

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{80.00 PER YEAR,
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.

NO. 24.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT EVIDENCE.

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Armington and I were school-boys together, and while my inclination led me to adopt the legal profession, his sent him out of doors, as an artist; and he has seen much of the outer world, and, as I think, but little of the inner. He is visionary; not to an extreme, but is always trying experiments, to gain knowledge, he says, of himself and human nature, and of the soul. I have never really seconded him in any scheme of this kind, except once, where he made it appear that my professional honor required it. Of course, it is the duty of every lawyer to work for his client, as he is bound on his oath to do; but beyond that he should feel that not only interest but reputation is at stake, and never neglect any means, however apparently insignificant, to gain his cause, especially when he believes it just.

It was a case of embezzlement. A school-mate of ours, in Ludlow, when Bunnel was principal of Black River Academy, in 1845 and '46, Henry Pollard came to this city in 1853, and worked his way steadily up from one post to another, until he was made confidential clerk of the firm of Taylor & Co., Bankers, Wall street, his predecessor being promoted to a junior partnership. He had held the post with honor for nearly three years, up to the time of the alleged embezzlement.

Armington insisted that I should give him my services gratis, as assistant to Hon. Wm. Bronson, Esq., who had engaged to defend him, because he had a pretty good reputation as a criminal lawyer. He had called on Bronson, and learned that the only defence Pollard could make was a simple denial, while the proof was abundant, although circumstantial, and that in his opinion conviction was certain. What could I do? My inexperience could not hope to succeed where Bronson gave up the case as a lost one. Armington urged that Bronson had made his reputation and his fortune; there was but little stimulus here, either of money or reputation, and besides, he was a total stranger to Pollard. He urged me further to go with him to the tomb where Pollard was locked up, and have a talk with him.

We found him dejected and pale. Armington told one or two stories, by way of softening the heart, he said, and widening the features, for he never saw a man so long-featured and in such need of illumination. Then to business. Truly, he had nothing to say in defence. Thirty thousand dollars were missing from the safe, having disappeared between closing time Saturday and ten o'clock Monday morning, and the keys were in his keeping. His books were correct. He lived with his employer, kept good hours, had no expensive habits, was not a member of a club, and his bank account showed a balance of only about two hundred dollars in his favor. He supported his aged father and mother, up in the old home, and a younger brother in college. Could account for every dollar, as he kept a diary and item account for himself. Did not suspect any one in the office had a grudge against him—did not think any one in the employ of the firm had the money.

Armington went home with me to dinner. We were late, and there was only one or two at the table, so we could talk without intruding our affairs upon others. I don't enjoy the solitary meal. You may amuse yourself alone with chess, or cribbage, or croquet, but not eat alone. The chit-chat from your right and left, and opposite, neighbors, at the table, is so much spice and flavoring extract to your palate. A well-ordered court consists of a judge, counsel, victim, accusers, witnesses and audience; and a good table should have all these, and usually has, which adds immensely to the value of the occasion. One of those who sat with us at our late dinner was a Mrs. Russell, (really I don't know whether she was a widow or not; never inquired,) who was very plain looking, and given over to the "wiles of Spiritualism." I always seized the chance of throwing a mental brick at her by way of exciting her to some remarks on the vexed question, for I had no faith in ghostly things. Therefore I began, after a few minutes' conversation with my friend, by saying to Mrs. Russell:

"Well, if there is any good thing in the Nazareth of Spiritualism, now is the time to bring it out; but of course there is not, or it would sometimes appear, as if by accident."

"Have you ever tested it?" quietly asked Mrs. Russell.

"No. What's the use?"

"Then, if you have not tested it, it is unfair, to say the least, and unjust in a lawyer to judge without evidence and a fair trial."

That was a home-thrust from a good fencer. I am not sure but she was a grass widow, with whom it would be very difficult for a quiet man to get along. I thought of Pollard, and forgave her for the time, and wondered if it was possible that anything could be done for him by the spirits.

"What do you say, Armington?"

"Well enough to try, if anything promises to aid us."

To Mrs. Russell I said, "Come now, I will take you to your word. We will have a trial. I have a friend who is accused of a great crime, and I believe him innocent, but the proof against him is very strong, and he will be sure to be convicted unless a miracle, spiritual or otherwise, is enacted in his behalf. Now, what say you? Can anything be done?"

"We must ask for help."

"Certainly. Where?"

"Of any good medium—trance medium. You don't know any? Well, if you will attend our circle to-night, something may come to light."

Armington said we had better go, for even a

straw may show which way the wind blows. And we engaged to go.

We sat and listened to raps and the spelling out of communications for Tom, Dick and Harry, and I was getting very near the bottom of my patience, when Mrs. Russell said there was something for me. An eminent lawyer desired to say to his brother of earth that "He would soon hear of some very good news concerning a dear friend who was in trouble. He must be patient. The Lord would work out his righteousness in his own good time and way. Trust ye in the Lord, for He is good; for He is mighty. Praise ye the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Oh, how disappointed I felt. Was this all we were to expect to help poor Pollard? I had trusted in a read indeed.

"Have faith," said Mrs. Russell.

"How can I have faith in what I do not understand? There is nothing here for faith to look at, or stand on, or think about, except a vague promise of some good news. The fact is, I have always contended that there never was anything said or done by the Spiritualists that could not be accounted for by the living, without resort to the departed spirits. And this communication is in point. You know enough about the case to have said as much. Besides, the quotations from the Bible were botched."

"The good spirit was there, the letter is only the material servant and liable to err. You should not refuse to hear, having ears."

"But is there ever anything learned that is new?"

"Yes. Here is an evidence."

"What evidence?"

"The spirit said you should hear something good for your friend, and no one else in the room, but us three, knew anything about your errand."

"It seems such a flimsy thread to trust in."

"Wait and see."

Armington said we ought not to conclude on so slight grounds. "Even you lawyers are in the habit of temporizing, delaying, tormenting, also, by your diabolical inventions, in the art and mystery of worrying clients. Let us wait and see, as Mrs. Russell says; and besides, do not despise this small beginning, for it may be a test of our worthiness to receive more."

Confound him, I thought; Armington is half cracked.

Late into the night I fell asleep and dreamed that Pollard came to my bed-side and said, with beseeching, pale face, "Fuller, I am innocent, and you must work hard to prove it. It rests with you. Bronson is bribed to let me go. Think of my old father and mother; their gray hairs must not go down in sorrow to the grave. They are beyond the age of three scores and ten now, and so feeble that this blow would kill them. How horrible, that innocent yet helpless, I should be the means of their death."

So clear and distinct had been the vision that when I awoke I looked around the room for Pollard, while something tugged at my heart, urging me to do my best, my utmost, to save him. I had almost begun to have faith in supernatural things, and ventured to wonder if Pollard had been dreaming anything corresponding to mine. So I called, on my way down town, at the tomb, and talked about this and that, only venturing after a while to say—

"How do you sleep these hot nights; is it cool in this stony hole?"

"Oh, I do not sleep. I doze off, now and then, and scare myself with awful dreams. Sometimes I am at home up there, a boy, and in school, happy again, as in our old times; father and mother and brother and sister, all as you used to be them. But then the reality on waking is so bitter!"

So his dreams had nothing for me. Dreaming of parents and childhood is all very well for sentiment, but not for business. Legal facts or fictions are now current coin only. Something practical is wanted. Of course, it is all folly to spend a minute or a thought on the Spiritualists, and I must not let it out, or I shall catch it hot and heavy. Wonder what Bronson would say if his valuable and efficient assistant, running off to a spirit circle, instead of looking into the proper place for evidence, where they are most concerned. Of course I cannot go as a spy into the enemy's camp.

I introduced myself to the Hon. Mr. Bronson without delay, and asked for information and direction as his assistant, in the case of the People of the State of New York against Henry Pollard. Bronson said that all we could do was to wait for something to turn up in the prisoner's favor; as it stood now he would be convicted, and we could only hope, by bringing his previous good character to bear on the court in mitigation of his sentence. "We must try what can be got from him as a clue to a conspiracy, which no doubt exists in the case, as the evidence is entirely circumstantial, although very strong. We have ten days to term, and perhaps a few days longer, as there is a long calendar."

I questioned Pollard about his associates and friends, in and out of the office.

"I am a lawyer now, and no gossip, and must know the worst as well as the best, if I am to fight to advantage. There is sometimes desperate defence made to save the guilty, and often the innocent are lost by doing things half-way."

He mentioned one by one the clerks, messengers and partners in the office, and said he had lived for nearly two years with Mr. Taylor, and had but few associates outside of the family friends and acquaintances. Went to church at Chapin's, except now and then, when the family stayed at home, he went somewhere else; just as inclination prompted.

"Is there no woman in the case? There nearly always is, you know, when a man gets into trouble."

"I expected that. But as there is no guilt, there is no need of a woman."

"There is one then, after all?" queried I, teasingly.

Pollard colored, and looked down for an instant, while a cold chill ran down my back like a stream of water. I was afraid that he was guilty.

"I see you suspect me. But I repeat, a woman can have nothing to do with this case. I've not wasted money or time in that way."

"Are you engaged, or concerned in any way with any young lady?"

"Fuller, I say again, solemnly, that I can't see how any woman can be mixed up in this affair, for I am not guilty, I have kept no one, am not engaged to be married, and have only now and then—that is, I—"

(I thought he would never finish that sentence.)

"I have sometimes driven to the Park with Miss Munson."

"Who is Miss Munson?"

"Niece of Mr. Taylor, senior partner of the firm."

"Cost you much?"

"Went always in his carriage. Sometimes we have ice cream, but not always. Just as she chooses, and she is very moderate in her desires, and cares very little for luxuries. The scenery is her attraction."

"Did you go alone with her?"

"Never. The driver, of course, and Mr. Taylor's son and daughter, about six and ten years of age. No, never alone."

"Do you know whether she is engaged to any one else who might be jealous of you?"

"No; Mr. Ellis, one of the junior partners, used to occupy my place in the office, and lived as I do in the house of Mr. Taylor, and I believe often drove out with the family to the Park. But just before I was promoted he left Mr. Taylor's suddenly, and took up his quarters in a room down town, and dined at the Athenaeum Club. I never heard any reason assigned for the change."

"Do you go to the opera with Miss Munson?"

"Yes. Mr. Taylor always has a season ticket for us all—and I don't know but he is a subscriber."

"Did Ellis enjoy these perquisites before you cut him out?"

"I did not know as I had cut him out. He left before I was promoted, some weeks, or months. But he is always very civil toward me."

I did not sleep until I had seen Ellis. Found him at his club, reading, and had a good opportunity to study him. Armington was with me. Armington has an instinct in the way of reading faces. Don't know any rules, scientific or otherwise, but feels so and so, and so it proves. He has often amused me by guessing at the occupation and character of the company where he has been spending the evening, and on inquiry he has always been found to be correct. So I expected much from him on this occasion.

Ellis was a genteel-looking, middle-aged man, with side whiskers, very quiet, full face, smooth; good, pleasant eyes; fair, round forehead; and he was dressed fashionably.

"Do not look like a rogue, Armington."

"I wish I could see him talking to some one."

"I'll venture. He doesn't know me, and I may learn something to our advantage."

I was entering the enemy's camp as a spy after all.

Ellis talked very coolly about the matter. Regretted that so promising a young man should give way to temptation, and hoped he might not be entirely crushed by it.

"I am an old acquaintance of Pollard's. Know him in school."

"Then you must certainly feel interested in his case."

"Yes; and I can't believe him guilty, and hope to see him cleared."

"He will have hard work to get off. The proof is strong, direct. But, although it touches my interest, I would give twice the amount he is charged with having taken, to see him back in his place again, honorably."

I repeated the conversation to Armington, who replied:

"Fuller, as I am alive, that man is a rascal. I see it in his hair, his eyes, his fingers. What he said about giving so much to save Pollard is only a blind. We must wait and see."

"Armington, why don't you pronounce on this man? Is he the very rogue?"

"Well, that is cool. All any man can do is to detect a spurious coin or bill. You can't point out the place where it was made except by chance."

My partner helped me out with my copying and other work, so I gained some hours each day for the case, and since I had begun with the visionaries, as I called them, I thought best to call on Fowler & Wells, just to pick up an idea. I had no definite intention, only a vague impression that these men were pursuing a curious and abstract science, which was yet not all a science, being still corn in the field, uncut, unhusked, unshelled, unground, a great way off from bread, but after all, good sound corn. Behind the counter stood a fine-looking young man, with a quiet eye, and a head well bumped, with whom it seemed the easiest thing in the world to get into conversation. He could not tell me about the science, as he had not made it a special study, but there was one in the examination room who was at my service. Mr. Fowler was in the West—Chicago—about that time, lecturing and conducting examinations. Mr. Wells was away on business, so I had to inquire at second hand. It may be all the better for that, thought I, for a man that is making a reputation for himself will work harder than when he has succeeded in gaining his coveted station. He stops to rest then:

We talked quite a long time, as no one came in to disturb us, except one or two for a dollar examination, which was done with in a few minutes, and the subject away again. The good man got fully interested in my queries, but said that I was too far beyond the present state of the science to expect much assistance from it. No

one, however expert, would risk the denouncing a man as a criminal on an inspection of his head alone. The office was lined with skulls, and casts of skulls, and casts of faces of noted criminals, but these were only records of what was known, and but little assistance in the search after what was hidden.

"Phrenology was then only a pastime, a means of cataloguing, not a means of discovering. This must then be put by the side of Spiritualism, as 'another delusion.'"

No. There are certain phases of the human soul that affect the countenance always in the same manner. By knowing these phases, as in known examples of great men and criminals, there may be an alphabet, as it were, formed, by which you can read from the soul, outward to the face. Mastering this alphabet, you may reverse the reading, from the face to the soul.

I took Armington with me the next day, and went over the whole ground again with him. The man tested him on various characters, portraits, skulls, and found him right every time, and claimed it as an unconscious testimony to the truth of the science.

Armington proposed that we visit some famous astrologer, or fortune teller, just to see what would come of it. In vain I urged that they were the most barefaced impostors in society, and that it was disgraceful to be seen or to be known as visiting them.

"People do say that sometimes they tell wonders. We have no right to reject any means, if we can try it without wasting time and better opportunities."

"One dollar for a gentleman. One at a time. Absolutely nothing, and worse than nothing. Why, she said that I was in trouble, great trouble, on account of some one else, and would see more trouble, when all would come out bright and clear at last. There was a dark-complexioned man, an enemy; I must look out for him."

"What cheap stuff the amusement market is supplied with. We had much better have gone to the theatre, for there the red-handed and black-hearted villain is always detected, and brought to justice with hemp, powder or cold steel, (made of painted pine,) and you go home feeling inclined to be virtuous accordingly."

Armington gave it up this time, and agreed that "these vampires were the side-shows and catch-pennies that always hang around any good, respectable show—the Spiritualists have an honest show at any rate."

Mrs. Russell was kind enough to inquire how we got on in preparing a defence, and suggested that I would do well to call on Andrew Jackson Davis, who would be at her friend's house that evening. She would introduce me. So I concluded to go, and asked an invitation for Armington.

We had a long talk with Mr. Davis on the subject of a spiritual telegraph. He argued that such a telegraph, with spirits at one end and bodies animated with spirits at the other, might be very practicable. I opposed that the two natures were dissimilar—spirits in the flesh and out of it. He contended that they were the same essential spirit, whether on earth or in the spheres above. I verily believe that if I had listened another hour to that man, I should have doubted that any such thing as reason and common sense were extant, but had rather become fossilized and laid away among the used-up materials of the mental world, to be stratified for the future delectation of some spiritual geologist, as we now have fossil shell and other remains.

Mr. Davis said that Armington was possessed of a remarkably powerful will, and if he should ever become convinced of the truth of spirit converse, and it should be found that he was a medium, he would without doubt be the means of developing some new and most important proof test. Why not make the trial to-night? Armington seconded the proposition. After a few minutes of preparation he was placed in rapport with a very powerful medium, a Mr. Black, from Michigan, and myself. Almost as soon as he sat down by this man, I felt impressed to ask him to inquire what brought me to the circle. He answered at once:

"The service of a friend who is in trouble." I expected that a secret sympathy between two or more souls, which, under peculiar circumstances, might produce the results common to the spirit circles. Mentally continuing my questions, the medium went on to tell the cause of my presence; how I had come reluctantly, and only to please another friend, who was present, hoping to serve my friend who was in trouble; that I had been very busy and anxious to prove his innocence.

"Is that friend who is in trouble innocent?"

There was no answer, and I reflected that perhaps the medium could not act beyond the limits of those immediately in connection with him, and under the influence at the same time. I then asked:

"Is my friend present a believer in spirit converse?"

"No; only a seeker."

Nothing further was elicited worth mentioning, and we closed the experiment. An idea had dawned upon me. I remembered that some philosophers held that nothing is ever lost, either mental or material. Every thought, feeling or act, left its impress on the body, which was indelible, for it became a part of the substance by shaping it. The body is the material exhibition of the soul, which is of itself invisible to mortal eyes, and its growth and changes are recorded, even in their minutest phases; and if this is so, why may not these records be read? It is not many years since we were first able to read the history of a tree. Its age, the direction of the prevailing winds, and the succession of favorable and unfavorable seasons; and all this by an inspection of a cross section, near the ground, of the trunk. If there is such a thing as memory in man, why is it not a sure means of reminiscence?

How painfully conscious do we feel that our friends are writing their history from year to year, on their faces. The great philosopher, Swedenborg, who is so little understood, says that man is after death still a man, spiritually, with all his faculties, in the likeness of himself; as he was materially so he became spiritually, in exact accordance with the state of his heart and mind. St. Paul teaches the same truths. If now we can find any means of reading this man—this embodiment of ideas, thoughts, acts, passions—truly his past history can be brought to light. No Christian doubts the ability of the Almighty to read a man's history, that believes in the day of judgment.

Did the experiment with Black and Armington indicate any progress toward a method of such reading of the mental record? Perhaps so. It would be worth the repetition. I could only see Black again on the next evening, and in the meantime I would ascertain if I could get the consent of the turnkey at the tomb to have Pollard examined. I made my errand known, and what object I had in view, and was not by such a curious look by the officers, as though they suspected me of some sinister design. Some one suggested that I was just going crazy; but my straightforward manner and rational converse on other matters, when introduced to try me, led them to respect me as the possessor of my wits at least, although perhaps somewhat obscured at the present. So I obtained the services of Black, and with Armington's assistance at eight that evening, in the presence of six or seven persons, made an examination. The result was as I expected. He detailed his history for several weeks, but not one word about the missing money until the Monday morning—the day of his arrest. After we left Pollard in his cell again, we retired to a room with those who had witnessed the proceedings and talked the matter over. One thought it was certainly a very strange circumstance.

"But then," said a policeman, "no one can say, really, whether this was not all collusion, a regular trick, made up among you beforehand. Rather a poor basis for a defense before a jury."

Armington and I debated the matter. Who knows but that a man becomes so steeped in crime as to obliterate all traces of virtue, and he becomes a deception to himself? In that case he would deceive the medium also. It is said that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," so we may not be in the right way after all. Now even if we are sure of fudging and reading the recorded thoughts and acts of any one, without their knowledge, or at least when they are unconscious, and cannot exert their will to oppose us, or to cover up and refuse certain secrets, then there must be a means of determining the truth from falsehood. We can do this in material things. Disease and deformity can always be detected on a proper diagnosis; why does not the rule hold good in mental or spiritual things? Falseness as opposed to truth, sin as opposed to virtue, is only moral disease, decay, and its result is spiritual deformity. The thought is worthy of a trial at least. But how test it? By what means shall we lay hold of a reminiscence so as to examine its origin, whether good or evil? By the words that proceed out of a man's mouth is he judged. Yes; but in this case the words proceed out of the mouth of the medium, so they seem to be vicarious, or at second-hand. Is it possible that we may speak as truly and fairly from the impressions received from another's nature, as from his own? Is this the actual condition of the trance medium? Does the nature of the medium effect the communication, coloring it one way or another? These things must be examined and proved, one by one, as they arise, and I saw no better way than to proceed with experiments.

If we possess the power of reminiscence, why not read from the present backward into the past, tracing the events or impressions—as they took up the first Atlantic Cable, until they had traced it back to where they found a piece of it crushed, that had been the cause of its derangement?

Armington and I talked with Davis again. He warmed up on the subject, and predicted success.

"Your powerful will, Armington, and faculty of reading human nature, and peculiar mental calibre, enable you to penetrate other natures, and, as it were, set their will aside, while yours takes charge and conducts affairs. This is effected through the medium. You thus control two natures—the will of the one, the medium, being passive, that of the other, the subject under examination, becoming subjected for the time, or set aside. With proper practice you should be able to read men as we read a printed page. Be careful to guard against excess of every kind. Temperance in all things is the golden rule of health. It may be that you are to be the great developer, the discoverer, and be the means of advancing spiritual philosophy, by making it practically useful. Selfish men will always test things, material or spiritual, by their usefulness in this life."

This and much more to the same purport he said, and I felt moved to do even what my judgment disapproved of as visionary and fallacious, for the salvation of Pollard.

Often the reflection came upon me that it was strange that men must resort to such means in the defence of the innocent. It was because of our short-sightedness, our want of penetration, the impossibility of reading men's hearts in any other way than by their words and acts. If I should succeed, then, in perfecting a means of putting a window into a man's bosom, so all men could read his secret motives, which are recorded there impartially, should I not be doing a service to society that would be of the utmost value? The idea was very fascinating, and I became excited with the hope of succeeding, and felt that even then I had succeeded, if the results of the experiments already made were to be depended upon.

Armington was not so sanguine of success. He

thought we might get at a few isolated facts here and there, but this notion of unravelling the web of a man's life, through spirit influence, seemed but the idle dream of a crazy visionary. Long and earnestly did I explain to him my theory and the experiments already tried, and mentioned what had been derived from himself. The last item seemed to impress him more than all the rest. He could believe what he could see and know. If his own history had been touched upon, without his voluntary assistance, truly there was more than a mere notion in it.

He suggested that if it was possible to get Mr. Taylor's house servant, Bridget, under examination, we might test the theory, and at the same time possibly discover something to Pollard's advantage. He volunteered to try to secure her assistance of a priest, with whom he was well acquainted, having studied the history of the Jesuit Missionaries in this country with him, both at Fordham and at Montreal.

A good lawyer is always cool and self-possessed when he can be. Then if ever I attain to that eminence it will be many years from now, when contact with the world has hardened my heart, for on that occasion I became very much excited, and my heart roared out through my breast as though it would burst its bounds; and I am always very excitable.

I sought out Black and talked over my theory with him; explaining at length my object in the service of Pollard, and he became very much interested. He said "It had been his experience, during some ten years, that every one succeeding in these matters possessed some special gift differing from another. If Armstrong has that valuable gift of reading men's faces, or characters in their faces, then it may be that he is exactly adapted to this peculiar business, and by careful culture may become very powerful, even irresistible, in opening up the soul's secret chambers and reading the record there."

"This seems like anticipating the developments of the future life. We generally believe that after death the spirit will put on its new and spiritual body, and will then be revealed in its own proper character without disguise or concealment of any kind, standing out clear for the inspection of all eyes. Can it be possible to so inspect the spirit of a man while it inhabits the body?"

Black: "We are not expected to account for all the phenomena that appear, either in the heavens or the earth, in material or spiritual things, on their first appearance. It is only after their frequent appearance, and they have become familiar, that we can compare them, and measure, describe, analyze, and, having attached our label to them, lay them away for future use among the materials already accumulated in 'the laboratory of the mind.'"

"Yes, I think I understand. Franklin discovered the means of using the electricity of the earth, explaining the phenomena of thunder storms. He did not live to see it made practically useful in the telegraph. How can I hope to do more than he did? If I succeed in really discovering a means of reading the hearts and minds of others it will be a great step in advance, and then I suppose I must rest contented that some one after me shall make it practically useful. But that reflection does not satisfy me. I want this aid now, now or never, to save an innocent man from imminent danger, and how to do it is the problem. Black, we must succeed!"

I did succeed in bringing him up to do his best. He would be ready for the evening, and if Bridget came we would trust in the Lord for success.

Mr. Davis was present, and the girl being late in coming, we had an opportunity for further converse on the interesting subject.

I asked: "Who or what will be expected to oppose this matter?"

Mr. Davis: "Chiefly the evil-minded. Those whose hearts are fully set in them to do evil will dread and oppose any means that threatens to open their bosoms to inspection. The righteous only will not oppose. And even of these, many, through their friendship for erring friends or relatives, will shrink from such an examination, fearing the disclosure of something that may affect them. Thus do the good shield the evil. And we cannot say that this is altogether wrong. Does not the Almighty Father kindly cover up our iniquities from the sight of our associates? and we only imitate the Divine Charity when we do the same service for any erring brother. Yet the service of right and truth and justice may demand that we expose the evil doer, especially to protect the innocent. And, in so doing, we only anticipate the future by a few short years, when all deeds, good and evil, will be laid bare."

Bridget came, accompanied by a friend whom we delivered into the keeping of the very entertaining Mrs. Russell. After one or two short experiments with others, improvised for the purpose of showing Bridget the mode of operation, and convincing her of the safety and harmlessness of it, we invited her to take the chair beside Mr. Black, Mr. Armstrong sitting facing both. In a few moments they were all under the influence, and the responses began to flow out, at first cautiously and slowly, but afterwards the subject was more fully under control, soon became prompt and frank.

Armstrong had been instructed by me to reverse the proceeding in this experiment, beginning with the present and retrograding until we had passed back beyond the day of the robbery.

Her every-day life was unveiled before us, in a few sentences, showing how very little of real, living fibre there is in some natures; so little spirit-fibre! so much animal passion! a word or two, at most a sentence, sufficed for one, and whole pages of gabble for the other. But, although we were highly excited and so very fearful of interruption, we listened with patience to the dull details, hoping to find the precious diamonds we suspected were hidden in all this sand. Thus two days of her life, which had only just passed, were gone over, and nearly a third, when this fact appeared: "Mr. Ellis gave me another fifty dollars, which he said was for my silence, and it was put in the Savings Bank for the others."

Davis and I exchanged looks, but dared not move, much less speak, although expectation was on tiptoe and my heart was choking me lest Bridget's friend should hear what was said and interrupt the sitting. I looked toward Mrs. Russell and saw her sitting, facing us, talking in an animated manner to the girl, whose back was toward us, and thus unconscious of our doings. I telegraphed to Mrs. Russell to persevere, and she nodded understandingly and increased the flow of glowing descriptions of flowery and bright paradises and spheres, as usual in such cases, for which I felt really grateful, thanking the gods, or spirits, that such "stuff" really could be useful sometimes.

Then they followed more items without value to us, until the day of the discovery of the robbery. Every breath in the room was hushed, except those of the medium and the glorious Russell, who hummed away so charmingly. Fact after fact came out implicating Ellis; and, not to be tedious by recounting them one by one, reversely

as we heard them, let them be arranged in proper order.

Mr. Ellis bribed Bridget to let him into the house by the basement, and, in disguise, he went up to Pollard's room while the family were at dinner. Bridget following him to see what he was doing. Here he gave her the first fifty dollars. In about one hour, or it might be a little more, he returned with the keys, which Bridget put in their proper place. So the keys had not been missed at all, Pollard being engaged in the dining-room or the parlor all this time. She had felt inclined several times to tell all about the affair, but had been kept silent by the hope of getting more money from Ellis, and always intended to tell when he stopped paying her.

The experiment was successful, and we felt satisfied with what we had heard; and, as Bridget showed signs of weariness, the sitting was closed. We told the girl that she was a splendid subject and gave us much pleasure, and I made her a good present, as much as my means justified. I could have given her a thousand dollars with a good will. We sat long in conference on these interesting developments, after the departure of the servant girls. Davis said this matter had better be kept quiet until we more fully understood the phenomena, and to that end recommended frequent experiments, and promised his best endeavors in aid of ours.

Armstrong and I walked home with Mrs. Russell, and I must confess I began to feel much more charitable toward her, thinking that it must be that she was actually a widow, for certainly any reasonable man would be entertained by her, and find it very difficult to desert such a charming tongue.

That night I slept soundly, and no dreams came to disturb my repose.

I called on Bronson the first thing in the morning and reported what we had discovered of the night before. Showed him the written notes, taken down from the lips of the medium, and asked his opinion.

He said, "If this evidence had been discovered in the usual way, it would go hard against Ellis. But what can we do? It would not do to arrest him on the mere gabble of an Irish servant girl, under some mysterious influence, we know not what. We should excite the ridicule of the entire legal profession, and be liable for damages. If we can induce this girl to say this much here in our office, in her right mind, without any other influence than the desire to tell the truth and punish the guilty, we shall have some basis to build on, and it will be time to take action against Ellis. Suppose we try; I will send for this girl, and do you go to the bank for a transcript of her account."

This certainly did not look like being bribed to let Pollard go. So much for a dream. But while standing in the door-way, it occurred to me that I had better watch Bronson; that if there was any attempt to inform Ellis of the threatened danger, I should have reason to suspect him. So I sent a messenger to do my errand at the bank, and stood sentry. Bronson sent only one message, and that was for a cab. By the time my messenger had returned with the account, Bridget was in Bronson's office, with Armstrong and myself.

The girl denied having any money anywhere, but her own regular wages, "Barry's her clothes-money." But on seeing that we had obtained a copy of her bank account, she broke down and blubbered:

"Mr. Ellis gave it to me for hush money."

Mr. Bronson said he would send for Mr. Taylor and also for an officer, and in a short time both were present, and the facts developed had been gone over to the utter astonishment of Mr. Taylor. He would scarcely believe his ears. He must send for Mr. Ellis. He surely would be able to explain the matter.

Mr. Bronson said, "The officer had better keep Mr. Ellis in sight, and if there was any attempt at a flight, to arrest him and take him to the toms."

"No, no," said Mr. Taylor; "bring him here, if necessary. But he will certainly come."

Mr. Ellis came. He seemed astonished at the gathering in Bronson's office, and inquired of Mr. Taylor if he was sent for by him?

"Certainly," said Mr. Taylor; "there appears to be something concerning some money paid to my servant girl, Bridget, which needs explanation, and—"

"Yes, yes, I see!" interrupted Ellis. "I gave some money to the girl to bribe her not to tell what she knew about Pollard's having the money in his trunk. Did you tell of it, Bridget?"

"No, your honor. I kept your secret, as ye bid me."

Bronson's eyes flashed, Taylor's face lighted up, and Ellis looked triumphant, until I inquired: "Mr. Ellis, how about that story of a man in disguise stealing some keys out of Pollard's room, being gone an hour or two, and then returning them to Bridget to be put back where they belonged, besides hush money to Bridget?"

"Who says that? It is false!" gasped Ellis. You should have seen his face then—it had materially changed its expression.

I need not detail this interview any further. The result was that the cell in the toms changed its occupant. There was no trial. On confession Mr. Ellis was sent up to Sing Sing for five years. His intended victim, Pollard, was restored to his place with honor, and no one rejoiced more than Miss Munson, who had daily visited him in his cell, bringing a basket of good things to tempt his appetite, which scarcely ever responded.

I suppose that a good and proper denouement would not include "cards," but that happy time has not yet arrived, nor do I know whether it is expected this season, and know of no way of discovery but by another "experiment."

Armstrong felt glorious over the results, and even Spiritism.

My professional duties have kept me too much occupied to pay any attention to Armstrong and his inquiries; and I am not certain that he has made any since then. If so, he has said nothing to me about them.

The only "experiments" that Armstrong and I engage in now-a-days is an annual trip, with Pollard, to the trout brooks of Ludlow, where we luxuriate for a few days each summer.

Z. Fuller, formerly a Universalist minister, now editor of the U. S. Journal, published in Philadelphia, thus alludes to Spiritism:

"While we are not prepared to subscribe to all that is claimed by modern Spiritism, yet it is too full of wonders for us to feel at liberty to condemn as a myth anything that may be considered possible in the infinitude of the order of nature, or that may appear probable in the unfolding of the mysterious plans of the great Creator, or is analogous to what we know does actually exist. Verily, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories and the magnificent progression reserved for him, in the peerless glory that is before him. Eternity—the lifetime of God!"

A BIGOT.—The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour upon it, the more it contracts.—O. W. Holmes.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. J. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

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

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

In a sunny, green meadow, nestled a little cluster of seeds, trustful and serene, full of the gladness of content. The autumn days came, full of golden light and fresh western breezes, and the sunlight and wind matured the seeds, and into their little cells came fresh longings and desires before unknown.

"Shall we forever linger here? See the beautiful world beyond; listen to the calling breezes. Why should we tarry about these familiar places?"

Thus sighed the little seeds, and shook themselves from their resting place, and as a strong wind swept by, it bore them away from their old quiet home, over meadows and uplands, far away, never to return.

How glad and free they felt, borne ever toward a life yet unknown! What wonder was in the world below them! What beauty in the sky above! Dancing, whirling, floating, with its little pennon outspread, one little seed swayed lightly and thither full of glad desire was no regret for the life gone, no fears for that to come.

But the southwest wind lulled, and there were no arms of air to bear up the little silken seed, and it fell softly beside a granite rock close by a meadow. This was indeed a change from the triumphant journey through the air. The little seed sank down with a sigh; it had no power to move. Its little winged pennon was of no use now, and the world of beauty seemed like a dream.

But there had sprung up in the heart of the seed a new life—a longing for the unguined. It seemed to be ever repeating to itself, "higher, still higher. My little life shall yet reach forth to the nobler." But there were gloomy days for the little seed; days of storm and darkness; days when it seemed as if all hope had died out of its little heart. But still in all the darkness and gloom lived the little inner life, that still cried out through every cell, "higher, still higher."

A long, gloomy winter followed, and the little seed was deeply buried under the snow. It was a season for sleep and rest, and only when the sunniest, warmest days came, did it feel a thrill of its old life, or one longing for the life to come. But winter days do not last forever, and quickly bring on the beautiful springtime.

When the warm days had really brought their gladness to the earth, and the snow had disappeared from all the sunny places, then the little seed, that we will call Clementina, fairly quivered with joy. In every tiniest part of her being she felt the joy-thrills, and repeated to herself over and over the motto of her life, higher, still higher. Perhaps if she had paused from her wishing, or heard her beautiful aspiration, she would have died like many a little seed about her, and lost the sweet history which lay already written on the pages of her cell chambers.

One morning as the sun lighted up the mountain to the westward, and sent its reflection to the quiet little lake, waking up the water-lilies and the myriads of insects that floated on its surface, Clementina felt an unusual warmth through her whole being. She was in love with all the world, and longed to gather its beauty into herself; and as she felt the gladdest thrills, a sudden tremor came over her, and she became a little plant. Two little leaves were where her hard shell had been, and a little root was seeking the warm earth below.

Clementina was content. She felt as if all her hopes were answered. She had entered the higher life, and she needed nothing more. Could she not now look up to the beautiful sky? Could she not feel the fresh rain and dew, and peer up to the protecting rock, and touch the green blades of grass?

But a few days of light, and nights of moonlight shone, and Clementina felt with more power than ever the glow of her inner life.

"I am not content," she said. "What is this that thrills in my whole being? I am not all I would be. Lift me higher, still higher."

And then other leaves burst out; the root struck down deeper and deeper into the soft soil, the tender stem began to climb—a little plant was growing beside the rock. All summer long the leaves expanded, the stem grew, the roots struck downward, and the little Clementina felt herself clinging to the rock, sheltering it with fresh beauty, and claiming from it a sweet protection.

And autumn came again, and the green faded from the leaves, and the stem drew its juices from the surface, and Clementina went to sleep. The winter snows buried her, and the north winds uncovered her, the frosts sealed up her roots, and the chill entered every fibre of her being. But again in the sunny days of January and the warmer days of February, a little glow of life awakened Clementina, and she knew that she still lived.

When the soft spring airs came again her life glowed with new power, and the rushing sap and the green bark spoke again: "I cannot rest; higher, still higher." And the fresh leaves started, and every little bud swelled, and beauty crowned the rough face of the rock. Dear little Clementina was never happier. Now she could look up into the blue sky, and watch the floating clouds, and turn to the rising and setting sun.

"Now am I content," said she one summer's day. "I cannot ask for more. I would live thus forever."

But only a few days of warming heat, and a new life glowed in Clementina's heart. She was not content. Something still uttered the charmed words, and some little flower buds swelled and whitened in the clear air. There were but a few days of beauty, and some Star-flowers burst forth into the gladness of the new day. The sunlight looked into the bright eyes of the flower and wondered at the marvel there. The dew hung its brightest gems on the fair blossoms; the soft air fanned them and lifted them up in proud beauty; the stern old rock held an unusual warmth in its heart, and felt gladder than for many a day. The cool morning and evening, the hot noon and the moonlight, all seemed more beautiful for this fresh, pure life.

But happier than all was the proud Clementina. What was all of life before she came to this life? What were all joys compared to this great joy? This was the end, the great purpose of all life.

"Now am I wholly content," said Clementina. "I ask for nothing more."

And so she rested for a few days, full of the deep joy and peace that seemed given to her by every beautiful thing of the earth—a tribute from

the air, the sun, the dew, the rain, the earth, and a proof of the presence of the All-Beautiful close to the heart of Nature.

"She is going to-morrow," said Eldred. "How we shall miss her. I wish people would never get married."

"But only think how lovely she will look in her white satin. I wish I was going to be married," said Emma.

"But who will play for us to dance, and who will sing for us, and who will tell the long stories to us? Oh, Emma, how can you want to be married and go off and leave us?"

"But if we could only find some beautiful orange blossoms for her! Don't you remember how the bride of Boreto went forth crowned with orange blossoms? I should be the happiest of mortals if I could find some fair white blossoms for her. She looks so like a flower herself!"

"So she does, and I want to keep her always close to me."

Clementina in her contented hour heard these sweet voices with a new wonder. Ah, could she but answer the wish of this fair young girl, and give beauty to her, that she might make an offering of love to a young bride. What sweet words would it be her delight then to speak. She was sure she could whisper of all glad and beautiful things, and tell of hopes and wishes that would make the loved one forget everything but the bright coming time. And within her glowed again the aspiring life, and she sighed, "Oh for this higher, still higher office."

She almost lifted herself into the arms of the west wind, and the seekers of beauty saw her crowning with her white, star-like flowers the grey rock.

"Oh, was there ever anything so lovely! See the white buds so like pearls; see the blossoms so like stars. No orange flowers could be more beautiful. Will she not be as beautiful as the bride we read of?" said Emma.

And so Clementina sent on her new mission her most beautiful blossoms, and felt the gladness of that greatest of all pleasures, the bestowal of happiness and the ministry of beauty.

A golden day of autumn had come. The mellow light of October seemed to hold the wealth of Colorado in its sheen. The forest trees were all aglow. Flame-like branches fanned themselves in the soft wind, and orange, crimson, yellow and vivid green all formed themselves as in those bouquets that men think they know how best to arrange, to express the beauty of life and flower. The forests were glowing wreaths and bouquets.

In the orchards, too, the fruit hung red and golden and russet. It seemed as if Nature were trying to express the whole wonder of life. Every shadow had a gay tint, every reflection was rainbow hued. As the dewdrops first met the light they seemed to be set in gold; for the grass had lost its green, and sent back to the sky a reflection of contrasts.

Clementina was glad in all this beauty. But when she saw the soft, feathery seeds, that looked like the down from sea-birds, or like the smoke that, brightened by the sun, ascends as an incense from the duller earth; when she saw these beautiful fruits of her summer's labor, she felt as if indeed her time of rest had come, and she could content herself with all that life had brought her.

Two children came out this golden day, and Clementina heard their sweet voices. They were like music to her, for seldom did she hear any voices but of the farmer driving his sheep, or the herd boy calling his cattle.

"Oh, Eva, if we could wind some garlands for the little coffin, perhaps it would not look so hard and dreadful. I can't even see his sweet face and the beautiful fruits of his summer's labor, she felt as if indeed her time of rest had come, and she could content herself with all that life had brought her.

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the movements of the mouse would turn the wheel round. He also made a water clock, and was most ingeniously constructed. The hands were turned by a piece of wood upon which water was made to drop, causing it to rise and fall, and thus carry round the index.

He watched very closely the motions of the sun, and by means of wooden pegs placed in the walls of the house where he lived, he most accurately marked the hours and half hours. This contrivance they called Isaac's dial. He also made a little cart with four wheels, and by means of a windlass he could drive himself wherever he wished to go.

As we have already said, he was at first rather an inattentive scholar; but at length an incident occurred that seemed to rouse him in his ambition. The boy who was next above him in his class, was a rough, coarse boy, who treated him like a tyrant, and one day gave him a cruel kick in the stomach which caused him great pain. He determined to be revenged upon him, and this was the singular method of revenge he determined upon. He resolved that he would excel him in all his studies and lessons. And so with great zeal, never wearying or faltering until he placed himself at the head of his class. Certainly he could not have adopted a braver or nobler system of revenge, and his persecutor could not but have felt ashamed of his mean conduct.

It was he who invented the flying of paper kites, and his great love of fun led him to take delight in fastening paper lanterns to the kites on a dark night, thereby making people believe they were meteors or comets. He took no delight whatever in the ordinary mischievous sports of boyhood, but his youthful occupations all pointed clearly to the character of the greatness he was destined to achieve.

When he was fifteen years old, his relatives thought that it was time for him to enter upon the career they had marked out for him—that of farmer. So he was

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

[illegible]

Held at Rochester, N. Y. July 27th and 28th.

[illegible]

I have just been reading with a great

My experience has led me to differ somewhat from him, in that "the financial interests and responsibilities of the Society and Lyceum should be separate and distinct from each other." On the contrary, from what I have seen and heard, it seems to me that the principal cause of discord and contention in various Societies which I might mention, in New England at least—where such a state of things exist—has been and is, that the financial interests and responsibilities of said Societies, and Lyceums connected with them, are separated and distinct.

I have in my mind now several Societies that have gone to pieces, and others that are on the verge of dissolution, on account of difficulties arising from this very cause.

With these facts staring me in the face, almost everywhere I go, I find the opinion that the Lyceum and Society should not be separate, but should be one organization, united in all of its interests.

The objects and purposes of the Lyceum and Society are the same, to wit, the promotion of human welfare and the elevation of the race. The Lyceum, in its ends to be attained, needs no reason why there should not be a union of means to accomplish them. They usually occupy the same hall, so that the expenses of rent, heating, lighting, should be borne by both. There is generally more or less difficulty about the proportion of the expenses to be borne by each.

Again, oftentimes money is raised by exhibitions, festivals and other ways, in which both Lyceum and Society members are engaged, and when the profits are divided—if there are any—there is generally more or less dissatisfaction.

Bro. Dwyer, in his address at this session, suggested that the Lyceum and Society should be united under one constitution, having a corps of officers, elected by the whole, and no treasury. The superior officers of the "Lyceum," or whatever the association was named—some people are very particular about names—could elect the lecturing committee. Bro. Dwyer should be to employ lecturers when desired, to be paid out of the common treasury. Thus the business interests and labors would be united, as well as the objects and purposes. This course has been adopted by a few Societies, to my knowledge, and it is a very interesting committee. Bro. Dwyer says in regard to this condition of many of our Societies is, I am sorry to say, too true. It seems from Bro. Dwyer's statement that they have been fortunate in Philadelphia in not having these disturbances. I wish it was so everywhere, but it is not.

The problem in regard to the relation which the Lyceum should sustain to the Society, is a very important one, and is forcing itself upon the Spiritualists with a power that calls loudly for solution. It ought to be taken up and considered at length in the National Convention, if that is the wish of the Convention. As the Lyceum is not by the way, I seem to doubt my sanity some what because I proposed to call a Convention in the interest of the Lyceums at such time and place as I did. Allow me a word of explanation. At the time I wrote the article in reference to the Lyceum Convention I had not seen the paper, and I did not know when or where it would be held. The Convention that proposed was not to be a national one, but for the New England Lyceums, with of course a general invitation to others, hence the reason for proposing some New England city as place for the Convention. Bro. Dwyer's suggestion in reference to continuing the session of the National Convention beyond the time appointed, for the purpose of giving the Lyceum that attention which its importance deserves, I am decidedly in favor of, and I earnestly hope it will be acted upon.

Bro. Dwyer's suggestion, that the Lyceum did not receive that notice which its friends had a right to expect, and I confess I fear a like result this year.

I think that our National Convention should do something more than an advertising medium for spiritualism. It is well to be right to do something for the labor to be performed, but more important than the discussion of the best method of developing and unfolding the budding faculties of the "little ones."

We can spend our time in no way more profitably than in considering this all-important subject. My thanks to the Lyceum, and to the speaker, something better.

A. E. CARPENTERS.
Aug. 13th, 1867.

A Meeting at Three River Point, N. Y.

Our Seventh Annual Grove Meeting has passed off of its character and effect we have reason to be proud. The day was fine, with the exception a little too much wind, none too much however for the comfort of the audience, and the weather was just what was needed to attract the speaker.

The audience was quite large, numbering least three thousand persons, and with the interest manifested on the occasion, it was unmistakably evident that the masses are panting for the beautiful truths the promulgation of which are so essential to the human race. The speaker, Bro. Dwyer, unfolded those beautiful philosophies which tends to harmonize the world and prepare us more fully to understand man's obligations to man and his creator.

The meeting was organized by appointing of good brother and old pioneer in the cause, Bro. J. C. Dwyer, of Corcoran, President, and Childs, as Secretary. After a brief narration of events in his past life—how more than thirty-five years ago he had traveled this, then less settled and cultivated region of country, preaching Methodist doctrines, of which he was then an honest and true advocate, and then of the new and old doctrine—Mr. Atkinson introduced to the audience Austin E. Simmons, of Woodstock, Vermont, who addressed the people in a manner and with doctrines which seemed to awaken an interest every mind, as the best of attention was given his remarks, and his themes were so pure and noble, and so true to the minds of the most skeptical.

Bro. Simmons ranks among the first as an inspirational speaker, and is an eloquent and forcible delineator of our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy. All who heard him on this occasion will admit his ability and honesty of purpose, and his words were not just the mere words of an occasion; his voice is strong, clear, forcible and capable of being heard by large audiences. We trust that many who have heretofore sat in the dusty gangways of sectarian bigotry, trying to get a gleam of light from theological creeds and dogmas, and those who have been weary of the teachings that will in due time sever the ties that bind them and make them free—free to think, express and compare opinions—free to unfold the great book of nature, and read therefrom the character and designs of God, to question those who would keep them from the truth, of science and knowledge, from the free and open manly souls expand and take in all the life man's family and deal with them in justice a mercy.

Bro. Simmons gave us two discourses, followed at the close of each by singing.

The audience was passed off with the best of feeling and good order.

A word about Hickory Grove. This beautiful spot is situated at the junction of Oneida and Seneca Rivers, at what is called Three River Point, some twelve miles north of Syracuse. The grounds are newly cleared, and the place is a beautiful spot, and is well adapted for the wishing to attend gatherings at that place. Bro. Rufus Dwyer, the proprietor of the Grove has spared no pains in fitting it up for the purpose of holding meetings, picnics, &c., with speakers stand and seats for the large gatherings of people, and the use of the place for no money or without price. Much credit is due Mr. Dwyer for his liberality and great pains to make the place comfortable for resort there, on such occasions.

P. CHILDS, Secy.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

The Convention to the People.

The Address of the Third National Spiritualist Convention to the people of the country, which has already been sent to all quarters of our republic in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, merits more than the brief mention we made of it in our last issue. A more earnest, stirring and thorough appeal never was made to the minds of the American people by a body authorized similarly to address them. It stated clearly and concisely the great objects of the Convention of Spiritualists—what they propose, what are the agents and instruments by which their work is to be done, and how they intend to make their great work successful. No man or woman in the land can peruse that popular appeal, and not believe in it for its fervor alone; and certainly it cannot come short of moving minds that are at all addicted to watch the great movements of the time, to be influenced by the same, and to desire to take a part in work which promises to flower and fruit in such splendid, such triumphant results.

The brief recapitulation of the objects of the National Association of Spiritualists is as timely as it is impressive. When the mariner is tossed on an unknown sea, he goes on deck at the first break of the clouds, and takes his reckoning anew. In the tempest of this modern age, it is meet that Spiritualists should look again at the sky, and see where they are among the many wrecks that drift wildly around them. Hence the aptness of the quotation in the Address of that Resolution which so broadly, yet tersely, relates the aims and scope of the Religion of Spiritualism. It declares that the Convention prescribes no creed, nor does it in any degree limit its freedom, to the human mind; but that its sole object is the discovery of truth, and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life. Nothing could well be more clear and to the point. Only creed-bound opponents can be mustered to combat the terms of so liberal a declaration.

So far as liberal minds of any or all other sects evince a desire to cooperate in the aims and efforts of Spiritualists, they receive a welcome as cordial as they could desire. But when it is discovered that there are ambitious persons who would propose such an union on terms of inequality, as if there were some fatal deficiency in the social standing of Spiritualism, of which they are capable of curing it—and when, moreover, the suspicion becomes verified, that these persons have selfish and sectarian designs on the Spiritualist Organization, betraying the fact that they would obtain control of it to advance and uphold purposes of their own, it is perfectly right that the Convention should protest in language that cannot be mistaken, and declare with the most impressive emphasis that the blessed work of Spiritualism shall never voluntarily be diverted into a channel so foreign to its entire objects and character.

The Address likewise summons into the approaching Convention at Cleveland that large body of early and thoroughly experienced believers, who habitually absent themselves on these occasions of the deepest interest, but would if present bring with them a weight of influence for efficient and harmonious action, not easily to be computed by themselves or by others. Just here is where the army of Spiritualists needs greatly to have its ranks strengthened. The very best soldiers are not to be found in the line. Those who might do the most in every way, do not come forward and signify their faith by their readiness. A stronger front is what our army now requires to show to the enemy. They taunt us with our social weakness; let the response be a real, an astonishing exhibition of social strength. This at least will command respect; and that in its turn will open ears now obstinately stopped to the appeals of reason, and cause the scales to fall from eyes now tightly shut to the higher and larger views of truth.

It is a fact, as the Address states with most serious emphasis, that what Spiritualism chiefly wants as a cause to-day is universal representation at its important Conventions. Let it have the benefit of that, and the battle with prejudice and blindness becomes comparatively easy, because so much of either is at once removed. Then our noble cause will be received everywhere with the seriousness which belongs to its character. Until then, it will continue to fight with but a single hand.

There is another point in the Address which makes itself so prominently bold in the bare statement of it, that it cannot longer be passed by without exciting a general determination among Spiritualists, and Liberals of every name and grade, to rally in open opposition. That point is that a class of men in this country of freedom and free thought seriously think to convert the government into a dynasty of secretaries, under pretence of making it answer more thoroughly to the behests of Almighty Wisdom. In other words, this sect and that have convened and passed resolutions that this government should become "Evangelical." That is a cant word to express what lies uppermost in their minds as domination and sectarianism. They profess to believe that until the Constitution positively and unmistakably recognizes the existence and overruling of Divine Power, it will stand a memorial of ungodliness, and utterly fail of the ends of its establishment. In few words, all this is sheer priestcraft, seeking to bind State and Church together. The boast of our freedom has always been, that every man's faith in matters of religion was his own, with which the government could rightly have nothing to do; but these persons would condemn the liberality of the Fathers who left us this priceless legacy, and plausibly claim to be able to get up something far better than ever entered their ungodly heads. All we can say is, that if this government should ever fall into the hands of such men to control it, we shall have come quite to the limit of all genuine freedom.

The most effective portion of this appeal is that which insists on the broad and deep sufficiency of Spiritualism, when once fairly presented to the people, to answer their wants for this world and the hereafter. That consideration naturally grows out of the elements of its belief. These take hold directly of the soul; are their own

agents and representatives; lose none of their value by performing proxy service. We would urge our readers to recur to this portion of the Address again and again before the session of the Convention, that they may be perfectly familiar with the grounds on which we stand before the world as an united body of believers.

The call to swell the numbers and weight of the Convention is not a whit in too earnest a strain. In this culmination and crisis of the affairs of the country and the interests of the race, Spiritualism should boldly step forward and vindicate its ability to respond to all the demands of the time. Now, when the sects give out, is the hour for Spiritualists to come up to the emergency and prove themselves its equal by reason solely of their philosophy and their faith. Let us make a landmark of this coming Convention, so that it shall forever remain as a new point of departure for our grand army of believers and workers, and conduct us to the future in which our faith is speedily and universally to prevail.

Colorado.

Mr. John Wetherbee, whose facilities for knowing Colorado matters through and through are not equaled by those of any other person, has addressed a carefully prepared letter on the subject of the development of the mineral resources of this vigorous Territory to the stockholders of the Excelsior Mining Company, and to all others whom it may concern. The statement of facts to be found in this pamphlet may be relied on, and are made under a solemn pledge of having no connection with speculative interests.

The assumptions of scientific men, or rather the recorded opinions of scientific men, are traversed in this pamphlet with a boldness which a four years' study of the subject appears to warrant on the part of the writer, who challenges refutation and invites free criticism as to anything he may say. The present exposition of the subject was made by the writer rather for strangers than for those who are associated with him in the enterprise which furnishes the occasion for the letter.

Colorado mining has not yet been taken up and treated with the care it deserves; but here is a complete unfolding of the subject, from one who has visited the territory himself, who has applied himself to the getting out of the ore, to the invention of machinery and the discovery of chemical forces in combination for desulphurizing the deposit, and who understands from end to end the several companies, their different modes of operation, and the whole history of mining enterprises in that prolific territory. His chief desire has been to find a method of saving the gold that ordinarily runs to waste, or is left untouched because it cannot be successfully separated in its combination with earthly substances. It is made to appear that the modes of saving gold practiced in California and elsewhere are inadequate to secure the gold from most of the Colorado ores; and hence the problem is, how to accomplish this desired end without mistake or a disproportionate loss of time and means.

The history of the speculative fever is sketched and its lessons brought home to such as will heed them. The greed displayed by those who have invested was generally the sole cause of their disappointments. The smooth and oily practices of those who are interested in running up a mining stock are set forth without qualification or reserve. The history of the Excelsior Company is faithfully written down, that the general public may see for itself on what rules of action it has proceeded, and understand the various causes for its delays of success. This sketch forms an exceedingly interesting summary of the whole enterprise of Colorado mining, and will be found to be very instructive also. After all the cost and pains, it was found that the gold is in chemical combination with sulphur; how to get it out, therefore, or how to desulphurize it, became forthwith the problem to be solved. It is known that gold and sulphur will not directly combine, and the question is, therefore, how to chemically separate the substance and the vapors, which exist together under mysterious and but ill understood conditions. The making, forwarding, and working of a machine invented to cover the requirements of the case, are given the reader in several clearly written pages; and they show how persevering are the wits and will of men who are determined to untie one of the knots which Nature ties for their picking out.

The process described we have not space to go over, but refer the reader to the pamphlet of Mr. Wetherbee. It will awaken some new suggestions for his thought. That it is his intention, and that of the Excelsior Company, to go forward with experimenting until success has been attained, and the gold separated with ease and certainty and cheapness from the sulphur with which it is in combination, is apparent from the spirit and letter of this timely production. A supplementary treatise on gold and its properties, and another on the exact process of the Excelsior Company, makes this pamphlet in all respects complete; and we heartily recommend it to the perusal of every one who is interested in efforts to effect such a saving of gold, now lost for want of proper machinery, as shall be equivalent in its results to the discovery of another California. All gold mines and corporations of gold mining companies will do well to post themselves by a careful reading of Mr. Wetherbee's understandable pages.

Children's Lyceum at Stoneham.

A few months ago our friends in the suburban town of Stoneham determined to start a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and took action accordingly. The project has met with astonishing success. They began right, by procuring a complete set of equipments throughout, and then chose competent officers to take the management of the Lyceum. There are now enrolled on the records of the Lyceum the names of one hundred and eighty children, and the interest is increasing.

Last Sunday, August 18th, the officers of the Lyceum of the First Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, headed by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor, paid a visit to the Stoneham Lyceum. The occasion was a very pleasant one. After witnessing the usual Lyceum exercises, Dr. Richardson pronounced the Stoneham Lyceum the best in New England—particularly so when the short time it has been inaugurated is taken into consideration. In the afternoon the party assembled in the woods near by and worshipped in Nature's temple for awhile. A happier time is rarely experienced than was enjoyed on that occasion.

Commencement of the Fall Meetings.

In our neighboring cities, Charlestown and Chelsea, the Spiritualists resume their regular Sunday meetings the first of September. Rev. Ed. C. Towne speaks in the former place, and Miss Eliza Howe Fuller in the latter.

Music Hall Meetings.

The spiritual meetings in Music Hall in this city will commence the first Sunday in October, with Judge Edmunds as the first speaker.

Thoughts from Beyond the Tomb.

By the Baron de Guidentubbe and his Sister Julia.

The Baron de Guidentubbe is a Swede, or rather he is a native of Livonia, which is a province of Sweden. He is perhaps the chief Spiritualist of the age, for he is at once eminent both as a scholar and an author, and also as a medium. In the knowledge of the Scriptures, and in Biblical learning, there are not many persons who are his equals; and as regards the philosophy of Revelation, his sentiments are like stars in the present deep midnight of theology.

The Baron has resided in Paris since his eighteenth year, when he left his native North for a milder climate. He was, perhaps, constitutionally predisposed to marvelous experiences. While a boy he was the subject of some singular occurrences. Belonging to his father's mansion was a room which occasionally was the scene of things supernatural, and one of his parents would seem to have been sensitive to the spiritual world. At the outbreak in Sweden of what has been called the preaching mania, the late Baron Guidentubbe, the father of the present Baron, was a member of the Commission which was appointed to inquire into its nature; and he differed from his clerical associates on the subject, by thinking more respectfully of the manifestations than they did. The Baron Louis de Guidentubbe had not therefore the misfortune to be born and bred a materialist. A reverent reader of the Scriptures and a patient student, he early and firmly decided that the Lutheranism of Sweden was a very different thing from "the word which God sent to the children of men." Mesmerism, magnetism and Spiritualism early attracted his attention, and showed him some of the mysteries of human nature.

Eleven years ago he began to find strange writing in his pocket-book and writing-desk. His friend, the Count D'Ourché, told him that it was probably the work of spirits, and advised him to make experiments on the subject; and on the thirteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, he obtained certainty on the matter. Since then he has obtained writing directly from spirits, thousands of times, without any kind whatever of human intervention. He has published in Paris a volume on the subject, accompanied by a great quantity of engravings, which are fac-similes of communications made to him by spirits. Also he is the author of a work of great learning, on universal morality. The little work entitled "Thoughts from beyond the Tomb," was originally published in French, but it has now recently been translated into English, at the instance of the Baron, who has been passing some months at Brighton, in England.

Ever since the death of their parents in Sweden, the Baron has had residing with him his sister, Madeleine Julia de Guidentubbe. She, too, is a great medium, and shares in her brother's studies. "Thoughts from beyond the Tomb" are communications given by spirits to the Baron and his sister. The following are some of these Thoughts:

The revelation of providence is universal. There are no chosen people. That Thou hast given to one of Thy children, shalt Thou not give to all? That blind and foolish man! that thou rearest in one nation thou abhorrest in another; that which thou adorest in the town of Salem thou rejectest in the vale of Ida.

The angels of the holy plain of Mamre are on the banks of the Euphrates transformed into gods. Intolerance is a conformity with evil spirits. Alas! true tolerance reigns alone in the kingdom of the heavens.

Demonophobia and demonolatry are the arms of Satan; the rod of iron he has held suspended for centuries over the church and her bigots. That blind demonophobia which believes even in cures by demons, destroys all relation with the supernatural, and strengthens more and more the power of materialism and skepticism—that true kingdom of Satan.

According to the would-be Orthodox teachers, the demon is the master of the creation, whilst God is seated, like an old Saint, impotent and superannuated, in a niche of the universe.

Love is a spark of celestial fire—a last reflection from the other world.

When love reigns in the heart of a noble man, it furnishes him with strength requisite for all generous actions.

In order to comprehend the secret of perfect love, we must purge the heart from vice, say the celestial genius.

True love cannot exist without purity of heart. The purity is the inner organ. God gives those hearts he has drawn toward himself.

Humility is the basis of true grandeur. Great things are accomplished by her, and small things by pride.

Wisdom is the garden wherein philosophy must culminate her flowers. Root in narrow hearts, and anger finds in little minds his sting.

The vice of ambition occasions the most suffering in the next world, because there are there neither thrones, nor prince, nor king, nor mighty one; nor the reverse of these; all are equally penniless, and all are equally wretched.

It is only under the direction of angels that the world can be free. The science of the ancients was a complete work; it embraced causes and effects; it treated of the rapport of the world of spirits with the world of bodies; while our Academies reduce all to the meanest and most narrow limits—to matter alone.

Magnetism is the aurora of Science; Spiritualism its rising Sun.

Modern Spiritualism is a faint echo of the sweet melodies from the joyous phalanx of angels who are preparing to chant the awakening of humanity.

The essence of Spiritualism consists in the conviction that the supernatural world of invisible causes, of which the soul of man forms a part, is in continual and intimate rapport with the material and visible world; that the links to the universal government of Providence.

In the last agony, man, instead of becoming unconscious, has, on the contrary, a double consciousness, perceiving things terrestrial and things invisible.

Death is the entering into another and better life; the celestial aurora from which frequently illumines the face of the dying.

With spirits who inhabit a world which is not a place, but a state or condition, there is identity of thought and being; time and space are absorbed in an infinite eternity, to the soul which is separated from matter.

Spirits incognizant of distance may perceive numberless happy states, in the different universes, as the rich man saw Lazarus, or as the lucid clairvoyant here sees at a distance.

Thanks to sympathy, that moral attraction, a more advanced spirit can draw one less perfect toward himself by inducing the latter to progress more quickly in the way of perfection.

All spirits are merely the forms, multiplied and individualized, of one great Spirit.

Rev. Rowland Connor.

We mentioned in our last issue that the friends of Rev. Mr. Connor, who was recently dismissed from the School-street Universalist Society in this city, for "heresy," were organizing. They have proceeded so far as to form a new religious society, to be called the "Fraternal Universalists," and have secured the hall of the Mechanics' Institute building, corner of Bedford and Chancery streets, and will commence regular meetings there, with Mr. Connor as pastor, the first Sunday in September. A Sunday school has also been formed, and some thirty of the teachers of the old Society are pledged to transfer their connection to the new one. The School-street Society will be left with "a beggarly account of empty" pews. So much for illiberality.

How "Indian Outrages" are Manufactured.

An Omaha correspondent of the Chicago Republican writes concerning the recent attack on a train of the Union Pacific Railway, as follows:

"The way the thing looks now, it does not appear that the red-skins did this business, but the white-skins did. The scalping was certainly not done by an Indian—so men who understand the business say. A red-skin would not be apt to leave the scalp behind—he would rather lose his own—that of himself is a little evidence; but what makes it almost sure, is the fact that the scalp of the man, who is still living, and in a fair way to recovery, by the way—is not taken in the Indian style. An Indian is never known to take the whole top of the head for the scalp, but merely a couple of inches from the crown of the head; and beside, they generally take it off neatly, while this was done in a very bungling manner. Some persons—and I must say that I am of the number—think there were no Indians concerned; but Omaha and all these western towns are bound to have an Indian war if possible; and their constant cry is extermination. Now, this late attack serves first-rate to bring Eastern people to their side of the question, provided they keep under a few of the facts. Several trains on Eastern and Southern railways have been thrown from the track before now, the cars robbed, and sometimes destroyed. This has been done inside of two years. There being no Indians there to throw the blame upon, it was at once charged rightly to thieves, rowdies and highway robbers; and it is very natural to suppose that the same class of beings will do the same kind of work here, if that class is here to do it. And it is not denied, but readily admitted, that towns such as Julesburg, and others not so far away, are more than half peopled by roughs. Another thing: every time there is a rumor of an Indian attack anywhere, it is telegraphed East as a fact; but when, a few hours later, it proves to be entirely untrue, the telegraph does not carry the correction."

Rescued from "Death."

Elas Howe, Jr., the sewing machine inventor, as we learn from the Daily Advertiser, has been suffering severely for months, and no physician could help him. He went to Europe and consulted the most eminent physicians in Paris and London, but found no relief, and returned to Bridgeport, Conn., to die. For weeks his case was pronounced entirely hopeless; daily wasting away, he assumed the moribund appearance. His limbs became dropsical, and his body swelled and put on the black hue. Physicians pronounced him dying. As a last resort, a well known female spiritual medium was sent for, who undertook his case. The result was, the dropsical effusion of the limbs soon yielded, and the black hue of the chest was followed by erysipelatous eruptions, and a general mitigation of the symptoms. The patient was so far restored to health as to be able last week to start on a fresh journey to visit his father in Massachusetts, first going to New York city. His friends and all who knew of his precarious condition, are perfectly astonished at his wonderful restoration through the agency of clairvoyance, after the entire Medical Faculty had failed to discover and cure his disease. And yet similar instances are occurring every day.

Legacies in the Old Country.

The thousands in this country who are flattering themselves with the idea of obtaining a rich slice from some legacy in England, will be interested in the following statement. Hon. A. D. Fagar, the Vermont Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, has been investigating the prospects of American heirs to certain large estates in England, and does not make a very encouraging report. He writes home as follows:

"A short time before leaving Vermont I attended a meeting of the 'Wilson Family,' as it was called, at Essex Junction. From representations then and there made, I was inclined to believe that real estate of much value might be obtained by the Wilsons of America, heirs of one 'Robert Wilson, Esq. of Warwick,' who many years since died in England, leaving a large property.

From inquiries which I made when I landed, I am satisfied that there is not the least possible chance for any Wilson in America to ever get an acre of land or a dollar in money from this source, nor will 'Robert Wilson's' heirs be more fortunate than the Wilsons.

I do not propose to enter into a discussion of the question, but give it as my opinion that every one who has paid a dollar for 'Scip,' or for the investigation of these 'claims,' had better charge it to his pocket and lose it, than waste his money on more investments in these worthless schemes."

A Presentiment.

The Boston Daily Press, a new penny paper just started, relates the following case:

"A most touching and singular circumstance occurred at the State Prison, in Charlestown, a few days since, and goes to show that there may be something in presentiments. Some three weeks ago, the only son of one of the inmates serving a life sentence was drowned near the ferry slip, on the East Boston side, and his body was found floating in the water a few days afterwards. After the funeral, the mother visited the prison, and requested the warden to announce the fact of the son's death to the father, also requesting that he would not inform him that he was drowned, but leave him with the impression that he died a natural death. Mr. Haynes visited the prisoner in one of the work-shops, and announced to him to 'put and lose' and 'news' for him; but, before he could proceed further, the prisoner exclaimed, 'Oh, my son is drowned.' On being asked why he thought so, he replied, that, two or three days before (mentioning the exact day the body was removed), he was impressed with the fact that his son had been drowned, and it had weighed heavily upon his mind ever since. The facts were then told to him, and it appeared that the presentiment of his son's death was correct in every particular."

Society Organization in Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown have organized under the name of the "First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown," and have made choice of the following officers for the current year: President, Joseph Carr; Secretary, Charles H. Wing; Treasurer, Henry T. Rowell; Business Committee, Joseph Carr, Sampson Warren, A. H. Richardson, Dr. E. Page, Henry Brower; Board of Trustees, Sampson Warren, F. B. Briggs, J. B. Clapp, Charles H. Wing, H. T. Rowell, Henry Brower, Juda Weatherbee.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

Phenomenal Spiritualism is the bridge which has carried millions safely over, and it would be folly to ignore it now. The following resolution, passed at the late meeting of Spiritualists in Genesee County, New York, speaks for itself:

"Resolved, That we recognize the important part that phenomenal Spiritualism has had in establishing in our minds the grand truth of spirit communion; and we do hereby manifest our disapprobation toward any movement that may be made in our coming National Convention to throw discredit upon media of this class."

Our Free Circles.

On Monday, Sept. 24, our free circles will be resumed, and continued three days in each week, namely, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at precisely three o'clock P. M. The public are cordially invited.

Dr. J. T. Gilman Fike

Has removed his office to No. 70 Tremont street, (nearly opposite the Tremont House.) He is an excellent physician.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September opens with the "Dodge Club," profusely illustrated, and is followed by two other illustrated papers. That entitled "Rob Roy in the Baldo" is humorous and laughable. The "Haunted House in Watertown" is sketched, and there are illustrations of what were supposed by the writer of the history of it to be scenes in the same. The readers of the BANNER are familiar with this history from our own columns. The other papers of note are the "Yankee before the Throne," "Light Castles in Spain," "La Belle France," "Walter Colquhoun, Georgia," and the Editorial essays. With these are numerous short pieces that will pleasantly engage one's attention in these dog-days, and the weather that is to come after. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

SIXTEENTH THOUSAND OF "NED NEVINS, OR STREET LIFE IN BOSTON."—This very entertaining work, by Rev. Henry Morgan, has reached its sixteenth thousand, and is still having a lively sale. The author says: "The truth is, the great masses of mankind love heart, soul and life; they care but little for cold, classical, artistic finish." That's the secret of Ned Nevins's success. It deals with every-day life just as it is—fearlessly and frankly. The price of the volume is \$1.50.

Movements of Lecturers and Meetings.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Evansville, Ind., during September, and in Richmond, Ind., during October. He will speak week evenings or hold séances anywhere within fifty miles of the above places. Mr. Wilson intends to be present at the National Convention of Spiritualists at Cleveland. He is doing a good work in the West.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has returned from the West, and will spend a few months at Hyannis, on the sea-shore, which she hopes will be beneficial to her health.

C. B. Lynn, of Charlestown, a trance lecturer, and a young man of much promise, left last week on a lecturing tour through the West. He will speak at Johnson Creek and Buffalo on his way.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson—now Mrs. English—has retired from the lecturing field for the present. In a note to us she says: "Wherever I am located, there will my work be, in some form or other for humanity. My heart and soul will be in our beautiful philosophy. It has saved me and thousands of others from the darkest infidelity. May the good work go on until the uttermost parts of the earth are penetrated by the angel voices."

St. Louis, Mo.

The Society of Spiritualists at St. Louis, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum, publish a little four-page "Monthly Record," containing local matters of interest to the Society and Lyceum. From it we learn that the Children's Lyceum, which was organized in 1865 with sixty-five members, now has enrolled in its journal two hundred and sixteen children. This is creditable to the efficiency of its officers. E. V. Wilson has been speaking for the Society this month, and Miss Susie M. Johnson follows for September. We print on our third page a synoptical report of one of Mr. Wilson's lectures in St. Louis.

The Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

Remember that this interesting occasion will commence its sessions on Thursday, August 29th, continuing three days, in Pierpont Grove, Malden. It is to be under the charge of Dr. H. B. Storer, whose programme, giving full particulars, will be found elsewhere in our paper.

Picnic to Walden Grove.

Dr. C. C. York, of Charlestown, is making arrangements for a social picnic, to take place on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, at Walden Pond Grove, Concord. Further particulars will be given in our next issue.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Montreal.

Dr. Newton, the renowned healer, will open an office in Montreal on Monday, Aug. 26th, for the purpose of healing the sick, the lame and the blind.

It has frequently been said, and with much truth, that they who denounce the loudest certain bad habits in others, may as well be suspected of practicing them at times themselves; employing their accusations as cloaks, or covers, by the aid of which they hope to do with impunity what they are as fond of as those whom they denounce.

A Significant Inscription.

It will no doubt be remembered by all or nearly all the readers of the BANNER that O. C. Felton, Professor of Greek at Harvard College, was not known as a Spiritualist and many will remember the investigation of the spiritual phenomena which took place some years since at the Pavilion, in this city, arranged by Dr. Gardner for the enlightenment of Mr. Felton and the Harvard professors. The body of Prof. Felton now reposes at Mt. Auburn, and upon the stone erected over his grave is an inscription, which I think has a peculiar significance, under the circumstances. The inscription is in Greek, and upon being translated into English, is found to be the first part of the first verse of the fourth chapter of Revelations, which reads as follows: "After these things I looked, and behold a door was opened in Heaven." May this not mean that after public discussions of the question, and after the investigation, so called, by the Professors of Harvard University, Prof. Felton looked for himself, and was convinced that there was a door opened between heaven and earth, and that he was not willing to leave his earthly body without putting upon record—though in an unknown tongue (to the common people)—a confession that he was convinced of the great truth of intercommunication between the natural and the spiritual worlds? VERITAS.

Boston, August 19th, 1867.

The "Boston Progressive Lyceum."

The Spiritualists of this city have organized under the appropriate name of the "Progressive Lyceum," for carrying on the Children's Sunday Lyceum and Meetings, at Mercantile Hall. The Lyceum has cause to be very grateful to those friends of progress who have manifested so deep an interest in this undertaking, and hope that all friends will bear in mind that this is an effort to make the Lyceum not unlike its predecessors in New York, Philadelphia and other localities; for that purpose all Spiritualists should give a helping hand. Mr. Bond has kindly offered to furnish music for the Lyceum.

Dr. H. B. Storer lectured every Sunday, at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M., during August, and Mrs. S. A. Horton has been engaged to lecture during the month of September. Other able speakers will soon be announced. THOS. MARSH.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

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

Invocation.

Mysterious and Perfect Spirit, our Father, our Mother, we bow before thy shrine to receive thy blessing; not because we are without fault, not because we have attained the high standard we have reared for ourselves, but because we know that will bless us, because thy love is perfect and ever active, and thou art ever blessing all thy children.

Thou Spirit of Life, thou who art holy to-day as thou hast been in all the past, as thou wilt be in all the future, we ask no blessings of thee, for we know all we need thou wilt bestow upon us. We will not murmur against thy will decrees, for thy wisdom is far beyond our ignorance, and thy wisdom will overcome all our weakness. We do not expect to fully understand thy greatness, for we know that the hand can never fully comprehend the head. We know that the members of the body are not the whole body. But as much of thy wisdom as thou seest fit to confer upon us, we will seek earnestly and diligently to work out in good deeds, good thoughts, in all those rare flowers of excellence that make a heaven upon earth, make all souls understand that they are near to thee.

Thou Spirit of this sunshiny day, we thank thee for the sun and the shade, for all the experiences of life. We will receive all, we will give thanks for all, and we will endeavor to make good use of all.

Thou Spirit of this Age, we are rejoiced because thy power is being felt everywhere; within the churches, within the halls where men congregate to make laws, within the small places and great; everywhere thou art dealing with the sons and daughters of earth. And we know that the seed we are sowing to-day will bring forth a great harvest in the future, a grand millennium of good tidings, of great joy to the people of earth. We praise thee that so many throughout the land are reaching out to know concerning thy truth, concerning thy power, thy love. And we praise thee that everywhere they are receiving answers to their questions. The rocks and the vales, the waves of the ocean and the dew-drops, the sunshine and the shade, all, all life is answering the questions, and the hearts of the children are beginning to feel they are nearer the Source of Life.

Our thanks thou dost not need, our blessings thou dost not need; but we lay them upon the altar of thy truth, acknowledging thee, our Father, our Mother, our Past, our Present, and all for which we hope. Amen. June 3.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to control for your queries, Mr. Chairman.

QUEST.—Will the intelligence please tell us why this circle is never opened by an Orthodox minister?

ANS.—At the outset we shall be obliged to deny the position your interrogator has assumed, and to declare to the contrary of their judgment, their understanding, that Orthodox ministers have frequently controlled here, and do frequently control.

CHAIRMAN.—S., of Cincinnati, O., sends the following extract and question:

"SAR CASE OF DROWNING.—TWO PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES.—NOVEL METHOD OF RECOVERY.—A CORSE.—The Knox (Ind.) Ledger of the 24th ult., says that a Miss Gould, of that place, fell into the river on the 18th, and dragged under the water a Mr. Zerbe, who plunged in after her and attempted to save her. Both were drowned. The body of Miss Gould was soon recovered, but that of Mr. Zerbe could not be found until a strange experiment was tried. The Ledger must be permitted to tell the story in its own words: 'It was suggested by some one present, that if one of his own shirts was thrown into the stream above the place of drowning, and allowed to float down unattended over the place where he last went down, it would sink at the place where he was then lying. As an experiment this was immediately tried, and the shirt was watched with much curiosity and deep intensity by all on the banks of the river, and carefully followed by young Swartzell in a small boat; when, after floating six or eight rods, it suddenly disappeared from sight. The grappling hooks were immediately used, and the body drawn up precisely at the place where the shirt disappeared.'"

If this be true, was it the magnetic attraction between the body and shirt, that had probably been worn, which caused it to sink over the body?

A.—We presume that is a correct answer to the query. It is a well known fact that water is a very powerful conductor of the electric and magnetic elements. Probably it was a powerful agent in this matter. We know nothing with regard to this special case, but have no doubt of its authenticity. June 3.

George P. Wyman.

I have come back here because I would like to settle a controversy that has been going on between my friends, and some who are perhaps not my friends, or my enemies. The controversy is this: They are fully persuaded that I was shot by a rebel officer, after I was wounded in the foot, and was also wounded just below the right knee. And they have the story in this way: that while those who were engaged to carry the wounded off the field were gone to the rear, I was killed. When they came back for me, I was shot through the head.

I've only a very few words to say on that subject, and I do hope they will give credence to what I may say. Their informants tell them that only about a couple of hours passed before they returned to the field for me. Now to my certain knowledge it was near three days. In the meantime my wounds, I know, were in such a state as to almost prohibit the hope of saving the limb anyway, and I had rather die than lose a limb, as I have always said. So after waiting near three days, I concluded I was not going to be removed, and I might possibly fall into bad hands, so I thought I'd kill myself. I intend I had the right to do it, and my friends will understand why I did such a thing. Those who knew me best know that I would do it.

Some of my friends have thought that they have gained a clue to my murderer, as they call him. So they have written to persons South. Well, I don't know why they should write; probably they will have their labor for nothing. If they could only see some of my friends say—the one who murdered me, and have the privilege of talking with him for a half hour, they should be more reconciled to my death.

I tell them I hastened my own death; went out of my own accord. In other words, I committed suicide, as I suppose you'd call it. So they say as well pursue their investigations with regard to that matter no further.

I was a boiler-maker by trade, and I am from Troy, N. Y. My name when here, George P. Wyman. I went out for the sake of doing what I might be able to toward putting down what I considered to be a very bad movement on the part of the South. It has gained one very great thing, this civil war of yours, namely: the liberation of the slaves. In other respects the South remains the same, so far as I am able to judge. There is the same unsheathed sword, and in my opinion it never will be sheathed, so long as there is one man or woman left on Southern soil to feed revenge. Southern slavery, or negro slavery, the love of which has been so incorporated into their being, has poisoned their entire moral system. So then they are just as much "seceded" as ever.

I have been under the necessity of writing all this time, in order to gain a knowledge of how to come back, and to start the ball aright, so I would make no mistake.

I met, while I was waiting for my turn to come to speak here, an officer of one of our Massachusetts regiments, who told me he knew about these things, and offered to show me how to come here. He told me that he was killed at the same engagement that I was, and that he, like myself, seeing there was no hope of recovery, but perhaps a few days more to linger here, rather accelerated the business. Therefore he could sympathize with me in that respect. He says his name is Barry; said you would know him. I never met him before. [We did not know that he committed suicide.] Then perhaps I've told something I ought not to here. If I've said what I ought not to, I was ignorant of all that was right. I only spoke of it because he mentioned the fact to me. He looks like a pretty honest, jolly fellow, that would not say a thing unless he meant it. He doesn't seem like one that had any occasion to tell a falsehood. He probably was led to speak of the circumstance to me from the fact that I made the remark that if suicides had as much to fear in the hereafter as some people of earth believed they had, I might be expecting at any time that some sword would fall upon my head. I said yes. He says, "Then I go you halves on that." I says, "How so?" And he told me that he, too, finding that there was no relief, excepting death, and perhaps prolonged suffering, rather hurried the car and got into the spirit-land little ahead of time. And he remarked that he had no fears of what was to come for that act, and he saw no reason why I should have.

I fell on the 16th of September. He tells me he went out—that is, he died on the morning of the 18th; was shot on the 17th, as high as he could judge. Somewhere in the vicinity of two or three o'clock in the morning he helped himself over the river.

I do not want my friends to think of me as murdered. I would rather my friends know the case just as it is. [It is better for you and them.] Far better. It annoys me to have them constantly throwing out antagonism toward somebody who never did injure me in any way. It's best to know why you move before you move in such matters; best to be sure.

Now if my friends wish to open communication with me, if they will address a letter to that gentleman—Mansfield, I believe his name is—in New York, I will answer it; or let them go to some other good medium, and let me come to them. I have been there, and watched how others do it, and think I can do as well.

I hope if Josiah receives my message, he won't fall to pass it around. Good-day. I suppose there is no way of helping myself out from here. [You've only to will yourself away.] My will did it before, so where's the difference? I will to go out of this body, as I did out of the other one. [This is not your own body.] Very well, where's the difference? Only in taking the instrument. Well, it was the power of the will, just the same then as now, and I contend if it was a crime to leave that, it is a crime to leave now. I will look into the matter. If I gain any light I'll let you know. [This is a foreign body.] Very true; I do not see that that should make any difference. However, I'll look into the matter. If I convict myself, I'll let you know. June 3.

Sarah A. Southworth.

I introduce myself as Sarah A. Southworth. [You are able to come back quick.] I thought I'd pay my first visit here. [Can you talk louder?] Not very well.

I want you to tell father and mother, and all the friends, that I did everything nearly as I expected to. And dear Lizzie Doten—thank her for me, and all the rest of the friends of yesterday, who aided in the services at my funeral. Tell Lizzie I shall keep my promise good when she is born into the kingdom. I will be present there also, and do all I can toward inspiring the one who conducts the service in mortal. So then I'll cancel the debt. [Did you see us yesterday?] Yes, I did, yes. Why, I had control of Lizzie. Yes, I was not going to let that opportunity pass, but was determined to be present at my own funeral.

Tell Mr. Colby I'm sorry to disappoint him in my story, but no doubt some one else more worthy will be found to fill my place. [Can't you finish it through somebody?] I shall try to. I could through Lizzie, if she had time to devote to the work, but I do not like to ask the favor, for I know—poor child—she's taxed very heavily now. [Did you suffer much before you died?] I did; but it's all over, or will be when I've left here, so I do not regret it now.

[Then turning to Mrs. Wilson, who sat near the medium, cordially grasping her hand, she said:] Oh I have met your "Birdie." She was there yesterday. [I'm glad you are together.] Yes. Oh I expect to have glorious times in the spirit-world. [I hope you will.] Oh I know I shall, I know I shall.

My love to Mrs. Conant, and tell her I won't trouble her again at such an unreasonable hour of the night. [Have you visited her?] Yes, I have. I told her I was coming back to-day; hoped I should not do anybody any harm. She said, "Never mind what harm you will do. Come along, you're welcome."

Oh I little thought two weeks ago I should be where I am to-day. But the change is glorious! Oh it is glorious!

Achsa Sprague was there yesterday, N. P. Willis was there, and Mr. Felton, our old Harvard opponent. Only think of it! Oh yes, and so anxious, too; but the grand trouble is, he can't find channels enough to aid him, in his anxiety.

[You can hear well now, can't you?] Yes, that defect is all gone; no need of a Dr. Newton now. [To Mrs. Wilson.]—I forgot to tell you Birdie came and helped me to-day.

There now, I shall always do all I can for you; and perhaps in my new state I can do more for you than by writing stories for the BANNER. Good-day. June 3.

Annie Maria Barry.

I wish to reach my mother, sir. [Where does she reside?] She is at present, I expect, in Denver City.

I was eleven years old. I have been in the spirit-world three years. My name when here was Annie Maria Barry, and as I was all my mother had to love, all the child she had, she naturally feels the loss very much. When she was on the way from Washington to Detroit City, she made it in her way to go to New York to a medium there. But she was so excited herself, not knowing about these things, she was so afraid I would come, and yet afraid I wouldn't come. So between the two excitements I was not able to come, and my mother has said now there's nothing in it at all.

I'm sorry my mother is not here. I suppose she will go back to Washington again in October. If it's not possible for her to visit any one before, then I ask that she will when she comes this way, then I will come to her. [Who would you like her to see in Washington?] I want her to visit a Miss or Mrs. Laurie. I know the name's Laurie, for I've been there, and heard it called. And I will come to her there, if she goes to her. And it's very unwise for her to be afraid I will come. There's nothing to fear. She would say, if she only understood the thing, it is very absurd for a mother to fear for her own child.

I suppose I died of some kind of an eruptive fever—scarlet fever, I think it was, but I don't know. [Do you remember where you were living when you passed away?] Yes, sir, I do remember where I was living. I was with my mother in Cincinnati. Then my father was in Washington.

I will be very thankful to you if you will publish my letter, as you do others. Good-day sir. June 3.

Margaret Tappan.

I am very sorry to trouble you again, sir, but there seems to be no other way open by which we can readily reach our friends.

I come to ask a favor in behalf of the poor Indian woman whom I have met since I came to the spirit-world. She is the mother of the Indian boy, Luna, that was in our family so long. And since I have died, I have met her, and it seems she's always watched over Luna since he came into our family. And she wants him to be educated. She has a great notion that God is kinder, or that the Great Spirit loves best those who are educated. So she's very anxious that Luna should make a great brave, or wise brave, and she has given me no peace whatever until I promised to come here and intercede for him.

Now my husband, William Tappan, or Lewis, or Samuel Foster, perhaps, would do better than the rest, because he's really under his charge, so I'll ask him—perhaps he'll think he ought to do more than the others—to educate him, give him a knowledge of books, so his poor mother, a poor Navajo squaw, may be made happy. She will repay them in watching over them, shielding them from harm. She has wonderful power of foretelling events, and has told me of things that have happened that I know she could have known in no earthly way. And then she has told me how she's been able to avert dangers from our family, and we have wondered why they have not befell us. You know the Bible tells us that we can entertain angels in our midst unawares, and an angel comes as well within the temple of an Indian boy, as within the temple or body of the Prince Imperial, for God is no respecter of persons.

I feel that I ought to do what this poor Indian woman asks, for she has watched over our household. You may say she had an interest in us because we had her boy. Well, no matter what it is, she rendered us kindnesses, and deserves to be repaid. I myself taught him, when I was here. He is a very apt scholar, very quick indeed. I taught him to spell—the use of letters. I taught him a great many things by observation. He is wonderful in many respects. He seems to reach out himself to grasp knowledge, and I think this may be attributed to his mother's influence. The spirit of her intense desire has fallen upon him. [How old is he?] He is now in his sixteenth year, so says the squaw. She says that the corn has been gathered sixteen times since he came. But I judge, from other things she has told me, that he's in his sixteenth year.

[Where is your family?] In New York? My husband—no, Lord bless you! he's in Colorado, where I expect my message to go. [Are your friends there?] Lewis is not; my husband is. Samuel Foster, I think, is in Washington. I was present where he was last night, and gained the power to come here through the poor little Indian girl—she said you knew her—"Pinkie."

I thank you, and know the poor squaw will thank you, too. Don't forget the boy's name—Luna. June 3.

Scene opened by Theodore Parker; letters answered by George M. Jackson.

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit, who hath breathed thine own Divine Life into the being of this handsome day; thou who art Father and Mother of all Time and of all Eternity, we would talk with thee, not face to face, but through the wondrous manifestations of thy life which meet us everywhere. We behold the beauty of this summer day. We behold its sunshine, its clouds, and so also we behold the beauty of moral life, its sunshine and its clouds. We behold, also, the beauty of intellectual life, with its sunshine and its clouds; and also the beauty of physical life, with its sunshine and its clouds. There is life on the one hand, and we are told that there is death on the other hand; but since thou art everywhere, since thy presence is an undisputed existence throughout every form of being, throughout all places, therefore there can be no place for death. Men have confounded death with life, in their ignorance. They have presumed that the cypress was a token of death, of desolation, of despair. But in our wanderings through time and eternity, we have begun to learn that there can be no death, since thy life is apparent unto us everywhere.

And oh Spirit of Life, oh Soul of this day and all other days, may we be enabled to inspire thy sorrowing children on earth with a sure knowledge that there is no death; for when death comes unto the soul who fears it, but an Angel of Life, then the soul-life will be robbed of half its glory; this earth-vale will be no longer a vale of tears. For the soul that believes in these things firmly and religiously, that soul is ever secure from doubt, from fear, from all that makes it tremble when death is mentioned. Oh, send thine angels who have passed through what men call death, here and everywhere, with a song of joy and peace, that thy children who have not passed through that change may understand what death is. Oh, let the sorrowing heart turn to thee, the Source of Joy. Let it behold, even within its sorrow, a bud of joy that shall blossom into perfectness, it may be on the morrow. Let the mother who bends over the cold form of her child behold in her sadness bright buds that shall blossom into immortal joys. Let thy children who sorrow feel that thou dost all things well, and therefore in their deep-

est sorrow thou art but doing well for them; that thou art but planting seed that shall blossom in the future into fearless flowers of beauty and joy. Oh, send that this generation may not pass away until the fear of death has passed away. Grant that no soul may be left on the earth when this generation shall have done its work, who shall hold to its heart the fear of death.

Father, Mother, receive our thanks for all thy blessings. Accept the united prayers and praises of thy children, and let them be woven into garlands to crown the brows of those who gave birth unto them in that land of light whither all souls are tending. Amen. June 4.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—(By correspondent from Chicago, Ill.)—What is the function of the spleen?

ANS.—Medical men who have passed through the change called death, and have still pursued their investigations in regard to the form human, tell us that the spleen is the magnetic stomach, or the organ that changes the magnetic currents that the body receives from the atmosphere and surrounding objects, to suit the requirements of the body.

QUEST.—Irish potatoes, carried in the pantaloons pockets, frequently cure rheumatism, and the potatoes petrify. Can the spirits explain the philosophy of such a cure?

ANS.—Also, medical men inform us that the potato possesses very great curative power over that disease known as rheumatism; over all diseases that may be classed under that head. They have ascertained this by certain sections they have made, certain inveterate rheumatisms they have made, since they have passed beyond earth-life, and have been enabled to avail themselves of the science of chemistry in that spirit-life. Chemistry is in its crudity and childhood with you, while with us in spirit-life it is far more perfected, and he who understands it understands a very great law underlying human life. June 4.

Capt. Alexander Murray.

During my earth-life I never was a believer in dreams, not at all inclined to any sort of superstition. But as I am forcibly reminded of one which was told me by my wife previous to my entering the army, it may not be amiss for me to touch upon it here, because it may be the means by which I may identify myself to her and to others.

My name is Alexander Murray. I was a Scotchman by birth, born a few miles from Glasgow. But something like twenty-three years ago I came to this country, and after living a short time at the North, I went West, and from there I went South and became somewhat identified with the turpentine business. But with the dispute arose between the two sections of this country, it was very natural I should have sympathy with the South, because I was there, and because I had many friends there, and because, perhaps, my interests were there. And then those who were there heard only one side of the question discussed, and presented generally in a very able light. It became a settled fact in their minds that it was right that the South should secede; that the North were tyrannical, and that they were at points striving to encroach on the rights of the South, &c. I believed in the right of State sovereignty, and in every State having the right to regulate its own internal operations; and I felt, with others, that the North had no right to interfere. But I did not then see that they had the right of interference, because the South of itself was doing a very wrong thing. But it is not always that people can see their own faults. Others can see better than they can see themselves. As one of our gifted poets has written—

"Ah, woe was power the gentle gift of God
To see ourselves as others see us."

Oh, I think it would be a very fine thing if some power could endow us with power to see ourselves as the same light as those who are apart from us.

Well, as I was thus identified with the South, I was anxious to do what I might be able to toward settling the controversy and bringing about a permanent peace between North and South. I believed that the North was wrong, and the South the fighting began the sooner it would be over. So I entered the army. The day that I was about going from my friends into active service, my wife said to me, "What do you think I dreamed last night?" Oh, I can't tell, I said; "perhaps you dreamed that I was killed." Well, I did. Then she says, "I dreamed that you were killed in battle, and soon after the sky opened"—the heavens, as she said, opened—"and that you came to me, but that there was some person standing between you and me, and through that person you said to me, 'I have no faith in such vagaries. I would not think anything more about it. I shall no doubt come home alive, perhaps minus an arm or a leg, but I shall come home. So cheer up.'"

Well, I did come, and twice, but the third time of my going to my grave, so to speak, my father became concerned. I was killed, and the heavens have opened, and I do return, and another person stands between her and me, and that person is the lady I control. It has pleased the Great God I should come. Now what am I to think in regard to that dream? That some dead spirit has been seen by my future and reflected upon the sleeping hours of my wife? Who can tell? It may be so. At all events, it tells me there is a power in the universe that controls the movements of every returning spirit; and if this power is in existence and is active throughout all spheres—as I believe it is—why may we not avail ourselves of it as a mirror in which we may see ourselves, and concerning our highest future?

Now I do not know what is the purpose of this great law, that even the wee little ones that were scarce able to toddle along when they passed on, seem to be so conversant with, and to their fathers and mothers and friends here are sending messages of love from their spirit-homes. I am to understand that the Great God, who has said little children are dear unto him, is permitting all these things for a wise purpose.

Remember in my childhood some of my neighbors, being of the second sight, of the things that were to come, concerning the future, but of myself I had no belief in such things then. But since I have come here to this spirit-land my spirit has been unfolded to a degree that enables me to perceive that God is everywhere, dealing with all spheres, and I believe it is—why may we not avail ourselves of it as a mirror in which we may see ourselves, and concerning our highest future?

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Frances Howe Prescott.

I have a little sister, sir, in New Bedford, and I promise her, if I could, I'd come back and send her a letter through the BANNER OF LIGHT.

I had the typhoid fever, and it ended in consumption. A year ago this coming August I died. I had the fever in March, and lived until the 15th or 19th—I am not sure which—of August. My name, sir, was Frances Howe Prescott. My sister was eleven years old, in her twelfth year, and I was eighteen, in my nineteenth year. I was called Frances Howe, after the minister's wife, the pastor at the Bethel Church in New Bedford. My father and mother died very near together. Little Susan—that was my sister's name—was but seven years old when mother died, and not eight when father died, and then she was left with me.

I learned of these things first from a friend of mine who came back, after she died through the BANNER; and then I learned what I could from other sources. But I believed in Spiritualism, and I believed I should come back after I died, and I told her I should, and I would come just as soon as my funeral was over, if I could. But I've not been able to tell now.

Poor child! she's looked in vain for my name there, but has never seen it, and she's almost discouraged. But I'm here, and father and mother are here, and we all do our best to watch over her. But I am nearer to her, perhaps, because I seem to be in closer rapport with her than the others. I felt I should be when I left her, or come very near her, and when Susan is so distressed as she is sometimes, then mother can't come so near. But it doesn't affect me. I can come.

I want to tell her that very soon there will be a way open to her to make a change for the better: West, as companion for his little daughter. And she must go, because she'll be very happy there. She's unhappy now, but she'll be very happy there. I come to her almost every day, and shall always do just what I promised to. I know I shall be able to do all I've promised to for her, all with the exception of coming back so soon as I thought I should.

My mother attended Elder Howe's church, and I suppose that is why I received the name I did. But I do not believe as he believes now, or as he did believe. I could tell him a great many things now.

[To the Chairman.] Good-day, sir. [Have you said all you desire to?] Yes, sir. [Will your sister get this?] Oh, she has your paper every week, and gets disappointed, and cries over it, and tears it up, and resolves every week she'll never get another. She doesn't dare to say anything about it, because the friends that she is surrounded by are unbelievers in Spiritualism. So she has her mad all to herself. I know she'll cry for joy when she sees my name, and she'll hardly know how to wait. June 4.

Willie Demarest.

How do, sir? I been here before. I'm Willie Demarest, from New York.

Well, you see my folks can't see how it is that I can't go home and talk there. They can't believe I can come back, and that if I could come at all, I could go home and talk. They say, "It's not me, it's some one else that I called for the last time before I died, when I was sick."

I can't remember, unless it was an orange. I think it was: I don't know, I was so sick. I don't remember what it was, unless it was an orange, "cause I know I wanted it when I got out enough here in this spirit-world I shall be able to make the folks know me. But now you see I'm too small to do much of anything. I wish I was grown clear up, and then I could do something. I know all these big folks round here are waiting till they know more—I wouldn't. [What's your name?] Oh I'll look round, and I'll find some way to come, and I'll keep fighting until I made 'em know it's me. [Are not you doing so now?] Yes, but I think I'd been in the spirit-world longer, and knew more, I would do better. [You'd have more power, you think.] Yes, sir. [You can control the medium, while many older ones can't?] Can't they? Can't anybody that wants to? [Not always.] Well, I can come, anyway—yes, sir—and I want them to know I can come, too; and they'd better just give me the chance to come. I been to see that medium, Mr. Mansfield; I can't write, but I can find plenty to say for me. If they only just send a letter, I'll find a way to get it answered, right quick. [I forget how old you said you were.] Ten years old, sir, and I lived No. 11 King street, New York. I don't know what time it is, so I don't know whether to say good morning or afternoon. [It's afternoon, is it?] Oh, good afternoon, then. June 4.

Charles Brady.

It's a bad penny, they say, that returns, but sometimes a gentler one turns up a second time. I come here, sir, for the purpose of opening communication with my brother, James Brady, or my uncle, Daniel Brady, or any of the friends. My own name was Charles Brady, and I was a boiler-maker. I worked in East Boston when I was here, and I enlisted in the 38th Massachusetts. I worked for Mr. Bix.

I'm seeing in my brother's mind a desire to assist in the liberation of Ireland. I had a very strong inclination myself for it when here, and I have only to say that it's one of the best causes that is agitated on the earth. I've been looking at the thing from my standpoint in the spirit-world, and I am just as sure that Ireland will be free, as that I am here speaking. England may hold the reins and drive her team for a little while, but it will be only for a short time. When all these surface folks wait pretend to lead the reformatory movement, but who look out more for their own interests than for the interests of Ireland—when they are all out of the way, and the leaders chosen from somewhere else, then the thing will be pushed through, and Ireland will be free.

Oh, I am sure of it, sir. It is no guess-work in the spirit-land, and the cukes have the thing here. [You can't see that Ireland will be free, can you?] No, sir, I can't. I wish I could see that. Oh, I have very strong ideas about it myself when here, so I thought it would be a good thing to get my hand in by shouldering a musket, for Ireland, and I was sure that Ireland would be free when I'll be called upon to do it.

But now I'm where I can't do much, only by my influence. If I can have the privilege of communicating with those I have left here, and telling them some of the weak points to attack, I can do far more than I possibly could do here. There's a grand chance in the spirit-land for picking duty. I can tell you. [You find out a good deal in that way, don't you?] Oh, yes, sir; we find out, I tell you, and if we can only find some brain to drive it through, then the weak spot has made a very great hole, and the whole army can go through. Oh yes, sir, it's glorious, and I'm sure that being on picket duty in the spirit-land, I got popped out that way. [You have no fear of being shot on that side.] No, sir, not at all. Faith, I had none here—was shot before I had time to think of it. Well, sir, what I wish is, that my brother will give me the opportunity to say a nice little chat with him. Never mind the Church; let it go to the devil, where it belongs. Beg your pardon, sir, I was thinking the Church might stand in the way, and I got a little riled. [It may make it a little harder for him to reach you. You know that great influence that's over the people by the conductors of the Church.] Yes, sir, I do. I was impulsive, as I was when here. I kind of saw the thing in the way, and it maddened me a little.

Well, sir, then you understand me. What I want is to do something for him here, and to let him know that Ireland is free, and that there are agents—I suppose that is necessary—around, and all who have the interests of Ireland at heart should manifest it by their patriotic deeds, not to be standing waiting all the time for the good time to come. So on and make it go on and make it. Do you wish him to go to some good medium, so you can tell him more? Yes, sir, I wish there what I would not care to here, because I know very well how it's going. I'm very much obliged, sir. June 4.

Scene opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: George P. Wyman; to friends in Springfield, Mass., to his brother, Henry, a husband, Daniel, to friends in Springfield, and Boston, Mass.; Annie E. Williams, to friends.

Friday, June 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Capt. William E

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