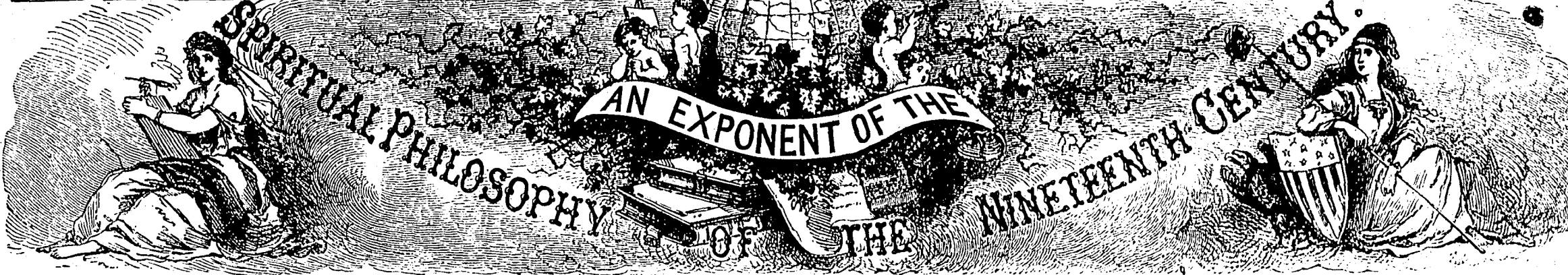


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 12.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Original Essay.

"UNRECOGNIZED SENSES," OR SPIRITUAL SENSES, WHICH?

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

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

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

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

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

Forms and manners the most prepossessing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The genuine young shaver is a barber's baby.

Literary Department.

QUEEN MARGOT

AND

THE MOUSQUETAIRE.

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

BY O. D. ASHLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER VI.

Henri and Henriette.

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

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

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

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

Such is despotism.

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

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

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

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

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

"Forward two!" cried Maurice.

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

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

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

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

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

Thunders of applause greeted these fine words.

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

Henri and Henriette objected.

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

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

"Costumes! Costumes!"

"There is a closet full."

"And they have been worn only once."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then in a stentorian voice:

"Strike up, music! a Hungarian!"

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

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

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

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

The conquering dancers were panting upon the sofas.

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

Madame Jacoby's Story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were kisses again.

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

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

"What do you mean?"

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

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

"They shall be rewarded!" cried Henri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And very good," interrupted Jeanne.

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

Madame Jacoby flushed.

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

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

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

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

"What are you doing?" asked Jeanne, astonished; "and how did you know?"

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

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

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

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

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

Francois went out with a tottering step.

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

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

Francois accosted M. Lemercier with these broken words:

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Concluded in our next.]

True!

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

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

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

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

THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LAHLAN.

SEANCE THREE.

I felt a new, a strange delight.

A mental elevation:

For Hope had come and put to flight

Death and Annihilation.

As glad as is a little boy,

When from his task set free,

My spirit revelled in the joy

Of new-found liberty.

Again I sought the Woman's cot,

As if a magic spell—

Still drew me to the sacred spot,

Where such strange things befall.

And there were many anxious ones,

The Woman's fame had brought,

Who came, like me, to hear and see

Those mighty marvels wrought.

And there the Woman sat—her head

Upon her hand did lean—

While on each ear this strain so clear

Burst from a choir unseen.

SONG.

Through heaven and earth the tidings spread,

Rejoice! rejoice! for Death is dead,

And Superstition captive led.

Rejoice! for open is the gate,

And spirits of a higher state,

With mortals can communicate.

Rejoice! the loved and lost of yore

Can enter at the open door—

Death can divide us nevermore!

Through heaven and earth the tidings spread,

Rejoice! rejoice! for Death is dead,

And Superstition captive led.

It ceased, and there burst on the view

A host of beings bright,

Arrayed in glory, wandering through

A region of delight.

And bands of little children, there

Their flowery offerings bring,

And revel in that region fair,

Like spirits of the spring.

And to the glowing founts of truth

By sympathy they're drawn,

And every thought and look has caught

The spirit of the dawn.

And when one young immortal smiled,

And spake in tones so clear,

An earthly mother claimed her child

With many a joyful tear!

And others saw the ones they lost,

Nor hoped to meet again;

Oh, 'twas the height of pure delight,

Repaying years of pain!

And of reunion "over there"

They talk together long;

When all unite in calm delight,

And raise the voice of song.

SONG.

Parents, dear, we are not dead;

From earth's cares we've only fled

To the glory overhead.

Here among the good and true,

Joy is ever fresh and new;

Yet we're thinking oft of you.

When ye leave your house of clay,

Weary, wasted, old and gray,

We will meet you on the way

To the house prepared for you,

That shall fade not like the dew,

But be ever fair and new.

Parents, dear, we are not dead,

From earth's cares we've only fled

To the glory overhead.

They ceased, and then a youth came forth

With features rather pale,

And in the accents of the North

He told his little tale.

TALE.

No pleasure have I in re-viewing the past,

For a blight on the heart, of my childhood was cast;

My kindred and people were narrow indeed,

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

Though God had made Nature surpassingly fair,

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

And to the glad sounds of the viol and lute,

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

The flowers had no business to blossom and bloom;

Creation they wrapt in a mantle of gloom!

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

But to see God revealed in His terrible Book.

And then came the Sabbath, in awful array—

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

The bright sun illumined the earth and the air,

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

The lark he was singing and soaring on high,

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

The linnet was singing his song on the tree,

The lambskins were sporting on meadow and lea;

The harbell was hanging a-down by the brook;

And I was poring over that terrible book!

Of crimes uncommitted I was to repent,

Till I scarce knew what childhood or happiness meant.

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

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

A poor little prisoner from Nature shut out,

To wonder what all the turmoil was about—

At last I revolted, so naught but the rod

Could reach to my conscience and drive me to God.

My young life was blasted, my heart had grown gray,

But God in his mercy soon took me away;

And loving ones bore me across the dark sea,

And angels of mercy they were unto me.

And often I ask, Can there nothing be done,

For such little sufferers under the sun?

To KILL CURRENT WORMS.—I give the following

cheap and simple remedy that I have used

for three years with perfect success: Take a few

lumps of common quick-lime, pour on it a little

water, just sufficient so that when shaken it will

be a dry powder. When the worms appear,

which will always be on the under part of the

brush first, pepper them with this powder. It

will kill them without fail, and will not injure

the bushes in the least. If more worms should

appear, which will very likely be the case, repeat

the operation. This remedy has the merit of being

effective, cheap, and within the reach of all.

Time for this purpose can be prepared at any

time, and can be used when wanted.—*Cor. Rural*

New York.

A FINE POINT ON IT.—"My son," said a re-

finer mother, "you should not use the word

'blackguard'; it is vulgar." "What should I

use in the place of it, ma?" "Why, use—use—

"African sentinel," my dear."

Banner Correspondence.

On the Hudson.

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

Well, here I am, and have cast aside for a time all mental and spiritual concern, and sought God in cabbages, &c., as aforesaid. I have written several letters to your partner, I. B. Rich, not forgetting his much kindness and many encouraging words when sore needed; but, perhaps, because of the disturbance and distraction necessarily consequent upon the departure of Brother White, they have been unanswered. One of my letters was from this place, written upon seeing Bro. White's decease announced in the Toledo "Sun." I intended you should know my address always, even if I had nothing important to communicate or any news to bear. I was surprised when I read that Mr. White had changed to the immortal so suddenly. I cannot consider that dying even in our sense of removal. I am confident he was best and fittest of us all for a new world of work, and his going. You have had foreign correspondents in that country before; now you have a resident partner there, and I can foresee your business in that quarter of the world will move more smoothly. I trust you will feel often near you, in all the vexatious trials and crucifixion you have endured and still must suffer, the calm, loving, wise presence of our empanelled friend. There were few men I honored as, from the depths of my spirit, I loved William White. He drew upon my sympathy in subtle ways too spiritual to be even mentioned; but the sense and feeling were there, and now and then a word or some slight act confessed its existence.

It is idle for me to write in any common phrase to you about such a man as he in such circumstances as these. You knew him as the world could not; I only hope, when I pass on, I may leave a record as just—a memory as sweet. And so now no more at present. Here I am and thus I am. *Benedict!*

Sincerely yours, E. S. WHEELER.

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

Grove Meetings—Schools for True Freedom.

DEAR BANNER—It is indeed interesting and encouraging, as the summer long delayed, comes at last in its beauty and life, to hear the note

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE POOR OLD MAN:
The Sequel to "Eda Darling."

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE DUTTS.

[Conclusion.]

Eda left her grandfather and went to her mother's room. She again repeated the incidents of her little journey, and when she had finished, her mother said:

"Dear Eda, may your heart ever feel tenderly for the poor and unfortunate. There are a great many persons in the world who have not where to lay their heads; many, like poor Uncle Joseph, who are homeless and homeless. A poor-house, at best, is but a poor apology for a home. Uncle Joseph has seen better days, and he feels all the more the sad change which has come over his earthly life. And it seems sad indeed, as he is growing old and infirm, that his path should be so rough and thorny. Eda, always be kind to the poor and aged, and never treat them with scorn and contempt."

"Mother, I did not tell you how some of the children laughed at me when I was leading poor Uncle Joseph along. I heard one of the girls say: 'If there isn't Eda Darling leading that old man who lives at the poor-house!' Then they all laughed and pointed at me; but, mother, I did not care anything about it, if they did laugh at me!"

"That's right, my brave little girl," said the mother. "Never be afraid of being laughed at."

"Are you willing, mother, that I should pick some strawberries and flowers, and carry them to Uncle Joseph? I think he loves flowers; he talked as though he loved everything that was beautiful."

"Yes, Eda, I would like to have you carry some strawberries to Uncle Joseph, and I will arrange a bouquet of flowers for you to take for him to-morrow."

"Thank you, dear mother. Won't Uncle Joseph be glad? I should think everybody would be kind to such a good old man."

"The next morning Eda arose with the sun. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and, as she expressed it, "everything out of doors seemed to be laughing." She said, "The birds are singing, the little brook is dancing along, the flowers are opening their bright eyes to say 'good morning' to the sun. I wonder if everybody feels happy this nice morning? There's poor Uncle Joseph! I fear he isn't very happy. Well, I will go and see him this afternoon, and then he will feel better, I guess."

Early in the afternoon Eda started on her mission of love. Her basket was filled with strawberries and flowers, and, as the little girl surveyed them, a glow of satisfaction is seen upon her smiling face. When she arrived at the poor-house, she was greeted at the gate by a barking dog that was lazily sunning himself at the door. A poor ragged little girl soon made her appearance, and Eda inquired if she could see Uncle Joseph. The child informed her that the "old man" was sick, and had not been out of the room that day.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" was Eda's exclamation. The girl looked at Eda in astonishment, and said:

"What do you know about Uncle Joseph? Is he any of your 'lotion' or 'what makes you feel so kind o' bad'?"

"Oh, he's a good old man! It makes no difference whether I am related to him or not. The good Saviour said that we ought to love everybody."

"La sakes! I s'pose you're a minister's child, and maybe Uncle Joseph would like to see you. He's been dreadful kind o' pious all day," said the poor little girl.

Eda was glad when Betsey led the way to Uncle Joseph's room. But what an uncomfortable place! She had no idea before that the poor were so ill-cared for.

"How do you do, Uncle Joseph? I fear you are very sick," said Eda kindly.

"Yes, child, I am sick, and I am in hopes that I shall go home soon," said the old man feebly.

"Do you think you could eat some strawberries? I have brought you some," said Eda, with a little tremor in her voice.

"You are a very thoughtful child to think so much of poor Uncle Joseph. Yes, I will try and eat some of them; they look very nice. But you had better not stay here long; this is not a very pleasant place for a little girl like you."

"I should n't think it was a very pleasant place for you, Uncle Joseph."

"It matters little, child, about me. I shall soon be in a better home. I feel that I am going; I am sure that I shall meet the dear ones who left me long ago. Have you brought those sweet flowers for me, too? They are very beautiful. Thank you, dear child; you remind me of my own precious Clara."

"I will come and see you again to-morrow, if you would like to have me come," were Eda's last words as she was leaving the room.

"Certainly, my dear child, if you can come to such an unpleasant place," said Uncle Joseph, as he glanced around the room.

Eda walked quickly home, for she was anxious to inform her mother how very sick she had found Uncle Joseph.

Her mother listened to Eda's pitiful story with tearful eyes, and told her that she would have her doctor call and see the poor old man that evening. But the physician told Mrs. Darling the next morning that Uncle Joseph could not live many days. "But I have ordered them to remove him to a more comfortable room. He was very particular to ask them to place the flowers your little girl carried him on the stand by his bedside."

"Oh, I shall never see poor Uncle Joseph again," said Eda, when the doctor had finished speaking. "How glad I am that I went to see him yesterday."

The next afternoon, as Eda and her grandfather were sitting on the piazza, watching the summer sun as it sank behind the western hills, the little girl said in her own artless way:

"What a beautiful world this is, grandpapa. How I wish that everybody was good and happy."

Just at that moment the church bell pealed forth its solemn sound. Eda thought of Uncle Joseph, while she counted the number, sixty-nine. She asked her grandfather if he supposed the bell was tolling for him?

"Well, it may be for him, but it isn't often the bell is tolled for a pauper. God's poor are not noticed much when they die," solemnly answered Mr. Elwood.

"Poor old man!" said Eda, "I guess he's gone to rest. He can see his dead Clara now. I

wonder if he will see my father in the spirit-land? Perhaps he will, and tell him about me, and my flowers, and all we said the other day. I wish I had told Uncle Joseph, if he saw my father in heaven, to tell him that I was trying to be good all of the time. I know that this would make him glad."

"What a prattler my little Eda is," said Grandpa Elwood, wiping his eyes.

Eda learned the next morning that Uncle Joseph had gone home. They dug him a grave in a lonely spot, and laid the old man down. Eda and her grandfather followed the lone pilgrim to his last resting-place, and placed flowers upon the coffin, as it was lowered out of sight. The myrtle and the rose will bloom in after years in this lonely retreat, planted by the kind hands of "Eda Darling, the Flower-Girl."

Spiritual Phenomena.

[From the New York Weekly Day-Book of June 7th.]

IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE?

A WONDERFUL MYSTERY!

An Interview with Foster, the Spiritualist, at Powers, N. Y. Describes the Various Phases of the "Divine" Medium.

Horatio—Oh, day and night! but this is a wonderful thing! There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

No. 1.

Charles H. Foster is a human problem, over which mental philosophers have speculated to no purpose for the past few years. We do not know where he was born, nor is it of any consequence to us or the great world. He may be the Wandering Jew for all we know, though we doubt whether that personage ever existed so profound an impression when stopping to hold converse in his wanderings up and down the earth, as does this intellectual enigma, Foster, when descending to indulge ordinary mortals with an opportunity to investigate, perhaps, the term—the inexplicable mental phenomena of which he is the embodiment. The June issue of "Scribner's" has an article, contributed by Robert F. Leaman, under the title of "A Science with Foster, the Spiritualist," which, on reading, determined us to seek an early interview with this "Spiritualist," and an opportunity for the secret happening to present itself shortly after the perusal of this interesting sketch, with its "points" fresh in our mind, we took the cars for Twenty-Second street, the temporary locality of the great "inexplicable," and were soon in "the presence." With the very introduction to this singular personage commences your study of his peculiarities. You see a full-faced, handsome, dark-complexioned, black-haired, black-eyed, dark-moustached, gentlemanly individual, of apparently thirty-five years (we believe the Wandering Jew never grew old), and with such dreamy optics that you are impressed with the idea that he is in a somnambulist state, as he takes your hand most indifferently—nay, almost sleepily—and responds to your greeting in low, measured, listless tones.

We, with a friend, took places at the table by the side of "the mystic," at which were also seated two gentlemen, strangers from the South, and the feet of the wonderful powers of the secret commenced. The company were requested to write the names of any friends in the spirit-world with whom they desired to communicate. On the table lay a pile of paper, long strips of some five inches wide, from which we tore sections enough to write some twenty-five to fifty names, each name on a separate slip, all of which, when written upon, were folded to the contracted width of cigar lighters. After a fair degree of shuffling and mixing by the parties, especially interested, the folded slips were left for the "great mystic" to touch or not, as he saw proper—he could manipulate as he pleased, save and except the unfolding of the same. We sit in silence for the space of two minutes, then the seer takes up the folded papers, one by one, and passes them rapidly across his forehead. He starts a little, and for the first time we perceive his apathetic air has vanished; his eyes assume an expression of intense interest; he seems to look earnestly upon some picture in the atmosphere about us, which our eyes, as mere vacancy, that dreamy abstraction which had enveloped him had gone.

"I am strongly impressed by certain spirits who seek to communicate with you," said Foster to Mr. O. "Have you written the names of those you desire to appear?" O. said he had. "Wait a moment," said Foster, "and I will ascertain who are present." He picks up the folded slips of papers; one by one, and rapidly passes them across his broad brow. "Ah! I split says he will make known his name to you," Mr. O. said Foster, and he passes his right hand, in which is paper and pencil, under the table, and instantly draws it back again with a name written legibly upon it. "The very party I had desired to communicate with!" said Mr. O. "He is here," said Foster, "and stands behind your chair."

It will be noticed that some hidden hand wrote on the paper under the table the name of the spirit-friend in the spirit-world who was present. How could Foster have known enough of the personnel of the spirit to have written its name? Catching up a dozen of the folded papers, within which certain names had been traced, he passed them singly across his brow, and in a moment threw over toward Mr. O. one of them, saying, "That is the name of the spirit present, and the one who also wrote under the table; you will find them the same." The folded paper was opened, and it was so! It was impossible that Foster could have seen of any of the "mystic" what was written on these folded slips, yet he put his hand, with blank paper and pencil in it, under the table, requested the spirit which had been called to write its name, and when it was done, Foster takes one of the many folded slips which were written by the gentlemen present secretly, and the words of which he could not have seen "in the flesh," and says, "Within that slip is also the name of the spirit present, and the one you desire to communicate with." The gentleman who wrote on the slip was deeply surprised, and his agitation expressed something more than that sentiment. Turning to another gentleman at the table, Foster says: "The spirit of a lady stands behind your chair. An acquaintance of yours when you were younger than you are now. How much that spirit suffered when on earth! She was very dear to you. Her name was ——" (giving her name in full).

This communication from Foster to the party at the table was evident of an affective character, and the countenance of the gentleman showed it. We did not feel at liberty to ask any explanations. Inasmuch as Foster never said this gentleman before, knew nothing of him or his, of his past life or his present, of his family or his friends, how did he know anything of that "lady friend" of years ago, long since dead, now present in spirit, standing behind that chair? How could he know of her "years of suffering"? How did he know her name?

Very much more of this character of inexplicable and startling information was presented to the gentlemen at that séance, which evidently puzzled and mystified them; but the special object of our interview with Foster had as yet not been reached. We went to that séance a searcher after truth—if possible to get light, more light, touching the source of the astounding revelations this mysterious man certainly conveyed. Where did he get his knowledge of events that he had been buried in the memories of those whom he for the first time met, as he did this little circle of which we were one? Individuals of whose past lives he could, under ordinary circumstances, know nothing. We came to this meeting determined to put Foster's remarkable powers to a severe trial, and prepared the test beforehand. An intimate friend of ours, every page of whose life, for at least thirty-five years, we were familiar with, consent-

ed to sit at our side at the table on this special occasion. At our request he had prepared a question to the "spirits," should he be favored with a visitation, and put the same in a sealed envelope, prior to leaving his office on that day. The question was written thus—*Will you state to me to show that Foster, even with his superhuman vision, if he depended on sight alone, could not have divined its full meaning: "Can I get a communication with S. C. of S., who died at B. in 1849?"* These words were written on a slip of paper and placed inside of an envelope, and the envelope sealed before our friend ever looked upon the seer. Our friend sought out the place of meeting, where we joined him to see the results of his test. Seated at the table, as we have already stated, sundry slips of paper were written upon, and the results, astonishing. Finally, C. drew out his envelope, and said to the seer, "Within is a communication, written before I came here. Shall I offer it?" "Certainly," said Foster, and it was laid with the rest before him. Foster took the envelope up, touched it to his forehead, and turning to C. said, "I am impressed by several spirits anxious to communicate with you. There are two or three female spirits at the back of your chair bending over you. One—wait a moment—her name is A—y—B—C—" (Foster gave the name in full of a lady friend of C. who died in 1855.) "and the other is—why—your wife! How young she looks. She died—how long ago. Let me see: she will write it on my hand, and I will tell you the year—1849—yes, 1849—was the year. She says to you—here a communication followed, in precisely the style of philosophy Mrs. C. used with her familiars; so very like that it was most startling."

Now, we ask, what was there in the communication within the envelope to denote that "S. C." was the "wife" of the party at the table, or anybody's "wife," or even the name of a female? There was nothing in the communication to show that "S. C." might not have been the initials of some one of the other sex. Foster described the personal appearance of "S. C." so clearly that he evidently saw something as he stated, at the back of C.'s chair. What did he see? Why did he say wife instead of sister? And again, how could Foster know that A—y—B—C— and S. C. near friends on earth, were evidently near friends in the spirit-world, unless he really saw them and communed with them on this occasion, as he states he did? If he had not thus communicated with them, how could he have told the name of the one, and the relation of the other to C. There was much more of this character of the length of this article forbids our touching upon, and we simply present these facts for the mental digestion of our readers, the great public. The test we suggested for the seer was fairly applied, and his superhuman powers were evidently equal to it. We were astonished, though if asked what our convictions are we cannot answer; nor can we announce those of our friend C. He was deeply moved, and amazed, but touching his one source of Foster's knowledge, we have nothing to say.

"Spiritualism" is now claiming the attention of millions of intelligent minds in this country and Europe, and we propose to follow the subject up, as we have a large fund of facts connected therewith, which are, to say the least, sensational enough for the most gormandizing lover of the marvelous. Mr. Leaman, in the article in Scribner's we have referred to, touching his interview, says: "Standing up the results, it may be asserted in brief, that Foster told nothing of a specific nature that had not been, by written answers, first told him; the answers of the spirit were reproductions of the written answers." Now, as we deal with facts and not theories, having no opinions to offer on the subject of Spiritualism, our investigation in that direction being simply investigations after truth, we assert that our interview with Foster proves the complete falsity of Mr. Leaman's statement. There was no such "written answers" in the communication prepared and sealed before the interview, and miles away from Foster, that could have given him the slightest indication of the information he gave our friend C., excepting that "S. C. died in 1849," and with what kind of eyes did he see this much? The communication, exactly as it was written, and its results, we have here detailed, and speculators in mental phenomena can draw their own conclusions as to how the seer found out S. C. with the name of a lady, that the lady was the wife, over a quarter of a century ago, of one of the gentlemen present, &c. We shall follow up this subject, "Spiritualism," and our next article will introduce what are called "Physical Manifestations," which we have personally witnessed. Nothing extenuating, we venture to assert that we shall astonish our readers somewhat. Yet we beg to say beforehand, we shall only detail exactly what took place in our presence. In due season we shall sketch the "mediumship" of "The Davenport" and the first "outbreak" of that still most inexplicable mystery, in the family of Davenport senior, in the city of Buffalo, in 1845.

"The Little Bouquet."

A new monthly magazine for children, published by S. S. Jones, proprietor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal, thus speaks of the demise of a true man and earnest worker:

"On the 28th day of April, 1873, Bro. William White, of Boston, passed from the material to the spiritual plane of life at the age of sixty years. Bro. William White was the senior member of the firm of William White & Co., proprietors of the Banner of Light, the oldest newspaper now published in the interest of Spiritualism. He was a good man, and faithful to the cause of truth. Bro. Charles H. Foster, another member of the firm, passed to the spiritual plane of life about three years before leaving only two, Bro. Luther Colby, the editor of that paper, and Bro. Isaac Rich—surviving members of the firm."

We deeply sympathize with them and the widowed companion of the deceased. Surviving friends are always grieved when the immortal spirit, the jewel of a loved one, leaves the earth—the mortal, material body only remaining in place—the dear companion of the spirit. The dear ones who sympathize with them well up and overflow with copious tears. Such—thank Infinite Wisdom—is our nature. Then it is that we forget all but that which is good in the departed. Love takes the place of all else, and we all become one in a common sympathy for those who most deeply mourn.

But to our youthful friends, to whom this change called death has the most exquisite terror, we are deeply indebted to say, cast away all fear on such occasions. The spiritual body is not to drop the fear of true sympathy at such times, but we should cast away all fear. The Philosophy of Life is demonstrated by facts in spirit communion, and by its light the heretofore dark mysteries of the spirit-world are revealed. Our loved ones, from the least of the tiny infants upward to mature years, and down to decrepit old age, are passing from the physical body continually to live in a spiritual body as real, tangible and beautiful as the most lovely infant, youth, man and woman that we can conceive of. Their homes in the spirit-world are as real, and far more beautiful than the most lovely place that we can conceive of on our plane of life, and as near to us as the aroma or perfume is to the flower itself. Hence it is true that, when a loved one dies, it is no departure from us. They are as near to us and love all whom they loved before the transition called death as intensely as they did before; ay, more, they watch over the dear ones left behind with guardian care, and do all that is in their power to save the dear ones of the earth plane of life from harm.

This being true, our young friends will realize the fact that our deceased Bro. William White loved to do good and make men and women happier and better by teaching them, through the Banner of Light, of the spirit-world; so now he will inspire others of the same kind to work for the good of ourselves and others. He is not dead, but alive, and will be so evermore during the endless ages of eternity."

When a young lady gives herself away, does she lose her self-possession?

Free Thought.

THE PANTARCHY DEFINED—THE WORD AND THE THING.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

New ideas require new words; either wholly new, or old words raised and stretched to a higher and broader meaning; and the promulgator of the new thought has to choose between these two alternatives. *Pantarchy* is a newly-formed word, from the Greek, to denote what is sometimes called "The New," as contrasted with "The Old," in respect to the progress of the world's affairs, and that to which the revolutionary events of our day are a transition and an introduction. It means the Universal Government or ordering of all human conduct, individual and collective, in accordance with true science or knowledge, and for the highest and best uses—a millennial state devised and conducted by science, and effected by the crystallization of all the existing reformatory and spiritual forces.

Arché is a Greek word (occurring in mon-archy, olig-archy, hier-archy, etc.), which curiously combines, in a subtle unity of meaning, the idea of origin or beginning, and hence of elementary principle, with that of government or rule. *En arché ho logos*. In the beginning was the word (John 1:1), means more than in the historical beginning. It means the logical beginning in elementary principles, as a language begins in its alphabet, which then governs the development of speech or the word.

Pan or *pan*(ty)—which occurs in pan-theism, pan-theon and pan-ology—is another Greek word meaning all or universal. *Pant-archy* means, therefore, Universal Government, but in a deeper sense than any merely political idea.

The organization of the Pantarchy is the formation of a new party in the world, but something very different from a new political party. It is not a party for the external and compulsory control of affairs, through the ballot, backed by the bullet, but an altogether voluntary association of those who are like-minded in their desire for their mutual benefit and for the benefit of the world—a spontaneous drawing together of all thescattered and branches of reform to constitute the spiritual government of mankind through the force of ideas, and of an organized influence guided by the best skill and the highest wisdom. It is not even designed for or confined to the single country. It is a higher sort of Internationalism.

The immediate occasion of this communication to the Banner is the occurrence of a couple of expressions in "An Interview with Mrs. Maynard," the celebrated trance-medium," in the issue of the Banner of the 31st of May, 1873, copied from Pomeroy's Democrat. The statement is this:

"After the present—the coming four years—a new order of things will be introduced. Men who have remained in the quiet walks of life will rise to power and position. Men who have loved humanity, who have labored earnestly to promote the welfare of the people, will be called into the field of action. Brother, your place is there."

"So," it is said, "we are expecting the formation of a new party; not a new political party (God knows we have had enough), but a new element of strength and power that shall draw to itself the best of all parties who seek to benefit humanity for the love of humanity. This is that which will correct the present condition of things," &c.

These sentences embrace the essential idea of the Pantarchy. The Pantarchy has been ineffectually organized and in active operation for several years, is steadily augmenting its strength and resources, and is preparing for a more external and visible intervention in the world's affairs, when the coming crisis shall have gone forward to the point where such action will be demanded; meantime it remains, for the public at large, more a mere ideal foreshadowing than an actual, wide-spreading and powerful organization.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST AND BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER SIX.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The year 1865 was not marked by such active operations in the movement as the preceding year, although the movers came very near securing the State of Indiana.

Rev. John Crozier was the leader in assembling a Convention of Christians in Indianapolis on the 15th of February, 1865. As amendments to the Constitution were being debated in the Legislature of that State, they conceived it to be the opportunity to secure their religious amendment. A petition was prepared by the Convention, and it received four hundred and fifty-two signatures. The petition was laid before the Legislature, and referred to a Committee. The Committee reported favorably, recommending the adoption of the amendment—

"1. Because the proposed religious amendment contained nothing secular.

"2. It is in harmony with our Republican form of government.

"3. It places our government in harmony with the government of God, from whom all power is derived.

"4. By adopting this amendment we will propitiate the favor of Him who chastises nations for national sins."

There was a minority report adverse to the petition, and the Legislature adjourned without acting.

The Constitutional-God Christians narrowly watch the "downfalling" and "uprising" of the State Legislatures and Constitutional Conventions. Probably through State Legislatures they will first secure the Recognition of God, Jesus Christ, and Bible.

The first Auxiliary Society was formed in the southern part of Illinois, and its influence, by means of public meetings, delegations to all representative bodies, the active circulation of tracts and petitions, and by the earnest labors of the Rev. James Wallace, has been felt throughout all the Northwestern States.

The next meeting of the National Association was in the city of New York, May 16th and 17th, 1866. Addresses were made by Dr. Craven and Dr. Melville. Dr. Melville was appointed to lay the resolutions before the approaching Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, and urge a similar expression in the Constitution of that State. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, It is a most certain truth, received by all denominations of Christians, that Almighty God is the source of all authority and power in civil government, and that his moral laws are of supreme authority in all national as well as individual life and affairs; and,

"Whereas, Nations, as such, are under His moral government, and are responsible to Him, and are rewarded and punished according to their moral conduct as nations; and,

"Whereas, In the character and profession of the vast majority of our citizens, as well as in many elements of our governmental organization, we are a Christian nation, and therefore have an inalienable right, and are under the most sacred obligations to govern ourselves in a Christian manner; and,

"Whereas, We, as a nation, have experienced throughout our whole history, and especially during a civil war, the most signal manifestations of God's providential mercy, as well as of His just displeasure for our national sins; therefore,

"1. Resolved, That our duty and gratitude to God as our national Governor, Protector and Preserver, and our need of securing His favor and averting His displeasure, require that we distinctly and explicitly acknowledge Him; His Son as the Ruler among the nations, and the authority of His Word, in the great charter of our national existence and powers, the fundamental and organic laws of the land."

"2. That in this acknowledgment no statement should be admitted which would recognize any of the distinctions existing among the various denominations of those who call themselves Christians."

The Roman Catholics call themselves Christians, but it is not proposed to admit them to the advantages of the religious amendment.

"3. That such an amendment of our National Constitution implies no more than the exercise of the inalienable right of a Christian people to acknowledge their God and Preserver; and would do no injustice to those few individuals among us who are the enemies of the Christian religion, and who claim the right to prohibit the nation, as such, from all religious worship, and whose claims cannot be satisfied without abolishing all laws for the observance of the Sabbath, and banishing all religious worship, and claims from the army and navy of the United States."

"4. That, in our judgment, in order to effect such an amendment to the Constitution, nothing is required but to arouse public attention to its paramount importance and necessity."

I believe a portion of the third resolution. The "nation, as such," should have no religious worship. Religious worship is contrary to the spirit and letter of our National Constitution, hence everything in the form of such worship by the nation is injurious to the people. Inasmuch as the Catholics were justified in rebelling against the "Tax Law," why should Liberalists not be justified in rebelling against taxation for the support of religion?

The question had been discussed among Christians, if the United States and all its records should be destroyed except its coins, could the future antiquarian tell from those coins whether we were a Christian or a Pagan nation? It was decided that, in the absence of all recognition of God on the coins, or of any sort of recognition of the Christian religion, the inference would be that we were a heathen nation!

In 1866 Rev. Francis Vinton, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, had his conscience pained when some coins were struck from the mint with the words, "In God We Trust." Said Vinton, in a letter to Rev. T. D. Shawson, written Jan. 25th, 1866, "It is gratifying to observe the pious acknowledgment of God on the public coins." A Nickle recognition!

BANNER OF LIGHT:

A POPULAR FAMILY PAPER,

AND

AN EXPONENT

OF THE
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AT NO. 11 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

COLBY & RICH,

(Late Wm. White & Co.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

LESTER COLBY, EDITOR.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is a first-class, eight-page Family Newspaper, containing POETRY, COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING, classified as follows:

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.—Original Novels, stories of contemporary events, and occasionally translations from French and German authors. Poetry, original and selected; choice stories for children, etc. REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES.—By able Trance and Normal Speakers.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.—Upon Spiritual, Philo-

sophical and Scientific Subjects.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—Subjects of

General Interest, the Spiritual Philosophy, its Phenomena, etc., Current Events, Entertaining Miscellany, No-

ticed New Publications, etc.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.—Spirit-Messages

from the departed to their friends in earth-life, given

through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, which

demonstrate direct intercourse between the Mundane and

Super-Mundane Worlds.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS from the most

talented writers in the world.

All which features render this Journal a popular Family

Paper, and at the same time the Harbinger of a Glorious

Scientific Religion.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE.

Per Year, in Advance, by Cash, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

Post-Office Money, or by Draft, or by Draft, or by

</

Notes from A. E. Carpenter.

Since I last wrote to the Banner, our good Bro. White has passed to the higher life. Suddenly, quietly, peacefully, his spirit entered that beautiful land of which he loved to speak. We shall miss his genial face and kind sympathies, but the loving friend is still ours, laboring with us in every good word and work.

The dear old Banner still waves, with its standard borne forward to nobler work and grander achievements, upheld by mortals and immortals, striving for the common good of the race in the body and out of it.

NEWARK, N. J.

I lectured before the society in this place two or three Sundays, and was delighted to find a goodly company of earnest hard-working Spiritualists, who seemed to do all they could to make their Spiritualism a means of intellectual and spiritual growth. Several good mediums reside in this beautiful city, prominent among whom are Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smiley, both acting as test mediums, meeting with good success. Here resides Mr. Stewart, the brave, radical and keen analytical thinker, who wrote the "Hierophant," a book which is no doubt familiar to most of your readers. While stopping here I met a lady medium, entirely unknown to the public, who has for a long time been having some beautiful manifestations. Pictures are drawn by the spirits with their own hands, the materials being put into a room by themselves and left until the work is perfected. I saw one of these pictures done in crayon, and the delicacy of touch and beauty of outline were wonderfully fine. A large number of portraits have been made in this way, some of which are excellent likenesses.

I intended to have seen more of them, as the lady and her husband gave me a cordial invitation to visit them, but my stay was so brief I had no opportunity to do so. I am compelled to keep the names from the public, as they are unwilling yet to be known to the world. A beautiful manifestation occurred in the presence of Mrs. Carpenter just before we left New York. While she was sitting for Mr. Keyser, the well-known philanthropist, she saw a beautiful spirit, with downy hair, and a face of angelic beauty, who sat at the table with her. It was in the daytime, and the room was perfectly light. The spirit seemed anxious to place the flowers upon the table, but was unable to do so. Finally she motioned to Mr. Keyser and the medium to retire through the open door of a room adjoining. They did so, still keeping their attention fixed upon the table, which was distant some ten feet from them. Suddenly there appeared upon a piece of paper which was lying upon the table, a lovely face and some words of forgotten melody. They were fresh and fragrant, apparently just plucked from the stem. Mr. K. is a great lover of flowers, and the spirit who brought them had often been seen by other mediums with the fuchsia, and now she was able to give it material form. It was a delicate memento, and fully appreciated.

THE NEW YORK LYCEUM.

Is improving finely under the faithful guardianship of the noble workers that have it in charge. Enough can scarcely be said in praise of the Conductor, Mr. Wheeler, for the untiring efforts he is making to build up the Lyceum in this city. A. J. Davis and his companion are comfortably settled at 23 East Fourth street, where they are dispensing the Bread of Life to the hungry multitudes in the books published by Colby & Rich, and other liberal publications. Bro. Davis is as harmonious as ever, thanks to Mary's kindly care, and his own serene temper. I predict their success in the book trade. The sale room is fitted up tastefully and neatly divided into different departments, labeled and arranged with perfect system. The tops of the bookcases are fittingly crowned with likenesses of the "saluts" in "Arabia," while beautiful spiritual pictures and splendidly bound volumes ornament and make attractive the large show window. The New Yorkers will not have to complain any longer that they have no place where spiritual books and papers of all kinds can be obtained. Shade, Mansfield and Foster are as busy as ever. The efforts to crush them have utterly failed, and more books are the result. Gordon has vanished from New York altogether.

HARTFORD.

where I am at present stopping, has been manifested a goodly company of Spiritualists, during the past few months as it has been presented by our inspired sister, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham. Large audiences have gathered Sunday after Sunday, and multitudes have been cheered and blessed by her sweet ministrations. The meetings are now closed for the season.

Lottie Fowler has left here for Worcester. As a test medium she is undoubtedly one of the best we have, and she is doing a good work.

A word of myself, and I close. I want to meet with my old friends in New England this summer, and would like to make engagements among them. Should there be any who would like to have me visit them any time during the coming season, I hope they will address me at once, care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

A. E. CARPENTER.
Hartford, Conn., June 12th, 1873.

The European Tour

Is the title of a sixteen-page magazine, printed on tinted paper, and sent out to the traveling public by Messrs. C. L. Bartlett & Co., 16 Broad street, Boston, Agents for the Anchor Line of European Steamers. Its pages teem with tempting offers of transportation—and subsistence also—at low rates for those contemplating long or short trips to the Old World. Skeleton tours, occupying from four weeks to six months, and costing from two hundred to one thousand dollars, are given in its pages, and much good advice is also added regarding preparation for an ocean voyage, etc., etc., the perusal of which will be of advantage to the prospective wanderer.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The clergy of Massachusetts, to try the strength of their hold on the popular conscience, called their devotees to the ballot box upon the issue of uncompromising prohibition.

Result.—The formation among the people of a powerful secret organization (representing \$150,000,000 of capital), with branches ramifying throughout the Commonwealth, pledged to the repeal of the obnoxious statute.

We are informed that Charles H. Read, physical, and Ida Hart, personating medium, are giving successful sittings in the West, on their route to California, via Council Bluffs, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake, etc., etc. A European tour is mentioned as projected by them at the close of their stay in San Francisco.

In order to complete our files, we are in need of Vols. 3, 4, 7, 8, 16, and 23. Any of our patrons having odd numbers of the same, or complete volumes which they may be willing to spare, will confer a great favor by forwarding them to our address.

To-Day.—This spiky, illustrated sheet—of which McLean, Stoddard & Co., 733 Sanson street, Philadelphia, are publishers, and Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, is editor—will commence July 5th, its new volume, enlarged in form, and with the addition of many pleasant features.

SCITUATE, MASS.—Jenkins's Hall.—Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, spoke at this place, Sunday, June 1st, morning and afternoon, his remarks calling together good audiences.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The instant feeling that he changed, but he knew not why; he felt that he escaped from himself, but he perceived not how? He then incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon this.

A contemporary says, very wisely, no business man can achieve success without advertising. Fine stores, good merchandise and low prices will always attract a certain amount of custom, but these are only partial means to an end.

When Lord Esher brought in his bill for re-establishing the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause, that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

David Scott, condemned to imprisonment for life in the Connecticut State Prison at Waterbury, for complicity in the "Whisper Locks" murder, and who had been confined some thirteen months, during which time he protested his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, grew despondent at last, and hung himself in his cell on Saturday, June 11th.

A recent French writer divides the seasons in London into three equal parts: four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain.

A West Chester, Pa., newspaper announces that a "Miserable Erythrophant" has been observed in the park; and then, in this portentous name, should frighten away all the women and children, explains that the monster in question is only the red-headed woodpecker.

Some minds are indeed so brutalized and debased as to seem dead to all pity; but there is no mind to whom that it has not felt the influence of mercy.

"He shall have judgment without mercy who hath shown no mercy."—Scripture.

The free-pass system on railroads throughout the United States has been abolished, except in cases of "minor ministers of the gospel."

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has just made a joke. A Mrs. Jany being examined as a witness in the Fetherstone case, stated that she had eleven children; whereupon His Honor observed he had always understood it took twelve to make a jury. England is still echoing the laugh which convulsed the court.

Beecher has just preached a sermon on "The Power of Love." He should endeavor to instill into his friend Tilton some of the genuine power of love. The latter is as full of venom as an egg is of meat.

Church property should be taxed the same as any other property. Why not? This subject is under discussion by the daily press all over the country. Much church property has been doubled and trebled in value of late years, and there is no sort of reason why it should not be taxed.

Beet sugar has been raised very successfully in Illinois and other States where it has been given a fair trial. It is a very productive crop, and always finds a ready market at remunerative prices. Farmers in the West, who think the imported sugar so expensive, will find it for their interest to make a wider effort regarding this culture.

An English shopkeeper had, for his virtues, obtained the name of the "little rascal." A stranger asked him why this appellation had been given to him. "To distinguish him from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."

The French indemnity to Germany has been paid in gold, or its equivalent, in the shape of merchants' bills, as usual in Berlin. On Friday, June 14th, the first installment, or one-fourth of the last milliard of francs, was paid over.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

The Religio-Philosophical Society on the 20th of May granted a letter of fellowship to Mrs. S. J. Avery, M. D., of Chicago; Sisters Laura S. Craig, West Claremont, N. H.; Harriet E. Pope and Bro. Isaac Pope, of Morristown, Minn.; Sister Mattie E. B. Sawyer, of Washington, D. C.; and Bro. D. T. Goodman, of Independence, Iowa, consisting of their regular members of the gospel, and authorizing them to solicit marriages according to law.

Mrs. Dr. Carpenter will lecture every Sunday evening at Grover's Opera Hall, 57 West Madison street, Chicago, Radical and progressive subjects always.

Mrs. E. A. Blair is now on her return trip East. She will remain in Michigan and Ohio during the summer. Address until further notice, Albion, Mich., care Miss Phoebe Robertson.

C. Fannie Allen will speak in Middleboro', Mass., June 20th; in Swampscott during July; in Fairfield, Me., during August; in Lowell during September.

Daniel W. Hull has been laboring with marked success recently at Norwalk and Milan, O.

J. William Fletcher spoke in Ayer Junction, Mass., June 8th, to good audiences; and at the Unitarian Church, Weymouth, on June 17th.

William Branton will speak in North Scituate, Mass., July 14th and 15th. He would like engagements around Boston to fill the month. He lectures in Washington, D. C., through November, and would like to make engagements from thence toward New Orleans.

Moses Hall speaks the first three Sundays of July in Stafford Springs, Conn.; the fourth Sunday he holds a grove meeting at City, Onondaga Co., N. Y. He can be addressed until November at 27 Milford street, Boston.

Mrs. Sarah A. Rogers is at present sick at the home of her father in Cambridge, Maine. She desires to return thanks to the many friends who have written to her, and to plead ill health as the excuse for her delay in replying to their kind epistles.

New Publication.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—Dancer & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., publishers—commences its June number with interesting engravings, setting forth the "Annual Migration of Children from the Tyrol," and "Abbotsford, the Home of Sir Walter Scott." Its collection of music, poetry, literary miscellany, fashion-plates and patterns is especially meritorious.

To Correspondents.

We pay no attention to anonymous communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases as necessary as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications not used.

T. W. MADISON, ILL.—Your favor received and placed on file for publication.

A NEW PHYSICAL MEDIUM.—Wm. B. Benton, of Locke, Cayuga Co., N. Y., informs us that "great manifestations are taking place in that town, through the mediumship of Mrs. D. Rowley. During her sittings she is always under spirit-control. Faces and hands are materialized in the cabinet, and often from two to five are seen distinctly by all present, and many of the faces recognized."

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—John A. Andrews Hall.—Every Sunday, Lecture by Mrs. S. J. Avery, M. D., in all cases. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent quartette singing, this placed, the Children's Progress, 1 year, No. 1, which formerly met in Elliot Hall, will hold its sessions at this place, corner Church and Essex streets, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. P. M.

Temple Hall, 18 Boston street.—Every Sunday: Morning, free circle afternoon and evening, conference. Dr. C. C. York, Secretary. The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

Test circles are held at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets (entrance from No. 8 Common street), every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. L. W. Litch and others, mediums. Seats free.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

BRITANNIA'S JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published in New York. Price 80 cents.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoöscience and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 2 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents.

THE LITTLE BUDGET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 2 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 12 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first and fifteen cents for every subsequent line.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. Ira A. Thayer, of Racine, O., writes Dr. Pierce as follows: "I have been using some of your remedies in my practice, and have been very much pleased with them. I regard your Purgative Pills as the best remedy for the conditions for which you prescribe them, of any I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

We give in this issue an advertisement of the new style of brief-writing called Tachygraphy, to which we invite attention. This really practical system of short-hand is now accessible, and the fact deserves notice, for thousands of persons need it.

J. WM. VAN NAME, M. D., would respectfully announce to friends, patients and correspondents, that he will sail for England the first week in June, accompanied by his Secretary, T. R. Pond-Gier, and will return early in July. All correspondence must be directed to Dr. Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and will receive prompt attention immediately upon return.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Healing and Development Medium, 61 East Ninth street, New York. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 45c—Jell.

Dr. WILLIS has secured an office permanently at No. 25 Milford street, and will be in Boston the third Wednesday and Thursday of every month, from 10 till 4. The following Friday he will be at Dr. Sargent's, No. 80 Central avenue, Chelsea. Ap.5.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, Address Station D, Box 61, Office 1147 Broadway, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered. My10—1W*

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient under in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman. He commands his own medicines, is a musician, writes, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Aug.1.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps. Address Mrs. M. K. C. SCHWARTZ, Station B, New York. 6W*Ap.19.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER.

C. M. MORRISON.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for Healing. Not a single case has come under the care of her Medical Band but has been cured. She is the instrument or organism used by the Invisibles for the benefit of Humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name for the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat ALL DISEASES AND GUARANTEE A CURE in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unassuming TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT and CLAIRAUDIENT. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power.

From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has been seldom, if ever, fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor Patients too far gone to be restored.

\$1.00 for examinations by lock of hair. Give age and sex. "Healing Rooms," No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Seminars for materialization SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY Evenings. Post Office Box 7494. 1W*My.17.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, 10 West 22d st., New York; Parker House, Boston, July 7th until Aug. 1st. J.67.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth st., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. 1W*Ap.5.

Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of HUNT'S REMEDY. This has been given up by their physicians to die have been speedily cured by the use of Hunt's Remedy. Sent to any address, securely packed, on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25). Send for illustrated pamphlet to WILLIAM E. CLARKE, Druggist, and sole proprietor, No. 28 MARKET SQUARE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 1W*My.1.

DR. STADE, now located at 413 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of diseases. He keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. Ap.19.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHANGES.—The world has many changes seen. Since some who're living now were young: What those of greatest name have been: How they have changed from man to tongue: In words of living and of dream. Some we are sure have been for ill: Some we are sure have been for good: But boys who change their winter "clothes" For summer "suits" at GEORGE PENNO'S, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 111 NASSAU ST., Corner of Beach and Washington street.

OLIVER SPAFFORD, The Boston Book Store, on sale at its best price, 63 1/2 N. Church street, E. B. P., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist Books of the times.

RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 102 North street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

At No. 319 California street, may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by William White & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The First Grand Union Excursion and Picnic Of the Spiritualists of Boston and Vicinity for 1873.

WILL TAKE PLACE THURSDAY, JUNE 26. I tender to you an opportunity for the Spiritualists and Spiritualists of Boston and Vicinity to enjoy a day of recreation and refreshment. The excursion will be held on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

Silver Lake is the most beautiful sheet of water in the State, being a mile in circumference, with water as clear as crystal, and abounding with fish. Its depth is sufficient to hold the largest ships. After remaining a sufficient time to examine the beauty and adaptability of the place for our Grand Meeting, the party will return by the 10 o'clock train to Abington, where the excursion will terminate. The excursion will be held on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Combination Excursion to Silver Lake Grove, and thence to Island Grove, Abington, on the 26th of the month.

From all Stations between Boston and Abington, Tickets for the round trip, Silver Lake and Island Grove, will be sold at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, June 26, at 10 o'clock A. M. The route will be by the Grand Annual Spiritualists' Camp Meeting to commence Aug. 1st, being of the same series as have been heretofore held at Weymouth, under the able management of Messrs. Richard and Thos. Adams. Arr

