthy and respected, the daughter of an influential house, with a dowry of thirty thousand dollars, and still larger expectations.

This mode of proceeding in matrimonial relations appeared to him the most sensible way; for he was one of the happiest of husbands and fathers. His daughter had many admirers, but he did not wish to part with her so soon; and, again, the suitors were not all acceptable to his views. He declared that the world was maintained in its place by the equipoise of its solids, as he termed wealth; were this not so, it would have fallen to pieces centuries ago. He insisted upon the necessity of equal fortunes between the married. Frau Bantes, as well as Frederika, had hitherto fully agreed with him.

Frederika was twenty years of age; and dearly as her father loved her, he began to think of her settlement in life. His wife was of the same opinion with himself, and the daughter did not contradict her parents. Herr Bantes took measures accordingly.

The Birthday.

There were many family rejoicings held in the manufacturer's house. The aged book-keeper, the overseer, and some other employees, admitted to the table, were always included in the family festivities. Only upon the anniversaries of their marriage did Herr and Frau Bantes invite other friends from the city. It was, therefore, no matter of surprise when orders were given for bounteous preparations for the commemoration of the birthday of Lieutenant Waldrich.

There was a household law enforced upon birthdays: that thereon no reasonable request made by the person whose natal day was being celebrated, should ever be refused. All were to exert themselves to please; and each one was to bring an offering, great or small, as inclination prompted. There was a choice dinner; and silver was used in place of the usual porcelain. In the evening wax candles were lighted in silver candlesticks, and the object of all this ceremony and attention sat in the place of honor, that at other times was occupied by the master of the house. The presents were offered for acceptance before sitting down to the dinner table; healths were drunk, and, when the repast was ended, the recipient of all good wishes was kissed and embraced by each one present. This old-fashioned custom Herr Bantes had brought with him from his boyhood's home, and still retained.

All these observances were maintained in strictest order on Waldrich's birthday. When he entered the dining room he found all the invited assembled there. Herr Bantes approached him with the felicitations of the day, and handed him a folded paper. It was a draft for a generous sum, drawn upon the host himself and payable

*German for Mr. or Sir.

*A polite form of address, once only applied to the ladies of the nobility.

at sight. Fran Bantes followed and gave her offering of a complete uniform, with all the accessories worn by captains. Frederika came next, bearing a silver plate upon which rested half a dozen of the finest neckerchiefs, embroidered by her own hand. On these lay a letter that bore the great seal of the regiment, and was directed to "Captain George Waldrich. The Lieutenant started with surprise at opening the letter, he read the order of his promotion, for which he had long hoped. His predecessor was advanced to a major's post.

"But, gracious Sir Captain," said Frederika, with her own winning smile, "promise you will not be angry with me! I must confess the letter arrived a week ago, and I kept it for to-day. I have been sufficiently punished by my error for the past eight days; for I feared you would hear of your promotion elsewhere, and miss the letter."

Waldrich was not in the least inclined to be angry; for, in his surprise, he could scarcely recover sufficient language wherewith to return thanks for the presents and good wishes offered on all sides.

"The best of the matter is," cried father Bantes, cheerfully, "that the new-baked Captain will be left with us and his company. I, too, had a sort of terror, and the like, for the whole eight days; feared that our George would be sent away somewhere. Hallo, Mr. Book-keeper, march into the cellar! March, I say, to cask number nine; and on the spot, see that a dozen bottles are sent to each of the officers of the company; to every subaltern, sergeant, corporal and admiral, one bottle and half a guilder; and to every private, half a guilder! And tell them their Lieutenant is now their Captain! They shall drink to his health, but leave him alone with compliments and the like for to-day. To-morrow they can congratulate him to their hearts' content."

The book-keeper obeyed his orders. Every one saw clearly how dear to the heart of the old gentleman was his foster-son. Waldrich had never seen him so thoroughly gay and so truly fatherly toward him. His heart was touched by these evidences of good-will and generous kindness.

"Now my Captain and capital fellow!" cried the good man across the table, "I thought the paper I have given you would do for a traveling penny. You do not need it. I should have given something better. Do not forget the house-law. You can make a request; I must grant it. Therefore, without circumlocution, out with your demand. Ask what you will; I will give it, though it be my beautiful new white wig itself, and so on."

The Captain had tears in his eyes. "I have no more to ask," he replied.

"Eh! what? Nonsense! Think quickly now; the moment will not return again for a year," said the old gentleman.

"Then allow me, papa, to give you a hearty, grateful kiss?"

"Of course, my heart's boy, with pleasure!" he exclaimed; and both sprang from their seats, and fell upon each other's necks, and when they withdrew their hold, it was with deeply moved hearts. There was a pause. Emotion was visible upon the faces of all. Herr Bantes recovered himself first, and with his customary manner broke the silence:

"Now enough of all these capers; let us talk of something sensible."

He raised his glass, and bade the others follow his example. Then he said to Waldrich: "Where there is man, woman should be always; and therefore, rising higher, where a Captain is, should be a Captainess. To her health! Long may she live, bloom, thrive, flourish, and so on!"

Waldrich could not restrain the laughter thus provoked.

"May she be good and gentle, pious and domestic!" said Frau Bantes.

"Mamma, like you," he answered.

"And the most amiable beneath the moon!" said Frederika.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

THE BROKEN BOUGH.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

May loved the sunshine and the flowers, and all lovely things; and her heart was as full of beauty as a spring-morning is of sunshine. She had laughing blue eyes, and light curling hair, in which the wind played until it fell all over her forehead, and she was obliged to shake her head until it seemed as if she was in great danger of never getting it still again.

May had never had much trouble, for she had a loving mother and a very gentle father, and so smiles had come to be quite natural to her face, and so bright were they that one of her aunts had named her Sunshine. It was very pleasant to even look at May, not because she was handsomer than many other children, but because of the gladness that always shone from her face. A merry laugh she had, too; it sounded like all the glad voices of Nature—like singing-birds and merry waterfalls, and the rustling trees.

Do not think May was quite perfect. There are few children that have not many faults, and the longer they live the more clearly they show them. If we were created perfect we should have little occasion to live in this world; for our life here is very much like a school where we are to learn to correct our faults and improve our talents. But May had as few faults as most girls, and as she had had no great trials, it seemed as if she was to grow up without much discipline. But if we are never tried or tested, we can never know how much we can bear, or whether we have any real virtue in us.

May stepped out on to the cool piazza one June morning, and bounded up and down with real delight. Sweet sleep had rested every part of her body, and she could not keep still for the very life that was in every limb.

"What a racket that child makes!" said a fussy old lady that was visiting there; "if she was mine I'd teach her to keep still a minute."

Mrs. Middleton, May's mother, considered this a rather ungentle hint that May's noise was disagreeable, so she thrust her head from the chamber window, and said, softly:

"May, darling, will you be quiet a little while? I fear your noise is disagreeable."

There was nothing that May was more anxious to do than to please her mother, so she sat down directly on the settee, just within the shadow of the rosebushes. But her hands and her feet were itching to be in motion; she needed something to do, and should have taken her hat and run down the garden-walk and back again a few times. But she did not know what she needed, and she was a little impatient at Mrs. Ketchum's request; for she at once supposed that it was her wish that she should be still.

She looked first down at the sunlight that glanced through the leaves of the beautiful elm and fell on the floor. It seemed to May as if they were dancing sprites, and her feet fairly shook with anxiety to be up and dancing, too. Then she looked up into the tree, and caught a glimpse of an oriole, whose nest she imagined to be swaying back and forth in the wind, under some of the green branches. This did not make her spirit more quiet, and very likely she wished she was an oriole, who was not obliged to heed anybody's request to keep still. Then she looked at the grass on the bank, and that, too, was in motion, and May moved her body back and forth like the waving grass; but that was not equal to a good run. At last, in a very unlucky moment (or, perhaps it was, after all, quite a fortunate moment, since it was the moment of trial), she looked at a beautiful rose tree that Mrs. Ketchum had brought to her mother. It was a queenly looking tree, and yet its blossoms and half-opened buds seemed to May very full of love, and to invite her to come near them. She had admired it the day before when it arrived, but every time she went near it Mrs. Ketchum cried out, "May, you must not touch it," so she had not ventured even to smell of one of the delicate blossoms.

Mrs. Ketchum was one of those people who think they have a right and title to anything they have ever possessed, and as she had once owned the house Mrs. Middleton lived in, she was continually telling May what she must not injure. But May's mother had taken great delight in this rose tree, and had particularly requested May not to touch it until after the strawberry festival, when it was to be honored by a place in the centre of the table, and as it seemed altogether perfect, having not a leaf or bud or blossom too many or too few, May's mother had good reason for wishing it to be unharmed.

She knew that May was not a meddling child, but she had so light a motion that it seemed sometimes as if her very skirts became frisky, and twitched themselves on to little corners to drag down some pendant vine; or, as if her feet, in dancing so lightly, stretched themselves into stray nooks to tip over boxes and flower-pots, and china vases. But such accidents were readily forgiven by her very loving friends, because she was always very sorry at her mishaps, and never meant any real harm.

branches, sent the tree from the low stool on which it had been placed on to the floor.

As quickly as possible May sprang to lift the pot back again; but she was not strong enough. She strained her little arms in vain; it would not rise at the bidding of her willing hands. Just at that moment Jose, the household came in sight.

"Oh, Jose, see, here is this rose-tree do come and help me lift it!"

Every one was willing to help May, and the bush was soon on the stool; but, to May's grief, she beheld one of the fine branches broken. How it could break when she had had such hard work to sever one delicate stem she could not understand. She had begun to think that the tree was like iron and could not break.

"How happened this, Sunny?" said the girl.

"Oh, I suppose—well, I think—I do not 'zactly know," said May at last.

She had not thought of the consequence of the accident, and she had never told a lie; but Jose's question made her consider what had been done. She would have run to her mother in a moment if she had been alone; but the thought of Mrs. Ketchum's vexation was too much for May's courage. She became a coward in a moment; out in the brave sunshine and the free air she became a cowardly culprit; for she determined to tell a lie about the broken bough. She was not a moment in thinking about it and in determining what to tell; and for just one moment, a feeling of triumph came over her. It was the feeling that Mrs. Ketchum would not have the chance to scold her after all.

If her mother had come out first, very likely May would have forgotten in her loving likeliness to do so great a wrong to herself; but Mrs. Ketchum suddenly appeared at the open door with an elegant wrapper on and a very showy headdress. May felt very much like laughing as she saw her wrinkled face surrounded by bright ribbons and artificial flowers; but the memory of the accident flashed upon her, and her smiles changed to sad glances as she wondered whether Mrs. Ketchum would see the broken bough. But if Mrs. Ketchum's eyesight was poor when she wished to thread a needle, nothing escaped it that any one wished to conceal, and she almost immediately discovered the injury done to the tree.

"May, did you do that?"

"No, ma'am," said May.

"Who did?"

"I spect Trip did."

Trip was Mrs. Ketchum's pet dog who was just then lying quietly in the back yard.

"Trip! Trip! you shall have one good whiffing for that!" said Mrs. K., and she went to call him, and, in a moment after, May heard his pitiful yelp.

Out from that beautiful sky faded all the light, for little May's shadows crept into her little heart and mist over her eyes. Could it be the same radiant morning that had given her such delight? May heard her mother's step, and she could not bear to meet her look. So she ran around the corner of the house, out to the garden. But what a strange feeling haunted her. It seemed to her as if someone was after her, following her stealthy steps. She had never been a coward, but now the courage had all left her.

The garden seemed no brighter than the piazza. There was no beauty resting on the flowers. The plinks nodded as kindly as ever, but they seemed like withered stalks to May. The roses opened their soft petals and distilled their sweet perfume, but May knew it not. The sun glanced through the quivering leaves, but there was no gladness in the light. Could it be that this was the same blithe morning that May greeted so gladly with her smiles of welcome?

Yes, all the beauty was the same without her; but the gladness was not in her heart. If May had been in the palace of a queen it would have been no better to her than the poor man's cottage, because she had lost for a while her brave, truthful, loving heart and was no better than a coward. But May had a busy little brain, and she kept up a great thinking. She thought of poor Trip, who had to be punished for her fault. She thought of Mrs. Ketchum's cross face, of Jose's coming to help her, and, like most people, she wished to put the blame of her wrong acts on some one besides herself.

"If Mrs. Ketchum had not come just at that moment I should not have thought of telling a lie. The cross, old thing! I guess lies won't hurt her! It was only yesterday I heard her tell some one that her hair was all her own, and I saw her take it off and lay it away in a drawer last night. But how she looked! I wonder if lying helped make her look so! Then if Jose had not come and put the tree up, perhaps I should have run and told mamma, and then she would have known I did it. Or if Trip had not been here, I should not have thought of saying that he did it! Oh, dear! dear! dear! I wish it was dinner time. I wish I was n't here. I wish I was way off to Aunt Emily's. How tired I am! how hot it is!"

And thus with complaints and regrets and reproaches, May sat with her face turned toward the green grass bank. She did not know how to help herself out of her troubles. She felt as if they were every moment growing worse. She should surely have to tell another lie or else be found out, and, just now, the being found out seemed to her the greatest misfortune that could befall her.

Presently she saw Mrs. Ketchum and another lady coming into the garden, and May, with her guilty heart, thought that some special harm was coming to her; so she ran and hid behind the grapevine that covered the arbor. Mrs. Ketchum and her friend seated themselves in the arbor and began a busy conversation. May peeped through the leaves, and could distinctly hear their voices, although she did not think of being a listener to what they said. But she soon heard every word and saw every glance of Mrs. Ketchum's face, and, as she could not move without revealing herself, she kept very still and became quite interested in the conversation.

Oh, if I had one," thought May, "just one. Mamma would never have cared if Mrs. Scratchem had not been here. I'll pick one away."

So up went the little hand, but the wood was hard, and May could not break it from the stalk. But she had so bent and injured it by her effort, that she did not think it quite safe to leave it for Mrs. Ketchum's eye. Her next resource was her teeth; so she stood on tip-toe, and put her little rosy mouth up to the blossom's stem. She bit most vigorously, but she did not understand the grinding process, and the blossom still hung, as if unwilling to leave the place of its birth. May pushed her head further into the tree, and her curls became entangled in the long thorns. This seemed to her a most ludicrous affair, and she shook her head and laughed, as if having quite a frolic with the tree.

This was not quite the thing for a quiet rose-bush that had been used only to sober people, and knew of no fun but that of the snubbeams or the rindrops. The result was that May's frolic grew every instant more dangerous, because she grew quite forgetful of what she was doing, and soon a sudden turn of her foot and her head amid the

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Spirits at Work Again in Philadelphia.

Since the terrible onslaught of the Rev. Mr. Durburrow, of Philadelphia, who called a peaceable company of Spiritualists out of the "Haunted House" of recent notoriety, I think no new developments have been published concerning the matter. I believe it was settled in the minds of the boasting exorcists, that the whole thing was an imposture, and that the girl, frightened into confession, had so admitted. Probably it was not known by the public or Mr. Durburrow, that similar manifestations were daily occurring in another tenement on the same street, and not far away. And probably the modern inquisitors, who, in auto-da-fe style, disposed so promptly of the offending victim, by recourse to proscription and imprisonment in the House of Refuge, did not know that while they were congratulating themselves upon the success of their plan, it was in reality no success at all. Only a tyrannical proceeding, whose Jesuitical character would some day be exposed by persons of such moral courage and truthfulness, as to spurn an ignominious recantation of facts and phenomena, covering a period of some weeks.

Hearing of the phenomena which were occurring in the above family, and having some acquaintance with them, I purposely spent a night and part of the following day, at two different times, that I might become an eye and ear witness. The first night I heard most mysterious raps, many times repeated, as if in answer to the man of the house, who was as anxious to prove a successful exorcist, as the very Rev. and Christlike (?) Mr. Durburrow. But nothing could he accomplish with the intruding intelligences, but a louder and more obstinate rap, rap, rap; while chairs moved from his sleeping apartment to the adjoining room of his sons, and various objects, as reported by the inmates, were transported as by invisible hands around the two apartments. This last, however, I did not witness. But till after midnight the room occupied by myself and two other ladies was filled with lights of various forms and figures; sometimes in circles, sometimes in squares, then in straight lines, and then in the human form gliding about the room and touching one of our party with a cold hand. On the occasion of my second visit, the manifestations occurred on the lower floor, in the dining-room and front apartment, the latter used as a work-room and store. I sat at the door connecting the two rooms. Quite a number of times I saw a heavy picture frame hurled from its support on to the centre of the room, a distance of five or six feet. Two hand-wipers were in like manner projected from their places on the shelf; an ambrosia came flying from the mantel, and a pile of books were scattered upon the floor; a wash-basin was carried some four or five yards into an open court; and in every instance, I am certain, no person was near the moving objects. On one occasion no person was in the room, but, sitting at the door of the room, I could see everything that was transpiring.

The lady of the house is an excellent rapping and test medium, and there is no doubt that her husband is likewise highly mediumistic.

While in the city of Buffalo, a case of recent physical manifestations was told me, in which a table suddenly tilted to the floor part of the tea-set, and as suddenly assumed its customary position. I hope our modern Mathers will be a little more modest in their pretensions, or a little less hasty in their conclusions, for the end is not yet. As regards the above-mentioned phenomena, I can give as witnesses the names of very respectable and truth-loving persons, who will not hesitate to confirm my own testimony. But for the sake of the lady medium's mediumistic husband, who dislikes any notoriety in the matter, I forbear giving names at present.

M. J. WILCOXSON. Byron, N. Y. June 11, 1866.

Physical Manifestations in Lancaster, Ohio.

Mr. Ira Davenport, Senior, and his daughter, Mrs. Colie, have recently favored us in this place with ten séances, the result of which has been to remove the last lingering doubts of honest investigators, as to the superhuman origin of the dark circle manifestations given in their presence, and convincing many of the real presence of disembodied intelligences. I frankly confess, for myself, that I was made truly happy, in having every stumbling-block removed; and I care not now how many reputed "exposures" are published, or how many dishonest mediums impose upon the credulity of the public, I can never doubt again; neither will many of our most intelligent citizens who attended these sittings.

I will speak of but two tests, for brevity. At our last meeting, and while the medium and Dr. Dempster of Zanesville, were both securely tied, hands and feet, and lashed fast to their chairs by persons from the audience, ropes were consecutively tied with hard knots by invisible hands, first to the feet and then to the hands, and the third time to the necks of the mediums. When lights were introduced, these were, by direction, carried back and firmly held by the hands of honest skeptics, with sufficient tension to feel the very slightest move at the other end by the mediums. The lights being put out, the instruments were all played at once; a guitar, violin, tambourine, accordion and five or six bells, and the committee reported no motion of the ropes, which upon lighting up instantly, were found as securely tied as ever. During all this, the audience were secured back by a long rope being passed round the body of each of the front row; the whole number of persons in the room not exceeding thirty.

And, finally, Mrs. Colie was, in addition to the spirit tying, lashed fast to her chair by Dr. Davis; securing the feet, arms and neck to posts of the chair, with as much rope as he chose to use. The audience then withdrew into the hall, carrying with them the light; the door was locked by the last man who came out, and the key held by him; (he was a skeptic.) The door was scarcely closed, before all the instruments were sounding at the same time; and inside of two minutes we were summoned back to find the medium comfortably seated on top of the table, chair and all, while not the least change was made in the fastenings; the instruments at the same time being snugly plied away benignly. Now we do know that all this took place while no living mortal was in the parlor besides the mediums.

George, the controlling spirit, when asked to designate mediums, named W. S. Beatty of our city, adding that he would, by his consent, be developed as a healing medium of great power. He has been directing his efforts to relieve suffering since that time, with great success, and thinks his duty lies in that direction. Last evening I was afflicted with labored action of the heart and difficult breathing, from a disease of the lungs, caused by a morbid condition of

the spinal nerves; but a few minutes of manipulating by his hands on the back, cleared up the entire difficulty; the heart became tranquil, the breathing easy, and I passed a pleasant night and feel well to-day. Headaches and various pains pass away under his hands; things which were previously unknown to him. And thus are spirit visits and spirit mind given to us for our present and future good. H. SCOTT. Lancaster, Ohio, June 12, 1866.

SEEING THROUGH.

The following poem was delivered before the Society of Spiritualists in Cleveland, O., at the close of the Sunday morning address, by Dr. E. Case.

I can almost see to the Land of Light, But there's a mist before my eyes; The path, I know, stretches out before, But I can't see where it lies. For there is a valley that lies between, And a shadow as dark as night, That sends up its gloom from a loved one's tomb, And a blur is on my sight.

But there's some one stands on the golden sands And lifts up the nebulous bars, Throwing back the door to the shining shore, And there's light beyond the stars, And the flashes bright that fall on my sight Seem to scatter the night away; And I know, I know where I shall go, At the close of some weary day.

And now and then there are forms, I ken, That seem as if once of earth, That break through the night of this earthly night From the home of the spirit-birth; And I hear, I hear, from the upper sphere, The voices I heard of yore, And I see; I see the dear to me, The loved and the gone before.

I can almost see through to the Land of Light, But somehow something will rise From the depths of the soul that I cannot control, That keeps dimming and blinding my eyes. You may think it is fears, you may say it is tears That dim the visual ray; But the soul lies too deep for me to weep, And why should I feel dismay?

But it's a long, long way to the gates of Day, And no wonder I can't see through; The eyes I have at the best are but clay: I can get no better. Can you? Yet things will appear and disappear, So strangely sweet to me, That a holy thrill my soul will fill, And I think I begin to see.

Oh! the veil may drop on our mortal sight, And shut out the light within, And many a beautiful soul be hid In the shadows of guilt and sin; And much to love from the depths above The shadows of earth may hide, That we never shall know beneath the flow Of the waves of life's ocean tide.

And many a brow that lies shaded now 'Neath the touches of sin and shame, In its inner depth has pearls that sleep, And gems that yet shall flame. Some hand divine on the inner shrine Shall keep them pure and fair. For God sees through, though I and you Know not what he treasures there.

And by-and-by the darkened sky Will clear to these earthly eyes, And the mists that are near will disappear Where the shining pathway lies. Then all ablaze, the soul shall gaze In the peerless depths of blue, And the darkened glass from the eyes shall pass, And we'll all, yes, all see through.

SLEEP AND DEATH.—AN ALLEGORY.

BY L. REHN.

How beautiful is the order of that Providence which binds into a solidarity not only the race of man, but all the phenomena of being. And what sublime pleasures are those which, to one who loves to tread the mysterious courts of the inner life, unfold themselves to his gaze.

Where shall we look, not to see, if we open our eyes, the synonyms of Nature in a vast congeries, like the links in an endless chain, spanning away into the infinite extremes of the past and the future?

And yet, when we come to scan more closely these links, we are both pleased and astonished at the intimate relationship which they bear to each other. So close, indeed, are they in appearance, that many times their dissimilarity is only apparent by stepping over long intervals, and contrasting the intervals thus separated; as though at one time we look with the microscope at the atom, and then turning our gaze heavenward, through the telescope beholding worlds beyond measure and without number, plunging away through all the pervading ether, clothed with the drapery of celestial light, in which Orion and the Pleiades smile. And as one star differeth from another in glory, so, too, do sleep and death differ in glory. The glory of the former is seen in that it shuts out, for a season, the cares and perils of a busy life, that we may be stronger, and all the better able to endure the conflicts of the coming day, that the mantle of quiet may, for a season, be spread over the tumults of the hour, and peace triumphant reign.

The glory of the latter is seen in that when we have become wearied by the jostling events of the career on earth, we may lie down in her gentle arms and be lulled to rest.

And as she thus folds us to her kind embrace, she draws aside the veil which in a measure hid the radiant fields of the celestial kingdom, that we may survey the landscape on the summer shore—the new and better vineyard given us to dress and to keep, where, as here, we sow, so also shall we reap; where, as here, our capacities are expanded, so shall they be filled; where, as here, the soul is strung and attuned to the harmonies of a divine life, shall all things be vocal and in beautiful accord.

Thus sleep and death are the two sisters of charity, that have journeyed down over the ages with man, have ever been with him offices of mercy, and will be faithful to the duties assigned them in the providence of God, until we shall gain that status of being wherein the burdens of our infant career shall fall from our shoulders, and we, by the strength of a more perfect manhood, no longer need them. And thus, too, oh sleep and death, shall we learn aright to interpret thy holy offices, and bid thee alike welcome in thy appointed hours. And as there are none who have disputed thy empire, so, too, shall there be none who will not be thy willing subjects. As thou, oh sleep, hast gone o'er the earth enervating and nourishing the ripening fields, so, too, wilt thou, oh death, gather in the perfected fruit to be garnered, where it shall never decay!

Thou art not the destroying angel and fell enemy to man we have been taught, who, with poisoned darts and bow never unstrung, wand wanton in destruction; but with thy gentle hand dost drop the lethargy on our lips at night, that we may be all the more bright and serene in the morning. We therefore bless thee, Death, and thy sister Sleep; since thou art, as thou hast been, the friend of our race in all the past, so, too, mayest thou continue to be, until thy work shall be done, and the keys of thy dominion are yielded up to him who crowned thee both for thy reign.

The richer man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

JEFFERSON'S IDEAS OF MEDICINE.—Jefferson had no confidence in Materia Medica. While a resident of Paris, his daughter was seized with a typhus fever, and an eminent physician sent for. He came, examined the patient, gave directions about nursing, and departed without giving or leaving any medicine. The same course was pursued on the second and third days, when Jefferson said: "Doctor, you do not appear to be doing anything for my daughter. What is the reason?" "The reason is, I want her to get well. I had supposed you knew what my system of practice was."

"No, what is it?" "To have the most careful nursing, leave the disease to wear itself out, and let nature do the rest; but give no medicine."

The result was, the daughter recovered with an unimpaired constitution, and for thirty years after Jefferson followed the system of the French physician in his own family and among his slaves, taking them, as he himself said, through the worst fevers and never losing a patient.

FINANCIAL.—When Marmion said, "Charge! Chester, Charge!" what was the amount?

Pearls.

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

MEMORY.

There is a sound whose music lings The tones of sadness on the ear, And notes of mournful sweetness brings, Like angel's notes, so soft, so clear. And sad ones ever come to pay Their mournful homage at thy shrine; That strain is thine, oh, Memory; And all that's sad and sweet are thine!

How lovingly has divinity deposited the elements of happiness where every soul can be filled with that which it craves.

LIVING THOUGHTS.

My brain 's a furnace, from which thoughts outroll, Like molten images of gold or lead, All are but units of the mighty whole— Eternity is life—there are no dead!

The pure, white haub of Faith lifts the curtain of night and shows our feeble vision a golden, glowing morn.

GOOD NIGHT.

Downward sinks the setting sun, Soft the evening shadows fall; Light is flying, Day is dying, Darkness stealth over all. Good night!

He who does an angel's work has angel comforters.

FRIENDSHIP.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, And he who has one enemy will meet him every-where.

We need a margin for every page of life.

Original Essays.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER.

NUMBER THREE.

(Number Two appeared in the Banner of May 13.)

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

All forms are the product of combinations of elementary principles aggregating, combining and concreting affirming elements, according to the specific and inherent nature of each form. Earths, minerals, vegetables, animals and man, are all the outgrowth of aggregating invisible elements and forces. Germinal forms contain, innate, the elementary principles of the integral parts of every form in the entirety of its outgrowth. Germinal forms are evolved through spiritual forces in obedience to inherent laws which unfold the germ. All germs, all forms in nature, are unfolded through the instrumentality of spiritual forces. As spiritual forces unfold all germs and forms in nature, therefore all forms are the aggregate combination of elementary principles concreting according to specific laws. The growth of all forms is from within, from the interior, and not the exterior. There is no visible principle in nature capable of producing a form. There is no substance in nature of similar kind to any existing form, or of which forms are composed. Flesh, bone, hair, trees, flowers and fruits are all formed by the aggregation of invisible elements having a relation to the particular nature of each germ. Every germ in its ultimate development has the property of reproducing its kind, but the germ with all its unfoldings is an entirely new creation. The materiality of all forms in the universe is a combination of affirming elements which are invisible, and which are outwrought into forms through spiritual forces. Sensation, life, as well as flesh and bone, and trees, flowers and fruits, are all developed through the forces of the spiritual principle. The spiritual principle is therefore the creator, unfold and developing force in nature, through whose energizing and vitalizing powers all forms exist and have a being. The manifestations in nature are all therefore unfolded by and through invisible forces, and each and every form throughout its material formation is a new creation from invisible elements. What matter is, or the substance of which forms consist, may thus be readily deduced from the foregoing observations. As flesh, and bone, and trees, flowers and fruits are being constantly created by active forces in nature, we can, by consistent analogical reasoning, deduce that all ponderable matter, all worlds and universes, were evolved from invisible forces which were unfolded by the Divine Originator through his infinite wisdom.

All materiality is resolvable into its original elements. As science advances, compounds are analyzed and reduced approximately to their original simple elements. Mountains of opal and forests of trees are constantly being resolved into vapor. Nature is constantly creating forms, and as constantly disintegrating and changing them by her subtle alchemy and refining processes. The forms existing a brief century past are no longer visible, yet in their day they had as tangible an existence as the forms of the present time. In a few brief decades, the existing forms in the universe will, by nature's inevitable laws, all have disappeared, but the spiritual principle and forces through whose instrumentality forms are brought into being, are as eternal as the Divine nature, and unceasingly active in unfolding new forms. Materiality, therefore, as perceived by the senses, has in reality only a tangible existence, as it is cognized by the consciousness in its relation to the exterior form. The energizing and vitalizing force in all nature's manifestations, is spirit. The germ is incapable of growth, and has no vitality of itself without the spirit. The spirit causes germs to unfold and appropriate the elemental properties which surrounds and makes up the form. Every form throughout its unfoldings is an outward, expression of the spirit within. Spirit individualizes all forms, therefore each species reproduces its kind. In the lower forms of nature the reproductive property is the end, and their use for man. As all nature has unfolded in the order of divine providence for the production of the human, so the end of all nature's manifestations are designed for man's use. Spirit unfolded progressively all of external nature through unnumbered centuries, from the primal thought which evoked the active forces on through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, up to man.

Man being the ultimate of nature's unfoldings, the design, end and use of all her manifestations, in his material organization he is linked by a progressive chain with all her developments, from the primal elementary principle upwards, and in his spiritual nature he is endowed with attributes and powers of mind and reason which shows his close relation to the original mind. He possesses powers to direct the elements and forces in nature, and cause them to become subservient to his use. He changes the directions and operations of the laws of nature, and through the potent powers of mind and will, infuses energy into

her movements by the changing of conditions. Man's energy and creative powers are of a divine nature. He improves nature in the culture of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. He controls the elements, and in a measure annihilates space and time. He reaches his inquiring gaze to far distant stars; he searches deep into the bowels of the earth, and explores the almost fathomless seas. Man has scarcely begun to unfold his powers, and yet in his comparative ignorance he has accomplished much. Man has not yet endeavored to attain a knowledge of his attributes and powers. His thoughts have not yet been directed to an investigation of the attributes and powers he really possesses. The attainable is all that he has sought, and therefore does not know how great are his powers and possibilities, nor has he a conception of the grandeur and greatness of what he has already achieved.

As man possesses attributes and powers which are clearly of a divine character, and as he is a combination of all the forces which has unfolded nature, we may, by a close analysis, arrive at a knowledge of his possible powers, and the probable mode of nature's operations throughout all her developments. As man by culture improves the vegetable and animal, as illustrated by the beautiful flowers, fruits and trees which he cultivates, and the domestic animals and birds which he rears, so he can also improve his physical and mental organism, if he only bestows the proper culture upon them. It is not only a duty, but the most important of all man's duties, to improve his physical organization, as it is then that he can best unfold his spiritual nature.

Man comes upon the stage of existence inheriting pre-natal defects of parental misdirection and ignorance of the laws of his being. These defects are observable in infancy, and during the whole period of the earthly life. It is only the manifest ignorance of the parents, during the infancy of children, that the proper means of culture are not taken to remedy these defects, in a degree, at least. Parental teachings during infancy and youth, and surrounding conditions form the basis of man and woman's future life; and not being educated to remedy the defects of pre-natal origin, they are transmitted from generation to generation. External and internal defects may be greatly modified or removed altogether, by a wise judgment of man's, which nature profusely provides, and using those means which her beneficent laws suggest. Theologic teachings in all past ages have prevented man from improving his physical organism. These teachings have assumed that all defects of the physical organization, and all the misdirected impulses and actions of mankind result from a perverted, corrupt and depraved nature, an inclination to do evil—which depravity they inherit as a judgment of God, as a punishment for Adam and Eve's disobedience in eating the forbidden fruit.

It is very obvious that life's duties can best be performed whilst in the possession of health; hence it is man's first and highest duty to attain a healthy organization, and to preserve it, so that it will not become impaired. It is a vital, and the most important of all religious duties. The exterior form is the vehicle through which the spirit manifests itself, and in so far as the vehicle is incapable of performing its proper functions, in that degree will the manifestations be imperfect. Besides, the exterior is a faithful expression of the interior man, the spirit, which is especially manifest in the countenance. The plastic material yielding to the inner spiritual force. The elementary principles of which exterior forms are composed, in their progressive unfolding, have attained their highest refinement in the human head. The exterior form of all nature's manifestations is a faithful expression of the spirit within; and particularly is this observable in the human face. The human face is not only a true representation of the spirit which animates the form, but the materials which compose the whole system of features are so highly refined that the interior impressions are reflected through them. The constantly changing aspects, reflect the thoughts, the mood of mind, feelings, emotions, impulses, &c., as influenced by changing conditions. Our ignorance or weak perceptive powers render us incapable of reading the thoughts, intentions and motives of action which are clearly indicated on the features of the visage.

To the clairvoyant perception, these are perfectly transparent. The stronger emotions however of joy, hope, fear, &c., are readily perceived, and in the degree the perceptive powers are unfolded. In that degree, in the normal state, are the more interior influences revealed. Thus in the highest refined matter in the exterior form—as the eyes and features of the face—the thoughts of the mind and motives are expressed so as to be comprehensible, and persons with clear perceptive vision could understand each other even if deprived of the use of language. As in our opinion this life is a perfect counterpart of the life in the spiritual world, and the correspondence complete in every stage, we conceive that the mode of communication by spirits out of the form, is somewhat similar to that indicated by clearly comprehending each others thoughts, feelings, desires and purposes expressed on the exterior.

Man is a spirit in the form. The spirit is the acting, moving force. The form is an aggregation of concreted elementary principles. The spirit is the living entity of all forms. It has, in the unfolding of matter, manifested itself in correspondence, as matter has advanced all through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, until it attained its ultimate in the form of man. It is not matter, no visible substance in nature, out of which the forms in the several kingdoms have been outwrought. But as each kingdom was unfolded, the spiritual forces prepared the conditions for a higher development, and from the lowest manifestation in nature to the highest in the animal kingdom, all were necessary accessories in unitary combination to produce the conditions through which the conscious principle could be manifested through an external form.

It must be understood, that language is a very imperfect medium to express thought; and when we speak of lower or higher manifestations, and crude, gross matter, we only distinguish the degrees of development. There is really no difference in the quality of the elementary principles which compose the form of the mineral and that of man. The mineral is not only a necessary formation in the universe, but it enters into the composition of the materials which make up the human form. The spirit also of the mineral is the same as that in man, only the consciousness is not unfolded in that development. Life and sensation were necessary in the unfolding of material forms, to develop intelligence. The human brain is an aggregation of all the elementary principles in the universe, in their highest state of exterior unfolding, and through it intelligence is manifested. The elementary principles of the universe and spirit are ever united. They constitute the form through which spirit is manifested, not only in the earth-life, but in the spiritual world.

The conscious principle is an outflowing or emanation from the original mind, which is mani-

fested through the human consciousness according as man is developed in his spiritual nature. In the degree that man's spiritual nature is developed, the attributes, powers and possibilities of the divine are unfolded in him. All human achievements are the outward expression of thoughts evoked by the spirit, which thoughts are of a kindred nature to those of the original mind, as illustrated in nature's phenomena. Man's powers and possibilities increase as his spiritual nature is unfolded; and, as there is no end to progression, man's achievements in the future can hardly be estimated by what he has already achieved, as he has eternity to progress in, and he has yet scarcely entered upon the dawn of time. Consciousness is a self-existent principle, and as man possesses consciousness, and because God is a conscious being, therefore man is as immortal as God. Thought has no limitations in time or space. It is an emanation from the original mind, and vibrates through the eternal domain of space until it reaches the conscious principle in man; and according as man's spirit nature is developed, so is thought, expressed through the human brain. As the spirit nature in man is developed in harmony with the vibrations of thought; intuition and inspiration are unfolded, and the illuminated mind has, in a corresponding degree, cognizance of the past, present and future.

The correspondence between this life and the spirit-world and their close relation, is evident not only from the facts which are demonstrated at the present time by actual intercourse between the two spheres, but the realization that man's interior perceptions can be so unfolded by intuition and inspiration, as to be cognizant of the events in the realms of time and space, in the past and the future, and also that he can divine through the mobile features of the face, the thoughts and purposes of the spirit within. And this correspondence is also demonstrated by the clairvoyant, whose exterior senses, all closed, and the spirit freed from the trammels of the physical organism, enters into the spirit spheres and holds communion with the spirits, and learns, according to its plane and sphere, all of the surroundings, joys and mode and manner of life of the dwellers in the celestial realms. And the evidence is unanimous of all clairvoyants, that in the spirit realms, all forms and objects such as exist on this material plane are perceived as realities equally as those seen here, and are as tangible to the touch—all of which the philosophic mind can realize, when considering that forms here are the outgrowth of the spirit principle, combining the invisible, elementary essences, whilst in the spirit-land the spirit sees in its native element the spirit of forms with their exterior outgrowth, just as the germ possesses the elementary principles of every part of the form in its entirety.

PROGRESS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY S. P. MERRIFIELD.

There is not a thought awakened in the mind that is more welcome at every period of life, and under all the circumstances of existence, than that which speaks of the soul's eternal progress. Fresh and beautiful as the fragrance of flowers, and all jeweled with brightness, it sparkles and dances through the avenues of the soul, lifting it upward toward the uncreated fountain of intelligence and delight. It speaks of immortality for man, and the attainment of beatific joys. It speaks of no limits to human possibilities, of no intellectual height so lofty that it may not be attained; of no condition of purity so refined as to be unenjoyed in the ages of eternity.

To him who is reaching out with yearning heart for power to overcome, to him who is plodding the way of darkness, sighing for the light which reveals all things, there comes the gentle voice of encouragement, saying, let your trust be in a life of eternal progress, and all your heart's unuttered and unutterable prayers shall be answered. To the student there is no higher hope nor holier joy than that enshrined in this ennobling thought. It holds him up in his arduous career, it gives him strength when mountain obstacles stand in his way, so that he presses on and wears the crown of his toil. But what were life's incentives if shorn of the magic of this thought? What indeed but mere living and dying as do the beasts, without one thought as to the aims of life? Many are indeed swift to accept the idea of immortality, but in so vague and oftentimes repulsive forms, that no true spiritual good is derived therefrom. The idea that souls are fixed in a state beyond emanation, or that they are shorn of intellectual powers and aspirations in the future, is so at variance with reason and revelation, as to exercise no sanctifying influence whatever. A soul dismantled of the power of thought, disrob of intellectual capacities and aspirations, or what is equivalent thereto, would indeed be an object of commiseration. In spirit-life, as in the present mode, such a one could be regarded only as an idiot. But accepting it as granted that souls retain their intellectual capabilities in the eternal life, then it follows that they will forever aspire after higher attainments, after higher good. And as no want of God's creatures is left unsupplied, so shall there be no end to man's advancement in the great truths which underlie his being. In this light I look upon the ascended Newton as yet a student of the divine laws of Nature, and of Nature's God. I think of Columbus as voyaging out upon the mighty bosom of the infinite, discovering worlds on worlds; of Watts and Paley, and others, as endeavoring to fathom the human mind; of William Penn, and kindred spirits, as living exhibitions of the spirit of good will toward all men. I think of the vast throng of ascended students as still feasting at the royal banquet of knowledge; and of all who shall find a home beyond the starry radiance as being developed or to be developed in power and goodness, to shine as brightness forever and ever. And in this there is superlative joy and cause for thanksgiving. In this there is hope for all; and an incentive to devote one's days and years to virtue and to toil, rejoicing ever in the sweet thought that life is not in vain; and that no being can be so degraded, so cast-off, so despoiled in the sight of angels and of Him who is the life of all, as to sink to ceaseless despair, or go out in, endless night. And as the holy influence of this thought steals upon me and permeates my being, I realize that the golden gates of the beautiful city are in sight, and that heavenly music is ravishing my ears.

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest waiter at the dinner table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman, were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Despondency is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once.

He who becomes rich by living like a beggar, is a beggar though he be rich!

If you would kill a slander, let it alone!

Correspondence.

Echoes from the Pacific.

From the golden shores of the Pacific speeds this white-winged messenger, to chirp to thee of the springtime, dear Banner! Not the benevolent springtime of our passing year, when Nature lavishly decks our mountains and valleys in their garments of emerald green, and here and there throws upon our plains a mantle of the cloth of gold, where the gaudy kingcup and the modest buttercup, opening their petals at the dawn of day, bring of the manifold beauties of our bountiful Mother, and ever and anon from the mountain-tops the voice of the great Mantle seems to be stealing through the branches of the rustling pines, and you could even fancy that the Red Man still was master of these domains, and that yonder smoke curling o'er the brow of the mountain, and wreathing itself into shapes most fantastic, ascended from the wigwam of the mighty brave, and o'er these, his hunting-grounds, he chased the red deer and the antelope, while from the oak bough the peewee sang to him of that land far away on the borders of the setting sun. But the red man has vanished at the approach of the pale-face. Before his "firewater" and his "iron rule," these dusky denizens of the forest are rapidly passing away to their happy hunting-grounds, where the pale-face cannot trench upon their rights, and where the warrior and the red fawn may rove in peace.

We would speak of the noble pioneers of the vast army of Progress that are, throughout our youthful State, insinuating truth into the hearts of the sturdy miners among the placers, while even the weakling exiles of the cities pause and listen to the dropping of the seed that is being sown by the disciples of our glorious Philosophy. California and the Pacific Coast are spiritually inclined. For we are decidedly a cosmopolitan people; and years ago, when the cry went forth to the world from the far West of the discovery of "Gold! gold! molten and old," it resounded even unto the wastes of Siberia, and the peasant dropped his pruning-knife, the student his book, and the man of letters his pen, and went forth from their peaceful homes in the hamlets of the old world and the new, and sought the land of the setting sun, that there they might acquire gold; and more than that, beneath that western sky they were free from the trammels of society and the despotism of monarchical governments; they could worship God as they pleased—in fact, freedom reigned throughout our Western world. And the hardy adventurers of '49 became so thoughtful of their spiritual advancement, that they sought the freedom of thought, expression and action in their many weary and bitter experiences, that not all the dungeons of Europe could crush it. So when your teachers from the East came among us and taught of that divine religion that the angels were teaching, they found ready listeners and investigators. It is true that there are some so fettered and shackled by the galling chains of Old Theology, that they cannot receive a sweet and bliss which they hear of the many converts to our beautiful faith, and the many wonderful tests given by the media of our cities.

And now I would speak personally of the sowers of the good seed. Among the media of our city we may speak with favorable mention of Mrs. Ada H. Foye, Mrs. Ditterly, Dr. Sherman, and many others, with whose names the writer is not familiar, but may God send them all we prosper. Mrs. C. M. Stora has been lecturing throughout the State, and her lectures have been a decided success, resulting not only in an enrichment of the popular mind, but also of the lady's purse, we are happy to say.

Then we have Mrs. Gore, an able, eloquent and forcible speaker, who occupies the rostrum in a small hall in the centre of our city, and with the result we will her goodspeed. Benj. Todd arrived on our last steamer, and last evening we had the pleasure of hearing him in rich and eloquent tones plead the cause so dear to his own and our hearts. Here on the Pacific Coast there is plenty of room for all. We want energetic workers; and when the people find that he or she is a person of sterling worth, and earnest and eloquent in advocating the cause of our spiritual advancement, they will not lack audiences and assistance. J. V. Mansfield and Emma Hardings can bear testimony to this fact.

Our own local lecturer is the noble Laura Cuppy. To her is due the credit of establishing the first free meetings of Spiritualists on the Pacific. All speakers who have preceded her have charged an admittance fee at the door, and to her is due the great privilege of free meetings that we now possess. I believe that previous to her arrival the Spiritualists, numbering but a mere handful, held their meetings in a small hall on Jesse street. These meetings were free, and each Sunday some one of their number would address the few present, or read some lecture, being rather more of the nature of a small social reunion. Upon her arrival the friends advised her to charge an admittance fee, but she protested, however, and set the great example of free meetings on this coast to all who should follow in her footsteps. We mention this in order that her many friends in the East may know of her progress in her great and glorious mission to humanity.

It would do you good, Mr. Editor, to quietly drop into our large hall on Bush street, (capable of seating nearly one thousand persons,) on some Sunday eve, and see the seats all filled, the aisles all full of the eagerly waiting crowd. Does not this presage much? We think so.

On the 25th, 26th and 27th of the present month our Convention meets at San José. It will be a happy reunion, this first convening of the free minds of our Golden State. If circumstances admit, I will attend, and you shall hear concerning it from some one of us. The announcement of the Convention has caused a stir among the fogies of Chualarville.

Now I would speak to you personally, dear Banner, for you, too, are one of the many sowers of the good seed, and heartily do we of the Pacific welcome you. The Banner is so eagerly sought for, that all the numbers are sold by the dealers in a short time after the arrival of the steamer. This presage much, too, dear Banner. For you there shall be a hearty welcome among us, wherever we go.

We of the Pacific, who are numbered among the rank and file of the vast army of Spiritualism, have a great work before us, from which we shall not falter. We are building a mighty spiritual temple, whose foundations shall cover the length and breadth of our coast, which shall be but one of the vestibules in the Mighty Temple of the universe. We shall be as adamant, for they shall rest upon impenetrable Truth!

Thus let the New Dispensation be a living, breathing embodiment of our faith. Let us live as the highest conception of our souls prompt us, and then will we all be preachers and teachers. And when men would know of our Philosophy, they will be more convinced of its divinity by the purity, simplicity, and nobleness of our lives than by the mere utterance of philosophy that the world has ever produced. JAS. R. CLARK. San Francisco, Cal., May 11, 1866.

Marlboro', Mass. The Spiritualists of Marlboro' were favored on Sunday, June 10, with the inspirational teachings of Mrs. S. L. Chappell. The subject of her discourses, was "Man's Relation to Earth and Spirit-Life." The speaker explained the nature of the law which regulates the interchange of thought and influence between persons upon the earth; the identity of natural law with the law which controls spiritual intercourse; the essential grandeur of man as the sum of all life, and the centre of spiritual forces operating through him upon the world of matter, and upon subordinate intelligences; the necessity of maintaining the individuality of the soul, as the prime condition of spiritual growth; and the ministry of suffering in leading man to a knowledge of himself, and consequently to a state of internal harmony. From the success of Mrs. Chappell, in this place, we think she cannot fail to interest the seekers after truth wherever they may listen to her teachings. E. A. GAY.

Correspondence in Brief.

K. Graves in the Field. Many citizens of Salem, Ind., in Convention at Salem Hall, on the 25th of March, 1866, unanimously resolved, That we have been highly delighted and much instructed by a course of four lectures, by Mr. K. Graves, of Harveyburg, Ohio, on the Spiritual Philosophy, and a comparative view of the Oriental Bibles and Revelations, and the necessity of a higher and a better religion in the present day, the product of a higher civilization. Resolved, That we cordially recommend our estimable brother, as a candid, consistent, and powerful speaker, fortifying his positions with such an array of historic testimony and logical argument, as is rarely in the possession of our most accomplished speakers. J. SWAIN, President.

P. I. UNDERHILL, BOSTON, N. Y.—I dreamed that I was riding, in company with my husband and sister, over a beautiful country. After going some distance, winding around hills and over mountains, through valleys and over plains, with naught to disturb our feeling of joyousness, we at length found ourselves upon the brink of a deep, dark river, with no means of crossing except upon what seemed to be a single bar of the purest white marble, scarcely the width of the carriage, and extending to the opposite bank, so that if we attempted to cross, with the least elevation we must be whirled into the depths below. Upon a closer examination, it proved to be a bridge, supported by pillars of the same material reaching far down into the river bed; and as it glared in the midday sun, shone like burnished silver. Surely it was a grand sight to behold.

We hardly dared venture upon it, on account of its narrowness and extreme length, and also its height from the river; but it was not possible to turn back, so, nerving ourselves for the task, we sped on and on, like the flying eagle, and reached the opposite bank, our hearts swelling with thankfulness for the safe deliverance. Turning our eyes backward, we saw upon the sides of the bridge many vigilant workers, making it broader, so that others might pass over with less difficulty, and even might pass those who had started out ahead. And oh! with what deep gratitude, did we look upon those workers, as they reared the grand structure. I can give no other interpretation than this: The journey represents our earth-life, so far as we have to do with material things; the river, with its turbid waters, that of ignorance, superstition and dark despair; the bridge, the true pathway of spiritual life and light, purity and perfect holiness; the workers, the workers, reformers, constructors, from material things, God was furnishing a sure and safe bridge that shall endure through all coming time.

MARIA E. DURHAM, BEARDSTOWN, CASS CO., ILL.—It is but a few months ago that I first saw the Banner of Light, and its perusal since has cleared many a dusty cobweb from my brain; its beautiful philosophy has been the means of opening the portals of a higher and better life to my eager gaze.

It is strange that men and women will think for themselves on every other subject but religion! Advancement has ever been the watchword in every department of literature, art and science; but when the great principles of life are alluded to, progression becomes a sacrilege, and we fold our arms in meek humility, not daring to reason away the inconsistencies of the past. Thank God, the day is breaking; its rosy tints are already lighting up the eastern horizon, and though its noontide sun will not flash its light upon us, yet others will hail the glory of the perfect day.

J. N. C. HATFIELD, MASS.—In a rickety I saw an old black horse, attached to a vision wagon, standing on a high, barren hill. The wagon was filled with children, and they attempted to drive the horse along, but he refused to go, and upset the wagon, and it rolled down the hill, with the old horse and children and every thing in it. The wagon was broken to pieces. The black horse is a minister of the old Church. The wagon is the Church. The children are the members of the Church. The barren hill is the pride and self-righteousness of the Church-members over sinners. The old horse was obstinate and would not go as the children wished; so ministers who do not go on in progress, will be brought down to the valley of humility.

Miss Laura V. Ellis's Seances.

Below we give a correspondent's account of a recent visit to Salem, by Miss Ellis, and what took place at her seances:

VERY POWERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS. Miss Laura V. Ellis gave two public seances in this city on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 9th and 10th, at Lyceum Hall, with the most complete success, and seemed to give general satisfaction. Such a perfect display of direct spirit power has never been witnessed in this city, or probably in any city or town in all past time. Among the numerous and very interesting manifestations are the following:

A strip of cotton cloth, in a hard knot to her throat, in untied in five seconds, with the head fastened to the back of the cabinet, her feet tied with a strip of cloth hanging out underneath the door, and with her hands securely tied. The triangle was placed on a stick inside the cabinet, upon which it was played in a very satisfactory manner, and was found on the other side of the cabinet. The drum was played by drumsticks and fingers, keeping good time, playing Yankee Doodle in perfect time, and also playing other tunes. The speaking through the trumpet was very loud and clear, and very distinct, using quite a number of expressions, very alloy, &c., also talking and answering questions, highly amusing to the audience. Mr. Ellis stated to the audience that when Blake first spoke through the trumpet, it was only in a whisper. The tunes played upon the little French trombone, given to Laura by a person in Providence, were remarkably well done, which seemed to please the auditory, followed by applause, as also in the other performances. The ringing of bells in a loud and musical way was also very interesting. All of the above, &c., were performed while her head, hands and feet were tied, as before mentioned. The medium talked with a block of wood, one and one-fourth inches square, in her mouth, clear and distinct—tied securely as above-mentioned. The loud thumping with stick is one of the most remarkable features of the seance, the noises being like those of carpenters knocking down a building. It seemed as though the cabinet was being stove to pieces. The medium was found secured, with a strip of cotton cloth, as a blanket, around the medium's neck, and the question asked how many knots would any one of the audience like to have tied, and also the kind of knots, whether square or granny. The first evening eight was mentioned, and the number given nearly as soon as asked, taking Mr. Johnson sometime to untie them. This I consider one of the most remarkable manifestations performed during the evening. This feat or performance was quicker on the second evening than the first; as was also all, or nearly all of the manifestations. Quite a number of knots are tied in various ways, at each seance, and as readily tied as untied, with the medium's limbs and head tied. The manifestations would be the same if she were tied or secured ten times as strong.

A committee of one gentleman, Mr. Daniel H. Johnson, Jr., of Salem, the efficient Provost Marshal, and one lady, Mrs. —, were chosen the first evening, and acted very efficiently. They reported that everything throughout, from beginning to end, was strictly fair, honest, and what it purported to be, to the letter.

The second evening Mr. Wm. H. Little, of South Danvers, was chosen, who performed his part very acceptably, and testified, as did Mr. Johnson, that everything was right, and perfectly honest. Probably two better men from the two different audiences could not have been selected, taking everything into account.

Yours for the truth, S. P. F. Salem, Mass., 1866.

New axiom—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates anybody.

A hypocrite may turn his coat without turning his character.

POEM.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS—GIVEN IN BOSTON, JAN. 6, 1866.

The choir sang Longfellow's beautiful hymn, entitled "Footsteps of Angels," after which the speaker, taking the last verse as a text, delivered an able discourse, and then pronounced the following beautiful poem, a continuation of the idea:

"When the forms of the departed Later at the open door, The loved one, the true hearted, Come to visit me once more." (LONGFELLOW.) And their eyes of stary splendor, Beam like sapphires on my soul, Flashing glances, pure and tender, From the spirit's shining goal; Tenderly their fond arms twining Round my weak and weary form; Lovingly they soothe my spirit, Shielding me from sorrow's storm. All the tear-drops shed in anguish, Change beneath their smiles to gems, And they say our souls shall wear them In immortal diadems. With their holy spells around me, Time and sense all pass away, And I pass the dreary portal, To the realms of endless day. Rapturous music thrills above me— Hararst odors float around— And the tones of those who love me Cheer me with the witching sound Of the sweet words, so endearing, Uttered in the "long ago," But which live in Heaven forever, Recompense for all life's woes. Ever they repeat the story, Chanting anthems all the while, Up the golden mount of glory, 'Neath the Father's loving smile; Claspng still my eager spirit In their loving, true embrace, Till each line of earthly sorrow Banished is from heart and face. Thus baptized in that bright fountain, With sweet flowers in my hand, Downward from the spirit's mountain, Downward from that gloomy land, Floats my soul into its prison, Now no more in fetters tied, For through Life, and Love, and Labor, Is the spirit glorified. Ever tolling—ever striving, Angels win ye with their love, Till ye join them in the mansions Fashioned for your souls above.

Prof. J. H. W. Toohy—Removal and Explanation.

Hoping I do not intrude, I write to inform you I have removed from Potsdam to Boston, that you and others publishing my address may correct accordingly. My friends, I hope, will find it convenient hereafter to address me at my new home, as heretofore they have done elsewhere, for I shall continue my labors as student, reformer and healer of the sick, and intend to be always "at home" in person—or by letter—to my friends. And now that I am writing of self and items pertaining to public labors, I will, with your permission, Mr. Editor, so far extend the notice as to explain to my friends why I have not written more for, and published oftener in the papers, "my travel's history." The explanation could be made at great length, but the answer seems to lie upon the surface, and I will say, briefly, I did not have the time. Eight years of labor in the Middle, Southwest and Western States of this Union, as traveler, lecturer, and healer of the sick, have made this simple statement significant truth, and convinced me of the necessity of conforming to its suggestive sense. To appreciate, however, all that is here implied, it is necessary to know something of the labors of the itinerant lecturer. To this end, realize the time spent and the fatigue incident upon going from place to place—the preparation for the discharge of, and the controversies of growing out of public labors, together with conventional and social duties of a private nature, and then add the time spent with, and the labor bestowed upon the sick, the sorrowing, the dying and the dead, and the inevitable taxes upon the itinerant worker are outlined; but in doing all this my case is hardly reached. I emphasize my case, as I am not of that peculiar class who, "without money and without price," get the benefit of being conditioned for "the royal road to knowledge." No; the true mental and moral preparation, and the inspirational speaker may find rest, strength, and support in believing that "the truth, the whole truth," and it may be "nothing but the truth" will come to them without the study of books, the experiences of life, or other normal culture; but as I am neither one nor the other of these, I am compelled to study men and books, classify facts, analyze theories, and keep square about with the logic of events and the science of history, that, in educating myself, I may be able to "find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." Add to this the necessity for physical culture, bodily exercises, and other reliefs from mental taxation, and the time left for newspaper writing will be insignificant indeed. But admitting the opportunity, the propriety of writing much and often about self for publication is a questionable good; seeing, as we often do, that the habit degenerates into a vice, and becomes the fruitful cause of many others, not the least of which is intellectual pride, mental vanity, personal conceit, egotism, self-sufficiency and self-perfection. The detail of this would occupy much space, and I put it in ink only because its suggestive sense has influenced my conduct. "Omitance is not reluctance," however, and I may return to the subject, opportunity presenting. Be that as it may, now that I am in Boston, the home of my boyhood, the scene of my early conflict with Church and State, and, as I now think, the local of my future dwelling-place, I will try to report often the fruits of my life, in an article in the Banner, a lecture, or a speech; but in such something affirmative and constructive will appear in aid of science and the philosophical development of Anthropology, Spiritualism, and Political Reform. To those friends whose magnanimity of spirit and generosity of heart prompted the virtues of cooperation and hospitality, notwithstanding the detractions of the slanderous and the tyranny of public opinion, I can but say, at this distance, and in a general way, it will be among the happiest days of my life, the day that makes it possible for me to return kindness to kindness, to them. Meantime the memory of them will live "in my heart of hearts," as deeds of beauty and joys forever. Respectfully and fraternally, J. H. W. TOOHEY. Boston, Mass., 42 Cambridge street.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, I. B. Rich. For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor. SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication 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. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

A SPLENDID STORY!

We commence, in this issue, the publication of a grand Story, by the eminent German writer, Zschokke, entitled:

"The Spectre Bridegroom!"

Translated expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Cora Wilburn. Those who would secure the numbers complete of the BANNER containing this magnificent literary production, which will be continued every week till completed, should subscribe forthwith.

Reformatory Institutions.

The Social Science Association, which recently held a convention running through several days in this city, is a body of men and women that proposes to itself to look into all leading questions that relate to the welfare of society, and afterwards to disseminate the facts they accumulate, the reasoning they employ, and the conclusions they reach, for the service of the public, to whom is committed the final solution of all problems requiring special thought and care. The idea of this Association is borrowed from a similar one, going by a similar name, in Great Britain, of which Lord Brougham is the President; and as it is managed by and mainly composed of persons of superior intelligence, attainments and training, it is likely, if it holds steadily to its announced purpose, to be of marked assistance in exposing the abuses of our current life and suggesting the readiest method of curing present ills at the least possible expense and delay.

During the continuance of the convention here, the delegates went out in various directions to visit the different reformatory institutions at which vagrant children are placed, to inquire carefully into their mode of administration, to satisfy themselves if any better way might not be devised than those now in operation, and to present to the general public, that otherwise might not have the subject presented to its attention at all, a comprehensive and intelligible statement of the condition of a class of institutions on which so much depends for the future welfare at least of the life in our crowded towns and cities. Since that session there has been held a conference of the managers of juvenile reformatories, orphan asylums, and other like institutions, in this city, before which a paper was read which had been carefully prepared by Mr. Sanborn, of Concord, on the whole subject. He classified these institutions according to the different powers creating them—private, municipal or town, county and State. The farm school on Thompson's Island, in Boston harbor, is a private institution for juvenile reformation. The house of reformation on Deer Island is established by the city. County reformatories have just been provided for by the statute, and will doubtless go into operation very shortly. And the State Reform Schools are comprised in the school for boys at Westboro', for girls at Lancaster, and the two school-ships at present lying in Boston harbor. We have, in all, therefore, four large public reformatories in the State, containing nearly nine hundred children—six hundred and ninety-five boys, and one hundred and eighty-three girls.

Other papers were likewise read before the conference, tending to show the increased need that existed for a closer attention to this important subject by the community. We cannot afford to let vagrant children, of whom there are thousands upon thousands in the State to-day, run idly in the streets, soon to become the most dangerous members of our society. Training has been satisfactorily found to be far better and cheaper than punishment. In England, where the population is so much more dense than with us, much thought and labor are bestowed on this matter, since things are come to such a pass over there that further advance according to the old custom is impossible. It rejoices us to see the better part of our community waking up to the consideration of facts which cannot always be thrust down out of sight. One individual, who brought his views as a contribution to the general fund of the occasion, remarked that, if any one thing was essential to be taught a vagrant boy, it was the necessity and the real pleasure of labor; hence he advocated a system which should make work its chief motive and inspiration, and inculcate habits into the minds of such youth that would in after years be admitted to be their chief blessings. There is more or less division of sentiment on the comparative merits of the family and congregative systems of reformation; but we prefer to have that and any other discussion go on, which keeps so momentous a subject alive in the popular mind. Of all the reformatory movements and propositions of the age, none can be more beneficial in itself and its consequences than that which looks to the wants of young persons who are flung upon the world's current without teaching, without protection, without any one of those commoner restraints whose constant and steady application is so essential to the welfare both of themselves and of the society of which they are members.

Spiritualist Picnic at Abington.

Our friends in this city and vicinity should not forget the Picnic to come off at Island Grove, Abington, Tuesday, June 26th, under the skillful management of Dr. Gardner. In addition to the large company which will go from this city, large numbers will come from Plymouth and other way stations on the South Shore Road. A glorious time may be expected. For fuller particulars, see programmes in another column.

We shall print in the next BANNER another of Miss Lizzie Doten's fine inspirational Poems, given at the close of her Sunday evening lecture in Chelsea, on the 16th inst.

Returning Spirits.

Quite an interest is felt in Hingham in regard to Spiritualism. The spirit of Deacon Fuller has been round among his friends, expressing his anxiety to communicate with them more fully. We make the following extract from a private note in regard to the matter written by Edwin Wilder, Esq., of that place. He says:

"Touching Deacon Fuller's message, let me say that through three or four different mediums have messages been given, signed by Isaac Fuller, and one by John Fuller his son, each speaking the same or similar sentiments. 'Grandpapa Baker,' in whose employ he formerly was, received one through a medium who never sat in our circle, and seldom or never came in contact with the mediums through whom they were given; and yet it is of the same import—anxiety to return and give his testimony to the truth of spiritual communication and the correct ideas held and advanced by those that accept his teachings, and would strive to practice the same in their daily lives. I was at the circle in which two or three were given, and all the friends endorse the matter. Miss Clark, through whom messages have come, is a young lady of most excellent character—pure, amiable, worthy and industrious, and never have I heard aught against her. The Baptist friends of the Deacon are much troubled about it, and some pronounce them forgeries. One said, 'and it been a connection of his, he would put him [meaning me] through for it, and he should have smarted well.' Others think the Deacon was too good a Christian while on earth to return and be a witness, as he has, against the Baptist faith, and in favor of Spiritualism.

FULFILLING A REQUEST.—Two days before the execution of the unfortunate Dr. John Hughes, at Cleveland, Ohio, D. A. Eddy, Esq., of that place, visited him in his cell, as he informed us a day or two afterwards, and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Eddy is a gentleman highly respected in Cleveland, and is well and prominently known as a Spiritualist. After giving him what consolation he could, he asked the Doctor to return, as soon as he came to consciousness after his execution and found conditions favorable, and report himself at our free circle. He promised to do so, and as our readers are aware, he came on the 6th of March—twenty-eight days after—and gave a lengthy communication, which was published in the Banner of the 2d inst., in which he alludes to "the promise he made shortly before he changed worlds." To those who realize the truth of spirit-return, this is a good test.

VERIFICATION OF A MESSAGE.—The following note comes from a highly respectable source, and verifies the authenticity of a message given at our public circle through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant:

This week's Banner came to me laden with the rich perfume of truth from spirit-land. In the message department I find a communication from my late husband, Mr. William Crook; and from certain convictions of my own soul, I know 't was none other than himself controlled the medium to express his sentiments; and I thank our Father for the blessing I enjoy, in thus being assured of the presence of our loved ones in spirit—that they can and do watch over us and influence us for good. I indeed can say, 'Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?' Please excuse this intrusion upon your time. I felt that in justice to my husband, to you, to the cause, also to myself, that I could not remain silent, with this great truth before me, cheering my soul, and lifting it from the gloom of death to the shores of immortal life; and in the fullness of my soul, I thank our Heavenly Father that by his unbounded love and goodness my loved one has been permitted to visit me, and thus speak the truth to me and to his friends. Long may the Banner live and prosper, and its stand, truth's light illumine the hearts and homes of all mankind. I am yours, with respect and truth, Mrs. WILLIAM CROOK. Medford, Mass., March 22, 1866.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.—Chas. Pierce, Esq., of Boston, now in the employ of the General Government at Fort Warren, sends us the following: I noticed, some time since, a communication in the Banner from the spirit of Osgood Eaton, of Boston. At the commencement of the war, he went to Fortress Monroe as master carpenter, a situation he was well qualified to fill. He was a particular friend of mine for many years. He died at the Fortress as he reports. Respectfully yours, CHARLES PIERCE. Fort Warren, June 13, 1866.

Hingham.

The editor of the Hingham Journal attended the séance of Miss Laura Y. Ellis, in that place lately—being his first appearance at any place where physical manifestations occur. He thus candidly expresses himself:

"As to the merits of the exhibition, whether it is Spiritualism or not, we are at present unprepared to say. It must be admitted that the manifestations were truly wonderful, and if, as some believe, they were results of collusion or jugglery, the whole thing was marvellously well done. If Spiritualism is really a science, and is really designed for the benefit of the human race, all we have to say at present is, that but little is known of it as yet, and, before it can obtain universal credence, it must be shown of many of its objectionable features."

The visit of Miss Ellis to Hingham had a good effect upon many who were heretofore very skeptical in regard to the genuineness of the physical manifestations or the truth of Spiritualism. A little leaven works wonders sometimes. There is a loud call for Miss Ellis to return there again, that they may witness further manifestations of spirit-power. Much good work is also being done there by private mediums.

The Little Bouquet.

The second number of the Children's paper has come to hand. It contains much valuable information for the little ones of the household, and should be sustained. Articles from well known writers grace its pages. The music upon the last page is well worth the price of the paper. Some people complain that the price per single copy is too high; but all such should bear in mind that the cost of publishing periodicals has more than doubled since the war; that the tax on intelligence is enormous. Publishers of weekly newspapers will soon be starved out, if the U. S. internal revenue laws, so far as they (the publishers) are concerned, at least, are not altered, so as to give them a chance to live.

Bols Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, is the authorized wholesaler agent for the LITTLE BOUQUET in this section. It may also be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH HOUSE, 544 Broadway, New York.

Spiritualist Society at Vineland.

We learn from Dr. Coonley that the Society of Spiritualists in Vineland, N. J., held their annual business meeting, June 12th, and chose officers for the ensuing year as follows: C. B. Campbell, President; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Vice President; Mrs. Sarah A. Coonley, Secretary; Mrs. O. F. Stevens and John Gage, Corresponding Secretaries; J. O. Blaisdell, Treasurer; George W. Pryor, William Bridges, H. S. Phillips and H. H. Ladd, Trustees. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Hoses Allen for the satisfactory manner in which he had performed the duties of President of the Society during the past year.

The Addison Exposure.

A good deal has been tried to be made out of the pretended exposure of the "trickery of mediums," in England, by a Mr. Addison; and the papers on this side, which of course today in the meanest spirit of hypocritical groveling to the denominations which are supposed to be temporarily popular, are the first ones of all to copy these so-styled "revelations" and "disclosures," and "showings-up" into their columns, no doubt thinking it the best service they can perform for their dirty god—the Dollar.

We have read all the disclosures of this Mr. Addison, as reported by some of the foreign journals and copied into some of our own, quite through; but we say with perfect candor that we have been able to detect no point of weakness which he has succeeded in making in the conduct of honest and conscientious mediums, and that his "tricks" are nothing but tricks, which he popularly styles such, and bear no more necessary relation to the public stances of such mediums as the Davenport Brothers than any one object does to a totally different one, save for the purpose of heightening the contrast.

Mr. Addison has apparently made a great "spread" over what he was about to do, but he has succeeded only in cheaply advertising himself; and a kind of advertisement it is, he will find, that will do him a thousand times more hurt than good before he is done with it, because it has no life but such as falsehood and the trickery of imposition give to it. He pretends to show how the various "tricks," as he continually calls them, are performed; he thinks he exposes the fraud of the rappings, the force of the cabinet doings, the cheat of the tying business, and the unreality of the handcuff experiment. To account for these various phenomena—witnessed under circumstances that forbade collusion or fraud by persons fully competent to form an opinion at least of the honesty of their manifestation—he is driven to the invention of subtle and invisible electrical batteries, wires leading everywhere and radiating endlessly from nowhere, false floors that fall apart by a process more truly wonderful than that called magical, the use of the "funny bone" in the arm, when tying was to be done, and many other preposterously silly contrivances, which, if ever invented and put to use, would become traitors at once by the clumsiness which they would cause in the manipulations of new and untrained mediums, and a class of machinations, too, which, to be as effective (in the case of the rappings, for instance), as Mr. Addison would make them, must have factories established to turn them out, so notoriously active as to make the thing plain to every one.

This Addison is but another of the long list of those who seek to beat out their brains against great facts, rather than allow the facts the place in the universe which belongs to them. Of course the process gives him a sore head; and it is none of our affair to stop and listen to his complaints. Those who have nothing better to do than to accept his tricks for demonstration, may have their pains for their trouble.

Delegates to the National Convention.

We feel it our duty to again urge upon Spiritualists, in every place where regular meetings are held, to elect delegates to the National Convention of Spiritualists, which meets in Providence, R. I., on the 21st of August. We have heard of only two places where delegates have yet been chosen. It is high time action was taken in this matter. Proceed to the business at once. Appoint your best men and women, and only those who will be sure to attend. Delegates should try and be present at the time for opening the Convention, for most of the business as well as the harmony of the Convention will be under the control of its officers and the various committees selected to take charge of its deliberations.

No hour for its assembling is named in the "call," but we presume the Committee will attend to that matter in season. It will probably be as late as ten or eleven in the forenoon, in order to allow time for the arrival of the morning trains from Boston and the southern and western parts of the State.

Remember and have the credentials of the delegates signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the meeting. We hope Maine and New Hampshire will be well represented in the coming Convention, and not only those States but every other State in the Union. Let it be indeed a National Convention.

DELEGATES CHOSEN.

The following named ladies and gentlemen have been duly chosen by the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists of Boston, to represent said Society in the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in Providence, R. I., on Tuesday, August 21, 1866. And said delegates are authorized to fill any vacancies which may occur. E. Gay, Charles H. Crowell, Miss Lizzie Doten, A. B. Child, M. D., L. B. Wilson, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Noah Little, Jacob Edson, George W. Smith, Mrs. George W. Smith, Jonathan Pierce, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, A. S. Hayward, Mrs. A. S. Hayward, Edward Hayes, George A. Bacon, J. H. W. Toohy, E. S. Wheeler.

DANIEL FARRAR, Chairman.

L. B. WILSON, Secretary.

At a regular meeting of the Society of Spiritualists at Mechanic's Hall, Charlestown, Mass., Sunday, June 10th, the following named persons were chosen as delegates, and substitutes to attend the National Spiritual Convention to be held in Providence in August next:

Dr. O. C. York, Spencer Thomas, Hiram Brown, C. A. Poor, C. B. Marsh, H. W. Cushman, Mrs. L. A. York, Mrs. S. Thomas, Mrs. H. Brown, Mrs. O. A. Poor, O. V. Vose, Mrs. E. W. Cushman, O. H. Vose, Secretary, C. A. Poor, Chairman.

Whittier on Creeds.

Having been interrogated as to his religious faith—a common impertinence in these latter days—the poet Whittier, feeling himself called on to make a correction of public statements in which the interrogatory was implied and included, observes as follows: "I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed; and in judging of my fellowmen I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The only Orthodoxy that I am specially interested in, is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny, I dare not dogmatize; but wait for the unfolding of the great mystery, in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all." Liberal enough to suit any one. With in the limitations of such a creed, a man rightly disposed could not help growing wiser and better all the days of his life.

New Music.

From Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y., we have received the following pieces of new music: "I'll marry no man if he drinks," a popular temperance song, music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst; "Sunlight," a Polka brilliant, composed by Mrs. Parkhurst; "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," words by Dr. Watts, arranged by Mrs. Parkhurst.

New Publications.

PRISON LIFE OF JEREMIAH DAVIS. By Dr. Craven. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Alinworth.

The newspapers are filled with extracts from this deeply interesting volume. The author was into a Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers, and physician of the prisoner during his confinement in Fortress Monroe, from May 25th, 1865, to December 25th, of the same year. This volume is the most readable of all the press has given the public so far during the current year. It lets us into the secret life, and thoughts, and sayings, and views, of the man who, on one hand, is set down as the chief among the conspirators for secession by violence, and on the other, as the one most favored of all by the people of the States that were "resolved to try the sword to attain their purpose. Mr. Davis holds that it is not as who should be tried for treason, but the conventions, the legislatures, the population, of the States that revolted. We do not stop, however, to discuss or review any one of his opinions. The story of his imprisonment, including the famous ironing scene, is told by Dr. Craven with graphic power in passages, and everywhere with the appearance of true faithfulness. No romance could well be more exciting. Though the intense interest arising from warlike operations may have abated, the public feel the old excitement revive in a large degree over the passionate and pathetic details of this narrative, and will devour every line that sheds light on the later life of the man whose name will ever be synonymous with the American Rebellion.

THE EMERALD. The first of the "Gem Series." Boston: John L. Shorey. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

This is the first of a happily projected series of collectanea of light current literature, embracing tales, essays and poems, which have stood the test of popularity, and deserve classification in some form proper for preservation. The editor is Epes Sargent, Esq., a gentleman eminently qualified by literary culture, tastes and habits, to inaugurate and successfully carry out a plan of such cleverness as this one. The contents of the present volume are sufficiently varied to meet the wants of a very eclectic in literary delights. There are translations from the French, capital English stories, a fine tale by John Neal, all the Lyrical Charades by Fraed, together with minor poetic pieces that look like gems set in a rich framework. Mr. Sargent has betrayed a remarkable quality both of tact and taste in the selections made for this volume, and we predict that the other numbers of the series, to follow close along, will support all that can be said in praise of this.

Carleton, of New York, publishes a biographical brochure of Head Centre James Stephens, price half a dollar, in paper covers. It gives all that the admirers and followers of the man will care to know of one who has in so brief a time made himself so conspicuous before the world.

The American Peace Society have put forth their Annual Report in the Advocate of Peace. It is an interesting paper. But in this age and atmosphere of war, such a voice, we grieve to say, will scarcely be heard.

Gazelle, and other Poems.

Emma Tuttle's book of poems with the above title is exciting considerable interest. The newspaper critics have pretty freely discussed its merits, many of them awarding it high praise. The Sandusky (Ohio) Register, in speaking of it, says:

"The volume contains one hundred and ninety-four pages, and is printed and bound in snapper style, so that the matter does not suffer from any lack of comeliness in its dress. As regards the longest poem of the collection and the chief feature of the work, purports to be a truthful tale of the late war. The thread of the story, reduced to a few words of bald prose, is this: The taller of the story, a young man of Northern Ohio, well bred and educated, is on board a Lake Erie steamer, in 1860. On the same boat is a Southern freighting Congressman, who is making a Northern trip in the interests of secession—then fast approaching. The M. O. has a beautiful daughter accompanying him, who is the "Gazelle" of the poem. Our Buckeye makes the acquaintance of the Southern party and finds favor. The arrival at Cleveland is thus related:

"The Forest City! M. C. Earle Came out, restored, with Gazelle, To ask where we chose to go; So Percy chose the Wedding."

The Buckeye accompanies the Earle family down the lakes, and like a sensible fellow, appropriates the heart of Gazelle. At Montreal they attend the reception hall of the Prince of Wales, where Gazelle meets an English lord, Oakley by name, whom her father would like as a son-in-law. But Gazelle is true to her first flame. They part. The war breaks out—our Buckeye here enlists, as he should, and fights bravely for the old flag. He is captured and sent to Andersonville, where he remains for weary months, and is finally paroled, a skeleton. On his way North he sees Gazelle, now the affianced bride of Lord Oakley, and dances with her, but she does not dream of his being her Buckeye; over and he, like Ench. Arden; smoothes his heart and resolves to reveal himself and mar her happiness. Gazelle and her titled lover are married, and Buckeye goes to his home broken-hearted. But he soon learns that Lord Oakley, while warmly discussing politics with a Southern gentleman, and advocating negro suffrage, provoked the wrath of the Southron and received from him a death blow. The upshot can be guessed. The Lady Oakley, a blooming widow now, becomes plain Mrs. Buckeye, and all is merry as a marriage bell.

A correspondent writing from New Orleans, asks:

GAZELLE—WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

I have been reading Gazelle, read it through and through. The reading has rendered very pleasant a few painful days. What a strange book! Who wrote it? I formed various opinions as to the author, while reading the book. I, at one time, thought that it was the work of several heads and hands, the style is so varied; but I now conclude that the author is some isolated soul, who lives just near enough to the world to hear the sounds of sorrow and of gladness. Listening, he weaves them into solemn psalms, grand battle marches, or sweet heart-sonnets. The description the writer gives of a battlefield is very grand. One sees the gory ground strewn with the dead, and hears the wall of death mingled with the sound of shot and shell. Again, who wrote Gazelle? S. W. ST. CLAIR. New Orleans, La.

Personal.

Aaron M. Powell succeeds Parker Pillsbury in the editorial department of the Anti-Slavery Standard. The venerable statesman, Lewis Cass, died at Detroit, Mich., on the 17th of June, aged 83 years. W. W. Seaton, the veteran publisher and editor of the National Intelligencer, died in Washington, D. C., June 16th, at the age of 61 years. The mother of Hon. Charles Sumner died in this city last week. The European Trouble. All hopes of a peaceful solution of the difficulties between Austria, Prussia, and Italy, have vanished, and the armies are being moved forward with a view of commencing hostilities at no remote period.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1886, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artisan's Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B O of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$3 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Conley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature;" "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

J. V. Mansfield.

This excellent medium for answering sealed letters, will, we are pleased to learn, be at his home in Chelsea from the 25th inst. to July 3d, and answer such letters as may be handed to him personally, or sent by mail. Many will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity for a personal audience with him.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPH.

Our thanks are due to a friend in Somerville for a goodly number of elegant bouquets of fresh flowers. Their sweet odor fills our sanctum and the circle room.

We particularly request one "Wm B. Potter, M.D.," to send no more of his printed trash to this office. We are astonished at his mendacity and impudence. We may take occasion to date him one of these days. If we undertake the job, we shall perform it thoroughly. Spiritualists everywhere should take no notice of the insane rantings of this miserable slanderer.

These hot days make Dr. King's Medicated Beer a delicious drink, and many are refreshing themselves with it. You will find the Doctor's cool fountain at 654 Washington street.

"THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER."—We print in this issue of the BANNER number three of the series of these excellent articles, by our able correspondent, Dr. Leon Hyndeman. They display great ability, and will no doubt be perused with much satisfaction by every progressive mind. Number four, the last of the series, will appear soon.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—The attractions at this genteel place of amusement continue unabated. The Webb Sisters (Ada and Emma) have been engaged. On Monday and Tuesday, June 25th and 26th, they will appear in Planché's great extravaganza, "The Invisible Prince." Also will be performed the Protean Farce, "A Day Too Late," in which the Sisters will each sustain three characters.

THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS at Rock Island, Ill., recently organized and chose officers for the ensuing term as follows: W. T. Morris, President; J. A. Stiles, Vice-President; Dr. A. J. Grover, Secretary; and Alfred Taylor, Corresponding Secretary. They hold their meetings in Morris's Hall.

We must think deeply and act earnestly.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher crawled through a pipe of his new church organ, the other day, on a challenge of one of his flock. He came out covered with dust and sweat, and exclaimed as he touched the floor, "I want no man to tell me anything about this organ. I know all about it. I have been through it!"

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a capital teacher. In scholarly attainments ripe; But when he essays, (O'er his church's amaze,) To crawl through a big organ-pipe, 'Tis a sore disgrace To a man in his place, And savors of "dog" on the brain, Though his people are bound To consider him sound, They hope he'll never do again! Drow.

Envy is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

AN HONEST MAN—"Of more worth is one honest man to society, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."—Thomas Paine.

HARRIET HOMER.—Rev. E. B. Fairfield, President of Hillsdale College, Michigan, recently lectured in Providence, R. I., and gave the following sketch of a well-known American artist:

"Harriet Homer was a fast Massachusetts girl, making ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year by her chisel, but never succeeded in living within her income, while she had long since exhausted her patrimony. She drives the fastest horses in the place, and makes the most beautiful marbles ever looked upon."

Invalids in West Randolph, Mass., and vicinity, will see Dr. U. Clark's notice on the fifth page.

A person once, prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

"DECAY OF THE ENGLISH RACE."—Dr. Morgan, a physician of Manchester, England, has published a pamphlet with the above title, which is exciting attention. The causes which he finds to be alarmingly deteriorating the race may all be traced chiefly to overwork in the manufacturing.

The beautiful tresses of young ladies are now called hair-strings.

What principles should Spiritualists declare from their free platform? is the title of an essay, issued in an eight page pamphlet, written by H. S. Brown, M. D., 688 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis., which he will send to any one who desires it, for the mere postage.

Spiritists will do well to remember and heed the law passed by the last legislature for the protection of trout and black bass. By this act, whoever catches any trout in any river, stream or pond, between September 20 and March 20, or buys and has in his possession any trout so caught, is liable to a fine of one dollar for each trout; and whoever catches any black bass between Dec. 1 and June 1, or at any time except with the hook and line, to a fine of twenty dollars, and possession shall be evidence of infringement of the law.

The post-mortem examination of a little girl, aged seven years, who died in Bethlehem, Conn., revealed the fact that her death was caused by particles which had been bitten from her finger nails. They were swallowed, and sticking into the sides of her stomach caused ulceration, and death ensued.

The Commonwealth learns that S. Morgan Smith, of Philadelphia, who left Boston for Europe in April, has been playing Othello with success at Gravesend, near London. He is a colored man, and while in Boston was excluded from visiting some of our theatres on that account.

Lucy Stone says: "The cradle is a woman's ballot-box." Then we've known some unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.

Why are wheat and potatoes like the idols of old? Because the former have ears and hear not, and the latter eyes, but see not.

In these days of "shoddy" articles of every description, it is worth while to know a good test for the presence of mineral adulterants in flour. A small quantity of the suspected flour is shaken up in a glass tube with chloroform. All mineral matters present will sink to the bottom, but the flour will float on the top.

A writer in Zion's Herald thinks that people who dance never can find salvation, and that one "may as well speak of an honest thief as a dancing Christian." What arrant nonsense!

Professor Wm. Byrd Powell, who died in Corington, Kentucky, a few weeks ago, bequeathed his head to Mrs. F. H. Kinzie, of Cincinnati, to be used for scientific purposes; in accordance with this, a surgeon cut off the professor's head, and it is now in the possession of the lady.

The San Francisco Children's Lyceum is getting along finely—so says a postscript in a letter from J. W. Atkinson—and is exerting such a beneficial effect as to make him wish them established all over the land.

If Asmodeus should unroof all the houses in New York, as the story says he unroofed those of Madrid, in the dressing-rooms of nine-tenths of the beau monde would be seen Phalón's "Night-Blooming Cereus." Sold every where.

"Shall we Compromise?"

A late Banner contained an article headed "Shall we Compromise?" which met my views exactly. Spiritualists have arrived at their present status and power, unaided by any act, how ever liberal their professions—indeed, notwithstanding all their wily machinations to arrest our progress; and I trust we shall never yield one iota, or change our base for the purpose of gaining popularity; but let us go on, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, under our old Banner of Spiritualism, for ours is too precious a faith (knowledge, I should have said), to be compromised away for any seeming worldly advantage.

I should be perfectly willing for any one of any sect to occupy a portion of the time at our meetings, to express their views, whenever they are ready to reciprocate by admitting our speakers, male or female, occasionally into their pulpits; but may we never be guilty of making any compromises for the sake of making ourselves more respectable in the eyes of the world. Rather let us go on in the power and invincibility of truth alone, and I think, wherever practicable, all Spiritualists will withhold sustaining any sectarian church, for by so doing they help to perpetuate priestcraft. South Danvers, Mass. D. J.

Excursion into the Country—Grand Union Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold their First Grand Union Picnic for 1886, at Island Grove, AMINGTON, on Tuesday, June 28th. Special trains will leave the Old Colony and Newport Railroad Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. for the Grove.

Fare: Adults, from Boston and return, 80 cents; Children with their parents, 40 cents. For sale at the Depot.

Excursionists from all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, and between Plymouth and Hanson, will take the regular trains to the Grove and return for one fare.

Good music for dancing will be in attendance. Refreshments in abundance may be obtained on the grounds. No exhibitions allowed except specially authorized by the proprietors of the Grove. H. F. GARDNER, Manager. Boston, Mass., June 12, 1886.

Notice.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity will celebrate the coming Fourth of July with a festival and grove meeting on our picnic ground. Address by Mrs. S. A. Horton. Other speakers are invited to be present. Teams will be in readiness at Hyde Park for all passengers. SABINE SCOTT, June 8, 1886. For citizens of Eden Mills, Vt.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 P. M., in No. 125 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meeting will be held on 7th P. M. Spiritual Meetings will be held through in Harrison Hall, corner of Essex and Chalmers streets, at 8 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free. All are invited to attend. Entrance, Chauncy street.

The C. S. D. M. U. of West Providence's Bible Society will hold meetings every Sunday in No. 10 Tremont Temple, at 3 P. M., also Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 1/2 P. M.

The members of the Christian Scholars' Missionary Union will meet every Saturday, at 2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Circle will commence at 7 P. M.

Concord, Mass.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., under the supervision of A. H. Hildbrand. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Meridian Speaker engaged.—Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood during June.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged.—S. W. Wheeler during June; Lois Washbrotter during July; J. Madison Allen during August; 8/7/11 during September, October, and November.

Haverhill, Mass.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in Haverhill Hall, corner of Main and Elm streets, at 10 o'clock A. M. P. M. Spiritualists hold meetings in Lowell Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, on half street. Unit.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock.

Lowell, Mass.—Meetings will be resumed in September, in Lowell Hall, and be continued regularly thereafter every Sunday. Mrs. N. J. Willis will speak during September.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday forenoon, 10 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged: J. H. Willis, M. D., during June; Mrs. N. J. Willis during July.

Jarvisboro, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 7 P. M. Mrs. Yeaw, speaker.

Lowell, Mass.—Spiritualists meetings are held in the Universal Church, Lowell, every other Sunday. Mollus and normal speakers wishing to make engagements will please address, John Fuller, South Hanover, Mass.

Pozoroso, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 74 Boston street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged.—A. J. Davis during June.

Putnam, Conn.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 P. M. The Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged.—A. J. Davis during June.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Sons of Temperance Hall, Congress street. Free Conferences every Sunday. Lectures at 10 o'clock and evening, at 7 and 10 o'clock.

Over and Foxcroft, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in Universal Church, Foxcroft, Me. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.—Dr. B. Marks, Conductor. Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Foxcroft Hall should address P. E. Williams, Foxcroft, Me.

Williamstown, N. Y.—Spiritualist meetings are held one evening each week in Continental Hall, Mrs. Emma F. Jay Buell is the speaker for the present. All are invited free.

Albany, N. Y.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Albany Hall, corner of Washington and Fifth streets, at 7 1/2 P. M.

Haverhill, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lyceum holds meetings every Sunday, at 10 o'clock P. M. Mrs. H. J. Conant, Conductor; Amy Post, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmon Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. L. K. Conley, Conductor; H. H. Hildbrand, Conductor; J. M. Louisa Kell, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Meetings are held at Sanson street Hall every Sunday at 10 and 11 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Mr. J. Pratt, Conductor; J. S. Ballenger, Guardian.

Meigs are also held in the new hall in Thirtieth street, every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. H. Ekin, Conductor.

New York, N. Y.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the hall of Friends at 10 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds Sunday sessions at 1 o'clock P. M. Mr. Horace Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deane, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Meetings held on Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Bellevue Avenue.

Baltimore, Md.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Washington and Calvert streets, at 10 o'clock of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hizer will speak till further notice.

Chicago, Ill.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Hours of meeting 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Chicago, Ill.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in the hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Planché, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planché, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds meetings every Sunday forenoon at 10 A. M., in Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Guardian.

Washington, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Union League Hall.

Cincinnati, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a Religious Society of Spiritualists. Meetings are held on the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Lombard streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday forenoon and evening, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock, respectively.

Cleveland, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. J. A. Jewett, Guardian.

San Francisco, Cal.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, on the 1st and 3rd of each month, at 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 7 P. M.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. G. DANVILLE, N. Y.—The MS. music is explained. It was copied for a friend, and sent to our care, to be called for. Will print your poetry next week.

W. C. DECATUR, Ill.—\$3.00 received.

L. E. C. VINCENNE, N. J.—\$1.50 received.

E. PROVIDENCE.—\$1.50 received; but we cannot insert the advertisement.

Business Matters.

DR. U. CLARK WILL treat the sick at the HOWARD HOUSE, WEST RANDOLPH, MASS., on Wednesday and Thursday, June 27th and 28th.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—We have a few copies of this monthly for March, April and May, for sale at this office. Price thirty cents.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, will answer sealed letters, at his house, 103 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass., from June 25th to July 3d. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

The people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless "Sarsaparilla" preparations, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. DOCT. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures, when anything can cure, the diseases that require an alternative medicine.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TO LET.

A LARGE FRONT ROOM in "Parker Building," No. 125 Washington street, Boston. Apply at THIS OFFICE. June 8.

MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 10.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER CURES NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE. CAN BE HAD AT THE DRUGGISTS. LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE. DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application. WARRANTED TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND GOUTY LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture. Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle. G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchendon, Mass. G. C. GOODWIN & CO., M. S. BURK & CO., Boston; JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt.; General Agents. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. June 2.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. WARRANTED TO GIVE THE STRENGTH OF COMMON POTASH, and superior to any other soap or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making lye and soft soap. One pound will make fifty gallons of soft soap. 100 lbs. is required. "Consumers will find this the cheapest lye in market." G. B. BABBITT, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Dec 14-17

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Arabic type, twenty cents per line per week, in advance. For every copy of our subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

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THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON IN FOUR YEARS. Monday and Tuesday, June 25th and 26th. Planché's great extravaganza.

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PRINCE LEANDER.....MISS EMMA. AUCUTINA.....MISS ADA. The Protean Farce of a

DAY TOO LATE!

MISS ADA IN THREE CHARACTERS! Miss Emma in Three Characters! SONGS AND DANSES BY THE SISTERS!

WHO KILLED COOK ROBIN?

JACK SWIFT.....FRANK ROCHE. MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE! DR. G. W. BABCOCK,

Room 10. No. 36 WINTER STREET, BOSTON. THE Doctor's experience of twenty-five years in the healing of cases of chronic rheumatism and neuralgia, and other ailments, make him one of the safest and most reliable physicians that the sick and afflicted can possibly consult. June 23.

CHOLERA: ITS PREVENTION AND CURE, AND ALSO CANCER CURE.

These valuable receipts will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 CENTS. In advance. Address, IGNAZIUS SARGENT, M. D., Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 38 Bedford street, Boston. He cures all diseases of the Heart. June 29.

FANNIE M. HANCOCK, Medical and Business Agent for the Boston Dispensary, at the WALL HOUSE, WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y. June 30.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT, has removed to 14 Kneeland St. Room 2. June 30.

IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS!

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.

THE SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, AND ALL Disorders of the Lungs, Nervous and Blood Systems.

THE HYPOPHOSPHITES not only act with PROMPTNESS AND CERTAINTY in every stage of pulmonary disease, even of the acute kind, called "Chlorosis" or "Consumption," but also with UNPARALLELED EFFICACY in all derangements of the Nervous and Blood Systems, such as NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, ANEMIA, PALPITATION, SCORFUM, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, MALARIA, RICKETS, OR CRICKET DISEASE, PREPARED, IMPROVED, AND PATENTED BY DR. J. C. WINCHESTER & CO.'S NEW CIRCULAR, compiled from Dr. Chalmers's Second Edition of his TREATISE ON CONSUMPTION, first published in Paris.

EVERY SUFFERER FROM DEBILITY, or any Chronic Malady, by which the vital energies are depressed, or exhausted; and every woman who needs a DEPURATIVE, or Blood Purifier, should send for DR. J. C. WINCHESTER & CO.'S NEW CIRCULAR, compiled from Dr. Chalmers's Second Edition of his TREATISE ON CONSUMPTION, first published in Paris.

Prices in 7 and 10 oz. bottles, \$1 and \$3 each. Six Small, or Three Large, for \$5. Sold by all respectable Druggists; and Wholesale by G. C. CHILDS, 30 John Street, Boston; and at the Sole Depot in the United States, by the Manufacturers, J. WINCHESTER & CO., 30 John Street, N. Y. CALIFORNIA AGENTS, J. WINCHESTER & CO., Front Street, San Francisco. June 20.

THE GOLDEN TABLET.

AN INFALLIBLE NEUTRALIZER OF ALL SUPERFICIAL POISONS, ICH, Scald Burns, Erysipelas, Eruptions, and all Cutaneous Eruptions; the Poison of Oak, Ivy, and Sumach; the Bites of Mosquitoes, Bugs, Spiders, and all Venomous Insects; Sore Lips, Sore Eyes, Sore Nipples, Ulcers, etc.

Ulcerated Throat, Catarrh and Piles Cured WITH PROMPTNESS AND CERTAINTY. THE GOLDEN TABLET instantly neutralizes, destroys, and removes every species of poisonous or infectious virus, affecting either the external skin, or the internal mucous membrane. In the treatment of LICE, COCHLEA, OR CRICKET DISEASE, it acts like magic, curing the worst cases in a few days. ITS PREVENTIVE AND CURATIVE USES render it indispensable to every adult person of both sexes, who is particularly exposed to the contagion of CHOLERA, first published in Paris. June 20.

WINCHESTER'S ASIATIC CHOLERA DROPS.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ASIATIC MALIGNANT CHOLERA. Also, for the prompt cure of DIARRHÆA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DYSENTERY, OR BLOODY FLUX, AND ALL BOWEL DISORDERS. THE BOWEL DROPS.

This remarkable Preparation, compounded from THIRTEEN VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS, has HAD BEEN USED WITH INFALLIBLE SUCCESS IN AN ASIATIC CHOLERA, for more than twenty years, in Manila, and other parts of the East Indies; the heroic and destructive Pestilence, which it is regarded as AN ANTIDOTE.

SPECIFIC FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA: Not a single death having been known among the white or foreign residents of the East Indies, where the remedy has been used. It is a GREAT MEDICAL PRODIGE IN EVERY CASE. A SINGLE DOSE will arrest the Preliminary Diarrhœa, and PREVENT AN ATTACK. From one to three DROPS, taken frequently, will arrest CHOLERA, if administered at the commencement of the illness. THE EFFECT IS IMMEDIATE, and MOST ASTONISHING. It is a GREAT MEDICAL PRODIGE, and possesses a potency which AT ONCE subdues the MALADY.

Winchester's Asiatic Cholera Drops should be kept as a safeguard in every household, or carried in the pocket, FOR INSTANT USE, WHEN NEEDED. In cases of Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaint, and Dysentery, or Bloody Flux, one or two doses of this Powerful Medicine will check the discharge almost instantly, and EFFECT A CURE IN A FEW HOURS, leaving the bowels in a natural condition, and invigorating the whole system with the glow of REVEREND VIGILANCE, and the glow of REVEREND VIGILANCE.

Price, \$1.50 per Vial; Four Vials for \$5. Sent by mail, in cases, prepaid, to all parts of the country, on receipt of the price and eight red stamps. For Trade Supplies, Address, J. WINCHESTER & CO., 30 John Street, New York. June 20.

NOTICE. Mrs. LATHAM would give notice to her patients, and the public generally, that her office will be closed during July and August. All desiring her services will therefore apply on or before the last day of June. G. LATHAM, M.D., 252 Washington street, Boston. June 19.

NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER! DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON, HEALING MEDIUM, developed to cure diseases by drawing out the disease upon himself, at any distance, can examine the patient, and cure the disease by the use of his power, at the same time. One examination \$1; ten exercises to draw disease, \$5; thirty for \$10. Manipulations \$2 each. Trade patients, by special arrangement. Mrs. MARY CHILDS, 11 Warren Place, Boston. Mass. HANNAH M. WOOD, 252 Washington street, Boston. June 9.

THIS CERTIFIES THAT DR. EMERSON has cured me of deafness of five years' standing; also, of dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, and all other ailments. Mrs. MARY CHILDS, 11 Warren Place, Boston. Mass. HANNAH M. WOOD, 252 Washington street, Boston. June 9.

NOB 2. I will send by mail, one copy each of the four books, "Life Line of the Lone One," "Fugitive Slaves," and "The Banner of Light," to any Spiritualist, for sale for lecturers columns. WARREN CHASE.

NEURAPATHIC BALSAM;

NATURE'S GREAT HARMONIZER, CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, BURNS, SORES, WOUNDS, DEAFNESS, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, and all Diseases of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes.

THIS BALSAM is a Natural Production, put up pure and unadulterated. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle, with full directions. For sale by OCTAVIUS KING, Druggist, 64 Washington street, No. 25, BUREAU CO., 25 Tremont street; at HANSELL'S LIGHT OFFICE, 125 Washington street, Boston, and at Broadway, New York, and by our Western Agent, ABRAHAM JAMES, No. 8 Reynolds block, near Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

E. HAYNES & CO., Proprietors, No. 7 Doane Street, Boston. SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY: A SCIENTIFIC AND POPULAR EXPOSITION OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS IN SOCIOLOGY. BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

THIS valuable book of over three hundred pages will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of price. Price, \$1.00. For sale at the Harvard Office, 135 Washington street, Boston, and the Branch Office, 614 Broadway, (Room No. 6.) New York. June 23.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room. Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS.

MRS. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Tuesday, March 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Marian C. Gaskins, who died at Florence, Italy, to her sisters, in St. Louis, and to her husband; Joseph Harrison, to his wife, in Lawrence, Kansas; Andrew Jackson, to his parents, in Sacramento, Cal.

Thursday, March 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Samuel Jones, to friends; Samuel Green, to friends; M. Robinson, to friends; Lucretia Perry, to Spiritualist friends.

Invocation.

Spirit, who art without form and without name, through the ministrations of the good and true of all ages do thou baptize thy children in wisdom and truth. Through every good thought that has flashed upon the horizon of the past, through every good deed that has been performed, do thou bless thy children in the present, knowing that thoughts are immortal, that good deeds never die. We ask that that which has existed in the past, may become conscious blessings of the present. Oh, Eternal Spirit, thou wondrous ocean of mind, we worship and adore thee in the simplicity of truth; feeling that thou art all true, all holy, the divine of our lives. We render thee the undying homage of our souls. All the flowers we have been able to cull from the sanctuary of our past experience, we bring into the present, and offer them to thee our life. Oh may thy children here lay aside all the cares of their human lives this hour. May they enter the holy sanctuary of their spiritual natures, and there commune with thee. May they stand, as it were, face to face with their loved ones who have changed forms, but who are still near to them. May their every thought be one that aspires beyond earthly life, asking for all the fruits of thy kingdom, the heavenly waters of truth, wherein the soul may bathe itself continually. Oh thou who art the Divine Author of life, all nations instinctively praise thee. We praise thee, we adore thee, we reverence thee with all that deep reverence that belongs to us as human and immortal spirits. Receive our thanksgiving; and, in return, let blessings come to us through consciousness. Let all our life be baptized in thine own glorious being, even as the earth is bathed in the sunlight of this hour. So let our souls be conscious of thy Divine Presence as a guiding power, as a never failing existence through which we live, and to which we are indebted for our immortality. Amen. March 22.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your propositions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider.

QUES.—By P. Cole: A. J. Davis localizes the spirit-world at an immense distance from the earth, and says that spirits can, but seldom do visit the earth. Spirits say the two worlds are contiguous, and spirits are continually about us and interest themselves in our welfare. Will the controlling influence please explain and reconcile these statements?

ANS.—To begin with, we are not aware that A. J. Davis does locate the spirit-world so far from earth; and to end with, we distinctly declare unto you, that the spirit-world is here in your midst; that you to-day live in that spirit-world as much as you ever can. It is here; it is millions of miles away; it is everywhere.

Q.—By the same: We often hear of haunted houses. Can spirits manifest themselves in houses where there is no medium present?

A.—No, not where there is no medium present; but there are other mediums beside these physical bodies. A block of wood, a statue of marble, an article of furniture, a dew-drop, a flower; in fact, all things are mediums for the spirit. Now in the case of so-called haunted houses, it is very obvious why manifestations can be given there. It so happens that the chief intelligence controlling those manifestations, at a period prior to that in which the manifestations are given, must have possessed a strong degree of magnetism that permeated the premises, thus endowing those premises with specialized mediunistic powers. If a spirit has incorporated its magnetism into a block of wood, it can manifest itself by moving it in an intelligent manner, so that it—the block of wood—will appeal to your intelligence. Through form and change of form, your human intelligence is appealed to. You may say it is appealed to by sound; but do you not know that sound has form, just as much form as these bodies have? All forms are mediums for the spirit; remember this. These poor human subjects are but the mouth-pieces, that can be used most intelligently, but they are by no means the only atoms that possess mediunistic powers, for we distinctly declare to you that all forms of life are mediunistic, no matter where they exist.

Q.—By the same: Are there any known means to prevent those violent manifestations?

A.—Certainly, there are known means, but these means are such as come through intelligence. You must open correspondence with the intelligences that produce the manifestations; and by enlightening them and receiving a corresponding amount of enlightenment, you shall be able to quell these disturbances; or in other words, to produce an equilibrium. They shall cease to desire to do these things, because their object will have been attained.

Q.—By L. W. Ransom: Take two individuals, both born with equally large proclivities to crime; one of them lives out his true life to the utmost bent, is a liar, thief and murderer in act, and ends his earth-life on a scaffold where legal murders are committed. The other, from force of circumstances, is to external seeming, a "marvelous proper man," a member of a church maybe, and so dies in his bed, comforted and lamented by a whole community, while in heart and soul he is as great a criminal as his companion. Will or will not his condition in spirit-life be more favorable than that of the other?

A.—Here seem to be two pictures in life drawn by the same artist, presenting in one direction the same characteristics, and yet so far as act is concerned, totally unlike each other. One blooms in perfection, the other remains a seed. Your correspondent asks whether the seed will exist under most favorable influences after death, or that which has blossomed into perfection here? Now, in consequence of the non-appearance of conditions unfavorable to its growth, and in consequence of the appearance of those conditions that were favorable to its growth, it germinated, came forth and bloomed in deed. It is our belief that that which had become a flower in external appearance in human life, had traveled just that much further on the line of progression human. The seed must sooner or later be unfolded. The innate properties of its own life, we believe, must sooner or later unfold themselves in deed. If unfulfilled does not come to the seed during earth-life, the time will come when the seed will germinate, and the flower will bloom. But it should be understood that the seed puts forth its internal life in correspondence with its external, always. The agriculturist will tell you this. Cultivate the soil, and surround it with proper conditions, and the flower will bloom in beauty and fragrance, provided you keep in remembrance the law of its being. Now, then, the surroundings of the spirit-world, those externalities that surround every living spirit, are so far modified, spiritualized, so different from the surroundings of the material world, that the product of the seed there may be far different from the product of the seed that germinated here under your external conditions. Yet the growth of the seed must come. The bursting of the shell must come. Although the flower blooms under different influences, it must bloom, must come to perfection sooner or later. Allow us to illustrate. One has passed from your sphere with the proclivities of murder implanted in his being. Those proclivities have never ripened here, but have been passed on for the second sphere of life to take hold of. Arriving there, conditions become somewhat changed. The individual finding it is possible for him to return and live out his own natural tendencies, instead of committing murder himself, he engraves the thought upon some other plastic mind, and so by that means prepares the soil around that individual soul for performing an act of murder. Such ones, instead of performing murder directly, throw out the dew of their own life upon other soil, and the flower blooms there. It is only an indirect action that produces the same deed. While in the other case, with one who has been brought forth into the fullness of deeds here, the power rests with him as an individual. So, then, we again declare that it is our belief that the one who lived out his internal proclivities while here in deeds, is so much the further upon the high road to progress. March 22.

Major C. C. Hall.

On the third day of June, 1863, while out with my command, I was suddenly affected with dizziness; and at the next point of recollection, I was a freed spirit, had died, was apart from my own body.

I am, or rather was, Major C. C. Hall, of the 2d Virginia Infantry. I am aware that there were some stories in circulation at the time of my death, or shortly after, that I had been poisoned; that there were enemies in my command, and I was poisoned by some one or more. One brave fellow was called in question, but succeeded, after much trouble, in proving his innocence. But as my own friends are still unsatisfied with regard to what has been done, and how I came to my death, I have thought it proper to come back and make a statement myself.

I am convinced by what I have been shown since I have been living in the spirit-world, that I died from sun-stroke, and that alone. I am sure I was not poisoned, and perfectly sure that the brave fellow who was called in question, was my friend. And I am glad to be able to return to-day, informing all my friends of his honor. I presume that suspicion was fastened upon him from the fact that he entered the Confederate Army, not because he believed that we should be victorious, but because he believed it must be fought out some way, and unless there were those on both sides to lend them strength, a bone of contention it would always remain. So from this statement it was inferred that he was disloyal, and capable of assassinating officers, and doing whatever he could to weaken the Confederate cause. I return to-day to exonerate him. He is an honorable man, and lives to-day, thank God! to do a good deal of good, I hope.

My friends, to persuade themselves of my identity as a spirit, can do so by holding personal communion with me. I have thrown out these truths, because I felt it proper the world should know the why and wherefore of this matter. I am not well posted in this coming back; had no belief in it when here; but I have proof of its demonstration in my own case. That I return, I know. That I live, I am quite sure. The only loss I have met with, is the body, and as that belonged to Mother Nature, she had a perfect right to claim it when she pleased. I am quite as content with the way and means she saw fit to use in removing me, as I should have been with any other. March 22.

Mattie Smith.

Mattie Smith, from Detroit. I have only been in the spirit-world since November; was in my fourteenth year. I have a sister in the spirit-world, and a younger brother on the earth.

My father was wounded in fighting the rebels, in the rebellion, and he wonders why he was not killed outright, he has suffered so much since then from the wound he received, and the loss that came from it. It wasn't best that he should die, so he did not; but I suppose it was best that I should, and so I did. They said I had fever and congestion of the lungs. I don't know, myself.

I am very anxious that my mother should know what a beautiful spirit-world there is all around; and instead of being two worlds, one for the wicked and one for the good, it is very much as it is here. The good and the evil are permitted to reside together, each benefiting the other in our life, as with you. And our education is not stopped by death, but, on the contrary, it goes on—how long I cannot say, but suppose as long as there is need of it. I once, since I have been there, asked an old teacher who had lived a long time in the spirit-world, how long he expected to be a scholar as well as teacher, and he answered me in this way: "My child, while God lives I expect to find something to learn!" So then I understood that he believed that he should always be learning, forever and forever. And I am sure if he must always be a scholar as well as a teacher, why everybody else must expect the same.

I've met a great many that seem to know me in the spirit-world; many of my mother's and father's folks that I never saw. But they seemed to know me, and some of them I like very much; and some—just as it is here—I don't care much

about. My mother and my father, too, have many things to learn and many more to unlearn. The things I want them to learn are these—these that belong to their spiritual belief. They have been taught to believe such strange, wild, good-for-nothing notions of spirit-life, that I'm afraid they'll be disappointed when they get there. I know plenty that feel so disappointed when they join us, are so disappointed in finding things so unlike what they expected, they are not happy at all, cannot feel right about it. I do not want my father and mother to be so disappointed. I want them to know we can come, and that we live quite near to them, not way off beyond the sun and moon. I am obliged to you, sir. March 22.

William Hook.

William Hook, of the 35th Massachusetts. Say I'm alive, sure, will you? not in the body, but alive outside of it. That I want to talk with my friends, and I fought the way here to-day; bound to come, anyway. March 22.

James Finnigan.

Ah, faith! that was stealing a ride without even asking permission to do so. I was only waiting to see if I had a chance to come, when he came past me like a streak of chain lightning; said he was determined to come. I suppose it's all right. He had something to say, and so he said it.

Well, sir, I claim to be an Irishman by birth, but I have American interests at heart, at least enough to give my life for her. [That proves it.] Yes, sir, that proves it, and should at any rate. And now I hope that since so many Irishmen have laid down their lives for the freedom of the blacks in this country, and the perpetuation of this very good American Government, I do hope that the Government now will be kind enough to return the compliment, and assist Ireland in fighting for her own rights and in establishing her own freedom. It's no more than right that she should do it. And when Madam England sits back in her chair of royalty, saying, "Oh, I take no part in your contest you may go to the devil just as you like for all I care!" then when the Irishmen who fought for you undertake to free Ireland, they may expect you will return the compliment by at least remaining neutral. Then when Madam England calls upon you for assistance, you'll sit back and say, "I've nothing to do with you; you must fight your own battles! and if the Irishmen can whip you, all right; we're not going to take your part."

And if you can do something better—that is, give us some of your strong men in the ranks, oh, then that will be very much better. Then, instead of your soil being dotted all over with the tracks of the Irishmen, there will be plenty of room for your people; for as soon as Ireland is released from captivity, you will see the Irishmen going to their own green isle to occupy the land they have fought for; to build up free institutions and a free government there. So you see it will be for the interest of America to help the Irishmen free Ireland. Now Ireland never forgets. She's very much like the aborigines of this country, that never forgets a kindness, and never forgets an injury. The time has now come when Ireland, or the people of Ireland, are beginning to rise up, one by one, here and there, all over this country and in their own, too, with the feeling that Ireland must be free; and free she will be.

I do not want to be a prophet, but I come back here and say, Ireland must be free! And when you are called upon, as you most surely will be, remember that the blood of the Irishmen that has been shed on your soil will cry out that you be silent; stand neutral, if you can do nothing more.

Now I've preached you a political sermon, and I will turn to something else: I have folks here; I want them to know, oh, that I am so fully alive! Sometimes I look back to the time when I was here, and I think I was dead then. But I've such full activity of all the powers that I'm all the time going ahead; no stand-still to me. I don't know but it may be something to do with the way I went out, under the enthusiasm of war; that that stimulus has not died away—but I do not think it is that. I think it is because I've so much larger field for freedom.

I want to make communication, if I can, with one Michael McClosky, who is doing much in his way for the liberation of his country. And, also, I want to reach, if I can, one Francis O'Brien. He's now somewhere in Pennsylvania; and I want to come to my own family, my sister and my brother, and many others who are very near to me still. I want 'em to know that I can come; want 'em to give me ample means to do so, for I will get into clearer and closer rapport with things in this world, in that way. [Do your brother and sister live in Boston?] My sister does, but my brother was, at last accounts, in Springfield, [Massachusetts?] Yes, sir. I presume he is there now.

I've not—I've not given my name, I believe. Finnigan—James. Oh, I would say much more if I had the time, and to all my folks, but I've not the time to do it. But for the present I'm under very great obligations to you, sir. March 22.

Invocation.

Our Father, do thou bless us with the presence of the good and true of every age. Let them come to us as the dew to the flowers after the heat of the summer day has passed; or, like that peace that follows the din and confusion of war. Let the breath of their lives sweep the molten chords of our souls, so they shall vibrate in harmony with theirs, and we, too, become good and true. May the Recording Angel write, "Well done, good and faithful," upon the page of our lives, as he has written it upon theirs. And unto thee we will dedicate every song of praise forever and forever. March 23.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By H. W. A., of Philadelphia, Pa.: Can spirits visit the different planets at any time they may feel curious to learn their condition, or is the astronomer compelled to use a telescope, as on earth?

ANS.—You have been told that the spirit, after passing through the chemical change called death, or, in other words, after it was freed from the material body, was free to go whithersoever it would. This is true; but you should bear in mind that it is obliged to observe the laws governing matter, as well as mind, in all its movements. The soul acts through law, unfolds itself through law; that which pertains particularly to itself, also through the law of all organic life. Now if it should so happen that a soul, an earnest soul, should desire to know, in all honesty, what was transpiring in the moon, it would first ascertain if the laws governing there, and in their own special case, were in harmony. If they were, then the passage would be easy. The soul is possessed of great reflective powers, also of great perceptive powers. It sees by perceiving, and understands by reflecting. So before the soul, of

spirit, would desire to visit the moon, it would first reflect whether the moon would be ready to receive it, or its own powers of locomotion, were adequate to the journey. It has been said that the soul knows neither time nor space. This is true, so far as the soul itself is concerned; but if time and space do exist, they must be observed. If the soul passes from one point of existence to another, that proves the existence of space, so called. And the very desire to pass from one point to another, proves that each point of existence is governed by a law of its own. We say desire, for all desire is governed by a law of its own, where the desire tends, as, also, where it is born.

Q.—By the same: Do spirits procure a local habitation and a name (entirely separate from their former home and general surroundings on earth), through their own individual efforts in the spirit-world?

A.—Spirits do obtain a local habitation and a name through their own individual efforts. Sometimes that location is entirely apart and extinct from their earthly dwelling-place. Sometimes it is within the precincts of their earthly dwelling-place.

Q.—Without a perfect quadrature of the circle, all our measures remain imperfect. Is there a mathematical rule known to the spirits by which the square of the circle can be perfected?

A.—There is, certainly.

Q.—Will they give to mortals the so much needed information?

A.—No, certainly not. It is a problem that mortals must solve for themselves in order to be of use to them. Of what advantage would it be to mortal life for the disembodied spirit to return solving this problem? It would be like the schoolmaster doing the sum for the pupil. If he were just to the pupil, he would demand that his own brain-life perform the work. We so demand of you. When you ask us to do all your work, we can but answer, "Oh, children of earth, you know not what you ask!"

Q.—A gentleman in Rhode Island—John Davis—thinks that he has perfected this measure. His proportion is six to nineteen—instead of seven to twenty-two, the old number used. What does the spirit think of this new proportion?

A.—He has come nearer to it than those of former times; and yet he is not correct, as he will very soon learn. March 26.

Thomas B. Evans.

It is exceedingly easy to promise, but not always so easy to keep our promises.

I had the good fortune to be somewhat acquainted with a few persons on the earth who professed to believe in this Spiritual Philosophy. For my own part, I never could see that there was truth in it. I had been unfortunately more acquainted with the poor side than with the good. So I very naturally declared it to be a humbug, and the greatest one the world had ever seen. I was honest in my opinion, quite so, as they were. I did not doubt their honesty; but they sometimes said, "We think you only talk to hear yourself."

So one day I said, "If it so happens that I go first, and the thing is what you suppose it to be, I will come back within one week from the time I leave you, and I will come in such a way as to leave no doubt of my identity."

I found, after getting through with the change, it was not so easy to form the connection that was necessary to be formed between the two worlds, as I had supposed.

It is now two years and about two months since I died, as you have it. During the first few months of my dwelling in the, what you call spirit-world, I labored very hard to approach my friends from a near standpoint; supposed I must do so, if I came to them at all. But it was all in vain. As soon as I would think I had everything ready to open communication with them, I'd find something was wanting, and consequently I must go the ground all over again. So I was kept coming and going, hither and yonder, seeking to find some suitable person through whom I could transmit my thoughts, through whom I could fulfill the promise made to earthly friends. After a long and weary search, I was told of this public way. At first I said, "That's not the way for me." I did not think of coming that way; but after awhile I learned that it was the only way that was clearly open to me, and I must go over that bridge, if I went at all. So to-day I have availed myself of the kindness of your attendants here, and I am obliged to humble myself so far as to declare that I was greatly mistaken.

Spiritualism is a truth that the unbelief of this age or all other ages cannot overthrow. It is as everlasting as the soul is, and has been in existence through all eternity. Mind has ever been in rapport under all conditions of time as of eternity. So I found myself like a little child in the spirit-world. All I had learned with regard to these things was of no use to me, like the books of my childhood, that were laid upon the shelf.

To those friends I would say, as the Great Disposer of events has been pleased to open your spiritual vision, you should consider it one of the most blessed boons that a loving Father could possibly bestow upon you. To those of you that are in poverty, who sigh amid the harsh conditions that come from a want of that which brings you the so-called good things of this world, you have more in your poverty to thank God for than your fellows have by whom you are surrounded, with all their wealth. Their wealth will by-and-by bring them curses. Your poverty will, sooner or later, bring the wealth that no one can take from you, treasures that belong to the spirit, that no moth can eat, no rust corrupt, no thieves take from you. It is better than all the tinsel of earth. It is the meat, while they have that which is fleeting, vague, and will soon pass away. You live in Time but a brief summer day; but in Eternity it is a long, long season. So, then, be thankful for the wealth of Eternity, and thankful, also, for the poverty of Time.

I am Thomas B. Evans, formerly of London, England. March 28.

[Our English friends will oblige us by testing this message, and publishing in the London Spiritual Magazine, or the Times, the result of their investigation.]

Martha Gray.

The judgments of this world are so harsh, so cold, so chilling in their nature, that the angels stand back and shed tears over them. Our Saviour said, "A tree is known by the fruit it bears." And so the Christian world are prone to judge all the human family by their deeds, which they call the fruit of their souls. But it often so happens that those who judge are not fit to judge in those matters; do not always see things in their true light. Sometimes the ignorant may call the pear the peach, and the peach the pear. But to know wherefore the soul commits this deed or that, you should go back of the deed, and ask what the propelling force was; whether the deed was born in the sunlight or in the shade. You should know all the circumstances as you pass judgment on each individual case.

I have come to bleed for one who is dearer to me than life, one whom I have watched over and

derly from infancy. But her way has been thorny, and the coldness of this world, has chilled her spirit, and sent her to me, not with the fair flowers of trust upon her brow, but with the withered flowers of disappointment and the world's cold injustice. And I only ask that those who remain on earth, who are so quick to pass judgment upon others, should turn within, and ask if there is no skeleton there—is no shadow there? If it is all sunshine? ask if in thought they do not sin perhaps more than those who come out and do deeds before the world? ask if their surroundings had been perchance what mine were, if they, too, might not have sinned? If they, too, might not have fallen? If they, too, might not have been driven by the shafts of cold injustice away from the shores of Time to the welcome shores of Eternity? The angels are always ready to receive all those sorrowing ones whom the cold injustice of the world has consigned to an early grave. They are always ready to receive them.

I am Martha Gray. My child, Mattie Gray, passed from earth to me but a few short hours ago. She came from a neighboring town; came while the cold tempest of scorn was driving fearfully around her; came, and the angels welcomed her. If her mortal friends turned coldly from her, the smile of the angels made her heart glad, as she said farewell to the things of earth.

Remember, oh you who pronounce judgment, the angels do not see you as you see yourselves. Farewell. March 26.

Nellie Foss.

I am Nellie Foss. I want to send a letter to my mother. I'm eight years old—I was, when I went from here, little more than a year ago. I am from Evansville, Indiana. I want to tell my mother how I have got everything nice in the spirit-land, and how I don't want to come back; and I want to tell her, too, how I'll have everything nice for her when she comes; and then we will have such nice times! She can go then to see her folks, where she used to live when she was a little girl, in Scotland. She used to cry because she had not money to go to her home in Scotland, where she was born, and used to live when she was a little girl. I know a way she can go just as easy, and I'll show her the way, too, and we won't want any money to go with. And I know who's living there. She did not know but they were all dead. But they are not dead; they are there now; only Margaret, her sister, she's dead; she's been dead four years, she has. But all the rest are living, they're living now there, and we can go and see 'em. And if we can't see all the things what they have, we can see them, and that's all she cares about.

Oh, it'll be so nice in the spirit-land when she gets there, because we don't have to have any money to go where we like with.

My mother was born a few miles from Edinburgh, a few miles from there; there's where her home was, where she wants to go. And I can go—I can go any time. But I can't see the things that they have—I can see the folks. I thought I'd come, just so she would not cry any more. [Have you been to see the folks?] Yes, I have. [Have you any brothers or sisters?] No, sir; not own ones. I have some half ones. And it's my father's wife, what he had before he had my mother, what brings me here. And I've got some brothers—three of them—and a sister, but I haint got any own ones.

I'm going now. [Your father's first wife brought you, did she?] Yes, she brings me, because she likes me, and I likes her. [Come again some time.] Yes, sir, I will. March 26.

Circle closed by Theodore Parker.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

We have seen the following beautiful lines credited to Bulwer. Whoever the author may be, he has posited truths that will stand unshaken through all the ages.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers;

The granite rocks disorganize To feed the hungry mosses they bear, The fairest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait through wintry hours The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate— He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones Made glad this scene of sin and strife Sings now in everlasting song Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright Or heart too pure for taint of vice, He bears it to that world of light To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead!

A Card.

To my many friends who have purchased or ordered copies of my "Life Line of the Lone One," I am under obligations, and as the third edition has been for some time exhausted, the fourth edition will soon be ready. All who desire single copies, can have them sent by mail by sending me one dollar, or one copy of each of my four books for two dollars, by observing my address in the lecturers' column of the Banner. I can now also inform the numerous readers of the Banner, that I have in my possession the manuscript sheets of a work I have noticed, before, as being written by and through the hand of Belle W. Stoddard of Chardon, Ohio, the young man so long crippled by epileptic fits, and whose heart was so often broken by the plucking of the wings of his young life, and who, after a long and painful illness, died in the fullness of his days, and whose heart was so often broken by the plucking of the wings of his young life, and who, after a long and painful illness, died in the fullness of his days, and whose heart was so often broken by the plucking of the wings of his young life.

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEARL... RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

Lecture Appointments.

We speak the first two Sundays of July in Detroit, Mich.; Monday and Tuesday evenings, 9th and 10th of July, in Port Huron, Mich., and on the evening of the 11th in St. Clair.

A Criticism on "Woman in Woman's Place."

Bro. PEARL—In turning to your department of the Banner I was not a little surprised at your comments on "Woman in Woman's Place."

Most heartily do I favor woman's voting—retaining her own name after marriage, if she choose—transacting business under her own signature—holding office, and gracing Congressional Chambers.

Why did I not take "my rights?" Because lawmakers, men like you, have made me powerless! Bind the woman with law-chains, and ask her to protect herself!

The above critique is but a portion of a sharp, spicy, private letter from the pen of that truly gifted and noble woman, Frances Brown, the books, articles and editorials of whom are familiar among Spiritualists as household words.

We think there was a partial misconception relative to our half-hundred purpose, in the editorial relating to Miss Baldwin and her professorship in a Kansas University.

What more could we have said? It flowed fresh, spontaneous from our soul—a reproof for her indifference, coupled with the plain inference that we would aid her to obtain any or all of the above privileges, positions or life-long professions.

grand power in the land—who will dress in costume just as short as suits their comfort, convenience or taste—an unused right, by the way—and thus clad, strike out—yes, dash out like meteors in midnight—be called insane—got out of your spheres—God's universe will hold you; and as you go, tell, sing, weep the story of your wrongs, needs, wants and heart-desires in soul-gushing pathos.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his May Convention speech, in New York, said, "The reason why you do not vote is that you do not want to vote."

Love is not merely a white lily on the bosom of a lake, ever delicate and fragrant; not an Aeolian harp singing in the windows to the breeze; not the bewitching cooling of turtle-doves, but an active principle—the soul's central magnet—admitting of this general definition: Love is a divine soul-emotion, ingenerated in the God-principle, and manifested through the top-brain organs, and is fresh, spontaneous, free and universal, just in the ratio of the interior unfolding of the conscious spirit.

Oh, how divinely beautiful is a brother's love, all devoid of selfishness and full of sympathy; and three beautiful is a sister's affection, chaste as crystal and overflowing with self-sacrifice and devotion.

When Theodor Parker was once calling for Europe, and I called to see him for the last time, he followed me to the door of his library room, and putting his hands upon my shoulders, fondly kissed me, saying, 'James, if you and I never meet again in this world, we have the satisfaction of knowing that never has been one unkind word or feeling between us.'

When we are wandering, Sister Brown, take this hand—now pulse corresponding to pulse—effort blending with effort, and souls in tune and time with the eternal march of souls, I pledge myself a co-worker with you—with all my brave sisters as good as gifted in the great work of human rights, freedom, equality, justice, charity, yea, everything that tends to bless, sanctify and save our dear Humanity.

The Children of the Kingdom, residing in Richmond, Ind., and vicinity, have recently had a splendid picnic excursion. The day was delightful, grove inviting, music thrilling, dancing spirited, and the amusements all of the most interesting character.

Our thought of Heaven is always connected with children, flowers, music, loving souls, and journeyings from star to star in search of knowledge and wisdom.

Brotherly Love and Kindness.

Mingling in this mighty stream of Humanity, that flows on and still onward toward a faithless future, we observe everywhere a mass of wrangling, discordant and devouring elements of work, crushing the broadest, highest aspirations of noble souls.

Were we, after the manner of Grecian Churchmen or Roman Catholics, to select a Patron Saint, it would be the ancient Apostle John, for from the scriptural readings and recitations of early childhood, he was our ideal man, and the most deserving of love and admiration.

Love is not merely a white lily on the bosom of a lake, ever delicate and fragrant; not an Aeolian harp singing in the windows to the breeze; not the bewitching cooling of turtle-doves, but an active principle—the soul's central magnet—admitting of this general definition: Love is a divine soul-emotion, ingenerated in the God-principle, and manifested through the top-brain organs, and is fresh, spontaneous, free and universal, just in the ratio of the interior unfolding of the conscious spirit.

Oh, how divinely beautiful is a brother's love, all devoid of selfishness and full of sympathy; and three beautiful is a sister's affection, chaste as crystal and overflowing with self-sacrifice and devotion.

When Theodor Parker was once calling for Europe, and I called to see him for the last time, he followed me to the door of his library room, and putting his hands upon my shoulders, fondly kissed me, saying, 'James, if you and I never meet again in this world, we have the satisfaction of knowing that never has been one unkind word or feeling between us.'

When we are wandering, Sister Brown, take this hand—now pulse corresponding to pulse—effort blending with effort, and souls in tune and time with the eternal march of souls, I pledge myself a co-worker with you—with all my brave sisters as good as gifted in the great work of human rights, freedom, equality, justice, charity, yea, everything that tends to bless, sanctify and save our dear Humanity.

The Children of the Kingdom, residing in Richmond, Ind., and vicinity, have recently had a splendid picnic excursion. The day was delightful, grove inviting, music thrilling, dancing spirited, and the amusements all of the most interesting character.

Our thought of Heaven is always connected with children, flowers, music, loving souls, and journeyings from star to star in search of knowledge and wisdom.

Annual Grove Meeting in Lotus, Ind.

We had the pleasure a few days since of assembling with the friends in this vicinity at their annual "basket meeting." The congregation was large, the singing delightful—being done by the birds—the enthusiasm refreshing, and upon the whole, the season was truly profitable.

This brother, literally forced from a sectarian pulpit by a controlling spiritual influence out of and beyond himself, has removed from Sherburne to the city of Oswego, New York.

Rev. B. S. Hobbs.

This brother, literally forced from a sectarian pulpit by a controlling spiritual influence out of and beyond himself, has removed from Sherburne to the city of Oswego, New York. We deeply sympathize with him in his trials and sickness in his family.

LECTURE APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

Published gratuitously every week in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

Miss LIZZIE DORR will lecture in Chelsea during June. She will not make any other engagements to lecture until further notice.

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CHARLES A. ANDRUS, trance speaker, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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