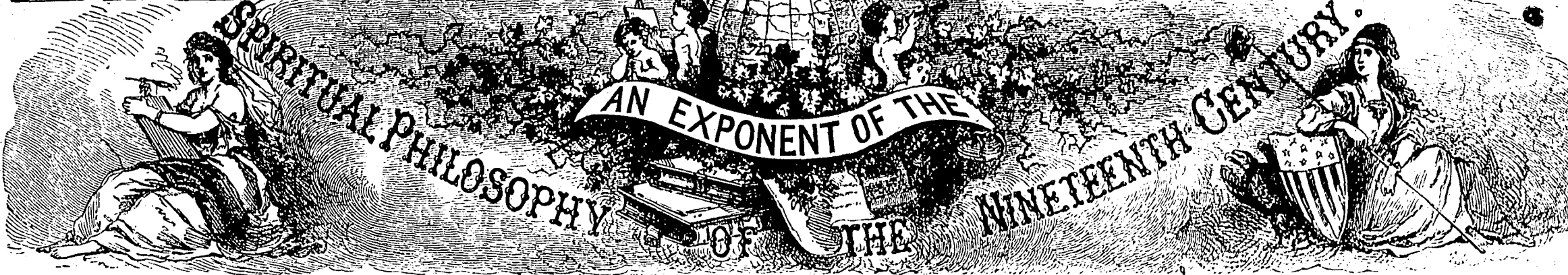


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS
WITHIN YOU."

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Weary and sorrowful and worn,
A spirit by life's tempests driven—
Of every joy and pleasure shorn,
Stood by the shining gates of heaven.
Though radiant beings thronged around
To welcome her with smile and kiss,
Still bowed and sorrowful she stood,
Outside the open gates of bliss.

"Oh! tell us, trembling, weeping one,
Whence comest thou?" an angel cried;
And, sobbing through her falling tears,
The weary wanderer replied,
"I come from off the burning plane
Of thirst and hunger, toil and death—
A world of ceaseless curse and pain,
Called by its captive children, Earth."

Even while she spoke the angel turned
To greet with radiant delight
A being fair as summer's morn,
Just entering the gates of light;
Her brow was as the lilies fair
That twined round her golden hair;
Her raiment seemed of woven dews,
Reflecting rarest hues.

Childlike but earnestly she gazed
Upon the scene of angel bliss,
And sweetly glad, but unamazed,
Said, "Mine was such a world as this—
Not purer are your brooks and rills—
Not fairer are your fruits and flowers—
Not grander are your palm-crowned hills—
Not sweeter are your dells and bowers!"

"I come to learn life's lessons here,
Drawn by the laws of spirit-birth;
Among the shining worlds my sphere
Is called in its own language, Earth."
"Earth!" cried the weeping one, "oh, no!"
Such glorious beings dwell not there;
In all that realm of sin and woe
There never dwelt a form so fair!"

The angel questioner exclaimed,
"She speaketh that which in her dwells;
And so dost thou, for every soul
Holds within its heavens and hells;
And he who conquers not himself,
Making of Earth an angel-sphere,
Though wide our portals stand ajar,
Can have no power to enter here!"
Baltimore, Md.

Original Essay.

"UNRECOGNIZED SENSES, OR SPIRITUAL SENSES, WHICH?"

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

It must have occurred to many students of spiritual science besides myself, to observe how completely the demonstrations of spiritual power and being explain the mysteries of phenomenal action which transpire in our own natures, as well as those which are being enacted around us. The direct warnings of danger, or prophecies of good, which come to us "with a voice," in apparition, vision, or irresistibly strong impression, we who are Spiritualists may naturally enough attribute to the agency of dear and gracious ministering spirits, whose watch and ward over us enable them to discern the shadows that intercept our path, but which are invisible to our mortal eyes.

But there is another class of occult phenomena belonging to most persons' experience, which does not call for nor seem to imply the agency of an outside power. Thus I speak of those indescribable intuitions which guide us to a set of actions for which we cannot reasonably account, but which in the least as in the greatest events of our lives, "turn out for the best," and incite us to join issue with the poet who says, "We are wiser than we know." To me it seems that we are possessed of a dual nature, the one side of which takes cognizance of external objects, and reasons from observation, memory, judgment and custom; whilst the other and veiled side of our being acts, observes and prompts to action solely from within, and that in so subtle yet forcible a method, that we find ourselves moving under its impulse without the slightest idea of why or wherefore, or for what reason we are adopting the special line of conduct we pursue.

Having been urged to add to the already recorded marvels of the age some particulars of my own strange and exceptional experiences, I have been accustomed from time to time to jot down memoranda of incidents which may serve the future biographer or autobiographer, as the case may be, for reference; and in glancing over these papers, I am continually struck with the evidences of a spiritual eye located somewhere in or about me; I know not which, looking out from the depths of an uncomprehended being, and taking cognizance of the hidden parts of the life-scheme, with a wisdom, foresight and prescience that confound and amaze me. This power is nothing we can command, or even rely upon. It comes and goes like the wind, which blows "where it listeth." It oscillates, too, between certainty and uncertainty, at times; and on other occasions it is positive and imperative. It has insisted, to me especially, upon the value of first impressions in judging of character.

Faces the most uncomely and manners wholly unattractive have been scrutinized by this inner self with the speed of a lightning's flash, and pronounced "Very good," although every external indication was to the contrary.

Forms and manners the most prepossessing

imaginable have been pierced to their hidden depths by this secret monitor, and detestable qualities have thus been brought to light, revealing themselves at first only in the shape of "unaccountable antipathies." My experiences in judging characters thus at first sight are so constant that I have ceased to regard them as a speciality, that is, unless I disregard the silent impressions to which I have alluded. As the results, in this case, are invariable and sometimes injurious mistakes, I have learned to believe that the rule of life should be, with myself at least, never to neglect or run counter to them. I cannot now recall one case in which these intuitions, when strong enough to be recognized, have led me astray, or deceived me in respect to character.

Some of my most intimate friends in New York will remember, to this day, how I was once visited by a certain party of strangers, from whom the domestic brought up to my room cards with the request that I would give the callers an interview. The names on these cards were then wholly unknown to me, but their very touch inspired me with such feelings of horror and aversion that I hastily put them from me and declined to receive the visitors. The lady in whose house I was a guest was surprised and somewhat offended at my conduct, and herself descended to apologize for my non-attendance. For the space of nearly an hour my good hostess entertained the party in question, after which she returned to me with a glowing account of her interview, and an assurance that I could greatly benefit the cause of Spiritualism, and myself by accompanying her—as she had promised I should—to a meeting with the aforesaid visitors. Notwithstanding the fact that this meeting was represented by my friend in the most favorable light, that I was urged to consider myself more than honored by being invited to attend it—and that I repeat deliberately—the parties were entirely unknown to me, except through my friend's highly flattering representations, the impression produced by the touch of those cards and the contact of their sphere was so purely hateful and full of prescient horror, that I could not and would not disobey that impression, and, although a serious difference ensued between myself and my kind and friendly entertainer, on account of my obstinacy, I persisted in it, and both my friend and myself are now living in the day when we recognize that the darkest demons that ever beset humanity wrote their impressions of woe and malignity on those tell-tale cards.

This is but one in thousands of similar instances in which the spirit within has proved itself wiser than the spirit which looks only on the surface of things. I know well that every creature that lives shares with me, more or less, something of this intuitive perceptive faculty. I know also that many worthy Spiritualists attribute the whole array of these occult powers, whether within or without ourselves, to the direct intervention of kind spirit-friends, but I am disposed, from a long and carefully-conducted series of observations, to believe that much of this silent world of interior wisdom is resident in our own spiritual natures, and that, where these are receptive to influx from without, they are also susceptible of expressing the higher powers and perceptions of the spirit from within; in a word that, as our chrysolite and material natures contain within them the psyche which is endowed with such a vast range of new powers when freed from the body, so there are conditions when some of these powers can be and are exhibited unconsciously and involuntarily in certain individuals, and at certain times and seasons, whilst we yet inhabit the body. I find, I say, thousands of evidences of this in my own experience, in that of my friends, and acquaintances, whilst records of the same are scattered throughout the literature of all ages and climes. A very striking example has recently been brought to my notice in a book sent to me for review, entitled "Blindness and the Blind." It is written by an English gentleman, Mr. Hanus Levy, who, though blind from his infancy, has been carefully educated, and in his interesting volume of experiences and philosophy, manifests a considerable amount of original thought, as well as high mental culture.

A gentleman well acquainted with Mr. Levy, and familiar with the remarkable phenomena which he himself describes as "a mere idiosyncrasy of his physical bereavement," affirms that he believes him to be endowed with clairvoyant or spiritual sight, and that what he calls "facial perception" is nothing more than an awakening of those interior powers which so often become manifest as the external recedes from view; as in the case of the sleep-walker or magnetic subject, the closing up of the outer avenues of sense invariably externalizes the inner and higher perceptions of the soul.

How exquisitely does the poet typify this truth in attributing to the blind Milton the following lines:

"On my benighted knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown,
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone."

Mr. Levy describes his own sensations in the following terms:

"Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or on some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this

power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground objects are more distinct, although the footfall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impression immediately transmitted to my brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained from suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstances above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'

Mr. Levy goes on to state that this power "of seeing with the face" is diminished by a fog, but not by ordinary darkness. At one time, his friends allege that he could correctly describe a cloud passing over the horizon, but that he has of late years lost this power.

He quotes the cases of several of his acquaintances amongst the blind who have possessed the same faculty, as well as other points of remarkable perception enjoyed by himself, also that his singular lucidity varied at different periods of life, and as in his own case, certain phases of it were at times withdrawn.

All who have ever studied the characteristics of clairvoyance and magnetic lucidity, will see in this very phenomenon of variables a correspondence of states which cannot be mistaken.

That the clear sight of the soul depends measurably on the physical integrity of the instrument through which it operates, is just as certain as that the power of vision to the astronomer depends upon the perfectness of the glass which he employs. The only point of difference in this analogy is, that whilst the powers of the telescope remain stationary and fixed, those of the physical instrument are dependent upon conditions which alternate and vary with every advancing hour, day, month, and year. Herein then lies the secret of these apparently capricious changes, and herein also is to be found the confirmation of our theory, that the remarkable developments of inner sight attributed by Mr. Levy and his friends to "facial perception," or "unrecognized senses," deserve the latter cognomen only in as much as the existence and action of our spiritual senses have not as yet been recognized by the accomplished writer and his associates.

How wonderfully helpful this awakening of interior power has been, in the case under consideration, we may gather from the following paragraph, in which Mr. Levy describes what others, conscious of the mediumistic source of his power, will at once understand and appreciate. He says:

"When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, etc., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass, it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation specially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, 'These rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.' He looked at them and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly, in this instance, facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a fence is brickwork and the upper part rails the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily be perceived. Irregularities in height and projections, and indentations in walls can also be discovered."

This open recognition of the soul's triumphant conquest over the disabilities of matter, is but another evidence how utterly abroad and at sea scientists become when striving to gauge the profound depths of Spiritualism by the limitations of materialism.

When will earth's savans raise their eyes from dust and ashes to the heavens that control them; and seek amongst the sublime heights of the spirit for the clue which alone can guide us amidst the maze labyrinth of creation?

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

Conductor Bradley (always may his name be said with reverence!) as the swift doom came, Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame, Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood

To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.
Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and needless seem to this
The sick-bed drama of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh! grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of falling tongue and brain!
Enlightened with life, the downward-rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble dead beside,
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The genuine young shaver is a barber's baby.

Literary Department.

QUEEN MARGOT

AND

THE MOUSQUETAIRE.

Translated from the French of Paul Féval, expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY O. D. ASHLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER VI.

Henri and Henriette.

The good La Fontaine has said, in speaking of these, "This age is pitiless;" and certainly he was entirely right. Nothing is so cruel as a child. But others—who are entirely right also—have proclaimed the excellence of the little heart. Nothing is so good as childhood. What a misfortune it is, in this world, that both white and black are truths! Every maxim has its wrongside, and its obviousness depends upon the point of view.

This age is especially beyond restraint. We are born tyrants. There is not a child who may not be a despot, nor one who does not feel the impudencious need of filling a part in the drama or the comedy enacted near him. When a family moves, the child always breaks a mirror or a porcelain cup, in order to assist in moving also, insisting upon carrying these objects in spite of his mother. He must be prominent, and, if pushed out of the way by the door, he returns by the window. But in this respect, how many men remain children all their lives!

The little guests of the Lemercier mansion had been amused by the bucket line in a very different way from what they would have been by the drama, the comedy, or even by a strong scene of M. Hamilton, the worthy successor of Robert Houdin. In this piece they had been authors and actors—a double pleasure. Their costumes bore the marks of their gallantry. They had wet feet, and hands red and burning like true saviours. Was not this delightful? Then suddenly, in the midst of their triumph, and before the heat of combat had cooled, a catastrophe had occurred, more sudden, more unexpected and more interesting than those which drew down so much applause in the fifth act of pieces at the theatre. This catastrophe touched them so nearly that, for an instant, they could believe themselves involved in it. That was all very well; but a moment later the scene of gratitude became so intimate that they could no longer take a part in it. How remain in the theatre, even in a supererogatory capacity, when the situation required but the principal actors? Our little gentlemen and ladies tried their best, but it was impossible.

Then they set their wits to work, and the tyranny of childhood even forestalled the kindly attentions of the heart. Some of their exactions were reasonable—as when Maurice, encircling the stranger with his arms, gave the signal for a rush, which carried him, with his wife and children, quite into the house. Returning to Madame Jacoby's rooms was in fact out of the question, for the firemen were flooding them with water. The Italian was ushered into M. Lemercier's office, a room expressly reserved, and the good papa then ordered a retreat comprehending that the husband and wife would, above all things, desire to be alone—for both were there, holding each other's hands, and regarding each other with moistened eyes. Little Henri and Henriette knelt before them, kissing their joined hands, alternately laughing and crying.

Such is despotism.

"We are quite willing to go," said Maurice—always the ring-leader—"but they must come with us!"

"At such a time," began M. Lemercier.

"At such a time, good papa," interrupted Maurice unceremoniously, "we don't want them to take cold. They are our friends now. They are wet and chilled through, and have not had time to dress themselves. Am I not right, Monsieur and Madame? They are shivering now; and besides, I see very well that you have all sorts of things to talk about."

The stranger smiled, and beckoned to him. Maurice approached immediately. The stranger drew him to his breast and kissed him. Maurice, proud as Arfaban, looked at his grandfather, while Gaston seized Henri, and Claire Henriette.

"For a moment," murmured the stranger, "alone, entirely alone."

"Forward two!" cried Maurice.

"Afterwards," resumed the Italian, with a singular emphasis, "I shall have something particular to say to M. and Madame Lemercier."

"Whenever you wish, dear sir," replied the grandpapa.

The good mamma had a sensation of oppression at her heart, but it was doubtless the reaction from the excitement of the fire.

Meantime, the little army of saviours had its prey. Henri and Henriette were prisoners—they had them. Agathe wanted to cram them with cake, Louise suggested the bath, Claire a good warm bed—her own bed for Henriette.

"Morbien!" said Maurice indignantly. "You are all crazy; we shall lose them. Do you suppose the ball is over? Do you want to deprive them of the magic lantern? And what a chance for a lesson in the real mazurka. We must get costumes for them."

Thunders of applause greeted these fine words.

"We must dress them in costumes! we must dress them!"

Henri and Henriette objected.

"What?" exclaimed Maurice, "you find your papa again, and you don't want to celebrate such good fortune?"

"What?" said the others. "Your mamma weeps for joy! Why should you be sad when your parents are contented and happy?"

"Costumes! Costumes!"

"There is a closet full."

"And they have been worn only once."

"It is a pity," said a pretty little girl, "my brother and I had some entirely new, which have not been worn, because Uncle brought these, which he bought by chance; two real Hungarian costumes, you know."

"Two real ones!" repeated the brother, with legitimate pride.

Henri and Henriette could have vouched for the truth of this, for the clothes were their own. They cast sidelong glances at them, but there were already spread out before them an abundance of brilliant finery. The closet was full, without exaggeration. For these rich and spoiled children, costumes served but for one night. They had those of Huguenots, Jews, prophets, barons, kings, emperors, dukes, counts, marquises, and Monarchs—in fact a whole squadron of d'Artagnans, Parthos and Athos.

Captives must submit. Henri and Henriette were but two against five hundred, and in the privacy of their poor little hearts they participated in these joyous follies. Henri let them fit him to a superb costume of d'Artagnan, and Henriette, in the supple hands of these young ladies, was a splendid Queen Margot. In the twinkling of an eye, they crowded round them, timid and blushing as they were, admired and embraced them. Ah, Jane, if you knew how they loved them!

Now for the festival! The band had had a good time during the fire, and while they were dressing, and opened with a vigor which displayed good will. Which of these young gentlemen shall have the honor of giving his hand to Henriette? Which of these young ladies shall be Henri's partner for the dance? Momentous question! If they had not been nine little boys, and little dears well brought up, they would have fought, I assure you. Maurice already frowned defiantly at his rivals; he must have Queen Margot or death. Gaston, more self-possessed, used diplomacy. Fernand, Gustave, Alfred, Adolphe, Bertrand and Frederick solicited the honor of opening the ball with her who was henceforth the idol.

There was just as much eagerness on the part of the little young ladies, although less openly expressed. They all wanted d'Artagnan—the Empress, the Shepherdess of Lillan, the Chinese baby, the Circassian, the Mandarin, the Marquis de Pompadour, Columbine, the Milkmaid and twenty others, directed upon Henri, the artillery of their pretty eyes, and displayed their charming artifices around him.

But d'Artagnan and Queen Margot saw nothing of all this. They were restless, and their looks turned every moment toward the door. They had no desire to dance, their hearts were too full. They thought of their father, from whom they had been so long separated; of their darling mother, who had hardly recovered when they left her. They would have given all the dances in the world, and all the fine dainties spread out on the sideboard, for one word from their father and mother.

Maurice slipped away, for he had perceived that. He never lost much time in preliminaries, and so went directly to the room where Madame Jacoby and the stranger were together. He called out to them:

"Come and see your children, Monsieur and Madame; they cannot enjoy themselves without you."

To his great surprise, the voice of the good papa answered:

"We are busy. If any one disturbs us, let him look out for himself."

Maurice went back quicker than he had come.

"My little Henri and Henriette," he said, "it is all right. I saw your papa and mamma through the keyhole. Your mamma was smiling and your papa was telling a story. Grandfather is with them. They have business together and you cannot disturb them; so let us enjoy ourselves."

Then in a stentorian voice:

"Strike up, music! a Hungarian!"

To avoid wounding any one's pride, and by general consent of all these intelligent and curious little persons, it was agreed that the first Hungarian should be danced by d'Artagnan and Queen Margot together. That could not displease any one, and would give them a perfect specimen of the Slavonian dance. The band struck up the music of the hop, in common time, with a lively accent, pouring out a whole fountain of delightful cadences. Henri and Henriette started at the sound of the national air; they

took their positions almost in spite of themselves, enticed by that voice which told of their childhood and their country, and started off with light feet, marking the time with their heels, and taking those postures, alternately graceful and haughty, which are never seen in our common dances. For we take from every country in the world—its steps, leaps and slides, just for the name of it, and subject them to the sameness of our worldly ballets. Polkas, mazurkas, the schottische, waltzes, redows and other exotic inventions of Terpsichore, assume with us invariably the same character, because we dance for the sake of talking, and not to dance. This is not exactly a fault; every one amuses himself according to his fancy.

But d'Artagnan and Queen Margot danced for the sake of dancing, as they dance along the Danube and the Theiss. Involuntarily they assumed those provoking airs and martial figures, and those postures, at once so bold and tender, which are imitated at our theatres, but which in that country are natural. Their costumes, it is true, were not in harmony with the dance, but all of the audacious, gay and manly features of the Mousquetaire and Queen Margot of their times had been seen in others. It was more than a success; it was a fever. All stopped at first to see them and to learn; but people learn quickly, or believe quickly that they have learned. Before trying, everything is easy, is it not, Jan? Forward, two! Every couple is off. Heavens! what postures! Each one tries to excel the model. They laughed at each other, and with good reason, but all took it goodnaturedly. Never was the Hungarian so gallantly danced, Maurice was taken with a Maroonite lady, who had forgotten all her misfortunes. She pronounced like mad under the beard of the Druses, who had no time to persecute her. "Go on, band-leader, violins! blow, lugles! The perspiration starts; so much the better! Keep on; you are blown; are you not ashamed? Push on, march! Steady! steady! will you be cowardly enough to ask for grace?"

The band was conquered; the first violin fell back upon his seat to fan himself with his handkerchief, the clarinetist breathed a supreme *courage*, the little flute degenerated into a squeal, and the double bass uttered a dull roar. The leader himself was *hors du combat*. The trombone was seen gravely and sadly emptying from his instrument a full glass of distilled vapor, and the cornet-piston needed a whole bottle to gargle in his painful throat.

The conquering dancers were panting upon the sofas.

"Punch, ladies! lees are good for nothing after such a Hungarian. Punch made expressly for you, punch which sparkles in its crystal cuplike drops of water upon the rose leaves. Drink without fear, and don't be particular. It is the divine ambrosia which never gives the headache. Drink, I answer for all."

Oh, the dear d'Artagnan! oh, the beloved Queen Margot! They can sometimes ask in Paris, Upon what depends the fashion? but it was not the case here. It was sufficient to see Henri and Henriette to understand their success. Their grateful looks wandered over this friendly throng; their smiles expressed thanks, and upon their charming faces there was a mixture of joy and sadness which won all hearts.

CHAPTER VII.

Madame Jacoby's Story.

When Henri and Henriette had gone, Madame Jacoby and her husband were alone. They were locked in each other's arms for a moment, and mingled their tears together.

"Ten years," finally murmured the young wife, "ten years without news!"

"You are more beautiful than ever, my adored Jeanne," exclaimed the Garibaldian, instead of replying. And then he knelt before her and glued his lips to her cold hands. Not that he feared explanation, but the transports of conjugal affection absorbed him.

"You have suffered, Jeanne, my darling wife," he continued, without ceasing his caresses. "I knew that you were suffering, and I could not mitigate your pain; I could not even cry to you from the distance, Courage! When I could, God is my witness, I did; but you were no longer in Hungary, and my letters no doubt miscarried."

"I have not received a single one," interrupted Jeanne. "One word would have sufficed to have given us hope and life. I say us, Henri, for our two children love you as much as I do; and there were three souls which lifted themselves to God, to ask of him a husband and a father again. Many times despair came; many times I believed you dead, and implored Heaven in its mercy to permit me to join you in a better world. But I had near me my two angels, who recalled to me the goodness of God, and who said to me: Do not despair, mother; we see him in our dreams, and in the depths of our hearts there is a voice which cries to us: No, no, he is not dead; you will see him again; he will return to love us."

"And here I am, Jeanne, and I love you! God keeps the promise which he planted in the hearts of our dear children!"

There were kisses again.

"Tell me your story quickly, Henri, I beg of you," then said Jeanne.

"Yours first, Jeanne, for mine is long, and I must tell you one thing—my story will not be for you alone."

"What do you mean?"

"You have still a secret to learn, and the surprises of this night are not over. I know some of your adventures from the Magyar Kavaly, who fought with me in Garibaldi's army. Repulsed by your father, you found an asylum with a Slavonian peasant in the environs of Grau, and you became, in a degree, a part of his family."

"I was alone," interrupted the young wife. "My father punished my disobedience cruelly, and the man for whom I had sacrificed all was lost to me. Ivan's wife had nursed me. One winter night, I knocked at their door, with my two children in my arms. They told you that I was a part of their family, did not say enough: they were to me like attentive servants to a mistress. During eight years I was a queen in that poor house. They divided life into two parts: work was for them, repose and comfort for me. Thanks to them, I was able to devote myself entirely to our children, and to give them such education as I had myself received."

"They shall be rewarded," cried Henri.

"Man can do nothing more for them," said Jeanne, whose beautiful eyes filled. "They have their reward in heaven. Ivan died first, his lips on my hand; then my poor old nurse's turn came. The heirs took possession of the house. They did not drive us away, for in Hungary a guest is a sacred person; but they were poor and did not

know us. I had been willing to accept the devotion of Ivan and his wife, but even in my great misfortune I was still too proud to accept alms from a strange family. I attempted to conciliate my father, presenting myself before him on his way to church, and holding my two children by the hand. My father turned his eyes from us. He loved me much once, however; but the sons of the Magyar race pride themselves in being pitiless. I then sought the good priest, Lyogedin, who married us, Henri, that terrible night when you were wounded, dying in the cabin of a Serbian shepherd; that night when I wept at your bedside, wild with despair. The ancient Slavonian marriage law requires but the baptismal names. What matters family names to him who from his high throne in heaven sees all men alike? He married Henri and Jeanne, and even now does not know Henri's other name."

A smile softened the reproach implied in these words. Henri took Jeanne's hand and carried it to his lips.

"Within an hour you shall know it, darling," said he.

"The little children," continued Jeanne, "rushed into my arms upon seeing the scorn of their grandfather, and my little Henri, whose courage is beyond his age, said, drying my tears with his kisses, 'Mother, have you not told us that your husband was in France? The French are the greatest of people. Let us go to Paris, the city of wonders, and perhaps we shall find my father there.' It was to procure the means of getting to Paris that I sought the good priest Lyogedin. I had but feeble hopes of finding you there; but I counted upon my musical talent to give to our poor children at least bread for body and soul."

"We have been in Paris two years. My talent as a musician amounts to very little here. There are so many with talents superior to mine in this great Capital. The first days, it seemed to me, every moment, that I should meet you in the street. These two years should, perhaps, have extinguished my hopes; but it may be that God, in his mercy, intends that hope shall be eternal. Like our dear children, I said to myself, in the midst of my hardest sufferings: 'He is not dead, he will come back again.'"

"Henri, I do not accuse you. You are here, and it is sufficient for me to see your noble face again, and to be sure of your heart. Of what use to tell you what we have suffered in this great Paris, without a protector and without assistance. A word will tell you all: the children have been hungry; and last week I sold the gold ring which you placed upon my finger the night of our marriage."

Madame Jacoby ceased. Her husband's eyes were fixed upon her.

"I will give you another marriage ring, my Jeanne," he murmured; and then, with a peculiar expression, he added: "The owners of the house in which you live are rich people, very rich—"

"And very good," interrupted Jeanne.

"Yes, and very good. Have you never thought of applying to them?"

Madame Jacoby flushed.

"In Hungary I was not ashamed," said she, in a low voice. "Everybody knew the daughter of the Palatine Jacoby. In Hungary I dared—I do not know that Hungary is more generous than France; but I am Hungarian. Here I saw at once that people humbled themselves braving, and I would have died before imploring aid."

"Died!" repeated the stranger, as if in a dream.

"I am, however," resumed Jeanne, "under obligations to the master of this house. For a year past, he has not claimed the rent of my little room."

At these words the stranger rose, walked directly to a bell cord, concealed by the curtains of the alcove, and rung loudly.

"What are you doing?" asked Jeanne, astonished.

"And how did you know?"

The bell was so vigorously pulled that old Francois arrived on the run. At sight of him the stranger started. A name came to his lips, but he restrained it, and confined himself to a smile.

"Tell M. Lemercier that I wish to see him immediately," he said, in a short, imperious voice.

At the sound of this voice the old valet trembled from head to foot.

"Who speaks?" he stammered; and Jeanne, who saw him, became pale as death. But the stranger repeated:

"Tell M. Lemercier to come here at once."

Francois went out with a tottering step.

"How you speak!" said Jeanne. "Do you reflect where we are?"

Instead of replying, the Garibaldian Colonel strode round the room.

Francois accosted M. Lemercier with these broken words:

"Sir! oh sir! I am afraid I have lost my senses; the stranger wants to see you."

I do not dare tell you—I am too much afraid of being mistaken—but go, quick! very quick! and I hope that you will recollect that I recognized him first!"

McLemercier had only heard that the stranger wanted to see him, and in his grandness of soul, hastened to the study.

His wife, the good grandmother, alone remarked the agitation of Francois. She called him and questioned him. Francois answered at random, became confused, and finally said:

"I am mad, Madame, raving mad, or else a great happiness is in store for you."

The good lady followed quickly upon the track of her husband; but she found the door locked.

[Concluded in our next.]

True!

A writer in No. 12 of the Religious-Philosophical Journal uses the following forcible language, founded in verity:

"Long years have I felt that there was one crime for which the law provides no redress. The midnight incendiary, burglar and assassin is hunted as a human being, till the strong walls of the prison or the rope of the hangman cut short his mad career of crime; but the slanderer—the incendiary, the burglar and assassin of character (or reputation)—fires the home, breaks the sacred locks of domestic security, and stabs to the heart 'old friends and true,' digging away where the little trickling rills of inharmonious have worn a tiny channel, until at last a surging, argy flow tears away all foundations, and leaves a great, ragged wreck as a monument of his or her unholy work."

Mr. Frederick Locker, of London, is the author of this little verse, which contains a deal of truth: They eat and drink and scheme and plot, And go to church on Sunday; And many are afraid of God, And more of Mrs. Grundy."

The flowers of the soul, born of the sunshine of the heart, fill heaven with bouquets which never fade.

THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LAHLAN.

SEANCE THREE.

I felt a new, a strange delight.

A mental elevation;

For Hope had come and put to flight

Death and Annihilation.

As glad as is a little boy,

When from his task set free,

My spirit revelled in the joy

Of new-found liberty.

Again I sought the Woman's cot,

As if a magic spell—

Still drew me to the sacred spot,

Where such strange things befall.

And there were many anxious ones,

The Woman's fame had brought,

Who came, like me, to hear and see

Those mighty marvels wrought.

And there the Woman sat—her head

Upon her hand did lean—

While on each ear this strain so clear

Burst from an unseen.

SONG.

Through heaven and earth the tidings spread,

Rejoice! rejoice! for Death is dead,

And Superstition captive led.

Rejoice! for open is the gate,

And spirits of a higher state,

With mortals can communicate.

Rejoice! the loved and lost of yore

Can enter at the open door—

Death can divide us nevermore!

Through heaven and earth the tidings spread,

Rejoice! rejoice! for Death is dead,

And Superstition captive led.

If ceased, and there burst on the view

A host of beings bright,

Arrayed in glory, wandering through

A region of delight.

And bands of little children, there

Their flowery offerings bring,

And revel in that region fair,

Like spirits of the spring.

And to the glowing founts of truth

By sympathy they're drawn,

And every thought and look has caught

The spirit of the dawn.

And when one young immortal smiled,

And spake in tones so clear,

An earthly mother claimed her child

With many a joyful tear!

And others saw the ones they lost,

Nor hoped to meet again;

Oh, 'twas the height of pure delight,

Repaying years of pain!

And of reunion "over there"

They talk together long;

When all unite in calm delight,

And raise the voice of song.

SONG.

Parents, dear, we are not dead;

From earth's cares we've only fled

To the glory overhead.

Here among the good and true,

Joy is ever fresh and new;

Yet we're thinking off of you.

When ye leave your house of clay,

Weary, wasted, old and gray,

We will meet you on the way

To the house prepared for you,

That shall fade not like the dew,

But be ever fair and new.

Parents, dear, we are not dead,

From earth's cares we've only fled

To the glory overhead.

TALE.

No pleasure have I in re-viewing the past,

For a blight on the heart, of my childhood was

cast;

My kindred and people were narrow indeed,

And I thwarted all creation a-down to their creed.

Though God had made Nature surpassingly fair,

Sweet sounds, lovely sights were a curse and a snare.

And to the glad sounds of the viol and lute,

I was to be deaf as the dull, heavy brute.

The flowers had no business to blossom and bloom;

Creation they wrapt in a mantle of gloom!

On the sweet face of Nature I was not to look—

But to see God revealed in His terrible Book.

And then came the Sabbath, in awful array—

The Sabbath! oh God, how I dreaded that day!

The bright sun illumined the earth and the air,

But our house in the midst had the gloom of despair.

The lark he was singing and soaring on high,

As if he would pour out his heart in the sky;

The linnet was singing his song on the tree,

The lambskins were sporting on meadow and lea;

The harbell was hanging a-down by the brook,

And I was poring over that terrible book!

Of crimes uncommitted I was to repent,

Till I scarce knew what childhood or happiness meant.

And, oh, how I dreaded the clang of that bell!

How like the "last trumpet" on my spirit it fell!

A poor little prisoner from Nature shut out,

To wonder what all the turmoil was about—

At last I revolted, so naught but the rod

Could reach to my conscience and drive me to God.

My young life was blasted, my heart had grown

gray,

But God in his mercy soon took me away;

And loving ones bore me across the dark sea,

And angels of mercy they were unto me.

And often I ask, Can there nothing be done,

For such little sufferers under the sun?

To KILL CURRENT WORMS.—I give the following cheap and simple remedy that I have used for three years with perfect success: Take a few lumps of common quick-lime, pour on it a little water, just sufficient so that when shaken it will be a dry powder. When the worms appear, which will always be on the under part of the bush first, pepper them with this powder. It will kill them without fail, and will not injure the bushes in the least. If more worms should appear, which will very likely be the case, repeat the operation. This remedy has the merit of being effective, cheap, and within the reach of all. Lime for this purpose can be prepared at any time, and can be used when wanted.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

A FINE POINT ON IT.—"My son," said a refined mother, "you should not use the word 'blackguard'; it is vulgar." "What should I use in the place of it, ma?" "Why, use—use—'African sentinel,' my dear."

Banner Correspondence.

On the Hudson.

DEAR BANNER—It is reported to me *via* the kindness of a friend, from our good brother, S. B. Brittan, that a line appeared in the ever-waving Banner, asking the whereabouts of your humble servant, myself. From that statement you will see I am so immersed in seclusion that I do not see the Banner, and am therefore not cognizant of half that goes on in the world, of an interesting nature. I am deeply engaged in corn, bean, cabbage, grape, tomato, cucumber and chicken culture, and aid in the care and exercise of two horses; one of them conquers a mile in two thirty-seven. I am tending up to the agreeable color of an old pig-skin saddle, and can labor for hours with the honest spade, and enrich the soil by many a big drop of noble sweat. All this is, as my Indian friends would say, "big medicine." I have been here ever since the President (Age) Era went into a suspended state by consequence of Wall street's *corrupting* as affecting the availability of collateral, and running ready funds at the pinch of the game, up to 300 per centum per annum.

Well, here I am, and have cast aside for a time all mental and spiritual concern, and sought God in cabbages, &c., as aforesaid. I have written several letters to your partner, I. B. Rich, not forgetting his much kindness and many encouraging words when sore needed; but, perhaps, because of the disturbance and distraction necessarily consequent upon the departure of Brother White, they have been unanswered. One of my letters was from this place, written upon seeing Bro. White's decease announced in the Toledo "Sun." I intended you should know my address always, even if I had nothing important to communicate or any news to bear. I was surprised when I read that Mr. White had changed to the immortal so suddenly. I cannot consider that dying even in our sense of removal. I am confident he was best and fittest of us all for a needed work where he is gone. You have had for some time, I suppose, in that country before, now you have a resident partner there, and I can foresee your business in that quarter of the world will move more smoothly. I trust you will feel often near you, in all the vexatious trials and crucifixion you have endured and still must suffer, the calm, loving, wise presence of our emigrated friend. There were few men I honored as, from the depths of my spirit, I loved William White. He drew upon my sympathy in subtle ways too spiritual to be even mentioned; but the sense and feeling were there, and now and then a word or some slight act confessed its existence. It is idle for me to write in any common phrase to you about such a man as he in such circumstances as these. You knew him as the world could not; I only hope, when I pass on, I may leave a record as just—a memory as sweet. And so now no more at present. Here I am and thus I am. *Benedict!*

Sincerely yours, E. S. WHEELER.

Nyack, N. Y., June 10th, 1873.

Grove Meetings—Schools for True Freedom.

DEAR BANNER—It is indeed interesting and encouraging, as the summer long delays, comes at last to its beauty and life to hear the note of preparation for so many grove meetings, not only in the West but in the East as well. In groves on the broad green prairies, in the forests, and beside rivers and blue lakes, will the men and women of the West meet in thousands; and along the seashore, by the mountain sides, in the shelter of the tall pines, and in such lovely spots as the sheltered shades and limpid waters at Abington, Framingham, Walden Pond, and like resorts, will the men and women of the East come in multitudes, all seeking for light and truth and a higher life, or such, at least, the leading aim of the majority who thus are drawn together.

The social enjoyment, the renewal of acquaintance, the pleasant recreation of body and spirit at these gatherings are all well; yet all should be in the light of a high and earnest purpose—the seeking for truth and justice and wisdom, the knowing what is worthy of reverence, the feeling of the value of high and perfect personal character, of the obligations of right and purity, and of the reality and pleasant nearness of the Life Beyond—all in the spirit of love and through true and orderly freedom of thought and speech.

It needs wisdom and self-poise to gain true liberty of speech and to profit by it, and these grove meetings are good schools in that direction. We must not fear "unwelcome topics" overmuch, nor always expect to hear only what seems true to us. Our own utterances must be frank and earnest, yet not dogmatic or audacious, and it were folly and pity indeed to hold others timid or false simply because they do not see as we see. The true reformer is earnest, yet brave; but when we flaunt our opinions in defiant spirit, or mistake the mocking of the mortal sense of mankind for moral courage or spiritual insight or endurance, we had best beware of ourselves. Let criticism be clear and strong, yet fair; let all topics of spiritual or social life or reform have such fair hearing as time or the people's wish may allow or demand, and we shall be above all heat or passion, and "the world will be the better for it," and when this summer campaign closes all can look back and say and feel that it has been good indeed to meet in God's first temples, with the arching sky above, and the beauty of Nature all around.

Truly yours, G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., June 9th, 1873.

Letter from Woonsocket, R. I.

We publish the following letter from our venerable friend

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels far and long,
Sparkle forever.

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plow,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

Love brings obedience; obedience peace; and
peace harmonizes all things.

GOD'S ABIDE
I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground "God's Acre." It is just:
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison over the sleeping dust.
Into its furrows shall we all be cast.
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow like a fan the chaff and grain.

Forbearance is a domestic jewel, not to be
worn for state or show, but for daily and most
frequent ornament.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.
Great soul, thou stitest with me in my room,
Lifting me with thy soft, quiet eyes,
On whose full lips, with kindly justice lies
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-room.
Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring sudden
bloom
Of hope secure to him who lonely cries,
Wrestling with the young poet's agonies—
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom.
Yes, the few words which, like great thunder
drops.

Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Sore and pure, like aching for itself,
Shall track the eternal chords of destiny,
ATTUNE the muffled pulse of ocean storms.

The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 14
North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE.
Our successor, and the purchaser of our stock
of books, etc., at 14 North Fifth Street, St. Louis,
Mr. Henry Littlebeck, has already greatly en-
larged the business, having brought in a new
stock of miscellaneous articles, and ordered a new
supply of liberal literature. Our friends may
order from and correspond with him, as they
have done with us, on all business connected
with liberal and spiritual literature, and they
will find a prompt and honest man to deal with,
and one who, unlike us, will give his whole time
to the business, which we could not do, and
which is the principal reason we have left it.
Our time is partially open to engagements for
lectures during the coming fall and winter.

WARREN CHASE.

GREAT SMOKE FROM LITTLE FIRE.

The Modoc war is ended, and soon will be the
death by fire and barbaric murder of most of the
little band of outlawed, and often outraged, but
cruel, ignorant and barbarous natives of the Pacific
Slope of the Rocky Mountains. Civilization
could not be expected from a race that had not
reached nor even hogged of civilization, but
ought to be expected of us, and yet we can see
little difference in the savage and barbarous
character of the two races when they meet on the
border. We exceed them in low cunning, tricks,
frauds and general cheating, and we are about
equals in stealing, and would be in murder if we
did not so largely outnumber them.

For three months nearly the entire press of our
country, and a portion of its pulpits, have been
sounding the alarm of Indian war and have
aroused the most bitter feelings of revenge against
the whole race of Indians, because some dozen
of them had treacherously murdered three or four
of our citizens. A large part of the Western
division of our army is put on the "war path,"
and finally the poor little band of half-killed and
starved savages are captured, what are not killed
of them. Part of these, not properly guarded,
are seized and treacherously murdered by the
civilized citizens, and part of the others are to be
murdered by military law; and after the tragedy
is over, the excitement, created largely by the
extravagance of newspaper writers, will quiet
down, and a second sober thought will make the
people and our successors ashamed of the con-
duct and unwarrantable exaggeration of this
Modoc war.

We have long hoped that the better feelings of
our nature would prevail and let the feeble rem-
nant of the once-powerful native owners of this
country, from whom we have mainly stolen the
land, live out the remainder of their days in
peace; but we find there is "no peace for the
wicked," where Christianity prevails—and the wicked
always abound where Christianity is the ruling
religion—so there is no hope for the "poor In-
dian," until rational and spiritual religion suc-
ceeds in our Government and its policy.

We have been looking for a pious proclamation
thanking the Lord for the termination of this
terrible war and the success of our arms in the
conflict that has so largely occupied the press,
and through it the minds of the people during the
last three months of "profound peace" in the
country generally. Our people have been so
long fed on excitement that they live mostly
in the passions, and these must be kept stim-
ulated by real or imaginary stories of wonder-
ful occurrences, and the Lava Bed murder furnished
a fruitful theme of which our nation will one day
be ashamed, as it is of the attack on the wigwags
in Salem, and Quakers in Boston. Not that the
few Indians were wholly innocent, but ignorant
and revengeful for injuries real or imaginary re-
ceived from us.

If the time ever does come when justice sits
in the tribunals of our country, and settles down
in the hearts of our people and reviews the past
records, it will certainly put this period of our
Government on a par with some of the shameful
ones of English history which they would be
glad to blot out, but cannot. It seems as if the
religious element in our nation is inciting and
exciting the public mind, and enlisting the pas-
sions in a war against freedom in every form,
and it seems to us that it is the ruling element
in most of the murders, legal and illegal, and in the
political farces and "rumors of wars," as well as
in the attacks on the few liberal papers, writers
and speakers in New York and elsewhere.

We carry the dead bodies of distinguished per-
sons over the country and exhibit them for reli-
gious and passionate excitement, and now a show
party offers the Government a large price for

Capt. Jack for exhibition a few months. It would
be well to dig up old Moses or older Methuselah,
and take them round with the Modoc, or unite
them all with the tableau of Milton's war in
heaven, and have Mr. Satan on exhibition at the
same time.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, in an article on the
cause of crime, and printed in the Popular Sci-
ence Monthly for March, says: "To make the
public feel that criminals are men with like pas-
sions with ourselves, and that crime is an in-
fection as well as a malignant disease, that its
sources are not so much personal inclination as
general demoralization, are the great first steps
toward reform. When we feel the disease may
enter our own houses and seize upon the mental
and moral weakness of those we love, we are
ready to study its causes and its workings." We
most highly approve the tenor of the whole ar-
ticle, and were surprised at the advanced atti-
tude of its distinguished author. This new and
extremely radical view of crime and criminals
will, when adopted—as it is sure to be, because
it is true and correct—change the whole system
of punishments, and adapt them to the disease,
instead of basing them on revenge and keeping
them so inappropriate and so disproportionate to
the crimes that the hearts of juries often clear
those they know are fully proved guilty, and
such that lawyers can, by some quibble, almost
always avoid the penalty of crimes.

That there are persons so stamped before birth
and so organized and educated before the years
of moral accountability that they can scarcely
avoid an opportunity of criminality, and that of
this class are murderers, suicides, thieves, adul-
terers, burglars and robbers, has long been
known; but the law knows no partiality, and
those with moral perceptions of wickedness and
those without them are treated alike. That there
are various degrees of moral accountability for
the same crime is well established in our criminal
code as well as in the trials of criminals.

When it is acknowledged that the moral at-
mosphere, like the physical, is infected with ma-
laria, and that the most susceptible are taken with
the disease, we can account for the increase of
murders and suicides, rapes, arson and robberies
since our late war, and we can find the cause in
the lowered moral tone of the people at large, and
the affected individuals whose organic and edu-
cational walls were not sufficient to resist the dis-
ease which, in some degree, rested on the whole
population. At present our galleys, prisons and
asylums are conducted on a cruel and semi-bar-
barous plan, and even the latter, often more in
a spirit of revenge than in charity for the un-
fortunate victims of disease. God furnishes
earth, air and water freely to the use of man and
beast, and to the good and bad alike, and scatters
his remedies for all diseases promiscuously and
bountifully among minerals, plants and animals,
and yet never allows a guilty party to escape the
consequences of guilt. We have long since de-
clared it a sin to be sick as well as to steal, and
both may be inherited, throwing back the crimi-
nality on other parties than those whose hands
or organs perform the deed.

EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

Day after day the evidences of spirit-life and
intercourse are accumulating and developing in
variety, and the public mind is becoming more
and more familiar with the facts and philosophy.
Day after day the demand for good mediums in-
creases, and inquiries for persons and places
where the evidence can be obtained and inter-
course with spirit-friends established, are more
frequently heard.

The physical phenomena have become well es-
tablished, and now for practical and useful re-
sults. Almost every day some acquaintance
asks us, "Where can I go to get a message from
my wife?" or husband, or child, or parent? and
often parties that are not recognized as Spiritu-
alists. But we find many people have sufficient
confidence to go and see for themselves, and
even expect to get what they go after. There is
certainly a great change in public sentiment and
feeling, on this subject, within the last two
years. Both in our store and in our travels we
have found this to be true. In the cars a copy of
the Banner of Light, visible to the passengers, is
sure to bring inquiries to us after the facts, and
mediums—where they can be found, and usually
from honest and candid investigators who have
seen or heard enough to desire more.

The old churches will soon awaken to the fact
that the life and light have left them and gone to
Spiritualism, where the only evidences of future
life can be obtained satisfactorily. "Ye may
not heed it, ye haughty men, whose hearts as
the rocks are cold," but the coming future will
prove it true.

BRICK POMEROY.

This highly distinguished individual, whose
friends and enemies are about of equal numbers,
and both somewhat prejudiced, is nearly con-
verted to Spiritualism, at which we are not sur-
prised, knowing as we do the medium, Mrs. Maynard,
through whose instrumentality he has been prying
into the mysteries of life after death. The sciences
of the medium referred to by him with Abraham
Lincoln were partially known to us at the time.
The success of spirits in identifying themselves
through her has long been remarkable. If Mr.
Pomeroy is honest, as his friends contend and we
have no reason to doubt, he will soon be a bold
and open advocate of spirit-life and intercourse,
and perhaps aid in bringing this country under a
better, higher and more honest control by bring-
ing into the arena of politics some of the influ-
ence of the superior state of existence. The
tenacity with which Mr. Pomeroy adhered to the
lost cause, both before and after it was lost, gives
us the assurance that if convinced he will not
hesitate to defend it because it is unpopular with
Christians and time-serving politicians, who lean
over to the churches just enough to get their
votes. It does not require as much backbone
now as it did some years ago to defend the cause,
but it still requires much boldness and firmness
to defend it with a popular political paper.

IS THE SCRIPTURE TO BE FULFILLED?

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."
Nearly every subdivision of the Christian Church
is divided against itself, as is the whole into Ca-
tholicism and Protestantism. The Catholic sect
is divided on infallibility of the Pope and some
other subjects; and following the lead in the great
grand division, each sect has some bone of con-
tention over which it is divided. The sermons
and ceremonies of most of the progressive and
reformed churches are in serious conflict. The
hymns and prayers do not harmonize with the
reform sermons, which are often appropriate and
draw intelligent audiences. Such is the case at

Beecher's and Chapin's churches, and many oth-
ers we could name, so there is really a division
in this sense as well as on many other subjects.
Now it is plain if this Scripture is true, or if the
author did not lie in this statement, that the
Christian Church cannot stand as a whole, neither
can the sects stand as representatives of that re-
ligion. Some may think this is true also of Spiritu-
alism, but we cannot be divided against our-
selves, for we are only individual sovereigns and
have no common creed or faith and rally around
no standard but freedom.

247 We take pleasure in saying a favorable
word to people looking for homes and farms in
the West, for the following notice, both for the
land and section of country where we have many
personal friends located and well pleased, and
also for our old friend, Hon. Angus Tuck, formerly
member of Congress from New Hampshire,
who is one of the best and most honorable men
to do business with in the West. The Railroad
too is among our best and most accommodating:

EMIGRATION TRINITY.—Chapin Firm in
Southwest Missouri. The Atlantic & Pacific Rail-
road Company offers 1,200,000 acres of land in
Central and Southwest Missouri, at from \$3 to
\$12 per acre, on seven years' time, with free
transportation from St. Louis to all purchasers.
Climate, soil, timber, mineral wealth, schools,
churches and law-abiding society invite emi-
grants from all points to this land of fruit and
flowers. For particulars, address A. Tuck, Land
Commissioner, St. Louis, Mo.

DROUGHT KANSAS. It is flooded with excessive
rains this spring, so much so that most of the
corn is unplanted, and grounds too wet to plow
on the first of June. We lectured in Lawrence
June 1st, and it had rained nearly every day for
a month, with some terrific showers of wind and
rain mixed.

Letter from Henry T. Child, M. D.— The Potts Boys.

The readers of the Banner have become some-
what acquainted with the twin mediums at Har-
rington, Pa., Andrew and William Potts.
It was the recipient of a singular present a short
time since, an account of which has been de-
scribed in various letters to me, from which I
gather the following history:

In November last a spirit, giving the name of
Wm. Bates, came with Patrick Oer, one of the
guides of Andrew Potts. They stated that Bates
was a rebel soldier who died at York, Pa., dur-
ing the late war, and that while in the hospital
there, he had buried certain articles—a teapot, a
bottle containing greenbacks, and a box contain-
ing some gold and silver.

On the 17th of May directions were given for a
party, consisting of Mr. Joseph Potts, the father
of the medium, Dr. Barr, Mr. Stephenson and
his wife, Mrs. Fulton, Mr. Brennan and Miss
E. W. Cutter, of Boston, to accompany Andrew
Potts and Miss Alice Stephenson, "the second
medium," to York. A letter had been sent to
Mr. Kuehn, of York, to meet the friends and pro-
vide a plain dinner for them.

After dinner they held a short circle at his
house, and then proceeded to the Odorus
Creek, about a mile, Andrew and the second
medium taking the lead.

Directions had been given "to be very particu-
lar to keep Alice on the left, on the cars, at din-
ner, and while going to the test ground. In fol-
lowing after the party were to keep scattered—
"not too many in a bunch, and remain a consid-
erable distance back of the mediums."

They said "the teapot was in a musk-rat hole
along the creek, it had been placed by the spirit
under a tree, about six feet from where it
now lies, but the musk-rat dug its hole under
it, and it tumbled down in it. The bottle is at
the tree yet."

Andrew pointed out a musk-rat hole, and said
"The teapot is in there." On reaching in a
short distance it was found. The spirit had called
it "The conglomerate teapot," and said, "I
wish it sent to Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, with
an account of our proceedings, that he may have
it published." About six feet from the spot
where this was found, and near the body of the
tree, under a green ground, which showed no ap-
pearance of having been disturbed, an earthen bottle
was found, about six inches long, with a glass
stopper firmly seated in it, so that it was neces-
sary to use a bottle to get at the contents,
which were five five-dollar notes, National cur-
rency.

The teapot and contents were received by me.
It is an old britannaia water pot, four and a
half inches in diameter across the bottom and
about seven inches high, with the handle broken
off and the spout battered up, and, altogether, in
a very dilapidated condition.

It was filled with the following articles, most
of which were wrapped in thin sheet lead:

An old rusty flint gun lock.
A small bronze candlestick.
A plated cover for the keyhole of a door, in a
good state of preservation, the silver plating quite
bright.
An old iron teaspoon, very rusty, folded in
sheet lead, as all the articles were.

A rusty case knife with a white bone handle,
broken.

The remains of an old padlock.
The bowl of a brass tablespoon.

The remains of a pair of scissors, one handle
and about half of each blade broken off.

A pair of brass spectacle frames, very much
bent.

A double purse clasp.
A brass belt plate with U. S. on it.

The bowls of two pewter spoons, and some
scraps of sheet lead.

Such a lot of things as soldiers sometimes gath-
ered, having no real value.

It is a remarkable fact that a spirit should,
after ten years' absence from the body, remem-
ber the precise manner in which he had buried these
things, but even more wonderful that he should
be able to see these articles when they had been
removed some six feet from the place where they
were deposited.

We have an instance in which, through the
same medium, an Indian spirit went to the pre-
cise spot where, more than a hundred years be-
fore, he had buried some arrow heads and other
things, and pointed them out.

Philadelphia, Penn., June 12th, 1873.

The Springfield Union, in noticing the expulsion of
the Hottentots from the Massachusetts Medical Soci-
ety, says: "It is a remarkable example of method or
treating honest divergences of opinion, which will point
the gibes of the medical knaves who maintain the whole
science of the nostrum to be a relic of medieval as-
perpitation."

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Grove Meeting in Battle Creek, Michigan.
On Saturday and Sunday, June 28th and 29th, will be held
a great meeting at the above place in a grove. Multitudes
from all the surrounding country are expected. The public
questions of the day will be discussed. Bring baskets
full of good things, bring early in the morning, bring
your angels and other speakers will be present. All are
welcome. Speakers: J. O. Barrett, Benjamin Todd, Mrs. Marion
Todd, Mrs. Frank Knowles, Moses Hull and Mrs. Hull, Miss
Wm. F. F. Augustus Whiting, C. B. Lyon, all these are expected, with scores of mediums.

PER ORDER COMMITTEE.

The American Association of Spiritualists.
A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American As-
sociation of Spiritualists is called to meet at 48 Broad street,
New York, Wednesday, June 26th, 1873, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Any business of importance will come before the meeting, a
full report is specially requested.

Wm. W. C. Woodhull, President.
New York, June 10th, 1873.

Two Days' Meeting.
The Springfield Union and vicinity will hold a two
days' meeting at the above place on the 30th and 31st of June
at Millport, Potter Co., Pa. Good speakers are expected
to attend. Invitations extended to all.

Order of Committee, E. M. HENNING.

Basket Picnic.
The Spiritual Society of Thompson, Ohio, will hold a
Picnic on the 4th day of July. O. P. Kellogg, R. L.
Winslow, Wm. White & Co., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK-
STORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE PROBLEM OF Life and Immortality.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE
ORIGIN, COMPOSITION AND DESTINY OF MAN.
BY LOUIS MOODY.

"This book deals with the grandest problem which can
challenge human thought. In a clear, strong, common-sense
way, and with a high-sounding philosophy and a
scientific method, the metaphysical as to be easily under-
stood by the commonest intellect."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.
The points of rest for an infinite Intelligence, which pre-
sides over and operates through the varied processes of the
universe, are drawn together from the facts of Nature,
and are clearly, strongly and logically stated, that there
is no escape from the conclusions reached.
This little book of 122 pages is an excellent *code academ-*
ic upon these subjects which so agitate the scientific and reli-
gious world at the present time. The appendix is wholly
devoted to an exposure of the weaknesses and fallacies of
materialism.

Notices by the Press and Others.—
"In an appendix is a criticism of A. Jayram, Prince
of Mysore, who has written a book on the origin of the
universe. The literary style and tone of this
little book are much superior to the preceding books just
mentioned. There is honest thought in it, and not a little of
the high and pure sentiment."—*English Good Thinking*.
can be found in its pages to raise it above the ordinary level
of spiritualism. *Philadelphia Ledger*.

A good, popular statement of the spiritualist theory of
Man's origin and destiny."—*John Weiss*.
This little treatise grapples with the toughest prob-
lem that seems to be the lack of knowledge, particularly in
regard to the nature and uses of Evil. The method of re-
futation of the materialist philosophy seems to its complete. Few
will agree with the author at every point; but no one can
fail to get an intellectual quickening from his little treatise.

"Your little book has afforded me interest and sat-
isfaction. It comes the nearest to expressing the ideas
which have been floating somewhat vaguely in my own
mind for years, of anything I have ever met with, while at
the same time it contains many that had not occurred to
me. It seems to indicate the line of thought which the phi-
losophy of the future must take. I hope it will have a large
and remunerative sale, and, in some measure, to check
the materialist tendencies of the times."—*E. M. Henning*.

"The book is a product of one of the most compre-
hensive and able of our age, and is well worth a careful re-
cusal. He takes up the 'Problem of Life,' and in a mas-
terly manner explains those abstract principles which have
defeated the scientists of Europe."—*Religion-Philosophical*
Journal.

"It is philosophical, clear and held. His deductions
have all the force of a mathematical demonstration; and are
a real revelation to the mind."—*W. B. Potter, Jr.*

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