

BANNER LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

LYONEL HARTINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Gora Wilburn, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XLV.—CONTINUED.

Lyonel honored her grief and was silent until she became more calm. She seemed troubled at his continued silence, and bent her looks upon him, the better to observe his mood. She smiled in her loving innocence and said:

"Thank God! you are free again! Oh! how often, how much, how fervently have I prayed for you while you were languishing in prison! I could now die gladly, for now you are free!"

"Only half free, beloved soul!" he replied. "But I hope—"

"Yes, yes, hope, hope indeed!" she cried. "I know all. If I only dared tell you all—if I only dared! Ah! the chain, here!"

"The chain?" queried Lyonel, as he took the massive article between his fingers, and saw attached to it a small cross of brilliants. The chain seemed a familiar object to him; he could scarcely doubt that it was the same he had once found in the Park at Lichtenheim and had returned to its illustrious owner.

"Who presented you with this costly ornament?" he asked.

"The Princess Gabriella placed it on my neck." "How? The Princess? She saw you? Where did she meet with you? I remember now—it is true—you have been to the palace? How did you obtain admission there?"

"I wished to implore the Duke's clemency for you. I did not rest until the Herr Von Goldtwig promised to obtain a hearing for me. But I could not approach the ruler of the country in my peasant garb, so he had this much too fine a dress provided for me, and other things. And when I hesitated, he said he had received the money for that purpose from you—it was your wish and order. So I obeyed."

"Did you speak to the Duke?"

"I did not see him. But the amiable Princess promised me that I should. Oh, then I will thank the Gracious Ruler, on my knees, for the benevolent compassion he has shown toward you."

"No, he does not deserve your thanks," said Lyonel. "Not the Duke but the laws have given me my liberty. He, it seems to me, I know not whether of his own accord or through the malice of others, entertains for me no friendly feelings, and is desirous of persecuting me."

"Not oh, no! Persecute you! No, he is no tyrant, neither have you ever offended him. I believe the words of the noble minded Princess. I fear nothing more for you. I know much—I know all; but I dare not say anything. She has forbidden me to speak. I gave her my word, and she gave me this chain to remind me of my promise."

"By what chance did you meet with this lady?"

"Chance? In God's Providence there is no chance! Her Von Goldtwig, day before yesterday, in the dusk of evening, took me to the palace in his splendid carriage. We were told that his Highness the Duke, was engaged in business, and I could not be admitted to his presence. But the Princess Gabriella would see me. I was trembling with fear, and bitterly disappointed—and thus was conducted into an illuminated department. The Princess sat upon a sofa. Beside her stood a distinguished looking gentleman. I was told afterwards, he was a Prince. By the window stood an old servant man. I tottered toward her, half unconscious. I fell at her feet, and endeavored to speak but could not. She spoke to me kindly, but I scarcely understood what she said. The gentleman raised me from the floor, and placed me in a chair. The attendant brought me a glass of water; I recovered myself, and saw with what favor and condescension, I poor creature, was regarded. I regained my courage, and began to speak of you, Mr. Hartington; to assure them of your innocence, and to entreat for your deliverance. Thereupon there were many questions asked and answers given, concerning my family, my place of abode, my avocation, and as to who and what you were in reality—and I know not what besides."

Lyonel listened attentively, and with emotion, yet not without surprise and indignation.

"If it were not you, Cecilia, who tell me this," he replied. "I never should have believed that a princely Court could descend to the trade of the Inquisition. It is unheard of, that a harmless girl like you should be submitted to such a questioning, and that a Princess should lend herself to the system of espionage! What do they want? What is their design in all this?—and, Cecilia, how did the Prince conduct himself? It was, in all probability, the hereditary Prince Louis."

"The gentleman and the Princess were equally condescending and gracious, and treated me as if I were one of themselves. Oh, I wish you had been a witness, dear sir, of the heartfelt sympathy with which the Princess heard me; how she spoke to me between smiles and tears! I almost believed she loved me, for sometimes she spoke in French to the Prince, and he replied so, that I felt abashed and embarrassed, and could not deny that I understood what had been said. These illustrious persons did not despise me on account of my birth; they felt no aversion toward the 'step-child of an executed murderer.'"

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Thus passed away an hour and a half. I still repeated my entreaty that the young Princess might seek to soften her father's heart, and gain your freedom. At last she said to me these loving words: "Consoy yourself, my father is not so hard hearted as you fear. The young American has caused a great excitement, and I am not acquainted with the reasons. The Duke cannot and will not disturb the course of justice by his word of authority. But as soon as the sentence is given, no matter whether against or for him, I will myself present you to my father. Then you can speak to him as fearless and as openly as you have to me. He is not hard hearted. But, in the meantime do, do not leave the city. I shall send for you, perhaps, in a few days, to come to me. And what we have talked over here, keep it a secret from all the world. Can you do this?"

I promised, and dear Mr. Hartington, I dare not tell you more. I was calm, and oh, so unspeakably happy. When I thought it was time to take my leave, the princely pair were whispering to each other at some distance from me, and seemed pleasantly jesting about something. The Prince appeared to recall something to her mind, and she laughed. He took this gold chain from her neck, and she placed her hand upon his mouth, as if she would not hear him; then she took the chain from him, came to me, and threw it around my neck, and said—

"Take this trifle as a remembrance, and think of your promise to be silent." Then she added some more words, which I am not at liberty to repeat. But you are now free. Oh, how glad is my life. How fervently do I thank my God. Do not fear because the Duke will not permit your immediate departure. You are free and glad also, are you not?"

Lyonel pressed her hand to his heart, and replied: "I can only be glad of my freedom through you. If you remain in Europe, and I go to America, I remain bound; the chain by which I am held a captive extends across the sea to my home in the New World."

The conversation now turned into another channel, and Lyonel hoped to win her consent to the dearest aim of his life, the joining of her fate to his. She did not conceal her love, but she dared not utter the words he longed to hear.

A light knock at the door interrupted their interesting conversation. Arnold came in and announced:

"A messenger of the Duke's is without there, and desires to speak with you."

"Of the Duke's—so late?" cried Lyonel, in astonishment. "Let him enter."

"It was an attendant of the palace, who brought the Duke's command for Lyonel Hartington to appear at the castle of Marienfels at precisely ten o'clock the next morning, where His Highness would expect him."

This command changed the mood of Lyonel and Cecilia; each sought to conceal from the other their apprehensions of the future, and yet their thoughts were clearly visible upon their countenances.

"Do not fear," said Cecilia, soothingly, yet with tear-filled eyes. "Princess Gabriella has assured me that her father is no hard-hearted man. But to-morrow, when you return from the castle—may I hope—may I entreat—that you will send for me? I will fly hither. I will not doubt; but until I know all, I cannot be tranquil. Oh, how terrible are the mighty ones of the earth. It is said they stand in the place of God, but God is always Love!"

Lyonel clasped the weeping angel to his heart and pressed his lips to her pure forehead. She did not resist his caresses, but reposing in his arms confidently, she whispered:

"Oh that I could suffer all in your stead—that I could die for you."

"Die!" he answered, softly. "And not live for me, Cecilia? You would suffer for me, and yet implant the keenest suffering in my heart!"

She made no answer, and a holy stillness reigned awhile. Then suddenly, with crimsoned cheeks, the young girl lightly and caressingly putting both her little hands to his face, said:

"I? Oh no. I belong no more to myself, and never shall again! Your life shall be my life, your home my home, your God my God. Now and forever I am thine!"

She gently kissed his brow, and walking to the bell-rope, pulled it, and Arnold appeared with Frau Konigund.

Lyonel had scarce had time to recover from his joyous surprise, before Cecilia, with her companion, had disappeared.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In the Presence of the Duke.

Everything appeared to him on the following morning like the parts of a tragedy, and Cecilia was his first thought. The melody of her avowal yet rang in his ear. "Now, I am thine!" and brought in its train all the glories of heaven-life to his soul; but only for a moment.

Before him lay, prepared by Arnold's care and forethought, a holiday suit, reminding him of the command of the Duke; he looked at the array with feelings of sad presentiment, and his thoughts flew wildly to and fro in conjecture and apprehension, without resulting in a clearer understanding. But he soon collected himself and said:

"It must be decided this day. No matter what is before me, she loves me. But this Duke, what does he want of me? Am I one of his servants or serfs, that he can play with me at his will? Let him order me to leave his dominions. I shall be thankful for the command. The finest pearl in his possession has become my own; that indemnifies me for

all the humiliations I have endured and may yet have to suffer. If he announces to me his high and mighty decree of exile or disgrace, I will reply as becomes a freeman!"

When Lyonel had dressed and taken his light breakfast, he was informed that the carriage had arrived.

"So you remain behind, Arnold," he said, to his faithful follower. "See to our accounts; pack up; go to Cecilia's house; the young lady will, in all probability, accompany us to America. I expect the Duke will order me out of the country, and perhaps, will not permit me a long delay."

With these and other remarks that were often interrupted by Arnold Jackson, with questions, sage observations and remarks of his own, Lyonel hastened down stairs to the carriage, threw himself upon the seat, and was driven off to his awaiting and uncertain destiny.

After a ride of an hour and a half, he was greeted by the sight of the fine castle of Marienfels (Mary's Cliff) that was built upon an elevated site in the midst of a large forest. The position informed him that this was his favorite resort of the Duke, who years before had superintended its erection.

As they drew nearer, Lyonel was struck with the peculiar form of the building; it was familiar; he had looked upon the like before. Striving to recollect, he observed with astonishment that this princely abode, although upon a smaller scale, resembled in its every detail and particular the Presidential Mansion at Washington.

He did not long enjoy the contemplation. The carriage stopped. Court attendants came and opened the door, and conducted the expected visitor as soon as he had given his name, up the stairs, into the palace, and over the glistening marble floors of the passages into an anti-chamber. He had little time to look upon the masterly paintings and engravings that covered the walls. A folding door was thrown open, and he was told to enter. The door was then closed behind him.

He found himself in the presence of the reigning Duke, a man of noble figure, bearing the impress of energy and strength, with a face pleasantly florid, that was crowned with venerable white locks. He was dressed in a plain, but richly embroidered, around his shoulder, a star glittering on his breast. Lyonel advanced with a respectful inclination, and quite unembarrassed, awaited the Duke's pleasure. The face and figure was familiar also, but he could not recollect where he had met with him.

The Duke surveyed the American without uttering a word, at first with a serious countenance and keenly searching gaze. The stern expression gradually gave place to one of satisfaction; he nodded slightly, as if to assure himself of a received conviction; he drew an arm chair toward him, sat down and continued his examination as before, until the young man became somewhat restless and disconcerted beneath that long and silent scrutiny.

At length he broke the silence, and inquired in a voice subdued by some emotion:

"You, then, are Lyonel Hartington?"

A deep bow was the sole reply of the young man. "Give me your hand, Lyonel," continued the Duke, looking up to him with a friendly smile.

The American, perplexed by so strange a reception, gave his hand, and bent over that of the Prince to kiss it.

"Do not be timorous," said the venerable Duke, as he relinquished the stranger's hand, after softly pressing it. "We are old acquaintances, do you know? From the interior of the palace garden, where you took me to be a reverend gentleman, and we talked over the affairs of the church."

"If I had thought then," stammered Lyonel, not without embarrassment, "I did not surmise—I must entreat your highness' most gracious indulgence, if at that time I, perhaps—"

"No, it would be my place to ask forgiveness of you, my child," interrupted the Duke, laughing. "You have a right to complain that everywhere in my dominions you have been treated with the utmost impoliteness. You have been imprisoned a long time; your awkward judges, the dolts, deserve that I chase them every one from their post! I owe you compensation for so much unpleasantness."

"Your gracious highness, I esteem myself fortunate."

"Be silent, child! You know not how much I have myself sinned against you. But the past cannot be recalled. I owe you more than one reparation. Of that we will speak afterwards. Are you pleased with Europe, at least with Germany? I desire, for you please me, to retain you in my service; you shall not look for rank, standing, or income."

Lyonel, who had anticipated a far different reception, at these offers was so completely overwhelmed with astonishment as to appear stunned for some moments. If the words and looks of the Duke had been less cordial and sincere, he would have looked upon it all as a mockery.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the Prince, mildly and kindly.

"The gracious expressions of your highness—I hardly dare to receive them in earnest. And yet I would have taken the liberty to plead for a great favor—your highness' consent for my return to America."

The face of the Duke lost its expression of friendliness as he said:

"But I desire to make you happy. Think better of it; you must remain here!"

"I could not live happy here, nor in all Europe!"

"Why not? Speak frankly and freely, young man; as you spoke to me on the garden bench. Therefore no evasion! What draws you back into

that uncultured part of the world that is yet in process of formation? You, a young man of mind and intellect, knowledge and cultivation, you belong not there. What frightens you away from here, where science and art, all the graces of social life, all the wonders of inventive industry should captivate and hold you fast? What is it that displeases you here?"

"What I could have had the courage to say to the right reverend gentleman in the palace garden, but never to your highness."

"Be assured I am the same man, although the coat is changed. Let me hear! I like to listen to you. The reverend clergyman entreats; the Duke commands! Speak without reserve. What is there lacking here?"

"Your gracious highness commands, I have most humbly to obey; but what shall I tell—"

"The truth! Give yourself to me as you are, so I shall love you all the better. Let us talk as we would in the garden. Confess, then, what do you miss here? What does your America possess that is superior?"

"Free air, most gracious Prince! Freedom in the halls of justice; behind closed doors the atmosphere is injurious to the legislative health. Freedom in the throne saloons; the subjects do not behold their Ruler for the clouds of incense with which servile fear and courtly flattery envelop him. Free air for the human spirit; for its thoughts that are smothered by the vapors arising from police stations and the edicts of the censorship. Free air for the conscience; for the worship of God, that is branded and abhorred when it kneels not behind the privileged church walls. Freedom for the majority of the people, the laboring class, who toil in their workshops to uphold the State splendor, the church display, the military pageants, by taxes upon their daily bread. Most gracious highness, I have obeyed your command; deign to permit my speedy departure for America."

"Hm! There is, also, for example, in your Slave States, the air is not so healthy, nor so free."

"It is as your highness says, but not everywhere. There is, in general, a natural mingling of the free air of life with the slight remains of an atmosphere of oppression, so that it can be inhaled with satisfaction. The inhabitants of America do not emigrate to Europe, but thousands upon thousands annually flee from here to our coasts, or to the less populated regions of other countries."

"Young man, I believe you mean well. I have not, at least in my own land, beheld as much misery as you have in your green Tuscaloosa wisdom."

"But the most powerful monarch cannot be omnipresent in his States; although he be the wisest and most benevolent, he can be deceived by his nearest surroundings."

"It cannot be denied. But your experience must acknowledge, also, that there is no lack of discontented beings in the world, even in your America. The idle rabble complain if they have not a superfluity of everything. Those who labor honestly, find honest bread enough. In my land there is indeed no want, God be thanked! and no one dies of hunger. And so it may be in other places; only look carefully around you."

"I have looked around, your Highness; whether the people are happy cannot be judged, as it appears to me, from the number and splendor of the palaces, churches and theatres in the land, nor from the dancing guests who frequent the taverns and coffee houses on Sundays. One must glance into the households of the laboring classes—the needy mechanics, peasants, daily toilers—who are compelled to work through storm and cold with swollen, aching hands; who in the sweat of their brow scarcely earn sufficient to sustain life; a guilder, perhaps only half a one. With this hard-won pittance they are to feed wife and children, pay for rent, clothing, wood, and all other necessities, and be in readiness with the taxes of the church and State. The landlords, the well-to-do citizens, the crowd of government officers, secretaries, clerical men, military men, and the like, are the lesser portion of the people, and know nothing whatever of the misery and privation of those beneath them. The appointed office-holders receive a salary, and arrange their living accordingly. They live upon the State—that is, upon the taxes and imposts exacted from the laboring community; they have not to provide themselves with tools and necessary materials. I believe that at the courts of the great, in the cabinets of the best princes, there is no idea of the sorrowful condition of the families compelled to leave their native land and emigrate to foreign parts."

"It may be. You may be right in some cases. But do not forget that the great proportion of the discontented rabble that emigrate are by no means penniless; and they know that it is necessary to have passage money, and the wherewith to settle in your country and purchase land, however wonderfully cheap it can be had."

"Of course, your Highness; but the greatest sacrifices are made for the future of one's children; for these would be still more wretchedly bereft at their death. Good parents seek to prevent this. The diminishing prosperity of the middle classes of the people, the increasing poverty of the poorer portion, is visible in Europe. Every one beholds it; no one knows how to remedy it. The evil will reach its most dangerous height."

"Do not be troubled about this dangerous height, with which in olden times, as in our day, the project makers and State reformers alarmed themselves. Poor and rich existed from all time, and will forever in this world. Prince or day-laborer, whoever will live and be esteemed, must be so through labor

—be it of the head or hand, at the writing desk or the anvil. I hope your American patriotism does not render you unjust toward the superiority of Europe in other things, or perhaps even a little envious."

"Certainly not, gracious highness," replied Lyonel, smiling. "Envy is, to me, if not the worst, at least the most foolish of all human vices, for envy is jealous of that which fortune and chance have given. No one is envious for his virtues, perhaps, because no one believes in the existence of a virtue free from selfishness."

"You take an almost superhuman view, my son! But I am satisfied with your ideas." But I did not send for you to hold such philosophical chat. I am, as I said before, your debtor. Declare to me what you would request if I were unconditionally to give scope to your wishes and promise to fulfill them."

Lyonel bowed.

"I would again entreat your Highness' most gracious permission to continue my journey. And if it were not too indiscreet—I saw, when allowed to visit the palace at the capital, in your Highness' study, a portrait—a miniature painting—of which to possess a copy I—"

"I know, I know!" cried the Duke, and he seemed somewhat uneasy, and arising slowly from his seat he took from among the papers lying on the desk before him an open letter, and said, as he handed it to young man:

"Take your epistle to your steward at Maryhall. It was found with the rest of the documents I ordered the judges to place before me, for your arrest caused an unusual sensation. I was surprised at the number of the friends who sought to intercede for you; Banker Goldtwig, President Urmig, even my own daughter, and others. They only made me desirous of knowing more. So, through them, and without your knowledge, I was informed of all the circumstances—of more than is known to yourself. Take the letter; it is well that it was not forwarded. You will now write another, and, in announcing your imprisonment, likewise announce your freedom."

Lyonel, more and more perplexed, received the letter without uttering a word.

"That is settled," said the Duke. "You desire to possess a picture said to resemble your mother? Here! that desire does honor to your own picture belongs to you."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Secret of the Watch.

The Duke took the portrait from one of the drawers of his writing desk and handed it to Lyonel, who gazed at it with eyes that glistened with delight. It was the same he had admired at the palace in the city; the same narrow rim of gold was around it, set with sparkling brilliants. Doubting and embarrassed he looked from the costly gift to the magnanimous giver.

"Your Highness," he faltered, "may I presume—only a copy of—"

"You have it in your hand," was the reply. "It is an excellent one—a master work of the artist. The original remains with me."

"Oh, most kind, most gracious Prince!" cried Lyonel, with deep feeling, and a tear moistened his cheek. He bent over the hand of the Duke, seized it and pressed it to his lips; he would have said more, but could not control his voice. The Duke, sympathizing in all that was passing within the soul of the happy Lyonel, turned away, and in still emotion paced the floor; then turning around, he said:

"You think the portrait a good likeness?"

"A perfect one, your highness. It will remind me of my eternal indebtedness to your favor. It shall be the holiest possession of my house as of my heart!" said the young man as he held the precious gift to his breast.

"How old were you at the death of your mother?"

"I was fifteen or sixteen years of age when she died. And she, more than thirty, had not, of course, this youthful look; but yet, especially before her illness, oh, she was indeed as beautiful as the high-born lady represented in this counterfeited! And her loving soul was infinitely more beautiful than ever the glorious form!"

"And your father?"

"He must have been a truly noble being. His memory is cherished and blessed in the entire colony. But I have but vague recollections of him. I was about five years old when he departed."

"You have undoubtedly a portrait of him?"

"Unfortunately, I have not."

"Your mother should have made you a present of one."

"There were no good artists at that time in Tuscaloosa and New Orleans, your highness."

The Duke looked at him long and searchingly, and then continued:

"It may be! I believe you speak the truth. I have yet something to return to you, that was placed before me with the other matters; for which you have been examined a number of times, and for which I also suspected you. Without that, I might have given myself no trouble about you."

The Duke again opened the drawer in his desk, took from it the American's gold watch, and handed it to him.

Lyonel expressed his joyful gratitude for the return of the valued keepsake given to him by a beloved mother's dying hand.

"I know, I know!" interrupted the Duke. "When she gave it to you, what did she say?"

"She wept. She essayed to speak, and fell back upon her pillow, exhausted. The physician gave a sign; I was obliged to leave the room. The house-

hold were all sorrowfully assembled around the death bed of that saint. When I was permitted to return, she lay in sweet repose. She awoke no more. I was an orphan."

The venerable prince with a saddened mien paced up and down the floor; then halted before the young stranger, again regarded him long and earnestly, without the utterance of a word. At length he resumed:

"But what did she tell you concerning the picture in the watch? Whose portrait is it? Speak openly."

"I most humbly crave your Highness's pardon; there is no portrait in the watch."

"How?—she never showed it to you? Try and collect your remembrances."

"I should search in vain in all the recesses of memory."

"And you carry that old-fashioned piece of workmanship so long without knowing—"

"For more than ten years, your Highness."

The Duke shook his head, took the watch from Lyonel's hand, and opening the case, at the pressure of his finger revealed a thin plate of gold, that, springing open, made visible a miniature concealed behind it.

Lyonel looked on in amazement; turned and regarded the article on all sides, as if he were in doubt that it was indeed his own, or whether it had not been changed for another. He curiously examined the picture that had been a secret to him so long. It represented a young and handsome man, of about his own age, clad in a hunter's suit of green, and in the features he seemed to trace a resemblance to himself. He deemed himself the sport of some strange illusion.

"Do you know this person?" asked the Duke, after a pause of some moments, during which his eyes had remained fixed and penetrating upon the countenance of Lyonel.

"It is that of an entire stranger, your gracious Highness."

"Not so much of a stranger, I believe; without doubt the portrait of your father."

"Of my father? I remember him but indistinctly. I was very young then; but Sir Francis, when he died, was older than the figure here. Sir Francis had not this freshness and fullness of face; but as much as I can recollect, his cheeks were sunken, and on them sharply defined and crimson hectic spots gleamed with a feverish intensity."

"But Sir Francis Harrington was not your father?" said the Duke, with low and pointed emphasis.

"How? Was not?" cried Lyonel, starting back, with indignantly flushed face, almost forgetting the dignity of the sovereign in whose presence he stood. "Your gracious Highness! Most gracious Highness—"

"Hush! hush! do not be angry!" said the Duke, as he unfolded a letter he had taken from the desk. "You will know this hand-writing?"

"This! My mother's hand; but—"

"Read!" said the gray-haired Prince, and with downcast eyes he withdrew a few pages.

Lyonel read. It was an old letter, dated, "Baltimore, the fifth of June, 1807." He read and turned deathly pale. The paper trembled in his hand. He strove to regain composure, and read anew. The characters swam confusedly before his eyes. His hands dropped to his side, and he gazed speechless and immovable upon the Duke.

"You know the secret!" the old Prince said, with quivering lips in a tremulous tone, with tears in his eyes. He clasped the young man in his arms, and wept silently upon his breast, and then whispered: "My son, do not chide thy mother's memory; I was her first love; she, my first and only love upon this earth!"

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE SUMMER EVENING WIND.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Thou restless spirit-rover! ever wandering o'er seas and land,
I hear thee whispering and frolicking with the leaves
and flowers of my garden;
Also with the children and school-girls, twisting your
fingers in their curls and ribbons.
I know you are after their fragrances to revive the sick
and desponding—

To bathe the brows of the weary laborers who have
borne the burdens of the day.
All day you have been roaming and dancing over the
rivers and mountains,
Or else off upon the ocean, playing and skipping from
wave to wave.

From them you extracted magnetism, as here you extract
perfumery;
And now with both you go loaded to the lungs of the
weary husbandmen.

You have been bathing your wings in the sea-sprays,
showers and night dews,
And now you are a sweet, fragrant, and welcome guest
indoors and outdoors;

Such as languished and fainted in the sultry heats of
noon-day,
May now inspire new life, breathe freer, cool off and
recuperate.

With every inhalation, the spirit of repose spreads over
us and lulls us to sleep.
Into and around all habitations you scatter freshness,
fragrance and rest.

At your coming the fever-heat of the hard toll of the
day subsides,
And harmony pervades and soothes the nervous and
vascular systems.

Familiarly you play with the grass, and with the leaves
of the woodlands,
Nimbly you skip and frolic through the vine-woven
hedges and trees.

Shaking the odorous pollen over the nuptial beds of
the flowers.

How soothing to the sick are thy soft breathings, and
gentle fannings.
Loaded with the entrancing magnetism of the breath
of angels.

How pleasing is the rustle of thy wings through the
lattice, doors and windows.
Making sweet, tiny music, to which the soul glides softly
into dream-land.

Over the parched earth you scatter the needed renova-
tions and blessings,
Brought by the trade-winds from the waves of the re-
frigerating ocean.

All that sleep you have rocked and kissed the little
birds and flowers,
And now you are fanning babes whilst the mothers
rock them into quiet sleep—
Whilst floral bells ring out their evening chimes and you
bear them to willing ears.

Now you are busy sweeping the harpstrings of the ma-
jestic forest,
To which the leaves dance and the tall tree-tops wave
in tune and harmony.

Then over the hills and down the valleys you move on
ample wings,
Bearing the echoes of the plaintive love-notes of the
wistful night-birds;
Raising wavelets and shaking lilies over the frog-min-
strels of the river-shores;
Rippling the surface of the still water that mirrors the
moon and stars.
But for you, life would be listless and faint, and its
fountains stagnant—
The earth would fall into blight and syncope, and be-
come sickly and pestilent.

Tireless you wander over the continents and over the
islands and seas,
Collecting and distributing life-restoratives and har-
monies.

Into the lungs of the sick and well you carry your life-
giving impulses.
To the languishing and faint, no sound or greeting is
more welcome than yours.

You are a God-sent—a God's Messenger—loaded with
life-sustenance.
With a pleasant look, a friendly shake and kind word
you greet us all.

Gently you part the locks and smooth the brow of the
grey old man;
Tenderly you raise the tiny and kiss the cheeks of the
sleeping babe;

Kindly you embrace, sustain, and recuperate us all for
a new day.

You reddens the cheek of beauty with the blush of
health and loveliness;

You mingle the atmospheres of lovers and make them
attractive and harmonious;
Mingle the night-voices, arrange and harmonize their
discords,

And then discourse them in Eolian strains from every
twig and blade of grass.
From and to all climes you come and go, laden with
freshness and magnetism,
Always welcome, and never weary of giving and receiv-
ing.

ON THE OFFICE AND CONDITION OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

DEDICATED TO THE NUMEROUS READERS OF THE BANNER
WHOSE HEARTS' DEAREST TREASURES HAVE BEEN BORN
BY THE DEATH ANGEL TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of
my Father which is in heaven."—JESUS.

The morning's light rises over the earth and re-
veals beauty and perfection. We know that the
earth with its natural scenery exists. We know
that life is manifest, and we all silently assent to the
perfection and order of the universe. But there is a
sun of more glorious rising, whose light illumines
the spiritual facts of creation, and whose radiance
reveals the law and order of the spiritual universe.

This light is set for the glory of the soul—for the
illumination of the spirit. In its light, and sur-
rounded by its rays, every soul and spirit lives.

But it is only when there comes an awakening to
the slumbering eyes that they will look up and see;
it is only when there comes a quickening to the ear
that it will hear—for Nature, revealing her perfec-
tion, has demanded of man that he shall behold and
be true to her while he is a natural man. But the
spirit, speaks as well, and says: "Thou art also a
spiritual man: behold the things of the spirit," and
then when the busy cares of the natural body and
its wants keep us and claim us and demand our
attention, we look through a glass darkly
into spiritual things. But when life recedes from
the body—when Nature dies to the spirit—then the
natural man gives place to the spiritual man, and
true spiritual life begins.

Death does this for most human beings; but death
need not necessarily do it; that is, we need not wait
for death to do it; it may be done before death has
laid its fiat upon the natural body, and while the
spirit is bound to earth and Nature. Death is truly
a beautiful messenger to the spirit, but we need not
await his coming, for there is a law of life more
perfect than that of death—it is the law of harmo-
ny—and when the spirit of man harmonizes with
Nature and with the natural body, then from with-
out the casement gleams the eye of the spirit;
through the gross surroundings echo the spiritual
tones; within the chambers of the soul revolves and
flows the ethereal life of heaven, until earth tran-
scends heaven, for it is Nature and Spirit—God on
earth and in heaven.

When I speak of my Spiritual perceptions to the
many readers of the BANNER whose hearts have
been wrung by such anguish as only a parent's
heart can know, I do not speak of my attainment, but
rather of my organization. I inherit no strong hold
to earth and the natural. It is my misfortune that
I do not, but as by the laws of perfection all that
exists may bring from imperfection that which is
better, so I trace back to misfortune the greatest
joys of my life. What I have to say to you, there-
fore, falls on my spirit ear, and is revealed to my
spirit-eye as truth. Not because I stand higher than
you, dear reader, but because, by reason of inheri-
tance, my life has receded from the natural world
and taken hold upon the spiritual, and I would humbly
speak to you, the consolations of the spirit, and in
this effort I am quickened and inspired by the
thought that many of you are bound to me by the
endearing ties of personal friendship.

When little children are ushered into this life,
they come bearing in their natures the very life of
their parents. Soul has been born of soul, spirit of
spirit, body of body, and life begins to draw from
Nature that it may create an individuality and de-
velop a natural body. Spirit and soul also draw
their life, and there is growth. Nature wills, or her
laws demand obedience. Spirit demands. Spiritual
obedience, and the soul demands to produce itself
from these. Thus little children become to parents
a natural and a spiritual gift; they hold in their
tiny forms mighty forces; they demand Nature to
yield her gifts, and she obeys; they demand, too,
that spirit and soul shall yield their power, and they
obey; and so it is that through the parent's heart
flow forth the springs of eternal life, and they be-
come a wide river, like the river of God through the
holy Jerusalem. Hence the little life with its
mighty forces produces the grandest results. The
nobest work of God is done in every household
where the little life of but yesterday is being fed for
immortal, eternal existence. All is beautiful and
true and perfect when Nature and Spirit do each
their part, and the tender life becomes more perfect
and prophecies manhood or womanhood.

But Nature fails; the natural body fades; per-
haps earth has dealt harshly with the timid life;
Nature was not able to resist the current of oppos-
ing forces; then, instead of natural life, there is
natural death; the link of the spirit to Nature is

severed, and so Nature takes her own, and the little
form returns to its elements.

But that is only a portion of life. The reality is
not there; the central forces, the mighty power cen-
tering about the brain, the spiritual part, leaves the
body and becomes an individual and perfect spiri-
tally, the same but not in the natural world—the same
but not in the bowels of flesh. But is not life as
perfect? When death comes, is God baffled of his
highest purpose in man? No. If Nature refuses
because unable to produce the harmony between the
body and spirit necessary for their connection, then
the higher law of spirit creates the higher necessity,
and the tie is severed. Born into a new life, the
child opens its eyes on spirit-realities, listens to
spirit-sounds, is nurtured by spirit-food, and perfects
its individuality through its spiritual force. Angel
eyes watch it; angel hands tend it; angel-voices
soothe it; angel prayers attend it; it is a delight
and a joy in heaven. Its life of spirit is the same
in its power, as the life of spirit in the body; hence
delights and joys present the soul with its means
of growth.

In the spirit-world I have seen the happy groups
of children frolicking, dancing, gathering flowers,
listening to music, gaining instruction and unfold-
ing in beauty and in life. Gleesome sounds burst
from their gleesome hearts; sweet lips of affection
and the mischievous frolic of the child-heart. But
round every child was an aura, or a thread, or a
life that connected it to earth, so that it was to
know where it was born, and to tell each one's pa-
rentage. It was as if forever floating through the
spirit-atmosphere, went upward the spirit forces of
the parents, and by natural laws found their life
around and in their little ones. This life is the re-
sult of affection, and if the child is loved but little,
then the spirit-laws have severed the child from this
life, since it was by attraction—which is love—that
the life of earth followed its way into the spirit-
world, and wound itself about the child of its love.

This is by no forced power, but by a natural law
of spirit—the law of life. What more beautiful
revelation of God's love can we have? When we
behold the mists of the earth float up the mountain,
and thence to the cloud-land, to be transformed into
pearly chariots, to be filled with sunshine-glory, our
hearts exclaim to Nature, "Oh how dost thou de-
clare the perfection of God." But think of that
more ethereal life floating heavenward, attracted to
its own, gathering about the spirit-forms as their
means of strength and of life.

When we speak of attraction, we confine it to the
limitation of essences and forms. But spirit, hav-
ing no law of time and space, attracts life from all
distance, and receives it without limits of space.
The relation of every man to the spirit-world is,
therefore, a natural and certain thing, since the
very outflow of his own spirit produces the inevit-
able bond to spirit and spirit-existence. No matter
how many years may have separated the spirit child
from its natural parents, no matter how many gen-
erations may have known it, grown more fair and walk-
ing in the celestial garden unfolded in grace, yet
still the bond of spirit has kept the connection, and
has placed its sign of recognition in each. No law
in the whole universe of God is more beautiful
than this, and none more sure in its operations.

But there are still more intimate connections be-
tween earth and the ascended spirit. Children are
not born away beyond the limits of an impassable
sea. In the mansion of the Eternal Father's house
they dwell in the homes of real beings who care for
and nurture them. These are oftenest some near
and dear relative. For the law of relationship is
one of God's means of connecting the spirit with the
earth. Some loved one gone before who has watched
the dawn of that little life and knew of its setting,
takes tenderly the new-born spirit.

The spirits of little children are always magneto-
ized into unconsciousness before death. They never
are left to pass away and know the change. Sweetly
sleeping they are borne by the loved ones
heavenward, laid upon downy couches, fanned by
gentle breezes. Sometimes they sleep days, for their
spirits are tired with the unnatural pains of earth.
They awaken refreshed, and open their eyes on the
beautiful objects that childhood loves—the most
beautiful flowers, bright colors and sweetly singing
birds. And when the little one becomes accustomed
to its celestial life, and feels the exultation of free-
dom from pain and weariness, then it is prepared to
visit often those who call for it by continued long-
ing. The wishes and longings of the hearts of
earth, are the spirit-voices of earth. You speak
your desires when you long earnestly, for your spirit
speaks. With loving hands the ministering angels
bear these little children back to the homes of earth,
that they may feel the warmth of parental love, and
know the joy of earthly affection. If around the
earthly parents or friends there is a healthful spiri-
tual atmosphere, they often remain days, and with
their little voices, send to the spirit-ear of the deso-
late mother, heavenly joy. It is the spirit that
must behold them, and without the aid of the exter-
nal vision the spirit recognizes them.

But even when not borne thus, by their life they
keep still the link to earth. Is there anything im-
perfect in the Universe of God? If there is, it is not
seen in death, or the spirit's change from earth to
heaven. And now, as years roll on—as we count
years—the little forms expand, yea, grow. Mind
looks out of the brightening eye. Thought gleams
on the earnest brow. Instruction must be given.
Noble men and women call by love these little ones
together. There is no compulsion; only the call of
love; the unloving will not heed the call. Instruc-
tion to the spirit is natural and easy. To teach chil-
dren the properties of bodies, it is only necessary to
reveal to them by thought the images or representa-
tions of bodies. To teach them of duty, it is only
necessary to show them in symbols the loveliness
thereof. To teach them of the universe and of the
infinite power of life, it is necessary only to point to
the beauty and perfection of all things. Thus the
ground or plan of all instruction is the rendering of
all truths into realities.

I once had a most unmistakable and wonderful ac-
count by a spirit of its efforts to unfold the mind and
soul of a deformed and partly idiotic spirit-child.
Bearing into the next life the form and semblance
of its natural body, it must be made to expand, to
grow in beauty, to feel, to think, to know. Love
awakened its mind, and tenderness nurtured its
body, until it was able to bear about a beautiful form
with a noble mind enshrined within. But think,
will you, of the tender love of these guardian angels
Think of their beautiful and unselfish mission. Of-
ten these children are born into spirit-life from low
and unworthy parents. Often they seem to have no
bonds of relationship to any in spirit-life. But they
never lack ready hands to do for them, ready hearts

to feel for them. And why is this? Because there is
so much love and unselfish affection in the progressed
spirit-world that it must expend itself on objects.
Love is never satisfied in existence, merely—it must
have objects. Benevolence is never satisfied in feel-
ing—it must bless.

The spiritual bodies of little children grow tran-
scendently lovely. No human body can express the
beauty and grace of these little ones. No unlovely
objects harm them. No frightful diseases rend them.
They unfold as in Spring the rose-buds open to the
sun, or as the petals of the lily unclose to the light
of day. They all bear a semblance at first to their
natural bodies; but as their souls grow, and their
spirits shine with the life of their souls, there they
appear as their interior or mind makes them. The
spirit body flows from the natural body; it is com-
posed of its electric, magnetic, and spiritual life, and
when first born into spirit-life it has the exact form
of the natural body; but as the grosser particles of
its earthly magnetism are given off and it becomes
purer and truer, higher and holier, then it assumes
a form of perfection and beauty. What the soul wills
or reveals, that is life and form and substance to the
spirit.

It often occurs that parents pass to the spirit-
world not long before their children, or perhaps at
the same time. Being uneducated in spiritual
things, being ignorant of many of the spiritual laws,
they are illy fitted to develop the spiritual life of the
child. Therefore, never mourn that you cannot go
when your child goes; it has wiser nurses than you
—nobler teachers. If it has not more love, yet it has
a higher love; the love developed by wisdom.

It is not easy for the natural man to realize the
substance of spiritual things. There is necessarily
an idea of vagueness. But you must ever remember
that to spirit spiritual things are realities. Spirit
flowers grow in the gardens of heaven; spirit birds
sing in the branches of trees. It is reality; it is cer-
tainly. Where you behold with your spirit-eyes, you
will behold what now you cannot see, but what is
real there.

And now let me speak of the office of these chil-
dren in spirit-life. Their office is two-fold—to earth
and to heaven. It is only those who have lost chil-
dren to sight and sense who can know the longing
and wish of love sent thither by the bereaved heart.
The mother's whole life, her sense of joy, of hope, of
wish, her prayer, her desire, all centered in this
object when it passed away. However much of love
there was for others, yet then it was not allowed to
express itself; it burned about the loved one going.
Is that mother's heart to turn from earth to heaven
and be mocked by nothingness? No; the tender
life of her child is hers still. She claims it, she must
have it, and so the link of that mother's soul, bright,
glowing with God's life—for God is love—is made
firm to heaven. Can that mother forget her child?
Can she draw back her heart from it? No. Upward
goes her prayer, onward goes her aspiration, until
that mother lives partly on earth, partly in heaven.
Her spiritual nature grows; she is less selfish, more
tender, she is nearer to heaven for every thought of
love sent thither. And so, also, does the father's
stronger nature rise to a sublimity of hope and borne
to each from the realm they seek in thought and
prayer, come the sweet ministrations that purify and
ennoble the heart of man. And those who feel that
they have still to perform the sacred offices of love
by their own life to their child in heaven, must shame
into silence every unworthy thought, must ennoble
and purify their lives and must prove themselves
worthy so sacred an office.

And in the spirit-world, too, behold how these lit-
tle ones become the awakeners of true life; behold
how they cause to bud and bloom the highest and
holiest life of heaven. See how the hearts of heaven
glow with unselfish affection, and gather into their
depths all the joys of true life. Oh, if the great Fa-
ther of Love had not fitted every object in his crea-
tion and every fact so perfectly into the order and
wisdom of the universe, then we might fear that
death was a mistake. But when we feel that the
true beauty and perfection of life is revealed by it,
then we must rejoice, although it comes to our house-
holds, for it asks—how selfish are ye? How faith-
less are ye? How much do ye know of Infinite
Love? It comes with a cry of pain, but it comes
with a sound of triumph. It comes taking, but it
also comes richly laden. Oh, whose heart does not
need the softening discipline of sorrow? Whose
faith does not need strengthening? Whose love
does not need purification? Whose spirit is opened,
that he can hear as the voices of heaven appeal to
him daily and hourly, to resist temptation, to over-
come evil, to rise above uncertainty into the serene
heights of certainty—Whose? If not one, then re-
joice at the circumstances of life; rejoice for trial;
rejoice in the mission of death.

Were you to attempt to give to another a descrip-
tion of the life of childhood here on earth, how diffi-
cult you would find it. You would have to appeal to
what is known of childhood. And so must one who
would tell of the spirit-life of children. True and
beautiful and altogether lovely does it seem to me.
If it has pains, I have never beheld their effects. If
it has trials, I have never been able to trace them.
When the ethereal light of spirit dawns upon my
senses, I behold the facts and realities of spirit-
realms, but to describe the scenes is like attempting
to weigh the soul of man, or represent his thought
on canvas in form and shape. Thus if I have failed
to present any distinct ideas to you, kind reader, it
is not because there are none, but because the
things of the spirit must be revealed to the spirit.

The appeal made to us through every truth, is,
be perfect, purify yourself, bring yourself into harmony
with the Divine nature.

Study this law of childhood, of its growth and the
influence you have upon it, and you will read God's
words. Oh parent and friend, become holy by be-
coming natural, that you may create beauty and ho-
liness. If you study the laws that unite you to the
little ones in heaven, you will read in them only this
command—fit yourselves to be teachers of angel
children. May the light of these truths dawn more
and more on the souls of each of us, until, in the ra-
diance of eternal day, we are able to represent in
ourselves the mediation of earth to heaven.

Coldwater, Mich., May 28, 1862.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.—A short time since, by the
mistake of an apothecary, at Winchester, Illinois, a
quantity of antimonial wine (a powerful emetic) was
sold to the Methodists for communion. It was quar-
terly meeting day when it was taken, and the effect was
frightful.

GROPPING DEBATED TERRA.—Take of quacksilver
ten grains; pure silver filings, five grains. The mercury
and silver will unite and form an amalgam, which
after being stuffed into the tooth, will, in two hours,
turn as hard as the tooth itself.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1861, by
A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of
the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VII. CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEFINITION OF THE TERM.—TWO KINDS OR DEGREES OF
CLAIRVOYANCE.—PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL.—PHYSICAL
CLAIRVOYANCE EXPLAINED.—H. O. WRIGHT'S REPORT OF
SUNDERLAND'S EXPERIMENTS IN PHYSICAL CLAIRVOY-
ANCE.—INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANCE.—A. J. DAVIS'S
EXPERIENCE ON FIRST ENTERING THE CLAIRVOYANT
CONDITION.—EXPERIENCE OF HUDSON TUTTLE.—CLAIR-
VOYANT POWERS OF SWENDBERG, OF LAURA EDMONDS
—CLAIRVOYANT POWERS OF A CHILD.

"Lost to the sense of earth's dull sights,
On new-lent wings my spirit flies,
And resting on heaven's terraced lights,
It treads the mysteries of the skies.
Faint glimmering beams of distant light
Are now no longer all I see
Of worlds, which measure in their flight,
The circles of infinity."—MARY CLEMMER.

The term CLAIRVOYANCE is derived from a French
word which literally means clear sightedness—the
power of seeing, sensing and describing objects
which are not present to the outer senses. After
having examined a large class of phenomena under
this head, I am inclined to the opinion that there
are two kinds, or degrees of Clairvoyance—Dependent
and Independent, or what is more in accordance with
my views, Physical and Spiritual. Physical Clair-
voyance is that which is induced by human instru-
mentalities; or, through the aid of a human opera-
tor. Independent or Spiritual Clairvoyance, is that
where the subject is independent of all visible agents
or operators. Physical Clairvoyance is witnessed in
Pathematic phenomena. In this, the subject sees
and senses only what is known to the operator, or
the individual in rapport with the subject, or medi-
um. But as in the case of trances, noticed in my
last chapter, it is difficult to draw the boundary
line, and tell at what precise point the physical
ends and the spiritual begins. Experimenters often
find themselves in difficulty on this point, and find
their subjects running away beyond the reach and
control of their will, and describing scenes, the reverse
of their own imagination. Professor Grimes, in
speaking of making passes on Clairvoyant subjects,
says:—"When the subject is clairvoyant, he knows
the intention of the operator, or any third person who
instructs the operator how to proceed; so that no
contrivance can deceive him."

The following, which I condense from a letter
written by Henry C. Wright to James Houghton,
Dublin, Ireland, December 8, 1847, giving a narra-
tive of the phenomena witnessed by him in Mr. Sun-
derland's experiments, at Tremont Temple, Boston,
will perhaps give the reader as correct an idea of
what I conceive to be Dependent or Physical Clair-
voyance as anything I can lay before them. Mr.
Wright says: "There were on the platform four
women, and three men, none of whom I had ever
seen before." Mr. Sunderland stated that he would
experiment upon them in reference to time, as he
considered this the most difficult. Mr. Wright took
his watch out of his pocket, and it was just eight
o'clock. He then put the hands forward about an
hour and a half, and held it up to Mr. Sunder-
land to see the time. Mr. Wright then asked, "Can any
one tell me the time by my watch?" In a moment
it was answered by two or three at the same time:
"Just twenty-six minutes to ten o'clock," which was the
exact time. Mr. Wright again opened his watch
and put it forward, and holding it up for Mr. Sun-
derland to see, asked: "Now can you tell me the
time?" In an instant there was a simultaneous an-
swer: "Just eleven o'clock." Mr. Wright had also
prepared several questions and answers. The ques-
tions, he read aloud to the audience; and the an-
swers he showed to Mr. Sunderland to read and get
an impression fixed on his mind. The first was:
"With what is the city of Berlin, in Prussia, sur-
rounded?" After reading the answer, Mr. Sunder-
land asked: "What do you see?" Soon several an-
swered: "Bushes and shrubs—green shrubs—and sand
all around." Mr. Wright then read the answer,
which was: "Pine shrubs and plains of sand." Again
Mr. Wright read the question to the audience: "Is
Rachone Cottage in Scotland, located on the banks
of a river or on the shore of a lake?" Mr. Sunder-
land read the answer, and in an instant it was an-
swered: "It stands by a beautiful lake." One said:
"I should like to live there." Another, "I should think
you would like to go back there." The answer was:
"On a lake shore."

I have given enough from the experiments of that
evening, to show the nature and condition of the
phenomena which I term Dependent, or Physical
Clairvoyance. In these experiments, the reader will
observe, Mr. Sunderland had first to fix the answer
in his mind, and through the volitions of his own
mind he imparted the answer to those under his
pathematic influence, or control. A thought is im-
pressed here, which may be serviceable in explain-
ing the mysteries of another class of phenomena
which is soon to follow. This pathematic control is
not lost by merely throwing off these outward gar-
ments, or stepping out of this house we live in, the
body, but rather increased.

I shall not attempt to explain the mysteries of
Clairvoyance, or tell how it is produced. I do not
believe it is within the scope of human knowledge to
tell just how it is, or why it is, that this power of
property of the soul exists. I believe, however, to
see clairvoyantly is to see with the eyes or vision of
the soul or spirit, in the electrical elements of the
spirit, or atmosphere of spirit existence. The natu-
ral eye is only an aperture through which light en-
ters from external objects, and impresses the soul
with the image of the object. To see with the natu-
ral eye, therefore, is only to see through the atmo-
sphere of man's natural existence. But to see
clairvoyantly, is to see with spirit eyes in another
element more refined—the atmosphere of spirit ex-
istence. On this point I will give the experience of
one or two mediums who have seen clairvoyantly,
Independent of human agency.

And, first, I shall allude to the experience of A. J.
Davis, as recorded by him in the Magic Staff. In
this case, it may be said, he was not Independently
Clairvoyant, inasmuch as the conditions were in-
duced through the aid of his operator, Mr. Arm-
strong, who pathetized him on that occasion. But I
claim that it was not Physical Clairvoyance, inas-
much as it was not induced through the aid of his
operator, Mr. Armstrong, who pathetized him on that occasion. But I
claim that it was not Physical Clairvoyance, inas-
much as it was not induced through the aid of his
operator, Mr. Armstrong, who pathetized him on that occasion.

Grimes's Philosophy of Memory, p. 208.
See H. C. Wright's Letter, Sunderland's Treatise
on Patheticism, 162.

much as the will of the operator had, nothing to do with what he saw or experienced, as was the case in the experiments of Mr. Sunderland, reported by Mr. Wright. Mr. Livingston simply aided in producing the trance condition. The case occurred January 1, 1844. Speaking of what he experienced that night, he says:

"My thoughts were of the most peaceful character. My whole nature was most beautifully expanded. I thought of the joys of friendship and happiness of united souls! Notwithstanding the fact that my mind was excited, and meditating in this manner, I perceived, as yet, not the least ray of light in any direction. Therefore, I concluded, I was peacefully in a deep sleep, mentally engaged in all things in our room and nothing more. . . . All things in our room and nothing more. . . . Each human body was glowing with many colors, more or less brilliant and magisterial. . . . It seemed that the whole earth, with all its inhabitants, had been suddenly translated into some Elysium. . . . A few moments more, dear reader, and I not only beheld the exterior of the individual in that room, clothed with light, as it were, but I also saw the interior of their interiors; and then, too, the hidden sources of those luminous magnetic emanations. . . . The whole body was transparent as a sheet of glass. . . . At this moment I heard the voice of the operator. He inquired 'if I could hear him speak plainly.' I replied in the affirmative. He asked concerning my feelings, and whether I could discern anything. . . . On replying affirmatively, he desired me to revive some persons who were present; by reading the title of a book, with the title closed, behind four or five other books. Having tightly secured my bodily eyes with handkerchiefs, he then placed the books on a horizontal line with my forehead, and I saw and read the title without the slightest hesitation."

The following, which I condense from the experience of Hudson Tuttle, and which some of my readers will remember to have seen in the BANNER OF LIGHT, is also to the point. On account of the glowing style in which it is given, I shall retain the language. He says:

"How can I describe the sensation I experienced when I first sank into the superior clairvoyant state? I cannot. Words are employed to convey known ideas, but the ideas then awakened have no words, and must remain unexpressed. I was communing on a deep topic with my spirit friends, through my impressibility, and writing the words as fast as they were given to me when I perceived that the sweet sensation which fell like a gauzy veil over my nervous system was slowly deepening. Before I was aware, earth's objects were excluded from my senses. . . . Then my mind was quickened. Thoughts grand and inexpressible came like pulsating waves from every side, and it seemed that I was in rapport with the combined intelligence of the angel sphere. It was not till then that I was aware that, by losing my physical senses, I had acquired spiritual perceptions, infinitely more accurate."

There is another condition by which objects hidden from natural vision are perceived by the interior senses, viz: sensation. But as this more properly comes under the head of Impressional and Inspirational, I shall leave it until I come to treat upon those subjects, and proceed now to give a few cases illustrating the power of independent or spiritual clairvoyance.

Emanuel Swedenborg possessed this power to an eminent degree; and he claimed, also, that it was preternatural—a gift from heaven. Concerning Swedenborg's clairvoyant powers, however, I shall not have space to give but one instance, and that in a condensed form.

In September, 1756, Swedenborg was at the house of his friend, Wm. Castle, at Gothenburg, with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock he went out, and after a short interval returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said a dangerous fire had broken out at Stockholm, and that it was spreading very fast. He also stated that the house of one of his friends (whom he named) was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock he went out again, but soon returned, joyfully exclaiming: "Thank God, the fire is extinguished, and at the third door from my house!" This was Saturday night. What Swedenborg had stated was announced to the governor the same night. The governor sent for him and questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely—how it began, in what manner it ceased, and how long it continued. On Tuesday morning a royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, not in the least different from that which Swedenborg had given.

Laura Edmonds, daughter of Judge Edmonds, is gifted with this power. It is related, in a work on Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, that at the time of the wreck of the Steamer San Francisco, she saw and described all the particulars several days before any news reached the land. In her clairvoyant condition, she stated that the upper deck had been swept off, and a certain number thus perished; and that the residue of those on board had been taken off in three vessels, and were then on their way, in different directions, for different ports; and that the steamer had been abandoned on the sea. A few days after this revelation, news reached land of the disaster, confirming the statement made by Miss Edmonds in every particular. She also saw and detailed with great accuracy, as subsequent accounts showed, the wreck of the Arcton when it was occurring. And also the collision on the Canada Railroad, even while the dead and wounded were being lifted from the ruins.

The following case of independent clairvoyant powers in a child is testified to by O. Robbins, Charlestown, Mass., under his own signature, May, 1857. He says:

"About five years since, I was called to visit a child ten years of age, residing twenty miles from Boston, who, from injury, had been afflicted with epileptic fits. The child, as I neared me, turned to her mother and said, 'This is the doctor I saw some time ago that was to cure me; I shall have no more fits, but spasms for a short time, and then be well.' Said she: 'Where is your overcoat?' I remarked that it was in the hall. She went out and soon brought it to her mother, saying: 'Was I not right as to the buttons and color of the coat?' Her mother remarked that the child, four months before, had described a person of my size and appearance, wearing glasses, with a snuff-brown overcoat, who would call at their house. They were unbelievers in Spiritualism, but acknowledged that it was strange. She also told me that such visions were common with the child. The result of my practice was as the child said it would be. At the time she said she saw me (clairvoyantly) come into the hall, I had never been in that section of the country, and she never came where I was; the coat I had from the tailor the day before the vision, and it had not been worn."

Many cases of a similar character might be quoted, but these, perhaps, are sufficient to illustrate the nature and condition of independent clairvoyance; and by independent clairvoyance I must, as I explained in the commencement, be understood to mean independent of human agency, other than exists in the natural qualities of the clairvoyant subject.

"This question of the operator shows conclusively that he was not under Pathe's control."—*Magie Star*, from page 213 to page 218, in the BANNER OF LIGHT. Stockholm is about fifty miles from Gothenburg. History of All Souls. A Banner of Light, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light.
ADDRESSED TO A PAIR OF ELMS.

BY ALFRED EGO.

The soft west wind is gently swaying
Your pendant boughs, ye aged two,
For Spring, kind Nature's call obeying,
Hath clothed your giant forms anew.
From moss-green branches, spreading widely,
And reaching upward proudly tall,
Your gallant streamers float out idly,
And with the light breeze lift and fall.

A broad sun his golden splendor
Pours, cheering the human heart,
Tinging the leaf, the floweret tender,
With his inimitable art.

The Summer birds are celebrating
The praises of creation's Lord—
O'er Nature's face expatiating,
To beauty and to bloom restored.

These great, uplifting branches under,
I through the leafy covert, see
The dome of heaven, and, silent, wonder,
Lost in its blue immensity.

Majestic Elms! is your green glory
Large promise of the soul's birthright
In that celestial constellary,
Beneath an endless future's light?

My soul, it seems beyond endurance,
Is of its deep desire in pain,
To feel a strong and full assurance
That all my prayers are not in vain.

At noon's bright hour, or sultry even,
In this cool shade I love to lie,
And cheer my soul with thoughts of heaven,
With hopes of love beyond the sky.

O, I can feel how poor and meagre
The pleasure common friendship gives,
Now that my soul hath grown so eager
For that by which alone it lives.

On moonlit nights in late mid-summer,
A sad star-gazer oft I've been,
While listening to the soothing murmur
Of cricket in the dewy green.

I love to hear the raindrops patter
Upon these broad, leaf-shingled towers,
Or when, wind-shaken, quick they scatter
Down to the ground in double showers.

But not alone when all things nestle
In Summer's influence, mild and warm,
Are ye sublime, but when ye wrestle
Like giants with the mighty storm.

The lightning bolt and rolling thunder
Are dangers I have often dared
In fearful tempest, seated under
Your great protecting arms unshored.

Great Elms! since ye have overshadowed
This mansion, worn and weather stained,
A hundred Summers fair have faded,
A hundred Winters waxed and waned.

Silent ye stand, else I had queried
Concerning human life and death—
How many had been born and buried
Who sported your great arms beneath.

Long may the lesson of your grandeur
Dispose my heart to nobleness;
Your beauty, constancy, and candor,
My apprehensive mind impress.

O, solemn types of the supernal!
A hundred Summers' aurns have seen
Ye reënrobed in vestments vernal,
May many more view ye still green!

Magie Star, May.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Canada.

The cause of truth and progress is gaining quite a hold in Canada West, especially in the vicinity of London and Sparta. At the latter place there has been a large number of believers, who for several years have battled for truth against bigotry and superstition, until they have got together quite a circle of liberal minds, who have been occasionally instructed by such speakers as Rev. J. M. Peebles, Abram Smith and others, and lately by the subscriber. The interest there is strong and increasing.

Spiritualism in London, so far as public manifestation is concerned, is of later growth. About the first of March last, two or three Spiritualists engaged the services of Mrs. Thompson, of Toledo, O., an excellent test medium, who remained a few days, exciting great interest among investigators, and much wrath among the clergy and their most devoted followers. There is in London a society called the "Young Men's Christian Association," that employs certain of the clergy to lecture occasionally on various topics. Looking upon Spiritualism as something necessary to be put down, this society employed a Rev. James Scott, Methodist, to deliver a lecture against it. The friends learning of this, sent one of their number over to Michigan for me to come there, be present at the lecture, and make a reply. I was there; only six persons in the room, all friends, knew of my presence.

After the Reverend closed his lecture, which was a jargon of abuse and garbled extracts from Spiritual writers, polished with bad grammar and un-south gestures, a gentleman got up and said a stranger (meaning me) would like to make a few remarks. The President of the society very considerably allowed me ten minutes to reply to the Reverend's hour and a half lecture. I accepted the time, and noticed in brief some of his fallacious assumptions, and announced myself ready to defend Spiritualism against all attacks.

The next evening I gave a lecture on "The Natural Evidence of Spirit Existence and Intercourse," to a very large audience. The Rev. Scott was present, and asked the privilege of speaking after the lecture. It was granted, and most shamefully abused. I thought I had heard low Billingsgate, abuse and slander to its full extent from the lips of the many American priests whom it has been my lot to meet as opponents, in my eight years' travel as a lecturer in the United States, but this one carries the palm, in this respect, high above them all. He tried hard to excite the prejudices of the people against me by such expressions as these: "Will you submit to the domination of this fellow from the United States, who has come over here to preach infidelity? Do not be led away by these wicked American impostors, who have come over here to ply their trade. The Kingdom of heaven has no place for such vile impostors, liars, deceivers and wicked men," etc., etc.

But all his efforts were unavailing; no mob could be raised, thanks to the good sense of the people and the firmness and impartiality of his worshipful, the Mayor of London, who presided at the meeting. I made a short reply to Mr. Scott, and showed up the

character of the opposition that had to stoop to such measures to put down a cause that argument could not destroy. I then made a proposition (which was agreed to by Mr. Scott) to appoint a joint committee, consisting of three of his friends and three of mine, who should meet and agree on the preliminaries between us. The committee met, but failed to agree. Mr. Scott then opened a correspondence with me, in which several propositions were made and canvassed; finally we agreed on the following, which embodied his original position against us:

Resolved: That modern Spiritualism is a delusion, and contrary to the teachings of the Scriptures. When his committee met mine, they backed down from this fair proposition made by him, and refused to accept the Bible as the standard of debate as embodied in the resolutions above. Thus ended the first great effort of the London priesthood to destroy Spiritualism.

I finished my course of lectures to large and appreciative audiences, and left with a promise soon to return. This was the first week in April. On May 23d, by arrangement with the London Spiritualists, I returned, taking with me Henry Slade, of Jackson, Mich., the celebrated test and healing medium, in whose presence writing is produced without physical hands, an accordion is played under the table, and other similar demonstrations of spirit power occur. At the same time, Mr. H. M. Fay happened along, and gave good satisfaction with his manifestations in the dark. The two phases, light circle and dark circle demonstrations, in connection with lectures, gave honest investigators an excellent opportunity to know something of Spiritualism.

As luck would have it, on the evening of our arrival, the Young Men's Christian Association had employed another parson, Rev. W. F. Clark, of Guelph, (Presbyterian) to come to the rescue of the London clergy, and give a lecture against Spiritualism. Of course I attended. He went on after the usual style of Spiritualism expositors, calling us all kinds of hard names, and accusing us of all sorts of belief and disbelief, without any proof save bare assertions, interspersing the usual amount of garbled and misquoted extracts from our lecturers and authors. As a specimen of his knowledge of spiritual literature, I give the following. In trying to give a description of Judge Edmonds' vision of a saw-mill, &c., he said: "Davis saw a saw-mill and boards in heaven." But more frightened than Scott, he saw the wisdom of admitting the existence of the phenomena of Spiritualism, which he did in these words: "I admit that tables have been moved without contact, raps have been heard, and answers to mental questions have been given; but these can all be explained on mundane principles." Oh, how eagerly I followed, with my ears listening attentively, and my pencil rapidly tracing the thread of his discourse, waiting for the promised explanation, the solving of the great problem that has puzzled the savans of Europe and America for fourteen years. I listened in vain. He closed his lecture with the grave admission that "these phenomena were yet to be explained." Yes, they are, on any mundane principles. The wise men of the whole world are as much at fault now as when the raps were first heard in the new dispensation of Spiritual truth. Those simple yet intelligent raps still command interest and awaken thought, still baffle the closest research of the materialistic philosopher. I looked at the company of priests on the stand, (six in number), and thought how foolish they were to attack a system the first letter of which they could not explain.

After Mr. Clark had closed, several of his colleagues spoke, all bitter against us and our philosophy, but no two could agree as to how we should be met, or whether we should be met in argument or let alone. One called it a humbug, another a science, another a revival of witchcraft and sorcery, all the work of Satan. "Do not have anything to do with it," said he; "do not go near their circles or lectures; do not get up any debates; it is unworthy of your attention, and dangerous to meddle with." He intimated, by his words and manner, that he would like to serve us as his ancestors (Scott) did the witches two hundred years ago. Another one, more charitable than his coadjutors, said he "would not condemn the Spiritualists, though he must oppose their theories. He was willing for them to enjoy their belief, and hoped they would excuse the clergy for their intense opposition." We will, most assuredly.

I took a synopsis of Mr. Clark's lecture, and replied to it on the Tuesday evening following. A large audience was assembled, but he was not there, though a friend offered to pay his expenses down and back to Guelph. A few questions were asked by two or three opposers present, which were answered. But no clerical opponent appeared, though the redoubtable Scott was seen standing on the stairs as the crowd passed out.

Thus ended my second course of lectures, and the second great effort of the clergy, assisted by the "Christian Young Men," to put us down.

Spiritualism in London is now a fixed fact; the friends have formed an association of which Wm. Bissell is President, and Marcus Gunn, Secretary. Lecturers, traveling over the Great Western Railway, who are able advocates of a pure and undistorted Spiritualism, untarnished by the fanaticism, side issues and harsh denunciations peculiar to some, will do well to give London a call, en route. London is one of the largest and most thriving cities in Canada West, is beautifully situated on the Thames river, about midway between Detroit and Suspension Bridge, and has about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Sparta is a small village, twenty-three miles south, near the London and Port Stanley Railroad. Speakers are well received there. Among the numerous friends there, may be mentioned, Col. Donald McLeod, and Wm. Harvey, Esq.

Gentlemen lecturers succeed best in Canada, for there is the same prejudice against ladies' speaking in public, that obtains to such an extent in most parts of Europe.

Before closing this letter, I must relate a wonderful manifestation that occurred at the residence of T. Partridge, Esq., where Mr. Slade and myself were so kindly entertained. There is an old clock standing in the dining-room at Mr. P.'s, which has not been wound up for three years; it has no pendulum, and besides, is crowded full of old papers, documents, etc. About the time of our arrival, that clock began to tick and strike, which wonderful performance continued at intervals during our stay, four days. One evening we held a large circle there to witness the demonstrations with Mr. Slade, when, by previous request, the spirits commenced working the clock again. While the writing was going on, it was silent; as soon as the pencil dropped, it

would rattle and tick violently. The day before we left, it was silent all day; the day we left it commenced again, and was running when we took our departure. At least, fifteen persons, some of whom were not Spiritualists, witnessed this remarkable phenomenon, and can add their testimony to its occurrence, if necessary. The existence of any collusion or deception in the matter, is absolutely impossible. First, the standing of the family is such as to exclude any desire for deception. Mr. P. is a prominent citizen, a lawyer, and member of the Board of Aldermen; therefore would have much to lose and nothing to gain by a trick. Second, the demonstration took place in daylight, and by bright lamplight; and the clock could be examined outside, and inside, if desired.

The writing in the presence of Mr. Slade is done in this wise: a slate, with a small piece of pencil, say one quarter of an inch in length, laid upon it, is placed on the floor under the table; all the hands are joined on the table, the room is light all the while; every one present can hear the sound of the pencil while it writes. The names of spirits, and at times intelligent communications are written in this way; thereby precluding all possibility of deception at least, to the mind of any honest skeptic.

We left the Spiritualist of London in an excellent condition, with increased numbers, stronger in the faith than ever. Our clerical opponents and their satellites, the more silent and less demonstrative, are (if possible) more bitter in opposition than before.

They cry out against us as "dangerous men." Thus spake the imago makers of Ephesus in the days of the Apostle Paul. When I revisit London, I shall be happy to give you a further account of the progress of Spiritualism in the Provinces of Canada.

A. B. WHITING.

Detroit, Mich., June 5, 1862.

Organization, By-Laws, etc., of the New England Agricultural Company.

Articles of agreement made this Fourth day of June, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two, by and between A. B. Child, of Boston, Massachusetts, John M. Kinney, of Wareham, Massachusetts, and Henry D. Huston, of Kidder, Missouri: Witnesseth, that the said Child, Kinney and Huston have agreed, and do hereby agree, to associate themselves together and form a Joint Stock Company, agreeably to the provisions of the Sixty-first Chapter of the General Statutes of Massachusetts, and amendments thereto, under the name of "The New England Agricultural Company," for the purpose of conducting agricultural operations in Section Thirty-two (32), Township Fifty-eight (58), and Range Twenty-eight (28), and County of Davies, State of Missouri, about one mile and a half from the depot at Kidder, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

And for that purpose do mutually agree to purchase the Section of land aforesaid, in the State of Missouri, and that the Capital Stock of the said Corporation shall be Nine Thousand Six Hundred Dollars, divided into Thirty-two shares of Three Hundred Dollars each.

And the said A. B. Child agrees to take Eleven shares of said stock. And the said J. M. Kinney agrees to take Eleven shares of said stock. And the said Henry D. Huston agrees to take Ten shares of said stock: In witness whereof the parties hereto have signed their names and seals, at the date and year first mentioned.

A. B. CHILD.

J. M. KINNEY.

H. D. HUSTON.

NOTE.—To answer the demands of the law relating to a joint stock company, which requires all the shares to be taken before the company can be organized, is the reason why these thirty-two shares are at first held by only three persons, and which three persons design ultimately to hold only one share each. Ten shares are already sold to ten individuals, and the remaining twenty-two shares, if taken immediately, will be sold at the same rate to individuals, viz.: three hundred dollars each.

WHEREAS, It appears that A. B. Child, of Boston, J. M. Kinney, of Wareham, Mass., and H. D. Huston, of Kidder, Mo., have agreed to associate themselves together, and form a Joint Stock Company, under the name of "The New England Agricultural Company," for the purposes set forth in the foregoing agreement; the parties in interest met at the office of A. B. Child, in Boston, on this 4th day of June, 1862, and proceeded to the following business.

Voted, To become a Corporation in accordance with the foregoing agreement.

John M. Kinney, A. B. Child, and H. D. Huston were elected Directors of said Company.

John M. Kinney was elected President by the Directors. A. B. Child was elected Treasurer and Clerk.

The following code of By-Laws was adopted by vote:

By-Laws.

ART. I. The business of the Company shall be managed and conducted by the President and Directors thereof, and by such other officers and agents as the Directors shall authorize for that purpose.

ART. II. There shall be a Clerk who shall be chosen annually by the Stockholders, who shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of his duty, and shall record all the votes of the Company, in a book kept for that purpose; shall notify meetings of the Company and Directors, in such manner as the Directors may order, and call special meetings of the Company, when required by two or more Stockholders.

ART. III. There shall be a Board of Directors not less than three in number, chosen annually by the Stockholders, and shall hold their offices for one year, and until others are chosen and qualified in their stead, and one of the Directors shall be chosen President by the Directors.

ART. IV. There shall be a Treasurer chosen annually by the Stockholders, and shall give bonds in such sum, and with such sureties as shall be required by the Directors, for the faithful discharge of his duty, and all notes, obligations, etc., shall be issued in his name. He shall have power to collect assessments, and conduct generally the pecuniary concerns of the Company. He shall have power to contract debts to an amount not objected to by the Directors; shall keep all money and funds belonging to the Company in the name of the Company, and distinct from all other funds; shall keep the accounts of the Company in a clear and perspicuous manner, and always open to the inspection of the Stockholders.

ART. V. There shall be an agent appointed by the Directors who shall superintend, manage, and carry on the active business operations of the Company, subject to the regulations and direction of the Board of Directors.

ART. VI. A majority of Directors at a Directors' meeting shall constitute a quorum.

ART. VII. At any meeting of the Company, business of all kinds may be transacted, though not specified in the notice, not repugnant to the laws of the Commonwealth.

ART. VIII. Each share of the Capital Stock shall entitle the owner thereof to one vote.

ART. IX. The Directors shall devise a common seal for the Company, which shall be kept by the Treasurer, which seal shall be affixed to all certificates of stock issued, which certificates shall be signed by the Treasurer and countersigned by the President.

ART. X. The By-Laws may be amended at any meeting where a majority in interest of the Stockholders is present.

Voted: Each shareholder shall be entitled to the use of one and one-half acres of the land of the Corporation, for his own private use, situated and described as the "private garden and residence" in "A Plea for Farming and Farming Corporations," by

A. B. Child, and published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, 1862, this plan being altered only so as to make thirty-two private residences and private gardens instead of sixteen.

Voted: On these private gardens, which shall be designated by the number on certificate, each Stockholder shall, at his pleasure, erect his own private residence as he shall desire, and may dilate—though it is desirable that the thirty-two said residences be uniform.

Voted: For each private residence erected, two hundred dollars shall be assessed upon the share on which it stands, for the erection of the Central Block; also described in the above-mentioned Plea for Farming and Farming Corporations.

Voted: That H. D. Huston, of Kidder, Caldwell Co., Missouri, be authorized by the Treasurer to issue certificates of stock to meet the present demands there.

Nov. H. D. Huston, of Kidder, Caldwell Co., Mo., was appointed Agent by the Directors.

A. B. CHILD, Treasurer.

15 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

The Spiritoscope.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Feeling prompted by a love of truth, justice and humanity to say a few words through your wide-spread journal relative to Dr. Harlow's dial, and some things connected with our glorious cause, I submit the following, and in doing so, would most respectfully beg the indulgence of your many readers, as I am not in the habit of composing for the public eye. Without a long circumlocution of words, I will state in my own brief language the facts I feel called upon to communicate.

Having long since been convinced and satisfied of the truth and reality of a conscious existence and sentient life of real, actual enjoyment beyond the tomb, through spirit manifestations alone, even after all other means had failed to convince me of an immortality and life to come beyond the fading scenes of earth, was induced to purchase a dial, more than a year ago, and, under the direction of Dr. Harlow, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, my wife (now a saint in heaven) became developed as a dial medium. Very interesting communications were given after a few sittings, purporting to come from our spirit friends, of which fact I have no more question or doubt, than of my own existence; frequent tests were given, lost articles were oftentimes found through this source, (to me of reliable intelligence) after thorough and diligent search had been made in vain to discover lost objects. This has been a fruitful source of instruction and enjoyment to me. It has brought the spirit-world to my very door—yes, into my house and heart. I have rejoiced much over the interesting fact; but, alas, in the midst of my fruition and joy, the cup of bliss, sparkling with delight at my lips, has been suddenly dashed to the ground, and I am now left to lament and weep for the loss of her whose presence in tangible form and shape will be no more seen at the dial. She has gone, but, thank God, not so far but what she can return to comfort and cheer the life of him who is left to mourn his loneliness here.

On the 31st of March last, after traveling with me the path of life in conjugal affection for over thirty years, she launched out into the stream, and was soon borne from my sight; but, true to her oft repeated promise, she has returned, and more than once or thrice already given me the clearest proof and evidence of her identity and presence, power and willingness to send greeting, words of comfort and cheer through the same instrument she was in life so fond of consulting. Oh, what consolation does our heart-cheering philosophy afford in life's parting trials! The blessed thought fills the soul to overflowing with holy joy to think that our friends are not dead and buried in the cold grave, but yet live to bless, cheer and advise us who are left behind.

For all this, and much more I have not mentioned, I am indebted to this instrument that seems to bring heaven to earth in such a real and tangible way that none need doubt. No one can too highly appreciate this blessing. I would most certainly, in all sincerity, recommend to all who can, to provide themselves with a dial, as I understand that Dr. H. sends them by express to any part of the country, who wish, with full directions furnished by spirit counsel for receiving communications through them, for only three dollars each. Let every family and person who can, wishing to enjoy a sitting with the invisibles for their guests night and morning, use the means necessary, now within their reach, and success will attend the effort. Long experience and observation in spiritual things enable the doctor to give valuable advice in this department to any who wish, as well as in medical matters, to which his attention is now mainly directed, through his spiritoscope or dial.

JOHN GOODALL.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 16, 1862.

Spiritualism in Canada West.

Mr. Editor.—Intense excitement has occurred in this city of late by the astonishing novelty of Spiritualism, by which several of our most worthy citizens have been convinced, by ample tests and demonstrations, that they have had intercourse with their beloved ones who have passed from this rudimentary sphere of existence, and also with other invisible intelligences of a high order, by which it is now evident, to them, that the dissolution of the outward physical organism, by death and the grave, is no longer an absolute veto upon such intercourse; and that laws and conditions have been always inherent and extant in human nature to sanction and favor the certain exhibition of this gracious administration of the Eternal Father.

The excitement and interest alluded to, was induced, first, by the presence of a lady from Toledo, Ohio—Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson—a most respectable lady, of rare attainments, who gave tests and lectures to crowded audiences in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, extempore, on intricate subjects proposed by a committee of the audience. She also uttered splendid poetry on subjects propounded to her, in the same way. In her lectures, evidently dictated by a powerful invisible intelligence, while her consciousness was suspended, or superseded, for the time being, displayed such overfluent exuberance of thought and elegant phraseology, that the audience expressed astonishment—as beholding something to them, unprecedented. In a logical and philosophic style she traced the origin and progress of life on this planet to its ultimate in man, and his immortality in progression.

Mr. A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Michigan, was also here about the beginning of April, and lectured several times in the City Hall to crowded audiences—

Inducing profound attention to doctrines, to them, quite novel, but meanwhile, rational and consistent—portending a revolution as to the so-called Orthodox Theology.

Yours, respectfully,

Marcus Gunn.

London, Canada West, May 19, 1892.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

Shining—The Better Time—Educational Reform—John M. Spear & Co.—The Kiantone Domain—Digging Disappointed—Ideals of the Millennium—Pilgrims with Missions—The Hardest Fields Ripening.

Many Spiritualists, while in ease, prosperity, and the sunshine of the celestial gospel, seldom remember the labors and sacrifices of those who have gone forth as John the Baptists of the generation. I have often heard men complain of how much they used to pay for the support of Orthodoxy, and boast of the cheapness of our free Spiritualist gospel, while, perhaps, in the same breath they would lament the lack of lecturers and mediums in affording the people an opportunity to hear and see, and grumble at the want of zeal and means on the part of others to sustain public laborers. There is wealth enough among Spiritualists in more than a thousand places in the Northern States, to sustain public meetings every Sunday, and keep more than a thousand speakers free from embarrassment, without placing them in a position vulnerable to the charge of being either beggars or hirelings. The time is coming soon, when new ardor will appear among believers, and some system will be adopted more economical and efficient than the present itinerant course. The grand aim of Spiritualism is to unfold all souls, receptive to all inspirations adequate to life and duty; but the aid of lecturers and mediums, for a long time yet, will be needed to awaken interest and diffuse light among the uninitiated masses; and those who would enjoy the light they have already received cannot content themselves in ease and indifference while multitudes around them are left in darkness, unconscious of the beauties and glories of the opened heavens, and deaf to the glad anthems and messages of angel hosts.

I have found many noble public as well as private pioneers during my late itinerary in Cattaraugus and Chautauque Counties. Dr. Carter, of Laona, Chautauque Co., was one of the earliest and most remarkable clairvoyant physicians. A man of fine natural abilities, amiable, social qualities, modest and unassuming, he was called out many years ago, and has been used by the invisible as a medium for the examination and cure of hundreds of sufferers deemed beyond all hope. His capacity to examine disease and prescribe remedies, is seldom paralleled, whether the patient is present or absent. Dr. E. S. Brown, Sinclairville, the same county, has been another efficient worker, though a Homeopath in profession, and not claiming any peculiar clairvoyance. Risking his reputation for the maintenance of his Spiritual convictions, he left no means untried for the furtherance and unfolding of truth, and has at last, outlived all reproach.

I am indebted to Dr. Brown, for a visit to the so-called John M. Spear Domain, in Kiantone, in the southern part of Chautauque Co. We rode down through Jamestown, and I was shown the site of the late educational institute of Dr. O. H. Wellington, now in Boston. The location was delightful, and so was the ideal of the Doctor, and it is hoped the ideal will one day become actualized, for nothing needs a more radical reform, than our present hot-house, mechanical system for prematurely forcing the intellects of the young.

Leaving Jamestown, we drove down south six or seven miles, through a rich country, until we came in sight of the consecrated vale of Kiantone. Turning a road on the right, after driving a few rods, we came in sight of the "Domain." No celestial city, with gorgeous domes, saluted our wondering eyes, but rather a few humble, one-story cottages, two or three in octagon style, sheltered beneath a magnificent grove, along the eastern bank of a pure stream, whose murmurs mingle with the melody of the celestial pioneers supposed to guide the footsteps of the first pilgrims who sought these secluded shadows. Arriving at the entrance of the Domain, instead of finding a gorgeous archway, we found a pair of very poor bars, and I tested my early training on a farm, by showing Dr. Brown how dexterous I was with rails, as probably prophetic of my becoming, if not an Uncle Abner candidate for the Presidency, at least a candidate for bar-keeping in the Kiantone Kingdom. After a little dexterous riding, not over golden streets, but over mounds and gullies of fearful import to gaily invalids, we found ourselves fronting another pair of bars, near the grove dotted with said cottages. A smart, smiling, little boy hurried to the bars, and before we had fairly stopped, the bars were out, and the genial boy stood smiling us a hearty welcome. The lad proved to be none other than Master Newton, son of A. E. Newton, the pioneer editor, of Boston. His children are spending the summer here in care of two amiable, progressive women, one of whom came out and gave us greeting, with an invitation as cordial as though angel guests were anticipated.

John M. Spear and company had just left for their vineyard, in Patriot, Ind. A company of associated congenials were expected to spend the summer at Kiantone. As a rural summer retreat, the location is peculiarly attractive, though its charms may embrace nothing beyond the natural. Certain mineral and magnetic influences are said to pervade the atmosphere, favoring health and spiritual development, and in spite of the prejudices I may have entertained against all such claims, I confess the weakness of having experienced sensations of a peculiarly agreeable and exhilarating character. How much I was influenced by the associations clustering around the place, I am unable to aver.

The spiritual history of this domain is akin to the marvelous and romantic. For a generation or more, tradition said there were salt springs in the Kiantone Valley. John Chase, one of the landholders, conferred with mediums, and was directed to commence the work of subterranean perforation. Two drills were put into a rock, and water at last appeared from two holes. On testing the waters, they were pronounced mineral and medicinal, but the results anticipated were much larger than ever realized. John M. Spear was attracted to the spot, and subsequently gave directions for digging in another place. A cave of a hundred feet or so was opened, but some disappointment ensued, as in all cases where such enterprises are projected, leaving men to learn lessons not so readily learned otherwise. The failure was explained by the medium, but not so satisfactorily as some of the proprietors desired.

I do not claim to be far enough initiated into the details of the Kiantone movement to risk any elaborate comments; " suffice to say," I saw the mouth of the cave or "cavity," as it is called, and its dark, silent, yawning jaws must utter their own comments. No good can result from wholesale ridicule or denunciation against any class of individuals acting under what they regard the most sacred counsels and convictions. They had better fall entirely in the direct objects had in view, rather than pass along with the multitudes who never have any sacred convictions, but are constantly lost in selfish and mercenary aims. I assume no responsibility for Bro. Spear and company, nor for anybody else; they require no endorsement from me or others; yet justice demands a word in their defense. Only a very few have understood their purposes, principles and movements, nor have they been obtuse in their efforts to enable the people to understand. Outsiders have regarded them as a set of monsters and fanatics, guilty of the most

revolting orgies, and even some called Spiritualists have joined in the wholesale slander. A few moments conversation with Bro. Spear, or any of his co-workers, will dispel all apprehensions of anything dangerous or alarming; and will bring to light principles and plans yet destined to wield a mighty influence toward the redemption of humanity, however impracticable many of us may regard all the movements hitherto projected. Something will yet grow out of the various efforts put forth for the fraternization of the race, whether any present organizations succeed or otherwise.

Hundreds of pilgrims, with various "missions," have visited Kiantone, yet none have entirely realized the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, because they lacked the internal elements, and none probably ever will realize that kingdom until they begin in their hearts. My ride with Dr. Brown, and our stay over night in the hospitable home of Stephen Gardner and family, will deepen the memory of my visit to the Kiantone settlement.

The prospects of Spiritualism are daily brightening in the region of Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and the constant call is for more laborers. It is an encouraging sign to find the BANNER OF LIGHT, our leading journal, in every town I visit. That the reader may form some idea of the field opening in this region, as an illustration of many other parts of our common vineyard, I give a brief of my lecturing engagements for May: Randolph, one night; Ellington, three nights, two public test examinations; Charlotte Centre, Saturday night, Sunday morning and afternoon, one public test; Laona, two nights, one examination; Sinclairville, two nights, one public test; Columbus, Pa., Sunday morning and afternoon, one examination; Titusville, one night; Blooming Valley, do; Townville, do; Little Valley, do; Edinville, Sunday morning and afternoon, one test; Farmersville, three nights, two tests; Ashford, two nights; Smith's Mills, Sunday; Forestville, two nights; Gowanda, three nights; North Collins, Sunday. In all these places the audiences were full or overflowing, and the interest to hear and understand increasing from the beginning to the end. Let those who fancy Spiritualism is dying out, go through the country where intelligence is on the increase, and they will find old churches dying out in almost every locality, and the newly unfolding gospel of celestial reform illuminating the minds, gladdening the hearts and regenerating the lives of multitudes just now for the first time assured that man is immortal and the heavens are opened with angel ministrations in behalf of humanity.

U. CLARK.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JUNE 21, 1892.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Wanted—Men.

That is what is wanted now. Not professors merely—those men of chaff and straw with whom we have been long enough acquainted, but real, bona-fide, flesh-and-blood, every-day men, who are just as practical as they are philanthropic, whose idealities do not run and skip out of sight of their common sense, and who seem to have been sent into the world to prove that truth and probity are not such dreary affairs, topics for a closet student to write pretty essays and discourses upon, but the sterling qualities which alone render life endurable or worth possessing on any terms. We have none too many of this sort in the community, though we know as well that it is not so much for lack of the right instincts as in the want of proper development and favorable opportunities. Just when a particular style of manhood is in demand, it is discovered that the stock is short and that we must waste much precious time in getting up the exact article wanted.

It has so happened in history—or rather, it has been so ordered and ruled—that the men were to be had whenever an exigency of any sort summoned them. In the rude Spartan days, the world had Spartan men—ay, and Spartan boys, also. When Rome was mistress of the world, she could boast of a race of men full worthy of her proud possessions. England had her sturdy heroes in her days of need, rough men though they were, and little tender of the finer sentiments that spring from a higher civilization. We found them in the days of the Revolution ourselves—men who were raised up especially to do the work they did so well and thoroughly, such as were fitted exactly to their own time, and would have answered as well in no other. And now we want the right men for these times of ours. Capable warriors, heroes even, we have produced in abundance; the rough and bloody work must be performed first, we well know; but the day is close at hand when a still different class of men will be in demand. Are they all ready for the high duties to which they will be called? Have they been duly preparing themselves? Do we even know as yet who they are, what are their antecedents, or their qualifications?

The great want now will be, for persons possessed of large wisdom, superior judgment, the qualities of moderation and energy happily harmonized, of comprehensive sympathies, tender though firm and resolute, open ever to the higher inspirations, self-poised, ready for emergencies, complete masters of themselves, and, withal, fully abreast with all the nobler and diviner impulses of this unparalleled age and time. We are aware that we have laid down a schedule of qualities that may look to a great many persons as utterly impossible to combine in any one character; but the popular want will have been very much satisfied if anything like an approximation to this combination may be practically secured. It will be much, if we can discover men whose tendencies are that way. But above all, let our new leaders be as brilliant at certain points and in respect of a few qualities as they may, it will be most necessary that they present as harmonious a balance of them all as possible. The new man is to be more a harmonious man than heretofore. "The world—or, at least, our portion of it—is not to bring forth mere monstrosities in intellect and dwells in morals and sentiments—nor yet wonders of will and stardlings in reflection, Titans in execution and pigmies in affection—but rather a whole race whose uniform standard and mark shall be this, that a complete development of all the various elements of character, the lower duly subordinated to the control and guidance of the higher, is to be aimed at from the beginning to the end of our lives. We need balanced and harmonious men, whose work it will be to set the world right, and not mere points of wonder and public admiration.

Quiet heroes are scarce, and long have been. Even if one does worthy things in these times, he or his friends seem to feel the obligation to bruit it abroad, and make all the social capital possible out of it. They thus confess the mortifying fact, that honorable and handsome deeds are the clear exception to the common rule, and that cheapness and meanness are more naturally to be expected. What else is to be inferred from this never-falling brag and boast, when a man has simply forgotten himself and let inspiring forces work wonderfully through him? We seem to have

had quite enough of all this; as the slang phrase goes, it is pretty much "played out." It is no sentimental dream on our part that the age of brass is nearly come to its end, out of pure shame over its own achievements; but we do believe that a new age is ready to be introduced, containing its wealth of beautiful natures—both male and female—and that in due time it will crowd the other, and the baser, to the wall, and may all good angels aid in speeding so desirable a work.

The last mode of hastening on that age, however, is for each one of us to begin with the work of conscientious self-development forthwith. It requires no assemblies or conventions, no creeds or formulas, no resolutions or professions, to set it on foot; it must begin at home, in quiet and silence, after careful reflection and the slow formation of the resolution. Like seeds dropped in the soil previously prepared for them, these silently performed duties will soon sprout, shoot up, and blossom profusely. And thus we shall at length have the men we need so much—those to whom are to be entrusted the keeping of the safety of future generations. Nature keeps her darlings carefully concealed till the moment they are wanted; and we doubt not that many a man of large and noble promise now lives unknown and unseen, whose development has thus purposely been going on in silence and solitude.

Sympathy and Fault-finding.

It is easy to find fault and condemn, and the most of us follow it from the mere habit of the thing. Who can say, on his conscience, that he is capable of looking into all the motives and springs of another's heart, that he knows that other's full history from the start, that he can justly weigh, and judge, and discriminate, and balance? Not one man who lives—not one. Yet what a multitude of judges have we in our midst? Whose fame is not freely passed on every day? Whose reputation is not assailed, blackballed, picked in pieces, by persons, too, who scarcely know more of him than his name, residence and occupation! It is laughing—fault-finding—condemning, all the while. No charitable constructions put upon conduct not yet understood—no suspension of judgement until more facts are in—no thought of the assuming judge being himself vulnerable—but merciless, reckless, inconsiderate, ignorant, heart-destroying criticism; and criticism to the very end, let the changing conduct certify as it may to the improving character.

Now suppose sympathy were tried instead? Suppose people checked themselves when about to use malicious language to others, and made an effort to think well of the objects of their invectives? Suppose fault-finders went so far as to consider that others can just as readily find fault with them, and that they have no special warrant for scolding about others, either, and that they would be less and less disposed to indulge in this folly, the more they exercised indulgence and charity? What a revolution we should have in the social state forthwith!

But there is another view still; none of us can possibly know of the trials, temptations, inherited weaknesses, or peculiar temperaments of others, and therefore have no right to judge or condemn. We have fallen in with some excellent remarks on this point, in an exchange. Says our contemporary:

"Of how much of our indignation against even a delicate wrong would we be disarmed, if we could know for ourselves a little of all the sorrow and trouble and disappointment the poor, erring heart had passed through! What efforts are made in youth to stand up against the pressure of the world, and when fallen, from miscalculation, or an over-confiding nature, or want of tact, it bravely rose up and tried again; and when hard necessity came and drove it to the wall, how it looked around for help, and waited, still striving to stand upright, and fall while striving; and even when fallen, how it yearned for one more chance to rise and be a man, how loth at last to give up all for lost! Could we but see a thousandth part of these struggles, as they rend our brother's bosom, and almost break his heart, how should it disarm us of our vindictiveness, and incline us, even, to run to him, and raise him up, and stand by him, and with god-like forgiveness bid him, 'Try, try again!'"

Straws.

An eccentric gentleman of our acquaintance used to say, "Consistency is an art—not a virtue." We think it is both, and more of a virtue than an art. An Orthodox friend, from our native town, called upon us a few days since, and on leaving, said that he heartily wished us success in our enterprise, though he hated Spiritualism, because he considered it a damnable delusion. We felt grateful for his good wishes to us, personally, yet could but note the inconsistency of wishing us success in an effort that is dependent upon the success of a cause that he deems a fatal delusion, and every effort to advance which, must, if his views are correct, sink us deeper and deeper in the guilt that can be expiated neither in this world nor the next.

Now there is a reason for such gross inconsistency, and it is to be found in the fact that men—we may as well say the mass of men—adopt views and opinions which they believe are to affect their eternal welfare, without investigation, or even serious thought, and condemn their fellow-men on equally slight grounds. They fall to heed the injunction of the apostle, to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Here we are spending ourselves to advance a cause that no sensible man or woman has fairly and thoroughly investigated, without becoming convinced that it is founded in truth; that it is making plain to the most common understanding what is otherwise dark and incomprehensible in the Scriptures, literally making the crooked ways straight; converting, demonstrating to men sunk in the darkness of absolute unbelief in anything like religion, the fact of their eternal existence; in fact, proving itself the best possible adjunct to, and part and parcel of, Christianity, and yet its professors, *par excellence*, denounce us as friends and allies of Satan, and the fact of spirit intercourse, upon which their system is altogether founded, as the grossest and most damnable delusion ever palmed off upon credulous man. And yet, within the last ten years, Spiritualism has demonstrated the fact of their immortal existence to a larger number of men than a hieling priesthood has been able to do in ten hundred years.

A Judgment—of Course.

It is not always necessary to pass a judgment on others. Why should it be? Who has commissioned you, sir—or you, madam—or you, miss—to tell right off what that and that one amounts to, and of how much or little real merit they are? Many think it the evidence of superior qualities, to be always ready with an opinion of another. We call it nothing less than the tendency to scandal. The more one gossips, the hastier he judges and decides; and the more impulsive his judgment, the more superficial, unjust, and thoroughly worthless it is. What is the pressing need of giving judgment on everybody one meets? Why not let *song* men and things pass? How much would the talker lose by it, or the object of his criticism be affected? More than this, what a saving of resources would it not prove to the one who should thus resolve to abstain!

Farming Corporation.

A corporation has just been formed in this State entitled "The New England Agricultural Company." For particulars, see articles of agreement, location, etc., on our third page. The capital stock of said company is to be nine thousand six hundred dollars, divided into thirty-two shares of three hundred dollars each. Here is an excellent chance offered to persons of limited means to establish a permanent home in the Great West. Those interested in such a movement will gain all the information they desire by writing to Dr. A. B. Child, the treasurer, Boston, Mass.

Something worth Knowing.

Some time since I addressed a letter to a medium in Boston who claims to be able to receive and transmit from the spirit-world practical information in regard to the present condition and future prospects of the applicant. As the answer, although very definite as to events and the time of their occurrence, was not satisfactory to my mind, I enclosed it in an envelope, together with a letter to my father, uncle and other spirit guides, desiring their opinion of its truthfulness. I sealed up the envelope and contents, in the presence of friends, putting my own stamp upon the sealing-wax, and so telling it with ribbons that every skeptic who has seen it admits that it has never been opened, and then sent it to Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, of 75 Beach street, Boston. In a short time I received the following answer, which, as it contains good general advice to all investigators, I think will be of interest to the public.

MY DEAR CHILD: We have all given your matter due consideration and investigation, and find that the communication you allude to does not come from a high source. The medium that it was given through is free from fraud, but the spirit that controlled him exaggerated upon all the points in question. Your own good judgment could not accept of it as being reliable. Let this, my dear child, serve as an example for you, that in all spiritual communications, never to act upon any dictation that comes from a spiritual source, unless your reason concurs with it. The object of spirit-communication is not to destroy your individuality, but to quicken your perceptions of duty, and unfold your intellectual powers, so that you may receive a brighter illumination from the divinity, and respond to the demands that God requires of you. Your world has long acted upon a wrong basis in relation to the true religion. He who will let all things well desires to be impregnated into the beings of earth. You possess latent spiritual powers, which, if unfolded, would be a source of much happiness to you and benefit to mankind. There are bright spirits hovering near you for the special purpose of developing your spiritual capacity; but the interior growth with you must be gradual. You are susceptible to spiritual impressions. Be guided by those unseen powers that quicken your being. Listen to the still voice of justice in all your relations to mankind. Study the magnitude of your ability in serving the good angels that are interceding for you. Endeavor to make conditions, so that your mind may be free from external cares, and harmonious. Then, by sitting with a few congenial persons, you will realize that you do possess powers hitherto unknown to yourself. Pursue your daily walks as usual, and consider that every good act of yours makes its impress upon your spirit existence. Then you will receive the benefits of your earth life. I am not permitted to disclose your future. It would not be wise for me to do so.

I do not copy the remainder of the communication, as it was of a private character, including, however, mention of the names of my father, uncle and other spirit friends. Yours sincerely, W. H. PASSMORE.
Providence, R. I., June 6, 1892.

Lecturers.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is expected to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

Miss Lizzie Doten will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in Marblehead the last two Sundays in June.

Mr. H. B. Storrs will speak in Quincy June 22d.

Miss Emma Harding is announced to address the Spiritualists of Taunton the next two Sundays.

Mrs. Annie M. Middlebrook is engaged to speak in Chicopee the next four Sabbaths.

Rev. J. S. Loveland is to speak in Portland, Me., the last two Sundays in June.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Milford, N. H., the two next Sabbaths.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Portsmouth, N. H., the two next Sabbaths.

N. Frank White speaks in Putnam, Conn., the remaining Sundays in June.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Providence, R. I., June 22d and 29th.

A. H. Davis will spend the Summer months in Vermont, and will answer calls to lecture on Spiritual Phenomena and kindred subjects. He will visit towns in the Southern part of Vermont during the present month, and will lecture on the Sabbath wherever arrangements can be made. Address, Londonderry, Vt., care of Sumner Waite.

Miss Nettie Colburn will lecture in Albany, N. Y., the two remaining Sundays in June. Will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity week evenings.

Advertising Us.

The British press has all along been telling the world that Democracy is a failure, and pointing to our present crisis in proof of it. Thus have our institutions managed to get a pretty thorough advertising, the world over. Where the eyes of people were not turned upon us, and might not have been turned upon us till even now, this malicious taunting of England has called particular attention to our condition and our institutions, and in consequence, an universal and intense interest is felt in the result of our present contest with rebellion. We are under more obligations to the English press on this account than we exactly know how to express. We accept the issue by which they declare that free institutions are to rise or fall, and shall hold them, before the world, to the result. If the people show, in this great and fearful emergency, that they have the courage and the actual power to govern themselves, then let the cavilling British press admit that Democracy is not a mere myth, or dream of the imagination, but the one splendid reality that is about to become possible the world over.

The War's Fruitage.

Says a writer in the "Atlantic," in recounting the good results that are sure to come of this contest in which we are now engaged—"The heightened life of this epoch is another cause which shall prepare a great development of intellectual forms. Excitement and enthusiasm pervade all classes of the people. All the primitive emotions of the human heart—friendship, scorn, sympathy, human and religious love—break into the liveliest expression, penetrate every quarter of society; a great river is let loose from the rugged mountain recesses of the people; its waters, saturated with Nature's simple fertility, cover the whole country, and will not retire without depositing their renews of elements." Could the actual truth and the whole of it be any more strikingly stated?

New Music.

From Ditson's: "Pictures of the War: Capture of Fort Pulaski," by Charles Grobe. "Almeda Quail," by Robert Bell. "Levinia Waltz," by Wm. Withers, Jr. "Why then for such loving care," song from the opera of Ruy Blas, by Howard Grover. "Leaving the old Home," song; words by J. E. Carpenter; music by O. W. Glover. "Miss Lorimer Bell," ballad, by O. W. Glover. "Lullaby Song," from the Lily of Killarney, by I. Benedict. "Serenade," "Wake, Lady, Wake," from the opera bouffe, the Doctor of Alcantara; words by B. E. Woolf; music by J. Eichberg, both of the orchestra of the Boston Museum.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. H. D.—Your sketch was received just as we were putting our paper to press. It will appear in our next. We should like similar sketches, of course. Condense your letters, as we are still crowded for room.

Several of our best correspondents, who have waited patiently their turn to be heard, will be attended to next week.

Death of Young Henry Clay.

The Louisville Journal pays the following just tribute to the grandson of America's greatest statesman:

"Another victim to disease contracted in this unnatural war is announced this morning under our obituary head. Henry Clay, the grandson of him who was more beloved in this country than any man except George Washington, and the son of him who gave up his life on the field of Buena Vista in maintaining the honor of his country, died yesterday of typhoid fever contracted in the camp, where he had served with distinguished zeal and gallantry as an aide to Gen. R. W. Johnson, in putting down the insurrection, which held, had men, under the guise of patriotism, have forced upon a portion of the American people. With all the noble impulses of his immediate progenitors, and deeply imbued with that patriotic devotion to the Union which was their distinguishing characteristic, he drew his maiden sword when the effort was first made to force Kentucky into the secession ranks. Disclaiming the Circian tures and unflinching by the specious sophistries which were thrown around him to dazzle his judgment, he saw clearly the path of duty, and, with all the vigor of his young and ardent soul, he entered upon its performance. His was not a soldier's death upon the battle-field, but his epitaph will be as proud a one as if he had died beneath the folds of his country's flag and amid the shock of arms. When the sad tidings came from the far off plains of Buena Vista that told the fate of a beloved son, the Sage of Ashland was alive to hear the intelligence and receive the sympathies of sorrowing friends, while the knowledge that his child had died the death of a patriot brought consolation to his aged heart. In the far off 'undiscovered country,' [discovered] where he now dwells, the death of his grand son, a martyr to the just cause in which man has ever drawn a sword, how will his spirit cling to the golden memory that another of his descendants has vindicated the honor of his nation at the expense of his life. Glorious grandfathers, chivalrous sons and gallant grandchild, how fitted to bear the same name, and that the name of Henry Clay! Let us thank God that amid treachery and deceit and madness there has been no speck upon that loved name, and that Kentucky and the world can still speak it with pride and reverence."

Dr. Behune.

This eloquent divine and true disciple of trusty Isaac Walton, and the accomplished commentator on his immortal volume, has paid the debt of Nature at last. He was a dear lover of the brooks and streams, and it is our fond belief that by the side of his favorite streams his disembodied spirit still walks. In that which a man truly and purely lives, if his life is denied him to enjoy in the next, we do not see why the spirit of a man must not, in passing through the door which we name death, have changed his identity. The Doctor did not live to number the years he might, or probably expected; for all quiet anglers are supposed to be long-lived men, being fond of contemplation and content. "Blessed are the meek," quotes Father Isaak, "for they shall inherit the earth;" and anglers are accounted meek men, not caring much to own the meadows which they, more than the holders, enjoy to such a degree.

The Domestic Tyrant.

If there is a man whom we want to ponder until our power of pounding is gone from us, it is the husband who keeps his smiles and pleasant words for the outside world, and his frowns and sour phrases for his wife and daughters at home. A ghoul he is, fattening on the happiness and the very lives of those whom he professes to love better than all the world. You would think him one of the most genial of men, from the soppy phrases he employs in his business relations, full of his palaver and compliments, and ready with amir and nod for whoever approaches; but the moment he enters his own doors, sunshine has departed, and gloom has settled down. There are no crueler tyrants than he, for he acts his part with a cool hypocrisy that makes him hateful to contemplate at every point. We can respect the autocrat of a nation; but the petty tyrant at home, who wields trusting and innocent hearts, is to be despised and execrated by all men.

Descerating a Grave.

The people of Batavia, N. Y., were thrown into a state of great excitement recently in consequence of the discovery that a grave had been violated, and the body of a young lady torn from its burial retreat, taken to a dissecting-room, and cut to pieces. Miss Buchanan, who belonged to a very respectable family, was buried on the 25th of February last, aged twenty years. Her mother had a dream three different nights that her daughter had been exhumed. She visited the grave; it bore evidence of having been disturbed. It was dug up, the coffin opened, and to the horror of the family of the deceased, there was nothing in it but the grave clothes. No pen can pencil the scene, or describe the parents' feelings. Evidence was obtained, pointing, as they thought, to Forrest Page, a medical student at that place. Remains of a human being corresponding to the person missing were found in a place to which he had access, besides other circumstances. Accordingly Mr. Page was arrested and held to bail in a large amount.

Spiritualistic Sociables in Newark, N. J.

We had the pleasure of attending the last of a very pleasant series of "Sociables," given by the friends of Spiritualism at Newark, N. J., on Tuesday evening, June 10th. The hall in which this gathering took place, was one used by the Spiritualists for their Sunday meetings, and on this occasion was filled to overflowing. The time was spent in very agreeable social interview, on the part of those present, in discussing the more recent phases of spiritual manifestations, and in such Terpsichorean honors as the occasion seemed to demand. Everything passed off pleasantly, and, altogether, it was one of the most spirited and entertaining social meetings we have attended in a long time.

C. H. C.

A correspondent writes—"We have a cuckoo near our house in the vicinity of Boston. He wakes us in the night with his singing; such a plaintive, low, sad tone as starts any number of vagrant but slumbering associations, reproduces the Past in a real panorama style, taps the big butts where the wines of our sentiment are headed up, and makes sweet mischief generally with both head and heart. In the fresh sunny morning the rattling bobolinks rain down their liquid melodies over the meadows; while on the wing; and at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the redbreasts—now getting to be rather mottled and splashed—strike up with songs, in keeping with the hour; but it is the cuckoo that just now touches us most nearly. Can he be singing to his mate? We ask ourselves—while she broods over the treasures that are heaped in the nest? Is he complaining, or is he only letting that joy escape from his little breast which even the night-watches are not strong enough to suppress? Dear cuckoo! we send you our sincerest wishes for happiness; whenever we hear your voice, so mysterious and melancholy, in the branches which we never can seem to find."

THE SIBBS OF RICHMOND.—Private letters from the Union Army, near Richmond, state that General McClellan is at work with the spade and pick once more in the erection of parallels and intrenchments around the doomed city, which will doubtless result in the surrender of the place, as no defence will avail against the power of our heavy siege guns.

George Francis Train writes to the Boston Bulletin, in a recent letter from London—"Rumor assures me that George Peabody alone has realized upwards of three hundred thousand pounds in American Securities during the Trent affair; one half of which he has generously given to the London poor. The other half, I understand, he is going to distribute. He is a great benefactor to Union soldiers, who have been mutilated during this ungodly war!"

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"LYONEL HARRINGTON" will be continued in our next issue. Although rather lengthy, we are confident our readers are pleased with the story. It will be followed by a fine story from the pen of Miss "Lizzie Dotten," entitled "MARRYING FOR MONEY," OR LIFE AT LAURELHILL.

Our readers will find Bro. Willis's essay "On the Of- fice and Condition of Little Children in the Spirit-World" on the second page. It is dedicated to the numerous readers of the BANNER whose hearts' best treasures have been borne by the Death-angel to the Summer-land, and its perusal will doubtless touch a chord in memory whose vibrations will be wafted to those pa- rent angel-buds in the beautiful home prepared for them by the good Father.

A very interesting letter from Bro. A. B. Whiting, on the Progress of Spiritualism in Canada, will be found on our third page.

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE HADRAE CORPUS," an essay from the pen of Horace Dresser, Esq., LL. D., will be printed in our forthcoming issue.

PRESENTATION.—The Friends of Samuel Grover of Somerville, Mass., met him at his place of business, No. 17 Bennett street, Boston, on the 6th inst., and presented him with a splendid gold watch, valued at \$115, on the occasion of his birthday. Mr. Grover has many firm friends, and many who have suffered long by disease, have, through the healing powers that is given him, been made whole, and this substantial manifestation of their esteem and friend- ship, it is but justice to say, is highly appreciated by him. The watch bears the following inscription: "Presented to Samuel Grover, June 6th, 1862, by his friends, as a token of friendship and esteem."

The Saturday Evening Concerts at Lyceum Hall, under the management of Mr. Alonzo Bond, are well ap- preciated by our citizens. A leisure hour cannot be spent more agreeably than at one of these concerts.

It is said that Father Taylor strenuously opposed the removal of Dr. Davis from the Chelsea Marine Hospi- tal, and traveled to Washington for that purpose. Gen. Wilson, in a conversation with the "old Incor- ruptible," admitted the propriety of his argument, but the wily politician added that the outside pressure was so great that they would have to yield. "Out- side pressure," indignantly replied the old gentleman, "outside pressure; where are your inside brains?"

William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished South Carolina—the great Southern author, poet, and nov- elist—lost all his property by the disruption of the country, the publishers and holders of his copyrights residing in the North. He had fourteen children. Late- ly, he buried nine of them; and a few days ago his house and all of his effects were consumed by fire. Nothing was saved from the general ruin but his library.

At the anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company last Monday week, Governor An- drew expressed his regret at the absence of the com- mander of the corps, Col. James H. French, who is now in the service of his country, "and it may be stated, in justice to His Excellency, that he has done all in his power to keep Col. French at home," says the Express.

The New York City Government have just appro- priated \$50,000 to establish a Soldiers' Hospital at Central Park, to be under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

The Norwich and Worcester Railroad Company have placed upon their steamboat train to New York, a splendid smoking and eating car. This car is beau- tifully decorated, with good appointments, tables, &c., and affords an agreeable addition to the comfort of the passengers. One half of the car is devoted to ladies and gentlemen, and the other portion to the smokers.

The following incident of the Pittsburg battle is re- lated by an eye and ear witness: "Two Kentucky regiments met face to face, and fought each other with terrible resolution, and it happened that one of our boys wounded and captured his brother, and after handing him back, began firing at a man near a tree, when the captured brother called to him, and said, 'Don't shoot there any more—that's father!'"

Counting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, in- dicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number and agrees with the girls—wonderfully.

Independence in thought and action is a luxury far beyond the reach of poor folks.

Curse not the king, nor, not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings will tell the matter.—Solomon.

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.—Letters from General McClellan's Army state, that it is proved beyond a doubt that the rebels made the attack on the memora- ble Saturday, with 60,000 men, and that they were obliged to confess a complete defeat with the loss of 10,000 of their best troops.

Mr. Chase may best be congratulated on his man- agement of the Treasury. After fourteen months of war, United States Sixes, payable in twenty years, are worth some *seventeen* per cent. more than the price at which they were originally negotiated.

One thousand emigrants have sailed from London for the purpose of founding a new non-conformist col- ony in New Zealand, to be called Albertland.

Jo Cook has lately got hold of a new exchange, entitled the "Monitor," and published by Albert Stacy, at Concord, Mass. He likes the paper for its sterling literary merit, and pleasing variety, he says, but pro- tests against the title. He says the *Monitor* has al- ways shown herself victorious; whereas, the sheet in question is a Concord (conquered) paper!

"Woman" is like ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you." An old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined."

Fremont has been doing a "mashing" business lately. The Cross Keys battle resulted in a complete success of the Federal troops. A terrible slaughter of the rebels is reported. The Federal loss is small.

The rebel agent for the purchase of arms in Europe, writes home, under date of April 1, that he owes at least \$400,000 more than he has the means of paying. So it seems some of the English "sympathizers" have had played on them an April fool joke they will re- member for a long time.

Pierre Soule has been arrested by General Butler, and is to be sent North, probably to Boston.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—At half-past one o'clock, on the morning of June 16th, the moon was totally shaded, presenting a magnificent effect, the northern portion being nearly invisible to the naked eye, from which section the copper-colored hue became stronger shaded to the lower edge, where the light had more power, and a very distinct border was shown.

There are many graceless preachers on grace; many uncharitable ones on charity.

A tack manufacturer in Taunton, has sent, within a few weeks, no less than six tons of tacks to New Or- leans, and has received an order for two tons more. Digby thinks this is taxing New Orleans rather heavily.

Talent and virtue are less frequently hereditary than the gout.

THE LITTLE FROCK AND SHOES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delicate,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain.
Beside a little pair of shoes,
With here and there a flaw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau draw!

Summer had passed away from earth
With all her sweetest tides;
The birds had left their Summer haunts
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breezes sweetly played
Among the dews of even—
An angel left his home on high
To gather flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came
Where sister sick did lie;
Then gently fanned her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky.
The morning shone upon the bed,
The Autumn winds blew free,
The angel moved his silvery wings,
And whispered, "Come with me!"

We gathered round her dying bed
With hearts to weep and pray;
And many were the tears we shed
When sister passed away.
"No idle tears had she to weep,"
But closed her eyes, and went to sleep
Right in the face of heaven!

We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently waves the dewy grass,
And Summer flowers are seen;
And often when our mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.
Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

Why are Things as they Are?

Causes and sequences are an eternal chain. One link wanting, all succeeding ones are wanting also. Change one link, and all succeeding ones are changed. God's purpose is good—good in the highest sense—absolutely good. Now if this be so, he surely from the beginning saw the stream of events down the ages, and could have ordered and disposed them, that they would have been entirely different. That he did not do so, is proof positive that they answer his purposes as they are. Therefore, whatever is, is right—right as a whole, as an eternal series. Cut out of the chain a number of consecutive links; compare them going neither forward nor back, and we feel that they are wrong. We may call them evils, perchance; and evils they are when within the limited vision of our own narrow horizon.

For example, take the present rebellion. From our standpoint, it is evil, and only evil. But from the Eternal standpoint, there will good be evoked from it—good to individuals—good to communities—good to nations—good to universal humanity. It will doubt- less prove the keen-edged sword which shall sever the bonds of the slave, and exalt him to the dignity of a freeman. It will infuse a more vital republicanism into our government, and bring it more in accord with its theory. In a variety of ways we might cite where good is to be evoked. In the great chain it is good; as an isolated link, an evil. So we might take many events, and find the same to be true.

We find a parallel in the earth itself. Its moun- tains, valleys, plains and seas form a harmonious whole. Beauty and order are supreme. But not so has it always been. When the great globe was launched, darkness was upon its face, and it was without form and void. Successive changes occurred, and gradually the chaotic mass began to assume shape. But these changes were terrible convulsions. Fire and water, at different times, exerted their potential energies, and the mighty works they did are written in ineffaceable traces wherever we may turn our eyes. Mountains were upheaved, continents were sub- merged, and the solid strata disposed as we see them now. Huge animals and a huge vegetation—both coarse and uncouth—once existed, but gave way to something better and more perfect. Better and more perfect were the results of the successive changes, till man stood upon a sphere fitted for him. Now, why were these processes a million of ages consummating? Why were not man and earth at once brought into being as we see them now? God's purpose was good, and in due order he accomplished it. If it was not in due order, he could at once, by his almighty fiat, have saved the throes and convulsions through which the great object was accomplished. Had mortal, short- sighted man have, at any period, stood on the crust of the earth before the culmination of all these changes, he would have seen only evil. As great waves of death swept over its surface, he would have shuddered and asked himself, "Why is all this?" But now we see the result, and feel that the cosmos of God did a perfect work. The great truth appears manifest, "Whatever is, is right."

Providence, June 6.

Sheetings and shirtings have risen two cents on the yard in consequence of the burning of the raw material in the South.

Bulwer's Strange Story is having a great run. Orders for the work sent to this office will be attended to promptly.

Married.
In Albany, N. Y., June 9th, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mr. JULIUS H. MOTT, of Brandon, Vt., to Miss NELLIE A. COOKE, of East Middlebury, Vt.

Obituary Notices.
Mrs. PHOEBE D. DODGE, of Lawrence, Mass., passed to a higher life June 2d, aged twenty-six years.

Her disease was consumption, and she was a sufferer for about one year, when that welcome messenger—Death—came and relieved her of that sickly earthly form, and the bright spirit took its flight to the spirit world, where her mother and all her brothers and sisters were ready to greet and welcome her. She leaves a husband and darling boy, father and one brother and sister, only, of that large family circle to mourn her loss. But they cannot mourn as those without a hope of reunion, for they all realize the truth of spirit ex- istence and communion with their spirit friends, the glorious faith which so buoyed up our sister at the approaching hour of dissolution, and took away all fear and gave her peace, a willingness, yes, an anxiety, to go and be with her friends who had passed on. Thus it is with all true believers in the beautiful doctrine of spirit communion which the church is so slow to believe, but who should be the first to embrace it.
Mrs. M. B. KENNEDY.

Translated to the spirit-life, in Leominster, Mass., very suddenly, on the 5th instant, ANNA W. WARD, an intelligent, affectionate and much loved child of Asher and Juliette YEAH, aged 3 years and 7 months.

Though bereaved by a single day's mortal sickness, the worthy parents are triumphantly consoled and sustained by their Christian Spiritualism, which makes it to them a glorious reality, that their precious child is not lost but gone before.

Died, in Salisbury, on Sunday, 7th inst., Mrs. JANE HOOD, of Amesbury, aged 78 years.

The deceased was much beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Spiritual Festival.

The Third Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophi- cal Society will be held at St. Charles, Illinois, commencing on Friday and continuing Saturday and Sunday, July 4th, 5th, and 6th. As usual heretofore, a free platform will be maintained for the utterance of the highest conceptions of truth—the speakers alone being responsible for the views uttered—subject to the ordinary rules of decorum. It will be a picnic Festi- val. The friends of progress will contribute to the en- tertainment and make all who may be pleased to join in the festivities of the occasion as happy as possible. If the weather be favorable the Festival will be held in the Grove on the east side of the river. A committee of arrangements will be in attendance at the Universalist Meeting-house to direct and pro- vide for those coming from a distance.

An invitation is given to the public generally, and especially to public speakers, both trance and normal, residing far and near. Come up, friends, and let us have a feast of reason and flow of soul. The first day of the Festival being the Fourth of July, the Anniversary of the Declaration of our Na- tion's independence will be celebrated with patriotic speeches, music and dancing upon the greenward, by such as desire to join in such festivities.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society,
B. S. JONES, President.

A. V. SILL, Secretary.
St. Charles, Ill., June 1, 1862.

Spiritual Convention.
The friends of Progress will hold a Convention at Texas, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, the 28th and 29th of June. Mr. W. F. Jamieson of Paw Paw, Mich., E. Whipple of Ohio, Mr. H. P. Fairfield, of Massachusetts, and J. T. House of Indiana, are engaged to be present as speakers. The friends have fitted up a fine Grove, and ample accom- modations will be afforded for all. Good music will be provided. All are cordially invited to attend. A gen- eral good time is expected.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,
G. D. SKEANS, Secretary.

Yearly Meeting.
The Spiritualists of Boone County, Illinois, will hold their yearly meeting at the usual place, four miles south of Belvidere, in Robinson's Grove, Saturday and Sunday, 26th and 27th of June next. Speakers are cordially invited. Come all who can, and we will have a feast of good things. Those who come a distance provided for free.

By order of the Committee,
A. S. ROYAL,
E. ROBINSON,
C. DEAN.

May 10, 1862.

Grove Meeting.
The friends of Progress will hold a Spiritual Meet- ing in Liberty Grove, one mile north of Gerard Vil- lage, Liberty Township, Trumbull County, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th of July. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson and others, will address the meeting. Speakers and friends are invited to attend.

Friends of Progress' Quarterly Meeting.
The next Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Pro- gress will be held at Dublin, Wayne County, Indiana, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 20, 21, and 22. Speakers will be in attendance to address the meet- ing.

Our Sunday School Class-Book.
This little brochure is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

Notice.
The retail price will be paid at this office for the fol- lowing numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Vol. 1— from No. 1 to 16, also No. 25; Vol. 2—Nos. 6, 9, and 17—No. 26.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 10:00 o'clock. Admission Free. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22nd and 23rd.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday eve- ning, at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 o'clock, after 7 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Dotten, June 22nd and 23rd; Mrs. M. S. Town- send, during August.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Harding, July 6; Miss Lizzie Dotten, July 13.

TAYLOR.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sab- bath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged—Miss Emma Harding, June 22 and 23; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 24 and 25; Mrs. M. S. Town- send, June 26 and 27; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 21; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet- ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells' Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during June; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 14.

QUINCY, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit- ualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and eve- ning. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 22 and 23, and July 6; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 21; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit- ualists. Conference meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Hous- ton, Sept. 21 and 28.

FOXBORO, MASS.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Room of Temperance Hall, on Con- gress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 1:45 and 7 o'clock. Speaker engaged—Rev. J. S. Loveland, June 22 and 23.

PROVIDENCE.—Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M. 8 P. M. 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Asso- ciation.

Wadsworth's Hall 806 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a central medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

BELA MARSH,
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,
No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

All the most valuable works on Spiritualism, together with Miscellaneous and Reform Books kept constantly on hand. Catalogues, with list of prices, sent on application.
June 21.

REVISION AND CORRECTION OF THE REVISED TREATISE BY THE SPIRITS' JUNE 21.
For sale wholesale and retail by Leonard Thorn, No. 45 Northway street, N. Y.; Sinclair Tousey, No. 121 Nassau street, N. Y.; and BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Also at all the Spiritual Bookstores throughout the United States.
June 21.

OLIO CONCERTS
Of Vocal and Instrumental Music
WILL BE GIVEN
Every Saturday Evening, at Lyceum Hall,
Until further notice.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ALONZO BOND.
25c Boxed Tickets, 15 Cents; admitting a gentleman and lady, 25 cents; 8 tickets for one dollar. For sale at the door.
May 31.

NOW READY.
THE
Sunday School Class-Book,
NO. ONE.
THIS interesting little work is designed especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should in- troduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.
The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.
Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.
For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.
June 14.

New Books.

BULWER'S

STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES,
Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with
Steel Engravings,
AT THE LOW PRICE OF
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
(Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world- renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
April 26. 17 158 Washington Street, Boston.

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for situated Apurians, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading mat- ter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.
Sent post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 28.

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES!

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.
For sale at this office. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent.
May 17.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK is now ready, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book is a valuable treatise on the thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading mat- ter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.
Sent post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, 158 Wash- ington street, Boston. Price 25 cts. Dec. 21.

LECTURES

ON

Science, Politics, Morals & Society.

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

CONTENTS: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Lan- guage; Varieties of Races; Public Morals; Political Econ- omy; Spirits and Ghosts; Slavery and Rebellion; Education; Friendship, and Marriage.
This volume is designed by the author as an appeal to the good sense of the American public, to take a step forward in the education of their children, especially in the Political, Moral, and Social spheres of the present time. It is a volume of the country a treatise for a higher degree of literary excellence, and a more extended moral and political education, than has heretofore characterized the scholars of our schools and acad- emies. It appeared to me that this would be most readily accomplished by thorough investigation and comparison, by arranging the most useful and interesting knowledge per- taining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attrac- tive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young.
For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Wash- ington street and by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston. Price thirty-eight cents, post-paid, if April 19.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED

BY

Moral and Religious Stories,

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

CONTENTS: The Little Peace-maker. Child's Prayer. The Deaf and the Blind. Little Mary. The Holy Family. The Golden Rule. Let no Man Hear the Gentle Voice. Filial Duty. Unfading Flowers. The Dream. Evening Hymn.
For sale at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington st. Price 10c. Postage 4c. 17 March 8.

NOW READY;

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR,

Cause and Cure of Secession.

By LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Prov- idence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.
Single copies 10 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8.
All orders addressed to BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Bos- ton, Mass., will be promptly supplied. 17 Feb. 22.

THE UNVEILING;

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B.

Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT;

Being a Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What- ever is, is right." By Ophelia Temple. Price 10c.
The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office. 17 Mar. 8.

A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:
AN EYE-OPENER;
OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.
BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing "Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty im- portant Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity by GAZA; a curious and interesting work, entitled, LE BAUV, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than any- thing of the kind ever printed in the English language.
When the "Eye-Opener" first appeared, its effects were so un- expectedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edi- tion for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary pro- duction. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who de- sire to think for themselves.
Price, 10 cents, post-paid. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington st., Boston. 17 Sept. 14.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; Or, GHOSTS AND GHOST-STORIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 50 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.
By ELEANOR M. SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Grosvenor. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00. 17

WHO IS GOD? A Few Thoughts on Nature and Nature's God, and Man's Relation thereto. By A. P. Wadsworth. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price per hundred, \$7; single copies sent by mail, 10 cents. 17 Feb. 15.

SITUATION WANTED.—A single lady would like a situ- ation either as housekeeper, or assistant in a family. In- quire at this office. 17 June 7.

New Books.

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM THE SPI

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was claimed by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the "Trance." They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner* or *Light* Office, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and answers; Mary Ellen Allen, to her mother, in Augusta, Maine; Charles Gooch (killed in the Pittsburg battle) of Huntville, Missouri; William Herber, Clinton, (died from wounds received in the Pittsburg battle) to Joshua T. Taylor, in Fredericktown, Pa.

Abrer Kneeland.

If the friends have any questions to offer, we are now ready to answer them. Perhaps it may be well for me, as an individual, to state who I am, before essaying to answer such questions as you may see fit to propose. When it was my fortune, or, rather, misfortune, to live in the form, I was cast out of the society of religious people, because I was infidel to all the forms of established religion, and it may be that my influence upon the minds of the young and inexperienced, was thought to be a bad one; so I was literally banished from what is termed Christian society. I am Abrer Kneeland. Now if you have any questions to present to that personage, do so, for I am ready to answer them.

Quæ.—I would like to know if the spirit's belief is changed in regard to the existence of a God?

Ans.—Yes, it is; for I am able to see things here which I did not before see. While living upon earth, all seemed to fail to reach my internal being. Thus I doubted, or wholly disbelieved, the existence of a God. 'Tis not so now: I believe there is a God.

Q.—Is God a personal God, and why have you changed your mind?

A.—My reasons are these: As I was ushered into the spirit-world, I found myself still a conscious and intelligent being. I perceived I was an infinite soul—a something which seemed to mirror and reflect everything belonging to the two worlds, material and spiritual. I said to myself, if I am so vast in myself as to have no beginning or ending, and am a creature of eternity, what, then, is eternity? I commenced at once to search after God, and in a legitimate way. Instead of walking through temples made by earthly hands, I wandered through the vast halls of Deity. I consulted those limbs of Deity which were around me. My sphere was unlimited, and my spirit free to grasp all knowledge I might desire. I learned something of God, because of my close and intimate relation with him. Man, or the spirit of man, when he casts off the body, perceives at once his alliance to God. Everything is unfolded to him which was before full of mystery and doubt. Thus I came to believe in the existence of a God, simply because I was forced to by the force of surrounding conditions. Everything about me told me there was a Supreme Being governing me, governing you, and all creation. I found, upon commencing life in the spirit-world, that there was no clashing of creeds, no religious bigotry or despotism, no striving for a heaven of gold and silver, as in the material world, but all was simple, plain, grand and glorious, telling us of God, and enforcing the belief in his existence upon us.

Q.—Do you believe in a Personal God?

A.—As far as God is related to the objective world I do believe in a Personal God. You are each one of you Personal Gods. But standing apart from the objective or material world, I believe in a God-principle that governs all things. While you live in the objective world, or in the body, you cannot see or fully realize this truth.

Q.—Is it proper to look upon God as having a material body?

A.—Yes, it is. Your soul has a material form. That part of your existence which is immortal, which never can die, which is God, has a form. Therefore we may say that God has a material body. Many suppose that the soul, or internal part of man, is capable of being contaminated by sin. This is not so; you may injure the spirit through the external, or body, but your internal life cannot be affected by the sins of time, or of the objective or outer world. But you can effect the spirit through the physical, consequently you must suffer more or less while on earth, for injuries received through the external, or body. So do whatsoever you may here, you may rest assured that the soul which was given to you pure and free will ever remain so.

Q.—Explain, if you please, the connection between soul and spirit?

A.—Soul, spirit, and body are but terms used to convey to your minds certain ideas. It matters not what name you apply to the ideas thus designated. As far as the simple name is concerned, the words table, chair or desk might as well be used. But man is a three-fold being. He has what you may call a soul, a spirit, and a body. The soul is God, and the spirit may be defined as the inside covering of the soul, and the body the outside covering. Now you are of God, of spirit, and of the world natural, consequently you are affected in body by conditions natural. When you cast off this body, you cast off natural conditions. You may sin against the spiritual and the bodily, but the internal is subject only to divine law, and as there never was a divine law transgressed, there can be no sin in the soul-world. So, then, in soul principle you suffer not, you are not affected by earthly sin.

Q.—Will there ever be a time when the soul will throw off the spiritual covering?

A.—Most certainly yes. You have been told that you are of God. The soul must at some time merge itself in Deity. You talk about retaining your own identity when the soul casts off its spiritual covering, but this is not so. You may do this when in spirit, but when the soul alone remains, it will be so blended and interwoven with that of Deity, as to render all traces of its own identity imperceptible.

Q.—Will the spirit have a tangible form?

A.—As tangible to earth life as your spirit form is to earth life.

Q.—Have you a knowledge of this spirit death, or is it a theory?

A.—It is a theory, for knowledge is a child of experience. I have never passed through what I may see fit to call the second death, else I could speak

from my own actual observation and experience in regard to this matter.

Q.—Does this theory amount, in reality, to annihilation?

A.—Oh no, certainly not. If it did, you could not be immortal.

Q.—Do the inhabitants of soul world ever return to earth in person?

A.—They do not. They often telegraph, but they come not in person.

Q.—You say that your spirit is eternal, then was there an individual existence from eternity?

A.—No, I think not.

Q.—Will there be one through eternity?

A.—I think not; others differ from me.

Q.—If there is not absolute annihilation, is there not destruction of identity?

A.—Destruction of identity? Do you recognize earthly friends? According to your earthly conditions, you are enabled to. Do you suppose God does not recognize you? I believe when the soul of man has ascended to the highest mountain peaks of wisdom, he then becomes infinite, so closely allied to Deity one can see no difference. He is lost in Deity. This is my belief. When we receive messages from the highest spheres of celestial life, we find there is scarce any difference in them; no one answer seems to conflict with or to be at variance with another. From this I judge there is but one mind controlling and governing all, thereby insuring harmony of thought as well as of action among the inhabitants of the celestial spheres.

Q.—Are they not capable of progressing in knowledge in the celestial spheres?

A.—It may be so. The inhabitants of the soul world or celestial world all understand alike, see alike, believe alike. And it is by judgments or comparisons of the kind before mentioned, that I am led to believe in the non-identity of the soul of men, and of the perfect union of soul and deity, just as you do form your ideas of different nations, from certain facts related or recorded of them.

Q.—Have souls a new creation after death?

A.—As far as the body is concerned there is a new creation.

Q.—What is the condition of the soul before entering the body?

A.—I cannot say, having been conscious only since the beginning of the soul in the body, therefore from that point of time I can answer only.

Q.—Have you suffered in the spirit state for having been so misled while upon earth?

A.—No, I have not. I was honest in my belief here, therefore I committed no sin.

Q.—Did you seek to be enlightened while upon earth?

A.—I think I did. But in all the forms of religion presented to me while upon earth, I saw nothing to convince me of the existence of God.

Q.—Do you think differently of them now?

A.—No, I do not; there is much about the religion of earth that is still dark to me.

Q.—Was the soul in existence previous to its connection with the body?

A.—Yes, we are told the soul is connected with the body, when the body is endowed with conscious or independent life. Then the soul first takes up its abode in the body.

Q.—Then I supposed you would have cognizance of its first commencement or existence.

A.—The soul or souls of all others. It is as incomprehensible to us, as is our own. We as spirits are tangible beings; as souls are not tangible, material, or in any way allied to material conditions. The soul of a criminal is just as pure as that of an infant. Take for example the case of a man who commits murder. Does not his crime originate from the soul, or mind? Then it originates in God; then it is no crime at all. No, I do not believe that the soul commits crime.

Q.—When does the spirit commence its existence?

A.—We believe it commences with the human body. The spirit may be called a wall, enclosing or surrounding the soul. It may be called an electric body in which the soul lives, and upon which the soul is said to act.

Q.—Is the spirit a production of the material body?

A.—We are told that it is composed of the elements of the atmosphere in which we live. The positive and negative forces of nature—the north and south of nature—which, when combined, work great wonders. We are told this, and I, as one, believe it.

I have a daughter in earth-life who often desires that I may come and commune with her. Say that I am often with her, often impress her, aid and counsel her, and could I find the way and means, I should like to commune with her privately.

May 20.

Obstacles to Spirit-Control.

Quæ.—Why is it that our spirit-friends cannot always communicate with us?

Ans.—There are many reasons. Sometimes the atmosphere is against them; sometimes they cannot find a form or medium which is well adapted to their use. Sometimes a lack of power upon the part of those to whom they would come, prevents their return. Sometimes the law controlling spirit-control is against them, and then you might as well attempt to come into the spirit-world with your physical form, as for us to attempt communication with mortals under those conditions. May 20.

Caroline J. Spencer.

I have been told that you send letters for us to our friends. [Yes; we do.] My name was Caroline J. Spencer. I was born in Oswego, New York, and died in New York city, two years ago. I was near twenty years of age, at the time of my death. I was a lace-worker, and worked last for Robinson, on Broadway. [Can you tell the number of his store?] No; I've not got it in memory. I may say I was a dressmaker, for I learned the trade and went to New York for the purpose of getting a living for myself and mother and sister, by dressmaking.

My father was a spirit some six years before I became one. He died of ship fever, on the passage from New York to Calcutta. Before my father's death, we were well situated, but after that, my mother was obliged to do much with her needle, in order to procure a living for herself and children. And then when I grew old enough to assist her, I was pleased at the thought of being able to lighten my mother's burden, in doing something for our common support. But hard work, confinement, and all that conspire in a city like New York, to break the health of a young girl not over strong, by nature, at last induced sickness.

I suppose I died of fever, which was the result of

over-working, but I know not. I left this world in an unconscious state. My sister I hope to reach. Her name is Charlotte. I may be able to do even more than I did for her while here, if I can only approach her. I was told that by coming here, I could send a message to her. [You can; we shall print your letter in our paper, and it will probably reach her.] I wish you to say I do not care to come among strangers, but wish her to meet me alone.

[Is your mother upon earth?] My mother, I should have said, is with me. My sister is in Oswego, an orphan and doubly orphaned, because she is without brother, sister, father or mother; but she is not without God. She sometimes thinks she is, but oh, if I can tell her anything, I can tell her God is with her always. Good day. May 20.

Captain Alfred Patton.

Good-day, sir. [Good-day.] I'm not used to this way of talking, but I suppose if I make any mistakes you'll overlook them if they're not great ones. [Certainly.] May I ask you a few questions? [You may.] In the first place, I want to know what year this is? [1862.] What month? [May, twentieth.] Well, according to that, I've been away from you sixteen years, and a little over five months. It doesn't seem so long. You're sure this is 1862? [Yes, I am right.] Well, you don't seem to be right, but I'll take it for granted you are so.

I was master of the barque Dudley, and a native of Bowdoinham, Maine. I accidentally fell overboard and was drowned in the Mississippi River, below New Orleans. Now, sir, if I can get a chance to speak with any of my relatives and friends, at present living, I'll be happy to do so. [Have you been with them since you left earth?] No. [That seems strange.] Well, for some cause unknown to me, I've not been able to know of anything that's going on here. So when I got the opportunity to return to earth for a short time, it seemed to me as if I had not been gone away more than two years, instead of sixteen.

I've heard a great deal said about people coming back, since I took up my abode in the spirit-land, but have never been permitted to come until to-day. [Do you remember the names of any of your townsmen or acquaintances?] Yes, there's Stevens, Sargent, Bowen, Clark, and Adams. I suppose I could scratch up a host of them, if I only took time for it. [Can you give their Christian names?] There might be danger of my getting them mixed up if I attempted to do so.

I've been occupying myself most of the time since I came to the spirit-land, in studying myself. I always had quite a reverence for God and self, and thought I was a pretty wonderful piece of machinery while upon earth, but I never knew half of the beauties of that machine until I came to look into my own soul. [What did you see?] I saw everything that was to be seen, that is—everything to be seen in the objective world. I found that I was not only a miniature of everything existing, but was still possessed of a body. [Did you have a body just like the one you left?] Yes, but that body seemed so new and light that I scarce felt its weight.

The barque I was master of belonged to Bowdoinham. Now can you point out the most direct way for me to hail my friends? [Will you give their names?] I'd like to speak with any and all who knew me. [Why don't you speak spiritually to them?] Spiritually? I'm afraid they would not understand me. [Have you ever tried to communicate with them?] No. You may say I, Captain Alfred Patton, of Bowdoinham, Maine, desire to speak with all of my friends. [Are you sure you were drowned in 1846? Wasn't it 1856?] I never saw '66 in my own body. [Will you throw out my signal to my friends?] Yes, we'll print your message, and they'll probably help you to reach them privately. [Well, I shall be very grateful to all who can help me, and if I can get the privilege of speaking to my friends, I shall be glad to do it. May 20.]

THE GUARDIAN.

Ms. Editor.—The following poetical message was addressed, not long since, to Francis M. Edmunds, a young man of seventeen, a resident of one of the towns of New Hampshire. He, together with his excellent parents, is a firm believer in our glorious philosophy, and all are doing what they can for the spread of its great teachings. The Indian spirit, whose name is appended below, purports to be the "guardian genius" of the young man, and was once one of the forest wanderers of the granite hills. Should you deem this worthy of a place in the *Message Department*, I would be pleased to have you insert it.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

To Frank.

Dear Brave: from those bright hunting fields beyond death's surging sea,

I come with never-fading flowers and gems of thought for thee,

Each one of which is brilliant with the love of Sunny Eye—

A love that will forever live when all things else shall die.

How sweet to know, when earthly loves in power and lustre pale,

There is a Love which shines beyond, that will not ever fail!

That friendship's flame will never burn with false and flick'ring light,

To beam resplendently by day, then fade away at night.

Oh, no, young Brave! the friendships formed in that refulgent land,

Bear on their beauteous brows the stamp of God's Eternal Hand;

They are not like those made on earth which only last a day.

Then, like the dews at early morn, as quickly pass away.

Ah! many, my dear mortal friend, are the celestial eyes,

Which gaze in holy love on thee from yonder starry skies,

Eyes which can penetrate thy heart—its inmost cell and nook,

And truly read its every thought, like to an open book.

You cannot fully realize how faithful, firm and true

Are those bright Messengers of Love who daily visit you;

Who come with healing on their wings—with heav'nly words and kind.

To prove that though in body dead, they are not so in mind.

How sweet must be the thought to thee, where'er thy feet may tread,

The souls of dead departed saints are hovering o'er thy head;

Sent as Ambassadors from Him thy earth-tossed bark to guide,

In safety o'er the waves of death unto the other side!

Yet one there is among the whole—a dark-haired Indian Maid,

Who pilots thy frail bark of life alike through shine and shade;

Who often comes with love and truth thy deathless soul to fill,

And bids life's ever-raging storm—its winds and waves—"Be still!"

And if ye will but list the paddling of my little ear,

Ye may, dear mortal, hear, as my canoe doth near your shore,

Filled with the richest pearls of thought, the fairest, sweetest flowers,

More beautiful than those which bloom in your terrestrial bowers.

May truth and wisdom follow thee wherever thou may'st go,

And Virtue's glorious star around thy spirit ever glow,

And all that's noble, good and pure, thy sympathies enlist,

That when temptations round thee throng, thou may'st their power resist.

And when the last great change of earth shall come, dear brave, to you,

On Immortality's broad sea I'll launch my light canoe

And sail adown to your earth-shore, and bear your spirit high,

To dwell in never-ending bliss with angel Sunny Eye.

THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, June 1, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

No question is more frequently asked, whether among skeptics or partial believers in the doctrines we are discussing, than this, "What important truths does Spiritualism inculcate, and what are the new revelations it has made?" Deprecating all ideas of personal comparison, and without the slightest irreverent intention, we cannot but be reminded, by this inquiry, of a similar one which was frequently on the tongue of the incredulous, in days long past—"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Even as, when the son of Mary began his mission among a people who saw in him only a low-born youth, the friend of publicans and sinners, so now, when Spiritualism, springing from the shades of obscurity and indigence, fosters amid imperfect and even vicious surroundings, and sometimes tending apparently to disastrous issues, has forced its astounding evidences upon the most careless observation—the same half-scornful curiosity prompts the superficial investigator.

It is not our purpose, on this occasion, to speak of the consequences of the system in all of its applications; but it should be remembered that the truth of a doctrine or theory is in no case responsible for its abuse, and that there is no idea, however elevated, which is above the reach of perversion, by impure advocates, and those impostors who wear the livery of heaven to serve the Power of Darkness in. In discussing the subject of Spiritualism, we desire to view it apart from all extraneous and non-essential considerations, and from those opinions and practices of its professed adherents which have aided in bringing it into popular disrepute, and to consider it simply as it is.

The light of this theory seems to have dawned but recently upon the world, in the form of those messages from the loved and lost, which tell us they have not passed out of the sphere of our own existence and sympathy, but are living and can speak to us.

Two questions are here involved: First, if a man dies shall he live again? to which the answer is, "The departed are not dead, except in the body," and thus resolves the doubts of the skeptic and materialist. Second, and more important, Can those whom we call the dead return among us? During all the ages of the past, notwithstanding the revelations of religion and the teachings of Christianity, we find a lack of confident belief in the immortality of the soul, which has been felt even in the sanatoriums of religion, and baffled the learned in ecclesiastical lore, so that even professed devotees have not escaped the contagion of doubt. Science and philosophy have afforded no aid to the doctrine, if they have not rather contradicted it, and at length some mighty demonstration became necessary to startle the world from its lethargy on this all-important subject. Then came Spiritualism, obscurely visible at first, and speaking in feeble accents, but now holding out its evidences, and proclaiming in clarion tones the truths of God and of eternity to millions of perturbed and careless souls.

But Spiritualism, in its truest and widest sense, has not been confined to this day or generation. It is at once the most exalted, comprehensive and universal of all beliefs, embracing all in the past that was great and good and beautiful; all in the present that is true and holy and divine; and destined to develop into all that is to be of excellence and glory. It cannot be summed up in any single proposition, and refuses to be circumscribed by any temporary or local sphere of action.

It is that which in the past was revealed in the glory of inspiration—of that inspiration which, it tells us, is as the breath of God, eternal, constant, universal, shining like his sun, for all. All those exceptional phenomena of past ages—the strange freaks of mind, the instances of possession, of trance, of dreams and prophecy and forewarnings, are proved by the teachings of Spiritualism to be in strict accordance with the laws of universal inspiration, and thus it shows us the illumination of antiquity, pouring the refulgence of the higher life over literature, poetry, science, art, and diffused in every direction where the human mind has penetrated.

What, without Spiritualism, were poets and philosophers—those who breathed the thoughts of angels and wrote wiser than they knew? What were the prophets and seers of the past, save as they presented the truths of the angel-world? From what other source was derived the wisdom of that book held sacred among you, as embodying the highest and holiest conceptions possible to humanity, and recording the brightest example of goodness which God has vouchsafed on earth? The truths connected with Spiritualism are not narrowed within the boundaries of any creed—it claims, embodies, and is allied to everything good and true and beautiful. Believe not those who present as Spiritualism that which is deformed and imperfect; it is the base counterfeit. Trust not those who proclaim, as Spiritualism, ideas abhorrent to the undeveloped moral sense, and inconsistent with pure religion.

Spiritualism believes in a God, perfect, divine, infinite in love and power; there is no other God, and it recognizes him as the same being who, in all ages and among all nations, has vouchsafed to breathe through his chosen instruments words of love and hope and consolation to his children. Again, Spiritualism speaks with certainty of the presence of the departed among us. Religion does this in its original sense, but imperfectly, and she represents spirit-communion as only a rare and occasional mercy, granted as a special dispensation. Believe us, Spiritualism reveals it as constant, and shows us the angels host hovering over the earth, and filling the air with their presence and songs of praise. Believe it or not; this truth, in connection with Spiritualism, is felt by all the world; in no civilized country, where the idea has been promulgated, has it failed to take root, even among scoffers. Witness the change which, within a few years, has come over the literature of our own country. Your most popular writers, instead of standing aloof from the concerns of eternity, and never mentioning the future world, save in terms of vague horror, now picture mild, angelic visitants as hovering over the couch of death, and in visions of a blissful reunion, prompting the far-well accents of the departing. Each has now become familiar as household words, and all walks of society, and all classes of those who have acquired them, directly or indirectly,

though the agency of Spiritualism. Nay, these glorious truths have even penetrated into the exclusive citadel of orthodox prejudice, so that you can hardly enter a church of any denomination without hearing some reference made to guardian spirits, angels, ministrations, and kindred topics, as if the preacher were unconsciously giving utterance to the thoughts of some bright intelligence, by his side; while the terrible theme of endless punishment is almost entirely neglected, and doctrinal creeds are referred to only as they confirm the leading articles of the new faith. In all this we see the influence of Spiritualism.

Our belief, moreover, carries the mind to a higher plane of thought in connection with Science. So many, so varied, are the phases of this subject, that we are unable to present them all within the limits of a single discourse, and can only indicate a few leading ideas. In the realm of mind it reveals hitherto unsuspected agencies and operations, and portrays the subtle powers which intelligence possesses, whereas, until it extends, by demonstrating its active existence, outside of the material body. This, by itself, is a most important achievement, for the philosophy of past ages has been vainly striving to reconcile material laws with the fundamental assumptions of all religious creeds. This Spiritualism accomplishes by revealing the fact that mind, and mind alone, is the Supreme Controller of the Universe, and the means by which the functions of material existence are maintained in action; that mind employs matter, but is not governed by it; that mind is the unseen agent in producing all the wonders of creation, and, in man, the subtlest, most powerful in the Universe, next to God himself; wearing the outward form as a temporary garment only, and then carrying into a boundless field of activity its individual consciousness, its intelligence and its splendor of attainments.

Spiritualism discloses also the chain of connection between thought and thought, and illustrates the fact that mind in its essence, is uncontrolled by any condition of material nature, unaffected by material forces, but that it comes and goes as it listeth. Thought is the secret agent, therefore, between spirit and the material world. Soul is the same substance within and without the material body. Spiritualism establishes and distinctly proves that the mind, when it understands and rightly employs material laws, can influence matter to almost an infinite extent, compared with the present limitation of its powers; that spirit can make use of a subtle agency to overcome the laws of gravitation, and so can move a physical body before your eyes—a feat which mere material science may be confidently challenged to explain. For it is an axiom of that Science, that matter can only be affected by the intervention of material forces. Spiritualism replies, "God is a spirit, and yet he acts directly upon Creation all the time."

So the mind and soul, within their sphere, can suspend or overrule the laws of matter at their pleasure. Spirits unencumbered by the mortal body can employ unknown agents to do those things which formerly they accomplished through the means of that body. So much for that problem. A truth is thus made apparent, which it would take unskilled science centuries to discover. And, indeed, it has become a question, whether the mind, even while in the body, might not accomplish wonders hitherto undreamt of, if it only fully understood the laws which govern the relations between the two. Material science arrogates what it does not possess; but true science discovers all things, and only decides upon that which is true.

Another thing which Spiritualism does for the mind—it relieves it from all restraints of prejudice and superstition, and removes the arrogance of scientific egotism, by showing that the mind can never know everything, or be competent to measure all probabilities; that there is always an infinite domain lying beyond its furthest flight; that, in its highest pride of attainment, it has but reached the stepping-stone of true Science; is but stammering over the alphabet of Nature's laws—but faltering on the threshold of the august temple of Creation. Thus it trains the mind to listen to all teachings—to receive that which judgment and common sense approve, and reject what will not bear the tests of reason and intuition.

Another great doctrine, first advanced by Spiritualism, is that of a connecting link between all mind in the universe, that the substance of soul is every where the same, God himself being its infinite and the human intelligence, its finite form; thus establishing an intimacy of relation, an essential sympathy between the highest and the lowest forms of a conscious being, and leading to a comprehension of universal Deity, not before conceived of. Next, it reveals the connection between the material and the spiritual world, giving palpable proofs of a hereafter, and making the inner and outer life only different apartments in the same temple, showing that spirit-life is ever with you; and indeed that you are spirits already. That every soul among us is even now in the spirit-world, and that not afar off are the celestial mansions, but that, as was said by Jesus, "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

Now, let us sum up what all this means. It means that to no age or generation does Spiritualism confine its benefits; no true believer in its doctrines claims that it possesses any abstract truths, superior to the highest ideas of the past—it boasts no monopoly of excellence, or wisdom; it only says, "I am one of the channels through which you can receive knowledge." It does not require of its disciples adhesion to any creed or formula of belief, but it demands that every man shall be permitted to worship his own God, after his own form, in his own place, and at his own time, because Deity has so stamped himself on the soul, that its relations with him are independent of circumstance and education. His voice, when fairly interpreted, says, not, "Believe on pain of eternal

Pearls.

And quietude, and jewels five words long,
Sparkle on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle, forever.

BROTHER MORTAL, BE NOT WEARY.

Brother mortal, be not weary,
Though thy way seem often dreary,
Knowest thou not we're often near thee?
Then let faith's helm always steer thee
Toward the "better land."

Oh in darkness dost thou wander?
Oft perplexed dost sit and ponder,
Till hope's star that beameth yonder,
While thine earnest gaze grows fonder,
Goeth out in night?

Thinkest thou we always glide
Smoothly on the other side?
Far from that—we often ride
On the restless, heaving tide
Of uncertainty.

Ere we murmur let us pause
And search into Nature's laws;
Then through all life's cheats and flaws,
We shall see the great First Cause
Working ever right!—[From Knox.]

Immortality wrecks more fortunes than adversity;
bad habits make more bankrupts than bad trade; and
vice supplies the greedy grave with more victims than war.

PURE LOVE.

O sacred Love, how mighty is thy power!
When centered even in so frail a flower:
An emanation from the Fount Divine,
Garnered and cherished in a mortal shrine.
O, were there more of love that's pure and free—
Fraternal love that knows no jealousy,
Like that which God on mortal man bestows,
That comes in zephyrs and each breeze that blows,
Descends to earth in gentle showers of rain,
In dew and sunshine o'er hill and plain,
As blossoms turn to kiss the morning light,
As stars look down upon the earth at night,
As myriads stream toward the ocean run,
And vapors rise attracted by the sun,
As love that is not forced by servile bonds,
As like to like in nature corresponds,
As atoms, planets, by one law unite,
And nature knows no arbitrary right,
As parents love, as brothers, sisters feel
A tie, that binds as magnet binds the steel,
O, how much envy, bitterness and woe,
Would flee the dismal haunts of men below!
[E. A. Holbrook.]

Youth and the lark have their song for the morning,
while age and the nightingale have theirs for the evening.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think true, and thy thoughts,
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak true, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live true, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Live down calumny; the best reply to slanderous
reports is a good life.

HUMAN UNITY.

Lecture by Rev. J. S. Loveland, at Lyceum Hall,
Boston, Sunday Afternoon, June 8, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

"God hath made of one blood (or life) all nations." "We
are his offspring."

In affirming and demonstrating the fact of the absolute oneness of humanity, it is not necessary to enter the maze of ethnological discussion and seek to determine whether the various races of men sprang from one or one hundred primary pairs. Nor does it matter whether men originated from the baboon, or had a distinct origin from the great ocean of life. For, in all the great kingdoms of existence, we find one uniform law, and that is this: no two of them can co-exist together and produce a hybrid. They are separated by what Swedenborg calls a discrete degree. The vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms are subordinate to this great necessity. Equally potential is it, also, in the great divisions of these kingdoms. The fish and the reptile, the reptile and the bird, the bird and the animal, the animal and the human are thus dissociated. No sexual blending can produce a hybrid. Nay, perfectly distinct species are thus held in exorable apart. The cat and the dog, the ox and the horse are examples. Hence, the question as to the particular mode in which the various races of existence were born from the vast fountain of Eternal Life, is comparatively unimportant. For, if we find that each distinct form of life in the scale, possesses certain distinct potentialities and peculiarities, which forever inhibit its intermingling the stream of its life in hybridization, then, if we shall find any diversities of appearance which nevertheless do thus mingle, we shall be certain they belong to one species—are varieties of that species. The skin may be light or dark; the facial angle above or below a certain number of degrees; the face may be bearded, or smooth; the hair straight, or woolly; yet, if the essentialities of life are found to be the same, as to the higher and distinctive characteristics of the race; if there be the utter inability to hybridize with the subordinate animal races, even with the chimpanzee and orang-outang, and, if perfect hybridization is possible between these human varieties, then have we all the evidence possible in this direction in favor of the proper unity of the human race. Science is compelled to furnish us this evidence. The lowest types of man are entirely prohibited, by nature, from mingling with the highest types of animal existence; but no such division exists between men.

Nor is it necessary, in this argument, to show that all varieties of the human type possess innately the same degree of inherent intellectual power. Some of them may be forever inferior. But it may be found that they excel in some other department of our common nature. It is the crowning glory of Nature that she unfolds endless diversity in unbroken unity. No two spears of grass, or two leaves on the countless forests, are exactly alike. No two persons have ever been formed in all respects precisely the same. Yet leaves from trees of the same kind, and men of all nations, are the same in all that constitutes essential life. So in the same nation, tribe, family, even, how great the difference in all that pertains to growth or culture. Nevertheless, we see how this difference is to constitute no small portion of the boundless glory of eternity. "Star from star differeth in glory," and the glory would be dimmed if that grand system of differentiation were not the inherent order of the Universe. If true as to individuals, why not as to races and types? Why may not the Caucasian have more intellect and the African more gentleness; and other races more of something else?

The races are complements of each other; and there is no whole humanity without them all. The incidental differences are Nature's lines of beauty—they are the colorings of the Great Artist in the production of a perfect picture. Musical sounds are the same, whether Pan, Orpheus, Paganini or Jenny Lind produce them. The quality of the tone of those sounds is immensely varied, as made by different instruments and voices, but the gamut includes them all in its absolute unity, and the bird tones of the piano and the deep sub-bass of the organ are both there. The races, in their characteristics, are the various tones of sounds which make up the great song of Eternal Life.

But, passing from these preliminary thoughts, let us survey the course of human thought in its historical evolution, and see what has been the logical result always attained by the universal reason; for, beyond all doubt, the real nature of humanity will affirm itself in the outworking of its highest thought.

The first thing which strikes us, is the absolute inability of the human reason to affirm perfect individuality of anything less than the entire wholeness of the universe. As to his own individuality, the case is too plain to man to cause a moment's pause. He has derived his personal existence directly from his parents. He stands in such multitudinous relationships of dependence, fraternity and otherwise with his fellows, that he is compelled to feel himself only a part of the whole. If we go down to the mineral, and select the most perfect specimen possible—the diamond or crystal—we are still at fault; for at once we are thrown upon the law and force of crystallization, as not only existing in the distant past, but as being the living potency which now holds the atoms of the crystal in aggregated unity, and also exists through the unmeasured vastnesses of space.

Reason finds all that has been termed individuality to be conditioned, limited, related, and, hence, possessing no wholeness of itself, for its limitations are Nature's demonstrations that it is only a part. Individualization is only a process of abstraction by which a component of the great concrete unity is more fully seen. The superficial intellect forever amuses itself with glittering abstractions, while the pure reason reveals in the universality of unity. The ceaseless tendency of the reason toward unity has forced the intellect of all tribes and ages to evolve a comprehensive system of thought. All the religions and philosophies of the ages have been the spawn of this tendency.

All philosophies and all religions are resolvable into two theories, the creative and the progressive. And, notwithstanding the seemingly utter repugnance of the two theories, the acute thinker is at no loss to determine that the ultimate postulate of the two is precisely the same, both being compelled to admit that the absolute potentiality, or life of the universe, is unbeginning, uncaused. The creative theory assumes this potentiality to have existed in a proper personality, who, in time and space, eliminated the world of matter and form from himself, while the progressive or pantheistic theory affirms the coordinate eternity of matter and power. And the strictly pantheistic view recognizes this power as an incomprehensible universe of spiritual life, the organic motions of which give existence and support to all forms of individual life. The atheistic phase of pantheism is more vague and uncertain in its expression. The careful thinker has not failed to see that these rival schools are compelled to agree also in many of the leading positions of their theories.

The advocate of the creative plan is obliged to concede that the divine method has been orderly and serial from lower to higher and still higher conditions, while, on the other hand, the progressive is forced to admit essential creation; so far as forms of life are concerned. The supernaturalist sees everywhere innate forces, working with absolute exactness, and apparently inhering in the very constitutions of things; while the progressive cannot deny that the co-acting unity of these forces does point to one grand unifying oneness of essence, in the substratum of those forces. These contacting unions, in what is most essential to each, show us that both, being the product of human affection and thought, starting from different standpoints of culture and race differences, and yet reaching the same ultimate conclusion, are fingers on the dial of history, pointing to the idea of unity as the basic one in the consciousness of man. Though they are apparently, hopelessly divergent, we find them leading to the same goal. One (the pantheistic) having its home more specially in the transcendental realm of spiritualistic idealism, where the consciousness of absorption into divine humanity is so overmastering that human affection becomes universalized; and the other (the creative) being more exclusively found in the barren realm of mere syllogistic reasoning, inspired by the egotistic selfishness of childish affection, do show us that they are the two members of the equation, joined by the sign plus, and equalling the grand M of human oneness. If from these highest culminations of human thought and love, we descend to the particulars of aspiration, love, sensuous and spiritual, abstraction, comparison and ratiocination, we shall still find the same identity of essential unity and the same incidental variations in mode of expression.

But there is one more line of argument, and then our chain will be complete. Man's needs are not the incidents of his existence, but they are the absolutely perfect exponents of his intrinsic nature. If, then, man constitutes a unity, his necessities will be in germ the same, and will similarly express themselves. And, in the primary, organic expression, we shall see unity on the very surface. Thus it has ever been. Man has never been found living as an individual, but as a society—an *"E Pluribus Unum."*

Families, tribes, nations constitute the serial order of the expression thus far. Events are rapidly working out the argument further, and the fraternity of nations will soon be the world's creed. We sternly resent the idea of the intervention of other nations in our present strife. In the passion of the hour, we forget that the unife instinct of man has already so interwoven his interest that one nation cannot suffer alone. Other nations have a moral—a humanitarian right to interfere; and, thank heaven, the time is not far distant when no people will be allowed to murder and spoliator another. The principle now applied to individual men, will then be seen as equally applying to nations.

Thus we see in this threefold form of expression, humanity proclaims its unity. In its organic physiology it demonstrates unity of basic elements and structural organization; in the restless attractions which are the basis and cement of society—the life of nationalities, it is more fully confirmed; while in the grand working of the reason and intellect, we have all the demonstration that the nature of the case allows. Indeed, the idea is expressed with crudeness until the spiritual nature, "the inner man," is quickened to newness of life. Universal principles can only be seen and felt in this stage of human growth.

Having laid our broad foundation, in the argument thus far, we will close by stating a few deductions from our premises—these naturally flowing therefrom. 1. Equality is the law and fact of human existence. And we have only to apply a previously mentioned principle, to clear this simple proposition of all the fog, ignorant selfishness has raised to obscure it. The equality of man has reference to the essentials, not the incidents of his existence. Equality does not mean sameness. The conditions of birth—the opportunities of culture, and ten thousand other similar things, may be, nay are, entirely unequal, but the position is untouched, for it affirms only equality of the essential nature; that the basic elements are the same, in essence, in all. All men are, therefore, brothers. There is no man, no woman, so lost to all sense of the great nobility of their nature, but is brother, or sister to us all. Nor is it possible for us to deny the relationship—the family mark is too plain not to be seen. As a part of this affirmation of equality, we may also include liberty; for, if all essentials are equal, the right to rule, or restrict others, resides in no one person. The right of government resides in all, and the necessity, therefore, grows out of man's unity. The wrong of all forms of slavery is thus palpable, on the very surface of the subject. And one kind of slavery is as really wrong, as another. All of them will continue till men come to an appreciation of their oneness. When we make the discovery that every chain fastened upon another, is really a fetter to our own progress, we will cease to impose them. When we see that all our rights belong also to our fellow-men, we will not withhold them, for in so doing, we should rob ourselves. As we cannot draw blood from the hand or foot without impairing the integrity of the vital organs, so also can we not trench upon the rights of the simplest of men without disturbing the common life of humanity.

2. A recognition of human unity will beget in us a dissatisfaction with the existing order of things in society. This will co-exist with a clear sight of the good existing in, and done by this order. It is the highest expression of a prior age; but progress has rendered it necessary to have a higher social nomenclature. Institutions are humanity's nomenclature of progress, and, if, when real progress is made, the old technology is attempted, only confusion can result. Thus, far, the partialism of egotistic selfishness has inhered in all institutions. Our dissatisfaction, is not, like that of the insane iconoclast, against all institutions—all social order, per se, but against the selfish phases of this order. It is not destruction but purgation we seek.

3. A continuous and determined effort to inaugurate something higher and better, will be another sequence of this recognition. Standing in the great thoroughfares of life, and constantly witnessing how the rich and powerful push and enslave the poor and weak—how the crafty and base defraud the honest and simple, how the self-righteous and proud pour contempt upon the lowly and sinful; and all this, too, through the machinery of existing institutions, we cannot sit quietly down and allow this, but must work with might and main to change the phase of the existing order.

Institutions, we showed, last Sunday, are the outer form of man's inner life, and, in their changes, are the indices of soul-growth; consequently, if we have attained to that grand universalism of life, involved in the perception of human unity, we must devote ourselves to the elimination of all partialistic disfigurements on the outer face of humanity. Unitarianism in thought, will beget Universalism in practice—not in the cant, or self meaning of those terms, but in their broad, or spiritual sense.

Thus is the test applied. If the present spiritual movement has evolved any higher phase of life than has been; it must, and will express itself in higher and more humanitarian phases of social order.

Angie Kingsley, or the Heathen Funeral.

I noticed in a late BANNER a note from Mrs. M. S. Townsend, speaking of the departure of Miss Angie Kingsley to the spirit-world, and of the refusal of the Congregational clergyman in Williamstown, Conn., to read the notice of the hour for her funeral in his church, saying it was to be a "Heathen Ceremony." I knew Miss Kingsley, and am quite certain that, whether she had a Heathen or Christian burial, she had no difficulty in finding her way to heaven. There are persons who most sadly need all the saving grace there can be in a Protestant clergyman's prayers, or a Catholic priest's masses, to extricate them from the purgatory through which their sinful souls are obliged to pass ere entering heaven; and it is well enough for such to be doubly sure that they have a Christian burial. They can't get too much help, and the closer they wrap themselves in the mantle of Christ, the more likely they will be to get to the gate of heaven, but the angel that keeps the keys there has eyes that pierce through masks and mantles, and beholds the soul undraped. No spirit passes that gate, except by virtue of its own merits. Christian or heathen burial avails them nothing at that court, and the passports of all the clergy in Christendom, are no "open sesame" to the glories within. Unless the soul, like the fabled Peri, brings "the gift most acceptable to God"—purity—it must turn away in tears to find it, ere it can enter.

The days of Pharisees are not yet passed. No doubt that Congregational clergyman thanked God that he was not a heathen when he trampled the feelings of Miss Kingsley's friends under his righteous (?) feet, in his efforts to save his church from contamination, and his religion from the tincture of heresy and heathenism. I had supposed one of the greatest claims to Christianity and civilization was a proper respect and regard for the feelings of others, and especially upon such an occasion as the one to which I refer. It will require many such manifestations as these from popular pulpits to convince me that I was wrong in my supposition.

This little circumstance strikes me more forcibly, because it calls vividly to my recollection the incident of my own father's funeral. Because we wore no badges of mourning for others' eyes, and because, at the earnest request of my mother, I gave the funeral discourse, it was looked upon by certain individuals as an indication that Spiritualism serves to harden the heart and deaden the affections, and one man (perhaps with a tenderer heart than the rest) spoke of it as Mahometan stoicism. Our friend at Williamstown, I suppose would have called it a "Heathen Funeral." Yet that makes it none the less consecrated to me. Christ was considered a heathen in his day; his popular followers alone will title of Christians. I consider it a token of Christianity, to respect every one's feelings, if not their religion; and when we are not allowed to bury our dead, as seems to us most in accordance with our own feelings, we certainly have little reason to boast of liberty of speech and action.

Williamstown has been a very favorable soil for the growth of Spiritualism, and doubtless it has too strong a foothold there to suit others in power. But, let us attack principles boldly, and not ceremonies, mourners and funerals. Let us leave the branches, and strike at the root when we wish to demolish. Spiritualism can never be exterminated by blows struck at its external rites or ceremonies; it will require something deeper than that, and let the arm that strikes, be able and worthy to cleave to its heart, and expose its real essence. If it does then, let it, and give it not even a heathen burial; its friends will do the world the greatest benefit from its death. If it lives, the world will then be compelled to acknowledge it, and its enemies will gain most by its exposition—the benefit of its truth.

Spirit of the departed! come back to us in thy robes of beauty, won in the Morning Land, and cease not in thy efforts for earth, until we have fewer Pharisees, fewer real heathens and more Christians.

Plymouth, Vt., May, 1862.

A. W. BRAGG.

Notes of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

From Afton we traversed a bleak and hilly a Che-nango Valley. Stopped in East Norwich for two small meetings. In the village found a scattering "few," who take no interest in getting up public meetings, because "it will not pay," and "the ladies will not attend, on account of being unpopular." We made no attempt to lift the ladies of this beautiful village out from their pit of unpopularity, so they could attend Spiritual meetings. I hope time will prove conclusively to them that their salvation depends entirely upon their own efforts and their own purity of characters, and not upon "public notice" or "popular" feeling.

Next we lectured in Morris, Otsego County, one Sabbath, three lectures, all well attended by a very intelligent class of persons. This is one of the smartest villages of its size in this State. It is said to receive more literature, daily, weekly and monthly, at its Post Office, than any place of an equal number of inhabitants in the Empire State. We were highly gratified with our pleasant visit there, and feel certain that our future visits will be no less productive of good to all than our first. The friends are in unison with the Universalists, so far as holding meetings are concerned. Being of about equal numbers, and feeling thus friendly, they work together for the upbuilding of a liberal religion. Our genial friend, Mr. G. Weeden, (who was educated for the Quaker ministry), resides here. He is a good inspirational speaker, and our friends would do well to secure his services in his vicinity, or elsewhere, if they can. We heard him in the field; his whole time and energies should be employed in diffusing truth's sunlight over the world.

Our next stop was in Madison County, at Hubbard's Corners, where we found scarcely a Spiritualist only among the first class of ladies, and almost all of that class are believers in our Spiritual Philosophy. We lectured but twice (Sabbath here), to comfortable audiences, though the weather was quite unpleasant, and notwithstanding the M. E. clergyman would not read our notice in his meeting. He said, "Not out of disrespect to the gentleman who gave it to him, but he had made up his mind to take care of himself, and let Spiritualists take care of themselves."

He had been trying for nearly three weeks to get converts in his revival meetings at Poolville, a few miles below, without much success. His refusal caused Poolville friends, who had never had a spiritual meeting, to congregate at their Presbyterian Church, for three lectures, where we had crowded houses; and a lecture by Mrs. M. on the Philosophy of Revivals, tended to wind up his revival which adjourned without a single "new" convert.

We made an opening here we shall be glad to widen and deepen in the future.

People are very liberal here, and only needed to know what our claims were to accept and adopt them. Until our visit, there was but one Spiritualist in Poolville—a lady, who gladly welcomed our "timely appearance," and kindly cared for our needs while there. Several good circles in which good demonstration were given of spirit-presence, and a number of clairvoyant examinations by Mrs. M., seemed to give the earnest inquirers what they had long waited and hungered for.

At Barville, had two public meetings and a few circles, to good acceptance.

The Baptist society are divided in regard to using their church for spiritual meetings. We lectured in their church on night, and were crowded out by "a sham singing school," the next time, under pretense of our opposers that it was previously engaged for the singing, which came to our lecture without even going to the church. Thus moves the religious world. Ever for truth.

H. M. M.

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One hundred and sixty-nine copies, one year, \$340.00
One hundred and seventy copies, one year, \$342.00
One hundred and seventy-one copies, one year, \$344.00
One hundred and seventy-two copies, one year, \$346.00
One hundred and seventy-three copies, one year, \$348.00
One hundred and seventy-four copies, one year, \$350.00
One hundred and seventy-five copies, one year, \$352.00
One hundred and seventy-six copies, one year, \$354.00
One hundred and seventy-seven copies, one year, \$356.00
One hundred and seventy-eight copies, one year, \$358.00
One hundred and seventy-nine copies, one year, \$360.00
One hundred and eighty copies, one year, \$362.00
One hundred and eighty-one copies, one year, \$364.00
One hundred and eighty-two copies, one year, \$366.00
One hundred and eighty-three copies, one year, \$368.00
One hundred and eighty-four copies, one year, \$370.00
One hundred and eighty-five copies, one year, \$372.00
One hundred and eighty-six copies, one year, \$374.00
One hundred and eighty-seven copies, one year, \$376.00
One hundred and eighty-eight copies, one year, \$378.00
One hundred and eighty-nine copies, one year, \$380.00
One hundred and ninety copies, one year, \$382.00
One hundred and ninety-one copies, one year, \$384.00
One hundred and ninety-two copies, one year, \$386.00
One hundred and ninety-three copies, one year, \$388.00
One hundred and ninety-four copies, one year, \$390.00
One hundred and ninety-five copies, one year, \$392.00
One hundred and ninety-six copies, one year, \$394.00
One hundred and ninety-seven copies, one year, \$396.00
One hundred and ninety-eight copies, one year, \$398.00
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Two hundred and fourteen copies, one year, \$430.00
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Two hundred and twenty-nine copies, one year, \$460.00
Two hundred and thirty copies, one year, \$462.00
Two hundred and thirty-one copies, one year, \$464.00
Two hundred and thirty-two copies, one year, \$466.00
Two hundred and thirty-three copies, one year, \$468.00
Two hundred and thirty-four copies, one year, \$470.00
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Two hundred and forty-four copies, one year, \$490.00
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Two hundred and forty-seven copies, one year, \$496.00
Two hundred and forty-eight copies, one year, \$498.00
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Two hundred and fifty-two copies, one year, \$506.00
Two hundred and fifty-three copies, one year, \$508.00
Two hundred and fifty-four copies, one year, \$510.00
Two hundred and fifty-five copies, one year, \$512.00
Two hundred and fifty-six copies, one year, \$514.00
Two hundred and fifty-seven copies, one year, \$516.00
Two hundred and fifty-eight copies, one year, \$518.00
Two hundred and fifty-nine copies, one year, \$520.00
Two hundred and sixty copies, one year, \$522.00
Two hundred and sixty-one copies, one year, \$524.00
Two hundred and sixty-two copies, one year, \$526.00
Two hundred and sixty-three copies, one year, \$528.00
Two hundred and sixty-four copies, one year, \$530.00
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