

BANNER LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW; OR, HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT AND SHADE;" "THE DORTH ALL THINGS WELL;" "SUNNY ITALY," ETC.

PART I. Incidents.

Time—A June evening of the summer of 1854.
Scene—A dormitory in the fourth story of Madame B's "Finishing Academy for Young Ladies."

Dramatis personæ—Four maidens, ranging in ages from fifteen to eighteen years.
Loquitur—A pretty little blonde of seventeen summers yeopet Nellie Selden.

"Now, Minnie, do—please, just this once! You see we can't do anything without you. Sally, Tillie and I tried an hour the other night in their room, after old 'Mother Cat' had been around to see that lights were out. We took the stand and sat there in the moonlight, all in white, you know, and looking ghostly enough, I'm sure, to attract any number of spirits; but they wouldn't come, not a spirit! 'Black spirits or white, blue spirits or gray,' chanted the little witch, as she met my reproving glance. 'We never have made a table move yet, excepting that once you sat with us. So do be good now and help us. I'm dying to ask some questions. And oh, suppose we should hear raps! Would n't it be frightfully charming!' And she drew nearer to me in the gathering twilight, a very little coward in spite of her bravado and desire to investigate what fascinated her love of the marvelous, and had enhanced charms from the spice of fear she experienced in meddling with it.

"Come Minnie, now, will you not?"
"But Nellie," said I gravely, "I don't think it right. You know I do not believe it is spirits that move the table; yet I do not understand the electricity explanation either; and anyhow I do not see the good of it."

"There!" exclaimed Nellie, "if that is n't Minnie all over!" giving a strenuous pull at one of my long curls. "You must always see the good of everything before having anything to do with it. Why, to listen to you one would think you a very grandmother, just ready to say your prayers and go 'to that bourne whence no traveler—'"

"Nellie! Nellie!" cried the three in chorus, "that is going too far!"
"Well, well," said she, with a pretty little pout, "I meant no harm; and why every one thinks it is so wicked to speak of death excepting with faces long-drawn-out, and manner as solemn as owls in a churchyard, I can't see. But what I wanted to say is, here is Minnie, only fifteen, a whole year younger than I, and yet about this table moving she is as staid and grave as that old Methusalem must have been in his nine hundred and ninety-ninth year! Not but I love you, Minnie, darling, just as well," she cried, pulling my face down to give a coaxing little kiss. "And oh, I'll love you whole ages more, if you'll only just sit with us this once!" and the two little hands fully raised my own and placed them on the table, in such a pretty, entreating, half-fearful way, that I had no will to resist.

We sat silently perhaps ten minutes, which seemed hours to Nellie, judging from her restless movements and quaint little "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," intended to express her impatience without breaking the charmed silence supposed to be so necessary for the wonderful table-tipping. Finally, just as Nellie's patience was making its final exit in a long drawn sigh, the table gave a decided jump, and simultaneously the three other girls gave a suppressed shriek, while I glanced underneath to see all was right with the feet of the trio. Discovering nothing to excite my suspicion of deception on part of the girls, I raised my head in time to catch Nellie's most vigorous motions of lips, eyes and head, for me to ask some question. But I negatived the motion most positively. I was determined to be no more than a passive assistant at the wicked incantation. So Tillie, the oldest, but not the most brilliant intellectually, of our party, whispered in awe-struck tones, "Are there spirits here?" on which came three distinct thumps of the table leg, the first of which alighted on my foot—to punish me, thought I, for taking part in such a scene. Then followed sundry foolish questions on part of the other girls, as to whom they would marry, when, where, how, etc., etc., to which anything but satisfactory or intelligible replies were rapped out. Finally Nellie asked:

"Will the spirit move the table toward the person it is most interested in?"

Before the words were fairly from her lips, the table tipped over in my lap.

"Oh Minnie, I'm going to repeat the alphabet. I saw in a paper that's the way they do, and see who it is!"
And before I could stop her she rapidly called the letters until she came to "E," when the table jumped fairly from the floor. Again at "M," and so on until my mother's name, "Emile," was spelt. This so overcame me, that I withdrew from the table, half in fright and half in anger—frightened at the mystery which had produced so unusual a name as that of my mother, (who was named after a French lady her uncle had married), and correctly spelt too, and half angry, fearing I was the victim of some deception, although I could not recollect having ever mentioned the name to any one in the school. The girls tried in vain to persuade me to resume my seat at the table, and being unsuccessful in obtaining any more moves by themselves, soon gathered around me in the dusky light, clasping

each other's hands, feeling rather timid and inclined to look over their own shoulders and in the dark corners of the room, and discussed the phenomena with lowered voices.

"But, Minnie, what could it have been, that made the table move at the right letters? You know we none of us even knew it was your mother's name until your exclamation!"

"Well, I'll tell you, girls, what I think it may be," said I gravely, "if it is possible for spirits to return—which I do not believe, mind! I was talking last week, when I was at my uncle's, to Mrs. Prof. Taelor—"

"Just hear her," interrupted Nellie. "The idea of that little mix presuming to converse with such a distinguished person as Mrs. Taelor, the wife of the greatest scientific author in America, and herself one of the most cultivated women in society!"

"But, Nell," said I, blushing, for I was very sensitive to ridicule, "you know what I mean! I was not boasting of my acquaintance. Mrs. Taelor has known me for years, and is always kind enough to notice me—"

"As who does not, you little prodigy? Do n't even old Madame 'Sourface' soften to you, and trot you out when Gov. Key and all those solemn Judges come, and tell all us older girls, 'There's Miss Minton will graduate this fall before she is sixteen, and be an honor to my establishment; which is more than I can say of you all, young ladies. But *mille pardons*!' my Minnie; forward with your disquisition on spirits, only deign, most august highness, to phrase it as simply as possible, if you expect your humble admirer to comprehend."

I smiled, for there was no sting to Nellie's words, for I knew there was no scorn or malice in her heart. She truly loved and respected me, withal her teasing way.

"I was going to say, girls, when this little parrot put in her note, that Mrs. Taelor's theory is, that these communications and spirit manifestations, as they are called, are just what we are warned against in the New Testament, when we are told, 'False Christs and false prophets will arise and deceive many, even the very elect;' so we should avoid even the chance of this deception. Mrs. Taelor says, by refusing even to examine this subject."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Sally, "how hard it is to know what is right! Now there is Mr. Carleton, and I'm sure he is good," with a vivid blush; "he says he knows there has been much good done by these spirit communications convincing infidels that there is a life hereafter! He knew a gentleman who always had maintained there was no soul! Is it not too fearful to think of! Well, Mr. Carleton saw this man (he would n't tell me his name) receive a message from an entire stranger, purporting to come from his young wife who was dead, and whom he loved so dearly that he tried to kill himself the night she died, so their bodies could decay together, for you see he thought she was all dead, as he did not believe in a soul. Well, this message, which was written by a man, *medium* Mr. Carleton called him, who had never seen and knew nothing of this gentleman, was a *fac simile* of the handwriting of his poor young wife, and signed by the pet name he usually called her, an Italian one it was, because she loved Italy so, and used to sing Italian songs so beautifully, Mr. Carleton says. But I shall never finish. When this gentleman read the communication, he cried out, 'I believe, Lord help thou mine unbelief!' in the words of that very very book he had so ridiculed as the most ridiculous of compositions for a man of common sense to believe in! And now he is a good Christian, and so happy, looking forward to the time he shall join his dear young wife in heaven."

"Oh, how charmingly romantic!" cried Nellie, drawing a long breath of relief at the happy conclusion of the tale. "How nice it must be to be so loved! Don't I wish I was out of this dreary old school, and—"

Nellie ceased rather confused, and I concluded the sentence for her, drawing the pretty little pink cheek lovingly on my shoulder.
"And had a lover of your own, pet? Never fear, you'll have more than enough some day! But, girls, there's the gong sounding, and madame will be around in ten minutes;" so with hasty kisses Sally and Tillie left us. After lights were out and madame had departed, Nellie and I sat in the white moonlight, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart—thinking—thinking, on toward the "wee sma' hours." She weaving doubtless bright castles *en cagagne* for the future, I, alas! re-living a sad past. My memory went back to that drear night when for the last time I was clasped in a mother's arms; for the last time heard the dear voice praying, "Not my will; but *Ahine*, oh Father; but have thou *her* in thy holy keeping." Notwithstanding my assertions of disbelief, a voice in my heart was whispering, "and if this was that loving mother to-night, and rejected by thee!" So strong was the feeling of an unseen presence that I trembled visibly, and started up to peer in every corner, causing Nellie to exclaim, "Why, Minnie, surely you are not nervous! you who fear nothing!" Nervousness, yes, I called it so, little dreaming the time would come when I would learn to attribute such emotions to an entirely different cause!

After this, induced by my pet Nellie's entreaties—and I have since thought by a higher power stronger than my own will—I joined a circle gotten up by some dozen, perhaps, of the older girls, and designated by the euphonious title of "The Rapping Club." We met weekly in each others' rooms successively. We knew but little of the customary formula. The very name of Spiritualism was tabooed by madame, a good French Protestant, but the little we gleaned from Sally's account of a séance she had once attended with her brother and Mr. Carleton, we endeavored strictly to conform to. "Dark circles" we had never even heard of, or that light is frequently a barrier to spirit

control; but from necessity our circles were dark, or only illumined by the rays of the moon; for as the summer advanced and evenings shortened, madame's "rounds to the prisoners," as we called it, with her imperative "lights out, young ladies," came so close on twilight, that we were obliged to meet after that hour. We well knew if we were discovered from our rooms after "the curfew," as we called nine o'clock gone, there was the penalty of half rations and double lessons; but most of us felt what Nellie used to declare—"we shall die of ennui, girls, if we don't do something wicked; it is so stupid being on good behavior all the time!" And the spice of danger and fear both of mortals and immortals we experienced, added greatly (to our young minds thirsting for adventure) to the charm of the meeting.

Of course, our manifestations, groping thus blindly in ignorance, were not astonishing. But finally we advanced from table-tipping to writing. Sally and I, by uniting our hands, succeeded after many efforts in producing a few legible words signed with a name utterly unknown to either of us. It proved to be the cognomen of an uncle of one of the club. We were overwhelmed with congratulation on getting such a wonderful test. As for me, the more I saw the more surprised and the less comfortable I felt. That I should be able to make the table tip was not so perplexing, for I clung to the "electricity" theory, and thought I might possess more electrical force than the other girls; but that I should with my own hand write without my volition something I knew nothing of, excited not only wonder, but considerable remorse. I was much in the predicament of the man who received a present of an elephant. It was rather grand to possess a power all the girls envied, but what should I do with it? I was beginning to have when alone involuntary movements of hands and arms. Was I becoming "possessed" like those of ancient times? Would I grow as bad as those poor witches so summarily disposed of in Salem? I supposed I would not be burnt here, for we had outlived that barbarism; but hereafter? If these were the works of the devil, to what would they lead me? Would not God punish me for willfully doing wrong, I who had had all the advantages of a Christian education?

Week after week these thoughts harassed my mind. But although I resolved again and again not to attend another séance, when the time came I seemed irresistibly impelled to go. But soon the summer passed, and the excitement of our club was swallowed up in the greater excitement of drilling for examination. Oh, the weary hours, the heavy sighs, the aching heads and despairing hearts of those over-taxed mites of humanity. Thanks to good constitutions, we lived through it, and on a bright October day Nellie and I, having graduated with any desirable amount of prizes and medals, bade each other a sorrowful farewell—she to go to her home in the far West, and I to my father's, a few miles from New York city.

I had hoped to remain at my uncle's in town for the winter, but it was decided that I was too young to make my *début* yet in society, so I sadly submitted to go—not home—it had never seemed home since my mother left it, and still less would it seem so now, since, the year before, my father had married a young wife; one utterly uncongenial to me in taste, temperament, and lack of cultivation, independent of the bitter pain it was to me to have any one assuming the place of my idolized mother. From earliest childhood I had been what is termed very "precocious"; that is, I felt, thought and acted in a way entirely different from that of most children of my years. My constant association with my mother, (for she educated me herself up to the time of her last illness) without children around me, to foster a love for childish pleasures—for I had the misfortune to be an only child—listening to the conversation of matured and refined people, I acquired a love for all that should have been incomprehensible for years to come. My mother, looking forward constantly to the time she knew must soon separate us, wished to over-leave years, and put a burden of wisdom on my young shoulders now, that should serve in place of her experience when she was taken from me. So I acquired a dignity of manner and precocity of knowledge which put me apart from children even when I met them. Added to this, I was sensitive in the extreme; loving passionately, if at all, but so shy and undemonstrative that only long and patient endeavor pierced the covering of my reserve. I suffered keenly from the misconstruction my timidity subjected me to, and often recall, even now, the bitter pang I experienced when on a visit I heard one of my little cousins say to another in childish phrase, "awful stuck up, isn't she?" But my mother, who fully comprehended my sensitive, retiring nature, so guarded and shielded me with the panoply of her love, that while she lived I scarcely knew the want of it from others. Alas! when she died! Fancy if you can a tender little wood violet which has grown in a mossy nook overshadowed by trees and hidden by leaves; imagine how it would suffer if rudely transplanted into the heat and glare of a noon-day sun. As the poor flower would fade and droop, so faded the joy from my life; so drooped my heart for the dew of love it had ever known. But God is merciful! He ever sendeth "the grace with the burden," and time proves the grace for most sorrows.

Forced to stand alone, as it were, deprived of my mother's constant support and counsel, I learned self-dependence, and in time to be more frank and open, so that others seeing the verdure which grew beneath the covering of my reserve, repaid the wealth of love I lavished for the slightest kindness, by giving in return some of that affection my warm heart so craved. But ah! none, none could compensate by praise and admiration for that dear mother's smile I should nevermore see.

Soon after my arrival at my father's, I received an invitation from my mother's sister to spend

the winter with her, and to have the advantages of language and music masters which her near residence to New York would afford, and which our greater distance from town precluded. My father, seeing, I fancy, the discomfort, which I vainly strove to hide, caused by his young wife's presence, kindly consented for me to go. So opened to me a new life, mentally and physically.

PART II. Retrogression.

My aunt was a childless widow, of pecuniary resources sufficient to maintain the elegant, almost courtly style to which her husband's long career as Diplomatist at European Courts had accustomed her. Possessed of considerable intellectual capacity naturally, which was enhanced by every cultivation wealth and refined society could afford, she drew around her the *crème de la crème* of New York society. Artists, authors, men of science and men of genius, those who had won the pinnacle of fame, and those who were but at the first rounds of the ladder, were welcome guests at her table, and received the aid of an appreciative sympathy or the assistance of a generous purse as the occasion might demand. A woman to win respect and admiration rather than love. Like all my mother's family, she adhered to the "Established Church of England," for she had a horror of the degeneracy of many of our "Low Church" ideas of Episcopacy, and thought few Episcopal churches in America deserved the name, with the extremely liberal tenets they inculcated. "A Pharise of the strictest sect," if she did not actually say "Lord, I thank thee I am not as these others are," very much of that spirit actuated her devotion. Although she did not actually deny the possibility of salvation outside of the church, yet she thought that was "the true path and narrow way," (very narrow in one sense certainly it was,) and those who entered in by it would attain the highest seats in heaven—be the aristocrats there, even as they are here.

This exceeding exclusiveness of religion was rather astounding at first to me, who in my six years of boarding-school life had worshipped alternately, as the schools chanced to be situated, in Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopal churches. But now I heard:

"My dear, I don't care to be intimate with those people, they are only Methodists;" or, "Yes, my dear, nice girls enough, but no style. Presbyterian in their whole air!"

My aunt knew that my father with his liberal ideas had forbidden my confirmation into the church during childhood, saying, "Wait until she is old enough to understand what she is doing, and to decide for herself without dependence on sponsors."

"Now, Minnie, that you are sixteen," said my aunt, "it is quite time you were confirmed, and I shall write to your father about it. Of course, my dear, you have never given a thought to any but the church? A dissonance in our family I never heard of. The Dupuys, I am happy to say, were first forced to emigrate to America from their adherence to the church. Of course you know, though, why my great, great grandfather, Baron Dupuy, came to Virginia two centuries ago? And when he left home, country, wealth and fame, in his devotion to the Church, what an example should it be to us to be steadfast in the true faith. The Mintones are a good old family, my dear, and your father is one of the best of men, notwithstanding that foolish new marriage, (men will be caught by a pretty face, especially at his age,) and you cannot respect him too much. But never forget that your mother was a *Dupuy*, than whom no older or better blood can be found in America!"

With many such tirades as this, only far more lengthy and elaborate than I have given space to here, in addition to the deference and attention my aunt everywhere received, what wonder if the pride of family I had inherited in some degree, was fostered to an inordinate extent? Ere long I was "confirmed," and I am thankful to say not wholly from worldly motives, although there was a prestige attached to the members of "The Church of the Holy St. Peter" that I could not otherwise attain, and this doubtless had an unconscious influence with me; still I felt most earnestly desirous to perform my vows and their duties conscientiously, and become a holier and purer woman. With my imaginative temperament, I fully believed, when I felt the "laying on of hands" of good old Bishop P—, that the Holy Ghost truly descended, and that henceforth and forever I was consecrated "a child of God."

My loving nature had ever clung to the merciful part of the church doctrines. The dogma of eternal punishment, in the true sense of the word eternal, I had ever rejected. I think no arguments could ever have made me feel it possible it could be true; it was so antagonistic to the perfect trust in God's love which I had ever felt, and which my mother had earnestly fostered to strengthen me in the hour of need, when earthly love failed me. Fortunately no such endeavors were ever made. The doctrine of *eternal* punishment was one I rarely heard discussed, and if it were mentioned in the pulpit it was not with a force to make me regard it. What I mostly heard preached was the necessity of adherence to the forms of the church, the perfect faith in this being the church established by Christ and therefore the "true church," and the assurance if we firmly believed this we should be admitted into "the gates of the City of Gold."

In the meantime I almost forgot the very name of Spiritualism. Soon after my arrival at my aunt's I had chanced to allude to the subject one evening, and the utter contempt expressed by auntie and her guests for the "great humbug of the nineteenth century," so abashed me, taken in connection with the long disquisition my aunt favored me with the following morning, that I learned to think with shame, as well as with remorse, of the delusion to which I had lent myself for awhile.

"Why, my dear child," said my aunt, "do you not know this deception is gotten up by a set of more adventurers as a means of making money? taking it, too, out of the pockets of those who can ill afford it, for it is principally among the lower order of people that the thing succeeds to any extent. Ignorance and credulity and superstition walk hand in hand. If it were really possible that the spirits of the departed could return to earth, do you think they would devote their time to the foolishness of tipping tables which we mortals can move ourselves, or producing senseless noises only calculated to alarm children? Would they countenance the extortion of money for such ridiculous exhibitions? Would they not rather, if they were really spirits trying to manifest themselves, make these so-called mediums give this knowledge freely and unselfishly, as our Saviour gave the bread of life? Would they not influence them to lead pure and holy lives, instead of making Spiritualism a synonym for free love?—a word you blush to hear, my love, but I wish to so utterly disgust you with the whole subject that you will never be induced to give it even a passing attention. It is a thing that is rarely ever mentioned in society now that the first 'nine days' wonder about the Rochester knockings has died out!"

"But, auntie," said I timidly, "Mrs. Prof. Taelor talked of it last spring at Uncle Dupuy's!"

"She said no good of it, I will engage! Of course new things will be discussed for a time, and after that 'haunted house' affair last winter people investigated the affair. Now listen, my dear, for I know this to be true: A gentleman bought that 'haunted house' last spring, without the knowledge of the persons who had been giving the exhibitions there, and who pretended they were a private family very much distressed by the unaccountable noises; and when the public rushed to see and hear, charged them for admittance, they said, only that the house might not be so besieged. Well, this gentleman bought a number of lots on that block, to erect a factory I think it was, and among them was this old haunted house. And when the workmen came to tear it down they discovered all sorts of ingenious mechanism for producing these wonderful 'spirit manifestations' which for three months created such a furore. There were wires connected with springs in the floors, (of course covered by the carpets), for ringing the bells; others fastened to a kind of hammer placed at distances around the room; one behind the chimney-piece, another by the door—so as to make the raps seem to move from one place to another. Another contrivance was a screw underneath a crevice, near which one of the exhibitors usually sat, which screw dexterously turned off all the gas in the room. And I cannot tell you how many more of these artful arrangements there were. Suffice it to say the whole mystery was explained, and had not the people hastily left the city as soon as they discovered that during a temporary absence the house was being demolished, they would have paid a dear penalty for their ill-gotten gains."

"This may all be so, auntie, but I know we girls had no springs or wires concealed, and we did move tables and write, too."

"No doubt you did, and I will tell you *how*," was the triumphant reply. "I have read Prof. R.'s 'Spiritualism Exposed,' and a sensible book it is. We all, my dear, have a certain magnetic force, and those who possess a superabundance of this may impart sufficient to inanimate objects to move them, produce a shock like a galvanic battery does on the human frame. As for writing involuntarily, that is pure nervousness. Any one with an excitable, nervous temperament, may, when their nerves overcome reason, do things unconsciously."

"But how could we write something we knew nothing of?"

"Did not some one present know all that you wrote?"

"One of the girls said it was the name of her uncle which Sally and I wrote."

"Then it is, my dear, psychology, and nothing else! She was thinking of her uncle. Her thoughts controlled your mind, or her will threw you in a psychological state, that was the cause of your writing what in your natural condition you knew nothing of. You see, my child, everything can be rationally explained, without attributing anything to supernatural causes. And now have we not 'something too much of this'? Suppose we take a drive to throw off the cobwebs drawn over your brain by the long consideration of such a misty subject!"

My aunt's explanations did not appear quite so conclusive to my mind as to her own; but I had so much to distract my attention from the subject, so little to bring it before me, that with the facile nature of youth, I soon ceased to think of or care for it. My days were so fully occupied with my masters of music, dancing and languages, and my evenings with assisting my aunt to receive and entertain the guests who thronged her spacious rooms, that I had little time for quiet meditation, even had I desired it. And what girl of sixteen, full of life, energy and nerve, seeing everything *couleur de rose* with her hopeful fancy, tasting every pleasure of soul and sense with the keen delight of first experience, and longing to act her own part in the Drama of Life, ever cared for quiet meditation until the foam and sparkle of existence has effervesced, and (too often) only the bitter lees remain!

Rapidly passed the winter and still more rapidly the summer with long visits to many friends. And so arrived the time which most maidens look forward to as the culmination of honor until they attain it, and find "the world" is but a school on a larger scale. My "*début*" was what my aunt emphatically termed a *success*. It took place at a grand official party, given by the daughter of that very old Gov. K— whom Nellie had so disrespectfully alluded to my being "trotted out before" by madame in the school-examinations. As the Governor had by no means

forgot his pet of the school, and took care to introduce his son and heir to my notice with the most flattering empressment, this probably more than my appearance led to my being the belle of the evening. Then being presented under the auspices of my aunt, led, I afterwards learned, to the supposition that I was her intended heiress, and added to the eclat of my appearance. Fortunately the attention and admiration I received then and afterwards, instead of making me foolishly vain, but counterbalanced my natural shyness sufficiently to give me ease and self-possession. When the season was half passed, and I becoming rather tired of this same endless round of parties, opera and theatre-going, night after night, and seeing the same faces, hearing the same compliments, and meeting the same flattering glances everywhere, there came a new "sensation." It was the arrival from Paris, after an absence of four years, of Mr. Harry Devere; an orphan of unexceptionable family and considerable wealth, who had flashed upon New York society a brief month after attaining his majority, and escaping the constant surveillance of guardians and maiden aunts; then leaving any number of disconsolate damsels to mourn his loss, he had gone abroad, and not only made "le grand tour," but visited the Holy Land, taken a peep at Russia, paid a flying visit to Arabia—in short, if all accounts were to be believed, ried with Sinbad the Sailor in voyages, and Baron Munchausen in astounding exploits. Seeing the sensation produced among those of my clique who had known him previous to his departure, and hearing nothing discussed but the probable time of his advent in society, after the intelligence of his return was announced, my curiosity was of course on the *qui vive*, and my love of the marvelous quite ready to exalt him into a hero. I caught myself thinking of this "unknown," far more earnestly than I ever had of any of my many admirers, and wondering and even hoping, as my *femme de chambre* put the last touches to my elaborate toilet, the evening we had heard he was to make his appearance, that I should not be quite overlooked by this lion of the hour. Ah! me! If one could sometimes have a prescience of the future!

I shall not attempt to describe Mr. Devere, for descriptions are futile in attempting to convey an idea of what a person really is. The character and the disposition words may paint; but the thousand little traits of manner, gesture, look and voice, which go to make up a "fascinating" person such as Harry Devere truly was, are indescribable. Suffice it to say with him it was always "I came, I saw, I conquered," in reality. Old and young yielded to the charm of his presence, and sighed with regret at his absence. I do not mean my own sex only; he was equally a favorite among gentlemen, and no club, dinner or masculine reunion of any kind was considered complete without him. My hope that I should gain a share of the attention of this irresistible gentleman was more than fulfilled, for from the first hour of our meeting, when he eagerly resumed his acquaintance with my aunt and craved to be presented to her niece, I was chosen his queen; queen not only of the revels, but also queen of his life, as, ere many weeks elapsed, he had assured me. Shall I ever forget that night when, weary of mirth, music and dancing, he drew me into the sweet, cool conservatory attached to the heated, glaring parlors, and there, "neath the heavy perfume of jessamine and tuberose, showered upon my heart the richer perfume of his love. The scent of tuberose, to this day, brings back the faint, overpowering feeling of that hour; for great bliss is indeed "akin to pain." Could it be? Was I indeed the one, the chosen one? I could not believe it! His murmured words of endearing fondness seemed like the whispers of a dream, and I dreaded each moment to wake to reality.

"Oh, look up, my rose-bud, my 'queen rose of the garden of girls.' You know I love you. You must have read it in each glance of my eye, heard it in each tone of my voice. I surely, surely have not loved in vain!"

And the rich, full tones grew tremulous with longing, and the proud head bent lower and lower until the dark, deep eyes looked into mine own, and, with their dangerous power, drew me up, up to him. Love him! ah, I had "no thought, no being but his. He was my life, the ocean to the river of my thoughts which terminated all." You have read or heard the old German legend of the "Turleya"? Its prototype was Harry Devere. I now know that I did not love him with that divine love which is a part of the soul, which links us with the Divinity and makes us, like the Father above, "endure all things" for the loved one which lasts through time and eternity. No; I felt, even then, when away from the subtle charm of his presence, that there was a portion of my life Harry Devere could not touch; but when with him all, all was forgotten but his dear presence. When he drew me to his heart with the fondness of his many fond pet names in German, Italian and English, which he was ever fancifully changing and adapting to me, I had no strength, no will to resist. He seemed to absorb my very life.

Of course I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the victim of no small amount of envy from the ladies of our set. My aunt, who in society stood in the place of a parent to me, yielded a gracious consent to our engagement, and my father, to whom I wrote, left everything to the discretion of my aunt.

As the season of Lent had commenced we were comparatively quiet for the first few weeks after the *fiancee*. Mr. Devere accompanied me almost daily to the morning prayers at "St. Peter's," and, of course, had a good opportunity for remaining to lunch afterwards and willing away the morning with music, conversation and reading. He added to his many accomplishments the rare one of being a good reader. It was the most perfect of sensuous delights to me to recline on the soft, luxurious lounge in my aunt's boudoir, with the perfume of flowers and ripple of waters from the tiny fountains in the garden, with my hand clasped in his and the rich full tones of his voice intoning Mrs. Browning or Tennyson. With my fresh, young fancy, of course the latter, with his most charming of all creations of love, was my favorite. The time was yet to come when I should feel to my inmost soul the exquisite sadness of Mrs. Browning, and cry out:

"As one alone, once not alone,
Heart-here, heart-hungry, very poor,
My desolated day go on."

As the spring advanced, my aunt decided to go to Newport for the summer, and take me with her. How I anticipated the delight of being for months by the grand old ocean, which possessed for me the charm it usually does to all reverent natures. It ever seemed to me the fittest type of the great unknown hereafter, with its unfathomable depths peopled with mysteries, and its unchanging voice saying eternally its "Nevermore!" Nevermore what? Nevermore joy, nevermore sorrow, nevermore hope, nevermore despair, as the human heart is living and feels it. To me—though little did I imagine it—the ocean was to mean through all the long summer of hopes buried as deep as its own unfathomable caves!

It was the 25th of May—a date seared into my memory by an agony that can be known but once in a lifetime. We were to leave town on the following day, that we might have time for a little rest and quiet, said my aunt, before the "rush" of the Newport season. She had gone out to complete some shopping, and left me to superintend the maid's packing of sundry foam-like, airy costumes, destined to grace the parlors of "The Ocean House." As I sat idly looking at the operations, as she carefully folded a soft sea-green silk emerging like glistening sea-weed from a foam of white lace trimmings, I fancied how Harry Devere would compare me in it to a mermaid, a sea-siren, and twining my long curls through his fingers, bid me "comb out my long yellow hair," and binding him in its golden meshes, carry him with me back to my home in the coral caves, and introduce him to my sister sea-nymphs. My fanciful dreaming was dispelled by a peal of the door-bell, and I hastily glanced at my watch to see if it was indeed time for the drive I had promised to take with the hero of my dreams, both waking and sleeping. No; an hour to spare yet.

"Who is it, James?" I asked, a little impatiently, as the butler entered with a card on a silver salver. "You know I am going out, and can see no one."

"If you please, miss, the lady was so very anxious I could not refuse her, and she said you would be sure to see her if you looked at the card," and he tendered it respectfully.

I glanced at it. No name was engraved thereon, but a few pencilled words in French: "I have come all the way from France to see you, mademoiselle. Do not refuse me, I pray you!"

I was surprised, and a little startled. Who could it be? One of my mother's distant relatives? But why did she not ask for my aunt, or send her name? However, losing no more time in conjecture, I descended to the drawing-room. A petite form of girlish grace and beauty stood by the window, and by her side a tiny, stout, a mimic man in air and bearing. She turned as I closed the door, and timidly advanced, until she looked up in my face with oh, the saddest saddest eyes, and most longing gaze I ever beheld! Involuntarily I exclaimed:

"Why do you look at me so? What can I do for you?"

"Everything, lady," said a low, sweet voice; "you can give me back my husband, my all!"

I put out my hands with a gesture of keeping a weight from crushing me, for instinctively I knew what she meant, although I said hoarsely, chokingly:

"What husband, woman? What have I to do with thee or thy husband?"

"Look at my child," was the low reply, as she drew him forward.

Ere the words had left her lips, I had done so. I believe I must at the first have felt what now I saw so plainly as she brought him near to me, that the boy was Harry Devere—from those great dark eyes, with their mysterious power, down to the perfectly formed hands and feet, that true test of gentle blood. What a depth of agony there must have been in my despairing glance from one to the other as they stood there before me, I learned from the tears welling up into her pitying eyes.

"Oh, mademoiselle, pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi, je vous prie! I meant it not, to hurt you so. It grieves my heart! But oh, lady, what could I do? I love him! I love him!" with that longing, hungry look in the sweet eyes; "but not for that could I come, for I have the pride too, moi! I would have died before I come for my love's sake. But my boy, mon Henri—I could not let him live *déshonoré*! Pardon, chère mademoiselle, look at these papers, and know me true."

I passively accepted the papers she placed in my hand, but not one word could my eyes see—they were devouring alternately that fair young face, and her child; her child and his! Oh God in heaven! I heard as in a frightful dream, the words she continued to utter:

"He does not know, lady, I am his wife *en vérité*; he thought to wrong me, as I after found, but the one he got to play the part was a priest in truth; and not to offend the rich *Anglais* he did what he asked; but to avoid sin his conscience forbade, he made me his wife truly. Oh, chère lady, I too have suffered! When I find *mon mari* was gone, and when they tell me he had deceived, I went mad entirely. But *le bon Dieu*, he sent to me the priest, and I found my boy was not forever disgraced, and I was *marée*—ah! then I hope! But one day the *bon* priest told me he had one letter from *Amerique* and my husband have me forgot, and go to marry you; and he say I must come and save you from great wrong, and him I love from more sin. I say at first, non—non, I cannot, I cannot! But *le grand Dieu* give me strength to forget myself, and to think only of my Henri and his rights, and lady, I come to you to save you, even if he will nevermore see, nevermore love his little Estelle!"

Then as she ceased, there came a sound of rolling wheels, an opening of doors, followed by a quick step, familiar to her as to me, I saw by the startled look, the quick, tight grasp of her child, as if to fly, and then the door opened and on its threshold stood bright, winsome Harry Devere, with a lovely bouquet of Camellias and Tuberose in his hand. One quick, fond glance at me, and then as his eye passed on—oh heaven! what a confirmation of the girl's story I read in that whitening face, that sudden gnash of teeth and muttered *Sacre!* It was enough, had I still had any lingering doubts! Turning to her—his wife—I said, "I believe you entirely, Madame," emphasizing the *Madame*, that she might understand I accorded to her her full rights, and without another glance at him who for three blissful months had been the sun which brightened my whole existence, I bowed my head as composedly as if parting with an ordinary visitor, dropped at his feet in passing the symbol of the tie which had bound me to him, (a ring of exquisite opal set in lustrous diamonds,) and left forever the presence of Harry Devere.

[To be continued.]

Selfishness of the Christian Religion.

Did you ever observe the utter selfishness of the Christian religion, with all its boasted charity, its so-called all-embracing, merciful disposition, or its mis-called glorious attributes? Its aim is a narrow circle of selfishness—its heaven peopled with a few—its hell paved with myriads, and the joys of the so-called redeemed resting on a foundation, the corner-stone of which is destruction. Its aim is also the finale of a plan begotten in a council in which an angry God, contending with his offspring, like a blood-thirsty tyrant, can only be satisfied with a sacrifice of blood, and the acme of the most glorious anticipations of the true followers of Christ is to rest in the bosom of that tyrant, who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." The Christian conception of the future represents a finale of creation, a winding up of human affairs, accompanied by a total destruction of the grand galaxy of heaven; utter demolition—a thirst for the recurrence of the reign

of chaos takes possession, and this very spirit manifestly points out the place where said dogma was conceived. How utterly false to the ever-recurring phenomena of nature! What a lie thrown into the face of Omnipotence. And is it any wonder that millions, of late years, have embraced the dawn of a brighter day, and cast an influence even upon the adherents of the gospel, dragging them with them, even against their will, toward the vestibule of that temple where true Deity is to be worshipped? Oh! the spirits of the so-called faithful of former years, powerful as they were in their denunciations of priestcraft, are far more so now, when having cast aside the clay casket, and with arms of brotherly love drawing nigh unto them the millions ready to become the devotees of the true Deity. Oh! they make the welkin ring, and shouts of victory are daily ascending, when barrier after barrier is being cast down for the eager multitude to rush into the glorious light—that light which will prove to them food of celestial growth, that manna that is shed abroad with a bountiful hand, unblasted by the breath of priestcraft, unsullied by the smoke of hell. CERENOS.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Tiarella.

If the season is warm this delicate plant blooms in May, sending up its feathery tuft of delicate blossoms in shady woods, or by the borders of some meadow, or by the bend in the mountain brook, where the ferns love to grow and the moss is green and untrodden.

It is rightly called Tiarella, signifying an ornament for the hair, for a sweeter flower in which to deck a bride could not be found, only it is so frail that one would almost weep to see it droop, fearing it might be withering because it could not forever encircle with a crown of light the fair one's head.

The leaves of this tender plant are beautiful, also being heart-shaped, as if full of feeling and spreading out with a kind of exultant pride at the pretty white crown of light above them.

One could imagine them little hands uplifted in prayer, the answer to which was this spiritual blessing—the little cloud of glory bound about its threadlike stem.

I often wonder why I love one particular flower more than another. I believe it must be altogether on account of the love I had in my heart when I first became acquainted with the flower, for we have to become acquainted with flowers as we do with people. I find that we always think others very delightful, very charming, when we are in a charming mood ourselves, and that we never care much for people, no matter how agreeable or good they may be, when we are disturbed or uncomfortable ourselves.

I remember a long time ago coming to a lovely little nook beside a running brook, where the pretty wild flowers seemed to be holding a little party or convention. A very social time they were having, and the charm of the gathering was the rare and original thoughts that seemed to be flowing from their separate little cups, corymbs and racemes.

It is said that "birds of a feather flock together," and I am sure flowers of loving nature are never roving, but settle down in delightful communities full of concord and sociability, with only variance enough to make the charm greatest.

It was easy to dream a little story in this lovely nook among the Fern, the Partridge-vines, the Star-flowers and the Tiarellas, with the brook singing soft and low, and the birds keeping a quiet watch, with only an occasional note of recognition. And this is the little story.

"My dear darling little pets," said a thrifty Wintergreen to the little buds that were forming under the shelter of its hardy leaves. "It gives my mother-heart great delight to see you so quiet and peaceful this morning. Now I want to have a little quiet chat with my neighbors over there, and if you'll keep very still I promise you a little frolic afterward, in the soft, south wind that is beginning to blow."

"But, mamma, it is so tiresome waiting, and then we can't understand half you say," said the oldest of the buds.

"Children should be listeners and not talkers," said their mamma.

"But I'd like to know how we shall ever learn to talk if we don't begin," said the next one, which made all the other buds laugh, thinking this a smart speech.

"Shut up this minute, or I'll shut you up under my leaves,"

Madam Wintergreen no doubt thought she had satisfied her little ones by this sharp speech, and turned herself to her neighbors.

"I say," said she, to a tiny Spruce, "did you ever know such a thriftless community as this is? There's the family of Ferns; I don't see what they were made for, for my part. They lift themselves up and bend themselves down, and settle into the shade, but what are they fit for, after all their airs? I am sick for looking at them."

"Some say they are praying," suggested the Spruce, with a laugh.

"Praying!" exclaimed the Wintergreen, "and need enough I should think there was of it; but they'd better work a little, and see if they can't be of some sort of use in the world."

"What are you expecting to accomplish?" said the Spruce, with an important manner.

"Me? Why, I've been famous for all the generations since I don't know when, for flavoring beer!"

"Oh dear, dear mamma," said the little buds, "don't mention it. It's horrid to think of, and when life is just beginning for us! To think of being put into a kettle and stewed, when out here is all the beautiful sunshine and the dew and the soft air."

"Hush! don't interrupt me. You ought to be exceedingly thankful that you can accomplish so useful a purpose."

"I suppose, said the Spruce, "that my destiny may be similar to your's, but I don't say I am satisfied in it. As your daughter remarked, I don't fancy being boiled in a pot."

"But to think of those disgusting neighbors of ours! There are the Tiarellas; they do nothing but aspire, as if the earth was not good enough for them, and the Star-flowers do nothing but shine, and those little senseless Partridge-vines with their twines! Bah! they have no more flavor than a Wild Turnip!"

"Highly-tidy, little Madam Wisdom," said a knowing Jack-in-the-Pulpit, that stood within speaking distance, "please tell us who made you,

if I understand flower nature at all, we all come from pretty much the same material, though how it happens to get in so many different shapes in us all I never could understand, and what's more, I don't think I care to. I know I am one of the family Arum, of the species *Triphyllum*, a very respectable family, quite aristocratic in some of its branches. I never did comprehend how I happened to be green and brown instead of pure white, like some members of our family; but since brown and green I am, why let it be so. I didn't order my own coming into this world—not a bit of it. I don't see how I could have helped being just what I am, as far as general appearance is concerned; but I do understand how I can live up to the highest standard of an Arum *Triphyllum*."

"I do n't quite comprehend you, sir," said Madam Wintergreen.

"Well, when I saw you—excuse me, madam, if I am a little personal—when I saw you fretting and fuming about the natures and dispositions of your neighbors, I thought to myself, what a pity! My pretty neighbor will never accomplish her highest destiny by this process. She is growing as brown and rusty as a dead laurel, while she frets at what is none of her business."

"But, my dear sir, the interests of the community—the well-being of my neighbors, is that none of my business?"

"I should say—with all due deference to your honored and useful family—no, it is not any of your business. You have entrusted to your own beautiful life, and the protection of your fair daughters. Your destiny is not so mean as you have deemed."

"But, sir, is it not more honorable to be sought for root-beer, than to be of no use whatever?"

"There is a destiny within every leaf and bud and blossom, higher than of mere use. It is the destiny of beauty. Every plant is set in its place for the one highest purpose of revealing beauty, through which the glory of life shall be revealed. Why! when I think what I am made for, I quiver all over with delight; I don't care whether I am a homely Jack-in-the-Pulpit or a lovely Lily-of-the-wood; I have the life within me to glorify, and I am to be just what I am in the very best, highest possible manner."

"But, my dear sir, the world of flowers and the kingdom of plants would be in confusion at the preaching of such doctrine."

"My dear madam, if you'll let me illustrate, I will say, though at the risk of being personal again, that I don't think the world would be improved if every plant should strive to become precisely like yourself. Wintergreen is a very wholesome plant, and I don't know of any one that has more reason to be proud of her daughters than you; but a world of Wintergreens! truly it would be disgusting."

The madam looked a little downcast, but by no means daunted, as she said:

"At least the world would be better off than with nothing but Jacks-in-the-Pulpit."

"Very likely, very likely, madam. I'd have no objection to being a Wintergreen, but I like a variety. There are those Tiarellas that you think so useless; to me they are the most useful of all the flowers in our community. It rests me and elevates my spirit every time I look at them. It seems to me as if the spirit within them had shown itself in a real form. Their blossoms are like a crown of light. I have faith that I shall never wholly die when I look at them, for such loveliness must be eternal. I bless the Tiarella every hour. I can't be one, and I don't care, but I am thankful for them and glad in them."

At this unselfish speech, the Tiarellas and Star-flowers and the group of Ferns bowed low, and over the Tiarellas seemed to rest a halo of beauty, as if indeed the spirit of the flower were testifying of immortality; and from the Star-flowers shone a radiance almost equal to the light of Aldebaran.

"Have I then," sighed the Wintergreen, "a use diviner than I knew? Shall I also testify of beauty, and of the spirit of beauty?"

"Yes, and of the All-Beautiful," said the Arum. "To us all belongs that glorious labor, or rather that glorious inheritance, for to be just what we were intended to be can be no real toll. Labor begins when we strive for what we were not designed."

"Let me thank you for what you have said," said the Tiarella. "This morning, as I felt the soft air, and heard the gentle murmur of the brook, I prayed in my life to know what best to do, and my own spirit answered as you have done, 'Be a Tiarella, but in the divinest sense.' And I promise you forever that I will strive more and more to speak the language of my heart, which ever is, 'Let my blooming testify of the spirit of Beauty.'"

From this time forth it seemed as if the Tiarella gathered fresh beauty to herself, the Star-flower more glory, and the Ferns more content, while the Wintergreen was noticed to guard more tenderly her beautiful daughters, and to bid them put on always their fairest garments, and to keep their hearts filled with thankful joy.

(Original.)

THE SWEET SINGER.

There once dwelt in a little common room, in Stockholm, a poor, and as every one thought a very homely child. The woman who used to take charge of this little girl went out to work by the day, and fearing the little one might run away, and come to worse harm than if shut up alone, she locked the little girl in the room and left her with no companion but a cat.

A very sad and unhappy life she would have had, but for this companion and for one other sweet solace. She loved to sing better than anything else. She sang at her work and at her play, sitting and standing, skipping and running—just as the birds sing—for the very love of it. Her voice seemed like a companion to her, and even pussy was not as much company to her in that solitary room as were the songs she sung.

One day she sat by the window, and while stroking the cat sang with her sweet musical voice. There chanced—if anything can happen by chance—to pass that way a lady, who dearly loved sweet singing. She was charmed with the little girl's song, and looking up saw the little plain girl, the owner of the rich, musical voice. She asked her some questions and went away, but came again in a few days bringing a music master with her.

The old man was enchanted. He tried the little one's voice and her ear, to see if she could recognize the shades of tones as well as she could express them. He found her ear as faithful as her voice. He determined that she should not waste her wonderful gift in seclusion, and took her to the director of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, and begged that she might be received into the school, where those likely to serve are educated to take part in the Opera.

"Away with her," said the director. "What could we do with such a homely child? And see her great feet! How could she ever appear on the stage?"

"But her voice," said the enthusiastic old man,

"Only listen. If you will not take her I shall educate her myself."

The director, who was at heart a kind man, at last yielded, and admitted the little, poor, homely Jenny Lind into the school. It was with difficulty that a respectable dress was procured for her, but finally a black bombazine gown was obtained. When she was fourteen years old she appeared in public, in the part of a beggar girl in a play, and every one was charmed. She represented the character with so much spirit, and her voice was so sweet, that every one was delighted.

A few years later she appeared for the first time in any important character. At the rehearsal the evening before her *début*, she sang with such power and delicacy of feeling that the whole orchestra lay down their instruments as if by agreement and clapped in applause.

She was now really lovely in person, for there was an expression of nobleness and of serenity in her face, that charmed more than beauty of feature. The great charm of her singing consisted in the easy, natural flow of her voice and the perfect harmony of it. She was still as simple as a child, and gave to every tone the very life of her spirit. She had not lost a particle of her childlike nature, and she sang with a joyousness only to be equaled by the glad forest birds, and with a soul that only comes from a pure heart.

From this time she was a great favorite in Sweden. But she was not content with her acquisitions, and went to Paris to be taught by the distinguished Garcia. It was there that she acquired that wonderful warble that has never been equaled by any singer, and is most like the meadow lark. It made her forever famous, and she was the favorite of kings and princes. She was covered with gifts of gems and with praises. She was courted and flattered, but she never lost her simplicity, and through all her travels her heart was ever true to her home and her country.

When at last, after singing in triumph before most of the courts in Europe, she returned to her native city, she was greeted as only princes and victors are treated. Crowds had assembled to greet her, and she was borne like a hero through the streets of the city where she sat only the few years before locked in a poor, miserable room, with a cat for companionship.

She immediately announced that she should devote all the proceeds of her singing to the establishment of a school where poor girls could have a thorough musical education. This gave her greater renown than ever; for to know that she still remembered her own humble condition without reproaches to her destiny, but with thanks for all that she had received, and a wish to bless others as she had been blessed, made her seem to be almost a saint.

When she appeared in La Sonnambula, after this announcement, the public called her back and greeted her with loudest applause. In the midst of it all, and clear above it all, began a sweet warble, which rose higher and higher, from note to note, until she broke out into the song, "No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

This sweet child of nature, this great artist with the tender, simple heart, has won the richest blessings earth can give; yet richer than all this is she, for she has proved herself a true woman, and to have been born with a queasy nature, though in the midst of poverty, and to have possessed a gift greater than kings could bestow—a power to lead men by sweet sounds within the portals of heaven.

For the Banner of Light.

"ALLADILLERIO."*

BY GEORGE E. DAVENPORT.

They tell of a stream in the "Summer-Land,"
A beautiful river, clear and bright,
Along whose shores a radiant band
Of spirits dwell in robes of light.

Its banks with fadeless flowers bloom;
Perpetual verdure round it lies;
Nor darkness comes, nor wintry gloom,
E'er dim the splendor of its skies.

Beautiful river! oh, beautiful stream!
The splash of thy crystal waves I hear,
And their melodious murmurings seem
The sweetest of music to mine ear.

And I almost fancy that I can see
The happy beings who near thee dwell;
And one of their number I long to be,
With a nameless longing I may not tell.

But alas for me! my sight is dim,
I cannot see as I fain would see,
For a false education's baleful film
Still clings tenaciously to me.

Yet oft through the windows of my soul
The light from above comes streaming in,
And, struggling upward to the goal,
I hope ere long its height to win.

*The River of Truth.

The Lyceum Emblem.

In a recent address, Mr. Dyott gave the following explanation of the "Silver Target," worn by officers and members of the Children's Lyceum:

I have noticed some of our young friends looking at a silver target surmounting the American flag, which I have in my coat collar as a breast pin, and apparently wondering what it means. Let me tell you: Most of you have noticed the Old Fellows wearing three links of a chain, an eye, and other devices emblematic of their order. Also the Masons, who wear the square and compass, and other tokens of their Order, which are used as a means of recognition. It being popular, creditable and fashionable to belong to either of these societies, many wear these emblems for the pecuniary advantages that may accrue from being recognized as a Mason or an Odd Fellow. I have belonged to both of these societies for twenty-five years, and have the right to wear those emblems and claim fellowship with them, but it is the proudest day of my life that entitles me to wear the beautiful emblem of our dearest faith, and to hold up this target as a mark at which the intellectual shafts and darts of all Christendom may choose to aim. This beautiful emblem of our Lyceum, (the "Silver Target,") was presented to me by that noble, inspired soul, my beloved brother Andrew Jackson Davis. It is composed of silver, and is emblematic of the basis of unshakable purity; it is composed of an innumerable field of glistening stars, indicative of the fact that it comprehends the entire universe of worlds. As I said before, it is in the form of our target at which the intellectual darts and shafts of old theology or ecclesiasticism are invited to point their arrows. Beneath this target is inscribed the American flag, under whose protection all the nations of the earth may find shelter, and freedom to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences—the only ensign of freedom beneath the blue canopy of heaven. Beneath its glorious folds the only free institution upon God's footstool has reached to victory, and peace and the prayers of millions have ascended to the throne of the Almighty for its success in the battle for freedom upon Sunday and all other days. And now, in the days of peace and plenty, will our zealous brethren cease to pray for its success and supremacy in the peaceful pursuits of our Children's Progressive Lyceum? This question I shall leave them to answer.

The golden grain of California is more desirable now than the golden ore.

DOCTOR HORTON'S REJOINDER
TO THE REPLY OF MR. JOHN ELLIS.

In this communication I propose to analyze the production of your correspondent, Mr. John Ellis, professing to be a reply to me.

In this, as in former papers, I will premise by stating my willingness, and wish to believe in the soul's immortality. We all cling to life, and strive to avoid that which we know from daily experience to be inevitable—DEATH.

The doctrine of the soul's immortality, if I am correctly informed, was first conceived and taught by a Heathen Philosopher, Socrates, in Athens, two thousand three hundred years ago. Many young men, among them Plato, became converts to the teachings of Socrates.

The citizens of Athens became alarmed lest the teachings of that INFIDEL, Socrates, should weaken the belief in Polytheism—the established religion of the country. Socrates was arrested and tried. He made, we are informed, an able defense, but was condemned by a majority of his peers. The choice was given to him, either to be led to death in the warm bath, or to drink the juice of hemlock. He chose the latter. An opportunity was given him by his jailor, and he was advised by his friends to make his escape. He replied: "No; when a man is sentenced by a majority of his peers, he is in honor bound to abide by their judgment." He drained the bitter contents of the cup prepared for him, and DIED. Now mark the sequel. He had not been dead a year, when the very same citizens decreed that a monument of brass should be erected to his memory. So much for "voz populi" being "voz Dei." It is, in my humble opinion, generally the voice of ignorance and folly, expressed more tersely by the proverb "voz et gratia nihil"—"sound without sense. Plato taught the same doctrine after the death of his preceptor, Socrates.

I have entered upon this historical detail to show that the doctrine of the soul's immortality is not new. Socrates said, "You may destroy this soul-case, but you cannot kill Socrates. He will be still among you." Spiritualists hold the same belief; and it were to be wished that they had rested there; but they have far outstripped Socrates. The new phase of rapping, table-tipping, dial plates, clairvoyance, inspiration, curing diseases by manipulations, trance-speaking, and I think some other phases, the names of which I have not learned, have remained to be developed by the Fox family, of Rochester, N. Y., and have spread like wildfire. I think no other ISM has ever spread so rapidly since the world began.

But let not Spiritualists "take the flattering unctious to their souls" that they only are right and all others are wrong. While I find much to approve, I also find much to be disapproved—things which it requires the maw of a cormorant to digest.

Having indulged in a latitudinal introduction, I will endeavor to express myself more concisely in the remarks that may follow.

After quoting the language I used in a former communication, as axioms, Mr. Ellis, instead of attempting to controvert them by logical deductions, breaks forth in the following rhapsody: "I glory in such thinking men as Doctor Horton. Continue to think, my dear sir, and you will as surely think into your own full satisfaction, as you are now satisfied of night and day."

Perhaps I do not fully comprehend the meaning of the above quotation; but so far as I do, I wish Mr. Ellis to accept my unfeigned thanks, and am sorry I cannot conscientiously return the compliment, any more for what has passed than of anticipations for the future.

"MAN NEVER DIES. This is a knowledge I possess, my dear sir, and not a faith."

Let us try the first sentence, "Man never dies," syllogistically. To die is to cease to live. That which never ceases to live, could never have begun to live. That which never begun to live is immortal. Consequently, man is an immortal being. Now if by man is meant the substance of his body, it is an assertion contrary to every day's experience. We see men dying daily, and their bodies subjected to the disgusting process of corruption. If the writer means that the soul of man never dies, he has first to prove that man has a soul independent of his body. In connection with the assertion "that man never dies," the writer proceeds to say, "This is a knowledge I possess, not a faith." Your correspondent must be a distinguished favorite of heaven, to possess a knowledge which we poor, frail mortals, with less knowledge, and consequently being less favorites, have all our long lives thought diametrically opposite to his knowledge; which being so positive and beyond all doubt or equivocation, it would be an act of charity in him to give us some information concerning that anterior state, speaking geologically, extends back only fifty thousand years beyond the common era assigned to the creation of man. Be so kind, my dear sir—I would say if I were directly addressing Mr. Ellis—as to lay aside your reserve, and give us sublimary mortals some of the knowledge you must necessarily possess, concerning the bearings, the longitude and latitude of that country you inhabited anterior to your appearance on this globe of ours. Were you so presumptuous as to offer our poor advice to friend Ellis, it would be to this effect: "Be a little cautious in making positive assertions as to knowledge, for assertion is not proof; and when proof positive is required, your proof might fail to convince others less favored, less enthusiastic and less credulous." Knowledge is desirable, and much knowledge attainable, as it relates to time and sense; but a knowledge of futurity, of other worlds, of that being we call God, is beyond human ken, except by induction; and this is called inductive, not positive knowledge.

We have often met, in the course of a long life, with people quite as positive as Mr. Ellis of their knowledge of a future state of existence, and of other worlds; but their profession of knowledge never convinced or ever enlightened our darkened intellect. John, the revelator—dubbed saint—Baron Swedenborg, and other cataplectics—of which I should think Mr. Ellis might be one—have been very positive as to their "knowledge" or visions; but sober reason is compelled to pronounce them only visions, not realities. The world still wags along in its old way.

The proof which Mr. Ellis wishes to derive from vegetable physiology, will not stand the test of analytical criticism. The sexual system of plants, called the Linnean system, is unquestionably true. Plants generally have each the male and female organs in themselves. The granivorous plants are perhaps all of this kind. The fragrant, or strawberry, are male and female in separate plants, as all may have learned who have cultivated that delicious fruit. The date, in all its varieties, is an instance of the same kind.

Mr. E. wishes or strives to establish the fact that because the fecundating pollen always exists for the production of fruit, so, from analogy, the semen masculina contains the animalcula—the germ of the future man. That the various plants were created—not self-existent—no one will dispute. If Mr. E. go still further back and say mat-

ter had no beginning, I agree with him. Matter is eternal, self-existent; subject to be molded and fashioned, by the plastic power of Deity, into the various forms, which we see existent on the earth. There was a beginning, however, to each plant—as a plant—having the functions of reproduction. So of man: there was a time when man did not exist as man, as an organized being, having the functions of reproduction. The germ—the pollen—is not fruit; it is pollen, and only pollen. So of men: the animalcula in semen masculina are perfect animalcula, but they are not men. I find I must hurry on, "Currente calamo," or I shall tire the patience of your compositor as well as that of your readers.

The next argument used by Mr. Ellis is derived from the transposition of the caterpillar to the butterfly. This economy of Nature or of the God of Nature is not confined to the one he has chosen for an illustration of his argument. The silkworm is one, the tobacco or tomato plant worm is another; the various species of flies, the nice little fellow which sometimes sings us to sleep—the mosquito—is another; the Hessian fly, so destructive to the wheat of the farmer, another; the honey-bee, the wasp, in short, I think nearly all winged insects undergo this transformation which to your correspondent seems so wonderful. As he is so expert an entomologist, let him examine his tomato plants in the month of August, and he will find an ugly-looking green worm, three inches long and half an inch thick, with a horn in his tail. Let him capture this "beautiful" production of Nature, which would fill a female with horror, perhaps give her hysterics at the bare sight. Let him put this ugly customer under a glass, giving him air and moisture according to his requirements, and in a short time, say ten days, will come forth the most beautiful moth, as rare as beautiful—the *Philaena gylonea*—of the size of a hummingbird, with a proboscis longer in proportion to his body than that of the elephant. Well, this is a beautiful and wise economy of Nature for the perpetuation of the species; but they all had a beginning, they all die, they are not immortal; they have no souls, unless we say with Pope:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."
The last argument of Mr. Ellis is contained in the following sentence: "All spirit is of God; part and particle are our souls of Him."

This is an entire change of position. He has been endeavoring to prove the identity of the species—of the soul, spirit, if you please. Now he merges the whole in one common ocean of spirit, thus destroying identity, thus destroying accountability, thus making the *Divina essentia* equally the source of folly and of wisdom, of truth and falsehood.

This position is untenable. Man is a free agent, with reasoning powers, a moral agent, an accountable being. What! are all the follies and wickedness of men attributable to Deity? Forbid it, reason, and equally forbid it, common sense.

In forming my conclusions concerning a future state of existence, I have attended to all the arguments for and against it. We wish to live all ways here—that does not prove that we shall; but it does prove it just as much as a desire to live hereafter proves that we shall so live. I think it quite as likely that the whole race of men will be exterminated from the earth and a superior race take our places, as that we shall have a separate existence hereafter. Such has been the economy of Nature; such may be the case again.

W. L. HORTON, M. D.
Lynnfield Hotel, Mass., June, 1867.

John Wetherbee on the Indian.

Those who attended the spiritual gatherings during Anniversary Week, will bear witness to the interest manifested and the substance distributed by thoughtful tongues; and on the last evening, the Indian called out a word, and that I propose now briefly to refer to. Thanks to Bro. Peebles for leading off. Oh how proper for a Spiritualist meeting to have a favorable word for that weird, strange race, that has lingered down to us, that we in the nineteenth century can be eye witnesses to its fact, but only by tradition to its greatness—not greatness from the standpoint of our civilization, but greatness in its fructification, as a vine early planted and isolated from the goings in and comings out of the historic world's logic. It acted out its own life in its own aboriginal way, which had culminated and was on its wane when the fathers of this republic moved across the "big water" and anchored on this new-found land. From that time to this, the hunting, fishing and war race has retreated and dwindled, in competition with the race that engineers or assumes to engineer the progress of civilization. "The saints shall inherit the earth," is true in philosophy as in poetry, let there be time enough. But who are the saints? I would not dare, though in the majority there is strength of definition as there is strength of power—still I would not dare to say because civilization seems to have the track, that, *per se*, civilization and saintship are synonymous; like drawing comparisons between church members and Spiritualists as to general purity. Now and then, and too frequently, the devil gets into the house, and behold! a scandal and scorn, says, "There's a Spiritualism for you!" and the echo dies away, Soreno Howe is weak where so many need trusses, and lo! the Baptist church is not proof against the devil. So of the larger family of man, "saint or savage, Jew or Greek." No race can be catalogued as the saints, and yet it looks as though one division was going to inherit the earth, at least as far as North America is concerned.

I do not like exactly the words put into my mouth by the reporter of the Convention. Let me say, then, feeling a deep interest in the Indian, as I have said, in keeping with the thought suggested by Bro. Peebles, Spiritualists should encircle the Indian race with their tender embraces. We are their debtors, we know not how much. Their natural life has fitted them for both a catalytic and combining action, in the intercourse of the two worlds. It has sometimes made me say, whatever may be the thought of the Indian question in this world, the Indian is a power, and a big one, in the other, in its contiguity to this. The best test, physical, healing and other mediums are indebted to some "Red Jacket," or "Laughing Water," as the door-keeper to higher intelligences to enter in and talk to us; so thanks to any one who has tender words for them. And no wonder, on the occasion that calls for this communication, that the attraction should press rather hard for entrance or recognition through Bro. Barnes's somewhat shaky door; and, attracted or not attracted, the Indians call for judicious words in their behalf.

Am I too severe if I say it will be a good thing for the Indians and for the world when the remainder of them are all there? I say it, and believe destiny points to that. The time will come when all the Indian blood in the world will be in the veins of this progressive race, that thrives for it, and then their hunting-ground will be very near us, and perhaps out of sight; but in saying this, would I endorse the military oracle, "they must be exterminated"? God forbid! No man

who knows me will ever believe I act from selfish motives or from policy without principle. I am a humanitarian, in a broad sense; and every order struggling against oppression, black, white or red, can always count me an ally.

With this long and singular preamble, let me come at once to the Indian point. This world is eight thousand miles in diameter, and twenty-five thousand in circumference. You can approximate the amount of surface, something less than one-third of which is land. Nearly half of that is uninhabitable, from geographical and geological disabilities, and there is no prospect of there ever being any more. Now with that fact staring me in the face, in connection with the inevitable spread of population, I should say a slightly different word in this connection if I was living under the same conditions on a planet as large as Jupiter, than I do under the circumstances referred to.

Science teaches us that this visible world, the sum total of chemical primates, is the result of forces that of themselves are invisible; and every specimen of organic life, be it a blade of grass or the body of a man, is but the elongation of the rocks, which are the manifestation of the forces referred to underlying them and all; and those forces have in the permutations of chemical affinity culminated in a population on this planet, or rather caskets for individuals, people or souls to dwell in and prepare for a world to come. Who did it, and how it is done, and why it is done, is beyond the scope of my genius to answer. If anybody thinks he can, turn your back on him: he is fooling you, sure. Ignorant as I am on these points, I think I know, and so does the reader, as much as anybody else. We can safely say, without a possibility of refutation, that one man is fundamentally as good as another, and has as much right as another to his portion of this world; and still further, no one can question this point from rational grounds, viz: that the race that is indigenous to the soil has the right to it against all comers. Now if that postulate, however true, was all, the title deed, as far as history goes, is Ireland for the Irish, and America for the Indian, etc.; but by the innovations of barbarism, in the age of feudalism and before, the civilized world is grandly mixed. The Eastern hordes have followed the course of the sun, and squatted as occasion offered on the more Western domain, and Tartary, in its emigrations, has gobbled Europe; and perhaps, with the exception of Ireland and Wales, all the nationalities of Europe are living on the territory gobbled from weaker inhabitants.

Now acting on this plan, but from a higher motive, a sturdy race left the Old World and gobbled this, and they have got it, and have been swallowing it steadily (as the snake does the ox) for near three centuries, and perhaps a little faster in our day by the march of this race, aided by emigration, than the preparation for degeneration of the decay of the aboriginals will permit. Now no one can doubt that the passage of this continent is a sure event. I said, a few moments ago, one man or a race has as good rights as another, and the first occupant or race on a domain, or indigenous to it, as far as we know, has the prior right. Logically then, we, Anglo-Saxons, Puritans, are simply Norman pirates, as of old, or filibusters, as of now. Logic can lead nowhere else.

Now comes a higher law. Philosophy steps in, and, grappling with this subject, says—and no one can gainsay it—this world, on the hunting, fishing and war principle, to the neglect of agriculture, will not support the population which the logic of events is forcing into it. "Be ye fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth," is a primordial law, not because the Bible says so, but would be if the Bible had forgotten it. If any race of people lives so that a given territory will not support five million population, and by the human tide, which we may wonder at but cannot control, that *Genesis* and *Exodus* are pouring in, that given territory has got to support thirty or one hundred millions, and destiny says amen, then that race must either narrow and live so that it can be fed, or give food to the larger number that destiny is placing there, or die out. I do not say, by Sherman, "the Indian must be exterminated." I only say that, as he cannot conform to the necessities of the case, on the principle of Charles Darwin's law of natural selection, the race that can live on the least food or gather the most, must inhabit the earth. That writes the epitaph of the Indian. He has finished his course; his race is ended.

I am not expressing a wish, or my desire; only recording a philosophical fact which cannot be avoided. The higher or transcendental view of this subject leads to that; the lower and the practical lead to the same, and it is foregone. Sherman says he must be exterminated, and commerce says amen. Wetherbee, with his feeble voice, says he will be exterminated, not that he must, and the thoughtful and the kind-hearted say 'tis a pity, but inevitable.

Watch him tenderly while the pulse beats low;
Watch him tenderly, for he's a sure to go.

The world progresses. It was hard for the wolf and the bear to leave their bonny retreats where God placed them, when the woodman did not "spare the tree." It was hard for the fern, the skunk-cabbage and the thistle to give way when higher fertility and finer soil gave up the oak, the rose and the lily. It was hard, poetically speaking, for an Illinois prairie, in June frescoed with God's many-colored spangles on its green domain, to give place to corn and wheat, the buds of bread, and to me as much the buds of beauty, because there is always an interior beauty where there is use. By this action the ferns, with their wide-spreading leaves and branches, lie entombed in the form of coal, and we are, ages afterwards, reaping the benefit of that prevision and provision. So the human "fern," the Indian race, are not lost, but are useful to themselves and us in the hunting-grounds of the better land. I am not uncharitable, I am simply rational, and believe the Indians themselves, under conditions inevitable, will say amen to it when they comprehend in their progress the philosophy that elucidates it. Many a poet sighs over departed beauty, and weeps a tear when the iron rail conflicts with the graceful landscape, and the march of commerce and industry daubs the picture and blots out the romantic spots that ornamented the world in its youth. But such is logic; and who dare say it was not so ordained? and who dare say that it is not both justice and wisdom?

A tear for the poor Indian, abused by his better educated but often worse white neighbor; abused by those appointed to regard his interests. He was lower down the stream, yet he riled the water and is devoured for disputing with the wolf on the obvious fact. But still the iron rail must run; still the emigrant must westward move; still the playground of the buffalo and the deer must be narrowed; still must the Indian grow beautifully less year by year. The specimens that picture romances and tinkle our childhood have gone long ago, and are now returning us good for evil in the Summer-Land, and those that remain are no longer things of beauty, but nasty, sickly debris of what was once noble and great—not, however, of the highest definition of greatness. But such as they are, I am willing to admit they were made

so by Caucasian contact; but there is the fact. In poetry and abstractly they are subjects of sentiment; but the raw material, the concrete red man to-day, dispels all poetic illusions. His cemetery is large, covering this continent; his monuments are the beautiful names that prefix our States, our lakes and our rivers. Red Jacket, Sante, Blackhawk and Osceola have gone; they have made peace with the white man; and as I have before said, the remainder are passing, and the places that knew them shall know them no more forever: Watch them tenderly, and bless their exit.

Home Again.

NATIONAL CONVENTION—TRACTS FOR THE MILLION.

After spending many months in the East, mostly in my old Green Mountain home in North Clarendon, Vt., where once

The rude Indian roamed in the forest green,
And caught the wild deer in his leafy screen;
But now cottages show the white man's home,
And his flocks safely o'er the green hills roam,

I find myself in this beautiful cream city of the Northwest, where enlightened Spiritualists have established a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and hold meetings and conferences where all questions are freely discussed, to enable persons to learn the most important truths, and do the most noble deeds. One of the questions considered was: What is the most important question that can be asked? I answer, it is this: Who are the wickedest people on earth? The answer to this is: Those people who believe in a God or Christ who would damn any person to an eternity of torment without mercy or regret, and imitate their God to the best of their ability. None but the basest of mankind can really believe such horrible doctrines, and the history of persons who pretend to believe them, is blackened with the most unmerciful crimes. At the present time their venom is especially aimed at those persons who love their neighbors as themselves, and wish to give them equal legal rights.

On my way here I stopped one Sunday at Rochester, N. Y. In the morning there was a Conference under the charge of Esq. Clum, where freedom of speech was only limited by order and decorum. The question of holding the next National Convention of Spiritualists there was considered. I soon learned that they had the mind, the means, and the hall, and only wanted to combine for the purpose to make such a Convention a success, so far as the people of Rochester were concerned. This is the place where the raps first startled the priesthood; and the Buffalo doctors were sent down in great haste to learn what caused these unearthly sounds. The priests told the doctors it could not be the spirits of "just men made perfect" because they were shut up in a beautiful, golden, brilliantly-jeweled heaven, and God was there, and wanted their services, and would not let them out. So the doctors then thought their whole work was done when they reported to the priests that this whole sensational affair was produced by knee-knocking and toe-cracking—there was no spirit out of the flesh about it, neither good or evil. But the startling sounds continue, and the world is being turned up-side-down by them. And I wish our Rochester friends would request the Spiritualists to hold their next National Convention there, and give the Buffalo doctors a chance to be present, and cure the evils that they only told the cause of years ago when sent there for that purpose; therefore I hope they will

The Buffalo doctors invite to attend,
The rattling of knees and toes to mend;
This knocking of knees and cracking of toes
Is worse for mankind than any one knows.
Come with your learning,
The raps discerning,
And save the theological point
That is shattered by a little toe joint.
Doctors, the world looks for a Saviour now
That will stop the raps from making a row—
And joints and bones from making this rattle,
And having with priests a fearful battle.
Come in a hurry,
Not in a flurry,
And stop the theological blows
Between militant priests and cracking toes.
Oh dear doctors, think well of this matter,
Let not these joints theologic shatter,
But come to the rescue without delay,
Or the cause is lost and priests in dismay.
Oh come with your lint,
Oh come with your spirit,
And save the theological man
From being slain by a snapping knee-joint.

It will be a disgrace to the medical profession to fail to cure a disease which they have had the privilege of studying for nearly twenty years, and I presume if the doctors have a fair chance they will be able to cure the raps to the raps, and stop this hubbub among the people, caused by this unnatural war. This is the reason I am so urgent to have them invited.

I am well aware that some low priests and their minions have attempted to stop these raps by the legal persecution and private scandal of the media. In this way Colchester was stopped and fined \$1000. Then they caused the arrest of the Elderly children. But remember the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, and the fine of the raper is the triumph of his cause. It will be well for the doctors to give this information to the bewildered and frightened priests.
Objections were made to my circular on the Signs of the Times, because I call those damnation Christians, who believe and teach others to believe in the eternal punishment of their unbelieving neighbors. I held that it was time true names were given to Christians, so we might know the good from the bad. The public professions of many persons in and out of societies, by creeds, sermons and conversations, of these horrible doctrines, were made not only unblushingly, but with an air of pride and exultation, as though it was an honor to them, and the only pure Christianity in the world. If such is the fact, then let it be understood by the people generally, and let such Christians have the full benefit of their true name. But if there is a better Christianity whose believers think all people will come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved, we should exalt the best, and speak well of the Christians who never damn their neighbors to eternal punishment, no matter how much they are damned by them. And we should use all truthful means to put a stop to the pride and arrogance of those persons who would be ashamed to say they would torment their neighbors eternally, but believe in a Christ or God who will do such dirty work for them.

The question is how we can reach the base depravity that will exalt a Father who possesses such endless hatred, malice and revenge for his children as a godly pattern for people to worship and practice after. In my opinion we must make them feel how utterly detestable such ideas are, whether entertained by God or man, and make them angry with themselves and everybody else, for professing to believe such mean things of God or man, before they can be reformed. The hosts of Christians, hardened by believing in the eternal damnation of their neighbors, can no more be touched by love, than could the rebels by compromises before the war. They have commenced a war upon all that is holiest and best in human nature. And if we fear to publish these truths, we are weighed in the balance and found wanting. If I publish tracts for the million, let it be understood that evils will be plainly stated and the good that will overcome them will be as fairly pitted against them, for

Evils are the growth of ages of wrong
Which wicked and cowardly wish to prolong;
Fear makes the one go in his trembling way—
Sin makes the other most lustily pray.

But the truth shall reform this wicked age;
Dangers and doubts be put in a rage;
Satan's laws be pushed to the wall—
And all shall be saved in spite of their fall.

Yours truly, H. S. BROWN, M. D.

648 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Writing Mediumship.

The following interesting account of Mr. J. V. Mansfield's mediumship, while in California, we find in the San Francisco *Banner of Progress*. This additional evidence, to the vast amount we have already published in regard to the reliability of Mr. M., as a medium, is truly gratifying:

Conrad Wiegand, Esq., while an Assayer in the U. S. Mint in this city, conceived the idea of testing something besides the precious metals, and concocted a scheme, assisted by some of his friends, whereby to entrap Mr. Mansfield, and defy his powers as a writing medium. A letter was prepared, containing a request for a communication from a number of deceased persons, and this letter was then enclosed in leather, in pasteboard, and again in India-rubber, tied with a string, and then permanently sealed, so as to be returned to the writer in the same condition. It was then handed to Mr. Mansfield, with a request for an answer. In a short time, the letter was returned unopened, with the seal undisturbed, and accompanied by an answer to every inquiry therein contained, supplemented by information not asked for, and names not mentioned in the sealed document. The test was an overwhelming proof of spirit communication, and Mr. Wiegand and his friends were compelled to admit it to be such. At the parties were strangers to Mr. Mansfield. Mr. L. A. Gitchell one day called upon the medium, and being invited to sit down, without any introduction or previous conversation, was astonished at receiving, in a few minutes, a communication from an old mining partner, containing reminders of occurrences known only to himself and the spirit communicating. Mr. Gitchell was a stranger to Mr. Mansfield, and the latter had no knowledge of the spirit friend. This test was followed by others, equally remarkable; and Mr. Gitchell, who had been for some time previous an investigator of Spiritualism, was favored with constant communication from day to day for many weeks.

Mr. S. Howard, of this city, also received from a dozen spirit friends, who had been for many years in the spirit-world, satisfactory proofs of their continued existence, and of their power to communicate with him, through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield.

J. R. Harndenbergh, Esq., from a most prejudiced and skeptical unbeliever in Spiritualism, and against all his mental ingenuity, exerted to concoct evidence presented through Mr. Mansfield, became suddenly and indubitably satisfied of the truth of both phenomena and philosophy, by receiving such proofs as only such a mind could appreciate. In company with Recorder N. Greene Curtis, of Sacramento, he held a number of interviews with Mr. Mansfield, during which the spirit friends of both gentlemen came and conversed of events in their lives which occurred many years before, and which they were obliged to confess were known to no other persons on earth.

The wife of President Lincoln, after the death of her son Willie, corresponded with him through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, while the latter was in San Francisco. On one occasion, Willie sent in answer to his mother, as a test, an account of a certain excursion at which he claimed to have been present with her in her carriage, mentioning events that occurred during the ride, so that there could be no mistake as to his identity.

Rev. T. Starr King addressed several sealed letters to Mr. Mansfield, to all of which he received satisfactory replies, some of them from his deceased father. Mr. Mansfield received from Mr. King a written acknowledgment of the correctness of the communications, and of the satisfaction experienced in their reception. After Mr. King's departure, he paid Mr. Mansfield a friendly visit in the spirit, and again expressed his obligations to him.

No less than three cases of secret murder became known to Mr. Mansfield through the accusation of spirits against the guilty parties, who visited him for the purpose of inquiring for deceased relatives. The horror of the conscience-stricken men, on finding so confronted with the dead, will be well known to all who would sink into a chair, pale with fear, and implore Mr. Mansfield never to mention what he had become cognizant of another crime like a child, and made the same request in piteous tones; and the third exacted the promise with trembling emotion and a countenance expressive of intense pain. As these cases could not be made public so far as the persons are concerned, neither could the particulars of communication be made, under the circumstances. No benefit could have been derived to the cause of justice by informing against the murderers, because the testimony could not be taken in any court. Mr. Mansfield therefore found no difficulty with his conscientious duty in giving the required pledge, and their guilt is still unknown to others of their fellow-men. How much crime would be forever uncommitted, by those disposed to its commission, if the conviction were universal that its discovery might be made in this way, by the interposition of the victims themselves.

Conference of Spiritualists.

The Second Annual Conference of the Spiritualists of Gowanda (Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.) and vicinity, commenced Friday afternoon, June 7th, and continued until Sunday evening, 9th.

Mr. Ira Davenport, of Buffalo, was chosen Chairman, and Mrs. Joann Carter, of Laona, Secretary.

The first session was a meeting of the mediums and workers in the spiritual cause, the succeeding ones were public.

The principal speakers were Mrs. C. A. Hazen, of Buffalo, Mr. J. W. Beaver, of Batavia, Mr. Abram James, of Chicago, Mr. George Taylor, of North Collins, Mrs. C. Strat, of Laona, Dr. Tousey, of Gowanda and Dr. Carter, of Laona. The proceedings were interspersed with excellent and appropriate vocal and instrumental music, by B. A. Beale, of Gowanda. The weather was propitious, the attendance full, and the interest manifested was great.

The following resolutions were adopted:
Resolved, That we, as mediums and Spiritualists, earnestly recommend the holding of monthly Spiritual Conventions, to enable us the more fully to establish ourselves in the work, and thereby systematize our efforts, and to make more practical account; and that one or more sessions of each Convention be devoted to fraternal consultation and communion among mediums and speakers.
Resolved, That we, as mediums and Spiritualists, in accordance with the agency of earthly mediums, and made known more fully that continual existence and the unfathomable love there existing for earth's inhabitants, and the absolute necessity for their coming into this world, to come the skeptic, crime and folly of humanity, and to inaugurate and establish upon earth a more glorious system of universal progress and brotherhood, and to secure the permanent settlement of their present designs, a host of earthly media have been selected by angel guardians, possessed of a great diversity of gifts and manifestations, but all from the same law and source, therefore,
Resolved, That we, as mediums, and many Spiritualists of the vicinity, assembled in Convention at Gowanda, N. Y., do hereby unanimously believe, and recommend to all true seekers to actual knowledge, that the spiritual movement of the nineteenth century is the result of humanity, universal laws, entering into the very foundation principles of the universe, and not based upon nor in any manner depending upon intricate interposition of God, and that, having such an indestructible and natural basis, and being in accordance with the laws of universal progress, must go on and on until the whole world shall be illuminated by their divine glory and blessed by their beautiful harmony and order.

Resolved, That we recommend the organization of the Spiritualists of the State of New York to be a State Association, based upon town and county organizations, that the Empire State may be represented in the National Spiritual Convention and cast its influence on the side of humanity and progress.

The proceedings of the Convention were harmonious throughout. The reform costume was largely represented. Dr. Wilson, an intelligent Indian gentleman, entertained the audience with some very interesting criticisms upon Mr. James's account of the Chicago Artesian Well, and raised some objections which were satisfactorily answered.

After the Convention had adjourned, a goodly number met upon one of the beautiful hills overlooking the village. An eloquent prayer was made by Dr. Tousey, followed by remarks from several speakers. Mr. James was entranced and delivered a brief discourse, filled with profound philosophy and brotherly love. Very suddenly a playful Indian spirit-girl (Svee) took control, and the impressive and beautiful gestures and language of the philosopher were succeeded by comical and ludicrous diversions which shocked some lookers on, and furnished a text for ribald tongues, but which will have a good effect of temporarily repelling from Spiritualism some who would do it harm.

JOANN CARTER, Sec.

Having lost his ticket, an old gentleman on an Illinois railroad was forcibly ejected from a train. The company had to pay him \$7,000.

Dr. Newton in Chelsea.

The announcement that this most wonderful healer of modern times was to lecture in Library Hall, Chelsea, on Wednesday evening, June 12th, and at the same time illustrate his power of causing aches, pains, complaints and diseases, either of long or short standing, to instantaneously "depart"—drew together an audience only limited to the extreme capacity of the hall, many being unable to gain admittance. Apparently one solid mass of vari-colored humanity was crowded within the four walls of the room.

B. T. Martin, Chairman of the Committee, called the meeting to order, and introduced the exercises in a few appropriate remarks, in which he instanced several remarkable cures performed by the Dr., which had come under his own observation, especially that of his little boy, who was completely cured of deafness, and always remained so.

After the taking up of a liberal contribution, for the benefit of the Society, and singing by the choir, Dr. Newton was introduced, when he proceeded in a friendly and conversational tone to explain the principle involved in removing physical ills by laying on of hands—the popular method practiced by Jesus and his Apostles, and by the ancients generally. Though not accustomed to public speaking he said, he uttered what came to him, without fear or favor—fear being the worst of enemies. This was illustrated by a peculiar case which occurred in Portland. A man was brought to his office for treatment, whose appearance was such as to frighten, and for the time being to render powerless all efforts to help him; and not until every vestige of this element of fear was removed, was the man relieved.

The law underlying the curing of people by laying on of hands was not lost. It exists to-day as of yore, but the conditions are practically lost. Men fail to live as they ought. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." This power to heal is latent in every one, and can be developed in all. Love is the prevailing principle—practical love to all humanity. Live to do good, be earnest to help your brother and sister, for other things being equal, he or she who is morally strong, true and pure, will be the most successful healer. Some organizations, of course, were better adapted for this purpose than others, but the regulatives were to be actuated by proper motives, to possess large will power, and to live right. Learn the conditions, then practice them.

In many of the apparently simple sayings of Jesus, he had found the greatest scientific truths, which he was demonstrating to the world every day. He was not egotistical enough to claim this power as belonging to or of himself, but "the Father which dwelleth in me." He never tried to cure or help a person without doing it in prayer, sometimes vocally, sometimes not, but always in the spirit of blessing.

The *modus operandi* of curing in a hall, without touch, was also given. Having faith in himself and his purposes, having confidence in his own integrity, and above all in the spirit of love and charity which worketh no ill, and is the fulfilling of the law—he seeks to gather magnetic and electric force from the audience, which, concentrating in himself and eliminating through his own person by great exercise of the will, he is enabled to throw out a powerful magnetism or vital life-force, and with this goes the healing power.

He could not seldom help those who came to him because others urged them, and against their own will. He wanted all to come in faith, trusting and in harmony—without money and without price. He only took compensation from those who were able to pay; the poor were always welcome.

The Dr.'s remarks were interspersed with pertinent reference to parties who had been cured of all sorts of maladies. Many valuable suggestions, real philosophic gems, were scattered throughout the lecture, while the whole was imbued with the spirit of the rarest brotherly and fraternal love. Among other memorable sayings, he made the medical prediction that hardly twenty years would elapse before the present allopathic method of treatment would become obsolete.

But for the confusion at the door, caused by the pressure of the crowd, the meeting would have been far more harmonious, and per consequence, a much greater success. Yet notwithstanding this disturbance, which made it very difficult for the Dr. to connectively continue his remarks—the results of the meeting were marvelous. At the conclusion of his address, he asked those who were suffering from acute diseases only, to rise, and he would endeavor to cure them. Apparently some two dozen persons arose, when the Dr., aggregating within himself great electrical power as though he was a battery fully charged, suddenly extended his arms and exclaimed, "Be healed; disease depart; now your pains have all left you"—when most of them immediately sat down. Two or three hard-shell or obstinate cases, however, called for additional treatment; one of them proving to be a case of chronic rheumatism, and the other was a displaced bone in a man's wrist, which as soon as the Dr. took hold of it, it became adjusted, making a noise loud enough to be heard by those standing near. By this time, the platform whereon the Dr. stood was fairly—nay, unfairly—taken possession of by an eager crowd of unfortunate ones who sought the magical touch or healing power of this medical wonder-worker. Pains were removed in head, back, limbs, side, &c.; also cases of rheumatism, asthma, heart disease, deafness—one case of twenty years, and another of five years, the former being made to hear the ticking of a watch, and the other voluntarily stated to the audience, many of whom had long known him and his condition, that without touch he had been cured since entering the hall; and could now hear a whisper. A man with a cancer on his cheek was greatly relieved, being able to shout aloud, though on coming to the hall he could only half articulate or mumble. A case of defective eyesight for fourteen years, six of which had been passed in the Blind Asylum, was relieved in one operation, to such an extent that the party could distinguish across the hall. And so the list might be indefinitely extended, but already is this communication too long.

The friends in Chelsea deserve a vote of thanks for giving the public a free opportunity to witness such an exhibition of the healing art—one of the phases of Spiritualism. The gratitude and blessing of thousands go with Doctor Newton.

June 17th, 1867. G. A. B.

The miracle of St. Januarius has not gone off as auspiciously as usual this year. The liquefaction of the Neapolitan saint's blood was incomplete, a portentous black clot remaining unsolved in the centre of the vase, and was seen, says the London Tablet, with grief by thousands of the faithful, who deem it to be a sign of impending calamity.

A cable dispatch from London, June 18th, states that a public breakfast has been tendered to William Lloyd Garrison by a committee of which the Duke of Argyll is Chairman, and it will take place some day next week. John Bright, M. P., is expected to preside on the occasion.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication with the dead. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous living inspiration from Man, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is a catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

The Rapid Increase of Spiritualism.

As many people doubt that there are eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States, we make bold to reaffirm that it is even so. We have taken particular pains for two years past to secure all the information possible upon this very point, from the hundreds of lecturers in the field, who have canvassed every part of the country, from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. We do not believe there is a town of any note in the Union that does not contain believers in our faith. Many, it is true, do not come out boldly and avow their belief in the Spiritual Philosophy, for they have not as yet cut entirely loose from church thralldom. But the day is not far distant when they will throw off all allegiance to ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies, and stand forth as living witnesses of the faith that is in them. We do not expect that those who come out of the church into Spiritualism, can cast off their old theological garments entire in a moment; but as the truth breaks in upon their souls—as their dear departed friends, one after another, return to them from "over the river" with messages of love, assuring them that they still live, and would have their kindred know of the life beyond ere they leave the mundane world, is it strange that the well-springs of their hearts are touched, and, while tears of joy glisten upon their eyelids, they should come to us thirsting for the living waters of our beautiful faith? These people certainly must be classed as Spiritualists, for they have avowed their firm belief in direct spirit communication.

There is yet another and a numerous class of Spiritualists in America, which has become such through first witnessing the various phenomena—a class that was always infidel to the cardinal doctrines of creeds. They scarcely ever attended church to listen to pointless and profitless exhortations from scholastic bigots. Spiritualism with them is a scientific religion—in harmony with the laws of Nature, and appealing to the dictates of humanity—a universal theism, which is ere long to embrace in its ample folds the whole world. These Spiritualists are outspoken, bold pioneers in the great cause of human freedom. They have stood the brunt of the battle for nineteen years; and to-day their hearts expand in gratitude to Jehovah that their efforts in behalf of truth are rapidly being crowned with success. All the toils and privations and the calumnies heaped upon them by priest and press, in consequence of their adherence to Spiritualism, shall yet be to them as pearls of great price.

Spiritualism is cropping out in sections of country that our lecturers have never visited. Mediums are being developed everywhere—in the church and out. The angel hosts are alive to the vast importance of bridging the chasm that has kept them from communing with their loved ones of earth. The theological bats and owls, with their musty tomes, have ruled mankind through fear too long. But the dawn is now breaking which is to usher in the day of glad tidings to all men. Take hope, then, all ye who are heavy-laden, for Spiritualism is destined to sunder the chains which Bigotry, Superstition and Error have cast around you.

Workers in the great field of Mental Freedom, you have done nobly, and the angel world is blessing you every moment for the efforts you have put forth in its behalf. We know you have suffered, and are still suffering in consequence of your bold avowals in behalf of TRUTH. Your recompense is sure. Toll on, then, yet awhile longer, although the enemies of the New Dispensation compass you at every point. Sow the good seed, for the ground is already prepared to receive it. By cooperative effort, and unflinching perseverance, we shall in less than five years number in our ranks, instead of eleven millions of converts, at least twenty millions!

The Massachusetts Spiritual Association.

The report of the proceedings of this body was given in full in last week's BANNER, and it has points in it which deserve to be returned to in comment. What has been done by cooperation within the limits of the State, and what it is proposed to do in the future, working in faith with such means as lie ready to our hand, the record duly sets forth for the satisfaction of its readers. One thing is certain: that more can be done by local association, in the cause of Spiritualism, than by ignoring entirely the effectiveness of it. The individual possesses a power of his own; but a related body of individuals, actuated by the same spirit and motives, will accomplish wonders in comparison.

Our Massachusetts Association, we are glad to say, is accomplishing a great deal of good, and deserves to receive the pecuniary support of Spiritualists throughout the State. Those who complain at times because the cause does not make more visible and tangible headway, can remedy the grounds of their complaint by contributing the substantial basis for its progress and growth. What has already come into the treasury, small as it is in view of the actual capacity of believers to give, came voluntarily and as a free offering. It accomplished its heavenly work, and others are being made thankful for its agency. Let us be very grateful for so much, and especially for the good and generous spirit of the givers. If there are more who are desirous of witnessing the steady advancement of the work, we may remind them that they can send contributions of money to George A. Bacon, the Corresponding Secretary, Boylston Market, Boston, Mass.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee, with the transaction of the other business, resolutions were presented and passed expressive of the general sentiment of sorrow, so far as personal intercourse was severed by the event, for the loss of Miss Sarah A. Southworth from the ranks of visible workers for the holy cause. The sense of regret was very pathetically expressed in these resolutions, and their perusal could hardly have failed to touch every reader. Miss Southworth

was a member of the Massachusetts Association, and a truly good and beautiful nature. She has written several tales for the columns of the BANNER, whose elevated tone and high moral teachings were shining qualities. Miss Southworth was fully as talented as she was good; and had her life been spared in the form, she would have extended her present reputation and won fame as a writer of first-class tales for the people. They would have been missionary stories in every sense. Her pen had been employed, too, in the service of several other Boston weeklies.

Mr. Wheeler's statements of his labors in the State show what remains to be done by Spiritualists quite as much as what has been done. He has wrought earnestly and perseveringly in the vineyard, and to excellent purpose; those, however, who are disposed to commend him for what he has done so far, should recollect that such as he can labor only as they are sustained. They should heed what he himself says in his report, that "other speakers and mediums should at once be set at work, and our meetings in every place be followed up once a month, thus keeping alive the interest created, until in due time not a town in the State shall be omitted from the monthly meetings, unless better supplied." To do this requires, as he says, "men, women and money; courage, faith and persistence." Let Spiritualists of large and small means heed these syllables, and put their shoulders to the work without further waiting.

Not all Spiritualists.

We really do not like to engage in the task of lecturing our clerical and ecclesiastical friends, who so berate us Spiritualists because we do not heed the preaching to which their own congregations pay so little real attention. Yet it falls to us now and then as a serious duty to speak of certain occurrences on their side, in the way of self-vindication and self-defence. They, for instance, have been exceedingly diligent, both in season and out of season, in ferreting out, and picking up, and putting carefully together whatever incidents and accidents could be made to tell with any sort of effect on the popular mind against the faith and practice of Spiritualists. Was any deed of unusual wickedness done? A Spiritualist must certainly have been guilty of it. Was there a case of social corruption or crime of remarkable flagrancy? It was of course laid straight at a Spiritualist's door. Was there a laxity of sentiment and opinion concerning those social relations which attest a true and healthy state between the sexes? Oh, by all means make Spiritualists responsible for it, if it can be done. And so this mean persecution has gone on until now, gathering up whatever is odious and disgusting to make a big ball of, and throwing it at the cause of Spiritualism in the expectation that it will knock down bulwarks, system, citadel, and all. That is the regular Orthodox mode of warfare against whatever threatens to supersede its own rule. It is wholly intolerant in its spirit, because it rejects the rule of reason, and refuses to be answered in any way but by silent and submissive obedience.

Now if we should so far forget the inspiration of our own heaven-descended faith as to descend to the employment of the same weapons which these uncharitable pharisees employ against Spiritualism, we have an idea that the advantage in the contest would lie very much on our side. We speak advisedly, because the ground has been surveyed by us many times, and with anxious care. If Spiritualism really did produce such gross results and effects as its intolerant enemies ascribed to it with so much freedom, it would surely be a most important fact for us to be properly apprised of. Our theory is—and it certainly is supported on every hand by reason, by illustration, by faith, and by facts—that a belief in the divine truths of Spiritualism is calculated only to exalt and ennoble the human mind, and elevate the thoughts, and enlarge and purify the heart and sympathies. But the Orthodox people say No. They ought, therefore, by virtue of the right which they exercise to make such an answer, to be able to point by contrast to a perfectly white record of their own. But is this one of the few things which they can do? Is this one of their oft boasted miracles, which advertises their exceeding great merit in the eyes of the world which they are ambitiously resolved to convert and control?

We may be excused for rambling around, for a few moments, and for a very short distance only, among the facts of the case. Take a very few "modern instances," which, if properly used, may be regarded as "wise saws" likewise. There is the case of the Rev. Joel Lindsey, who whipped his little boy to death because he would not say his "prayers" after his stern parent's fashion. That is Orthodox, pure and undiluted. There is the case of the Rev. Sereno Howe, of Abington, who stands, by his own confession, convicted of practices which belong only to the outcasts of Sodom and Gomorrah, who were burned in brimstone (so it is said) in requital for their filthy brutality. Howe is an Orthodox of the straightest stripe. There is the case of the Methodist minister at North Adams, in this State, who recently left his wife and nine children, and went away to meet improperly a young girl belonging to his charge, only sixteen years old. They call it only an "indiscretion." Certainly. He is Orthodox all the way through, to his very flexible backbone. An Orthodox clergyman of Chicago has carried a divorce case, full of the most prurient details, before the courts of that State. And we might go on and add to the list till it filled columns, if we were willing to displace more pleasant and profitable matter.

We do not mention these things in any temper of satisfaction. Farthest from it. But we would direct the attention of those friends of the Orthodox persuasion who assail Spiritualism with these very weapons which we here throw away in disgust, to the fact that they do not really assail our cause at all, but revile and corrupt themselves instead. Whichever faith comes most direct from out the heavens, will surely elevate and purify its believers most. That is the test and the only one. Let, then, Spiritualism stand on its merits, and we shall have no fears in contrasting it with Orthodoxy.

Our New Story.

With this number of the BANNER we commence a new and beautiful story, written expressly for this paper by a lady of wide renown as a tale-writer, with the title, "THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW; OR, HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST." While eminently dramatic, full of character and life, and overflowing with incident, it will be found to embody so attractive and thorough a presentation of the Philosophy of Spiritualism, on every and all sides, in the form of discussions, conversations and investigation, by the various characters of this vivid story, that it will become, in the eyes of the reader, one of the most remarkable contributions of the kind ever published in our columns. It will be a fresh presentation of a subject in which they will all feel a continually increasing interest. It will occupy four numbers.

Killing the Indians.

Sometimes a person from whom no such thing is expected, solves a problem by blurring out a few plain and pointed words, which is called "hitting the nail on the head." That is just what George Francis Train has done, when he said that the Government, instead of killing the Indians should begin and kill off the agents. The whole thing is there squeezed into a nutshell. It strikes directly at the root of the matter. It proves that the trouble lies where we have all along laid it. Gen. Sherman believes that nothing will answer but the barbarities of extermination. He was at least consistent in staying at home from his Holy Land excursion, to go into and through this never experiment without personal shrinking. It was a barbarous expedient which he suggested, and above what the savages of the Indians themselves would have schemed.

The war in the West against the Indians has begun already, and is going on as fast as our military men can push it forward. Agents, traders and contractors, together with army providers, are going to make out of it all they expected to. The fiat went forth from them very early in the spring, that a general Indian War must be got up—in fact, that the country, could not get along at all without it. And here we have the war they invoked, and they are running their arms into the strong box for plunder. We have foreseen this result, and denounced the great wrong. In consequence of which an obscure print, called the *Marysville (Kan.) Enterprise*—an organ, probably, of the speculators—berates us in unmeasured terms. The editor says we "go into crazy 'knip-tions' about the wrongs that are being perpetrated on the poor, unoffending red man, and hurl a thunderbolt at the head of Sherman, because that General, after a careful investigation of Indian matters, states that nothing short of extermination will put a stop to the hellish deeds committed by these savages who are on the war-path."

So Sherman, "after a careful investigation," has decided that he cannot get possession of the Western reserves without first exterminating the Indians! Sherman might just as well have said, "We want fifty millions of dollars from the United States Treasury, and by inaugurating an Indian war we can get it. It amounts to just this—nothing more, nothing less."

What kind of method is the following to put a stop to the "hellish deeds" of the "savages"? We quote from the *Boston Herald* of June 19th: "The people of Central City, Colorado, have subscribed five thousand dollars to be paid for Indian scalps 'with the ears on,' at the rate of twenty dollars apiece." Here is a specimen of what white, civilized (?) men will do for gold! Talk not of the red men "on the war path" as "savages," while we have such "savages" among our own people. More than this—we learn, upon good authority, that there are men now in Massachusetts—formerly cavalry officers—who propose to raise a company of volunteers to "fight Indians," providing the Government will pay so much per head for every scalp these men would secure!

What has the *Kansas Enterprise* to say to this bit of information? Senator Henderson, Chairman of the Senate Indian Committee, says that at least one-half the reports of Indian depredations are greatly exaggerated or entirely false. There is a class of men who get up these reports for the purpose of making money off the Government. He says the fact is not generally known that during the year 1865 it cost the Government twenty-nine million dollars to carry on an Indian war, and that three million dollars alone were paid to one firm on the Kansas border for transporting Government supplies. Those Government thieves who are chronicled in newspapers as "scouts," "traders" and "immigrants," are now very active in creating an Indian war. Has the *Enterprise* anything to do with that firm? We opine it has.

Read Gen. Buford's statement. We believe every word of it, notwithstanding the card of "John M. Thayer, U. S. Senator." Here it is:

"General N. B. Buford, one of the special commission appointed to visit Dacotah and investigate the Fort Phil Kearney massacre, has arrived at Washington, and reports that there is no necessity for an Indian war, and there would be none if the Indians were protected from the rapacity and rascality of frontier settlers, whose interests are to bring on a war, and supply our armies with subsistence at exorbitant prices. In fact, he says, the present war is nothing but a raid upon the Treasury of the United States by the frontiersmen and army contractors. These men band together and make false reports of alleged massacres by Indians, and then call upon the government to send troops to protect them, when in fact they only ask for them that they may grow rich from the supplies furnished."

A special correspondent of the New York Herald, (see issue of June 18th), writing from Fort Smith, Arkansas, says, Everything shows that the Indians are capable of civilization, and improve under its benign influences. We quote *verbatim*:

"Judge Byers, who has charge of the Southern superintendency, and who is a gentleman of most broad and liberal views, holds pertinaciously to this opinion, and so do others with whom I have talked, who, for twenty years and more, have been a good deal among the Indians. The Judge has recently been on an extended tour through his superintendency, embracing a population of nearly seventy thousand, the object of his tour being to pay them their last government annuity. He gives a most gratifying account of their general condition, excepting extreme destitution among some of the tribes. Regarding the pending difficulties with the Indians, I find that those knowing them the best and longest, consider it was entirely unnecessary. They characterize the Indians as peaceful and inclined to remain so, and charge the fault on white men, and express the belief that if proper stipulations were entered into, through the agency of proper men, all the present difficulties and misunderstanding could be speedily settled."

Evidence multiplies upon evidence that the war with the Indians is a speculators' war. Hence, we are styled sentimentalists when a word is said for the red man. Selfish persons bring on these wars; and yet Government persists in following out its old course, in spite of the fact that it costs a hundred thousand dollars for every Indian killed. When will this wicked folly cease? When will our Government think there is a higher policy than that of killing merely? In the name of all that is good and right, and in behalf of millions of Indian spirits deeply sympathizing with their mortal brothers, we ask this American nation to at once arouse itself and seek justice, fraternity and a most generous kindness is meted to these sons of the Great Spirit. Then, and not till then, shall we prosper as a people.

Spreading Among the People.

We hear from all quarters of the gradual spread of the truths of Spiritualism among the people. An instance in this State, which has just come to our knowledge, is worth recording. Last September, Mrs. Fannie Allen spoke in North Hanson to an audience of about fifty. The interest there since then has been constantly increasing, and two Sundays ago she spoke in the same place to an audience of six hundred. These signs are not deceptive. The people are seeking for truth, and will not longer be satisfied with mere theological dogmas.

Salem, Mass.

Sunday, June 29th, closed the lectures for the season in Salem. During the past nine months our friends there have had, speaking every Sunday afternoon and evening by different mediums, who gave general satisfaction. The word, as given to them by the spirits, has been listened to by hundreds, whose hearts have been made glad by the angel messages of love and truth, bringing to individual hearts the knowledge that their loved ones gone before are not dead but living still, although not cognizant to their mortal vilation. The harp-strings of the harmonical philosophy of Spiritualism have been touched by the unseen fingers of departed ones, and their sweet vibrations still echo along the byways, around the workshop, and in many a family circle, yielding a heavenly influence to all within their range. Old Theology has awakened from its slumbers and is listening to the "still small voice" as it speaks of progression and liberality, and fearing for the result, has put on the armor of its strength, and calls upon its creed-bound votaries to do battle against this "doctrine of the devil," which teaches love to God and man—this doctrine, whose cornerstone is "the golden rule."

"Onward, right onward" in the march of spiritual liberty shall be our motto, says our correspondent, and in the Fall we will again renew our meetings, bringing new zeal and renewed vigor to the cause we love so well, and planting more firmly than ever our standard, under which we invite all true men and women to rally, and live according to the principles and teachings of the wise and good in all ages.

Dr. Dio Lewis's School.

Quite a large number of citizens and visitors from abroad were present at the anniversary of Dr. Dio Lewis's school at Lexington, Mass., on the 4th and 5th inst. The exercises were very interesting and satisfactory. This school is rapidly increasing in popularity. It has now been established three years. The first year the number of pupils was thirty; the second year one hundred, and the third one hundred and twenty-five. The increase is ample proof of its usefulness. It was established to illustrate the possibilities in a harmonious combination of physical, intellectual and moral training. The pupils are from every one of the Northern States, from California and from Costa Rica. Theodore D. Weld and Angelina Weld, long at the head of the Englewood school, at Englewood, N. J., are teachers in this school. Miss Mary Atkins, so long principal of a large ladies' seminary at Benicola, California, has been engaged to act as Associate Principal for the next year. The corps of music teachers includes Zerdahelyi, Wheeler, Hills and three ladies. At the anniversary exercises there were dialogues in Latin, German, Italian and French. The compositions and music were pronounced superior. The characteristics of the school are, remarkable physical vigor of the pupils, and a high moral tone in the school-life.

Further information regarding this school will be found in our advertising columns.

The Davenports and Spiritualism in Russia.

From a letter of Ira Davenport's, dated May 13th, the London Spiritual Magazine learns that after their great success at St. Petersburg and Moscow, he, with his brother and Mr. Fay, went to Warsaw, where, at the time of writing, they had been staying nearly four weeks, during which many public sances had been given, which were well attended. Indeed, they have been threatened with a loss of their permit, on the ground that they are "turning people's heads with the idea of supernaturalism." A conjurer having announced that he would do all that they did, the Davenports wrote a challenge to him for ten thousand roubles (about one hundred and seventy pounds). The Chief of Police, however, who ranks as a general, and whose position is similar to that of the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, would not allow them to put out the challenge, lest it should confirm the general belief in the supernatural character of the manifestations. William Davenport and Mr. Fay are going to visit several towns adjoining Warsaw. They all expect to remain in that part of the country for three months to come.

Books on Spiritualism.

Now that the public mind, almost generally, has become dissatisfied with the teachings of old theology, and is seeking elsewhere for that spiritual food it so much needs, it behooves our people to supply the want; and we know of no better or more effective method than to circulate our books far and wide. Whenever you meet investigators, recommend that they purchase the works of A. J. Davis, Judge Edmonds, Governor Tallmadge, and hosts of others who have written upon the subject of Spiritualism. Tell them to send to This Office for a catalogue of spiritual books from which to select. Tell them also to subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Every effort in this direction, our friends can readily see, will promote the cause and at the same time strengthen our position materially.

The Ellis Girl Medium.

Laura V. Ellis, the best medium for physical manifestations at present before the public—perfectly reliable and truthful—has been holding sances in this city and vicinity for the past two weeks, with the most complete success. It is unnecessary now to give a detailed account of the manifestations, for we have repeatedly done so. At Cambridgeport and Chelsea, the best satisfaction was given. In Fraternity Hall, in this city, every evening during last week, the manifestations through the mediumship of this remarkable girl were pronounced by the audiences as truly astounding, and no one could successfully gainsay the truthfulness of the medium, or the genuineness of the manifestations. Spiritualists should not fail to have their skeptical friends attend her sances whenever opportunity offers.

The Cretan War.

Advices from Crete received at London, June 15th, by way of Athens, represent that Omar Pasha has met with a defeat from the Christians, and that his expedition against Spahika and Apocorona has failed. The Turkish loss was very heavy. Omar Pasha was unable to form a junction with the force of Mahomed Pasha, who has been twice beaten in Apocorona, and had retreated to an entrenched camp. Omar Pasha, after his fresh defeat at Heratlon, burnt all the villages which were not defended, and killed the inhabitants. The Consuls for the various powers have notified their governments of the atrocious acts.

Message Verified.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 8th (No. 12) we published in the Message Department a communication purporting to have been given by the spirit of Thomas Mowes, of Portsmouth, N. H. The wife of one of his sons assures us that the entire message is perfectly correct.

Sunday in Hopedale—Rev. A. Ballou.

Sunny and pleasant was our visit to Hopedale, on exchange with that veteran in the field of reform, Rev. Adin Ballou. The day was delightful, the fields clothed in emerald, the deck decorated with flowers, and the singing excellent. We found an elegant church—edifice—a social, intellectual and cultured people, thoroughly imbued with the progressive issues of the hour—and only regretted not being in a more fitting condition to edify them.

Bro. Ballou was connected a number of years ago with the Universalists, but left them, accepting the restoration view, rather than the "death and glory" system of Whittemore. He delivered his first sermon when eighteen years of age. For the past twenty-five years he has preached in Hopedale, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. Some fifteen years since, critically investigating Spiritualism, he embraced it as a living fact of the nineteenth century, and with that true manliness of soul so natural to him, has held fast to the "profession of his faith," practicing in daily life the precepts of Christ. In Hopedale and the regions round about, he is looked on at once as *Friend, Brother, Pastor*, loved of all. His discourses in Charlestown, Sunday, sound and logical, were highly acceptable to the Spiritualists, and all others interested in the progressive movements of the age. J. M. P.

Movements of Lecturers.

J. M. Peebles speaks in the City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday.

Charles A. Hayden called on us last week, on his way from Chicago to his home at Livermore Falls, Me. He is looking finely and able to do much more good work yet. He speaks in Phillips, Me., the last Sunday in this month, and in Charlestown, Mass., July 7 and 14.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of Vermont, is coming to Massachusetts on a short lecturing tour. She speaks in Lynn July 21 and 28, and would like other engagements for Sundays or week evenings.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt has returned to Claremont, N. H., from her lecturing tour to Kansas. She reports a universal desire among the people for more light on the important subject of Spiritualism; that test mediums are wanted in all parts of the West. She speaks in warm terms of the kind treatment received from friends in the West.

Charles Holt, of Columbus, Pa., an inspirational speaker, has entered the lecturing field. There is work enough for him to do.

A Good Time Generally.

Some few hundreds of people, at very short notice, assembled beneath the glorious shade of sturdy forest oaks, at Pierpont Grove, Malden, on Sunday, June 16th, and for over two hours listened to the inspirations of the Better Land as they streamed down from heaven and rushed through the lips of the clairvoyant octroon, Paschal B. Randolph. His theme was "Practical Life, the Man of the World, and the Good Time Coming." It was a Randolphian effort throughout—full of bits at folly, prophecies of the future, and graphic pictures of the world as it is, and as it is to be. The meeting was a splendid success, and all felt and many said that "it was good to be there."

The committee have engaged, and mean to pay, many of the best speakers in the country; and the movement so grandly begun will be continued every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, shine or rain; in the latter case, a commodious hall having been engaged.

Mexican News.

The latest Mexican news says Maximilian was convicted on the night of the 31st inst., and sentenced to be shot on the morning of the 4th, with Miramon and Mejia.

Santa Anna landed at Vera Cruz on the 4th inst., but was compelled to disembark. He subsequently landed at Sisal, when his vessel was surrounded and attacked by Liberal gunboats. Santa Anna was forcibly removed from the ship by the Liberals, tried before a court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged on the 8th inst. So the telegram says.

Dr. Bryant in California.

Dr. J. P. Bryant wishes us to say that he is not going to make California his permanent home, as stated in the "Banner of Progress." He never had such an idea in his mind, he says, although he likes California very well, and believes Spiritualism there far in advance of the Atlantic States. He will remain at Grass Valley till July, and then go to Portland, Oregon. He intends to return to New York next October.

The Last Sunday of J. M. Peebles in Charlestown.

Next Sunday Mr. Peebles closes his engagement in Charlestown, Mass., and goes directly to the West. His subject in the afternoon will be "The stone rolled away from the sepulchre, and the coming man." In the evening, "The condition of the dead."

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

We seem to live on one of the great thoroughfares leading from the East to the West, and it seems to me that many of our lecturers must pass this way in travelling from the East to the West, and from West to East. Will you advise some of them to stop here, if only for a night, and speak to us? And if any, please let it be one that we will be delighted to honor. J. B. ARMSTRONG.

Corry, Pa.

The Spiritualists of Corry, Pa., have organized Sunday meetings in that town under a legal charter, which is a gratifying sign that our friends in that section are fully alive to the faith that is in them. Charles Holt is to occupy the desk till further notice. This brother is a fine inspirational speaker, and we gladly welcome his return to the lecturing field.

"Principles of Nature."

We are informed by A. J. King, Esq., that the second volume of the above-named popular work is nearly finished in manuscript, and the author will finish the third before either are printed. One if not both these volumes will be printed by next spring.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

The rooms of this noted healer, 20 Boylston street, Boston, are crowded daily by invalids, all of whom receive treatment, and many go away apparently in as good health as they ever were—blessing the instrument that cured them.

Children's Picnic.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum Union Picnic will take place at Union Grove, Greenwood, on or about the 10th of July. The Committee were not able to complete their arrangements when we went to press. We will give full particulars next week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The London Spiritualist Magazine is getting sour—at least some of its writers are. Its tone reminds us of a seven-by-nine monthly, whitened published in New York, which, being nursed by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, died in its infancy. While speaking a good word for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC (for which we commend it), the Magazine has not one commendatory word to say in regard to the oldest and largest paper published in the United States devoted to Spiritualism—the BANNER OF LIGHT—notwithstanding scarcely a number of the Magazine has appeared, since its first issue, that has not contained articles, credited and otherwise, from our humble sheet. We perceive that our English cotemporary is not disposed to do us justice. We can readily perceive what sort of quill its ink oozes from. Hence the stab in the dark.

It gave us pleasure to clasp hands with our genial friend, Dr. H. B. Storer, last week, who paid us a flying visit from New York. He is looking finely.

Some person, we have authority for saying, has left a package of the BANNER OF LIGHT at the Boston Post-office, directed to George Foster, Co. C, 6th U. S. Infantry, Fort Wingate, New Mexico, which is held for postage. The department charges letter postage on all matter sent to that place.

The eight hour system and strikes in Chicago have sadly inconvenienced our cotemporary, the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. We admire your grit, brother. Freedom is the watchword of to-day. Protect your individual rights at all hazards.

The question of closing barber shops on Sunday has been vexing the Connecticut Legislature. The Committee reported against the passage of any such bill. A Mr. Ives logically explained that the committee thought if it was wrong for a first man to shave a second man on Sunday, it was wrong for the first man to shave himself. The bill was rejected.

The Arch-Duchess Matilda, daughter of the Arch-Duke Charles, died at Vienna on the 6th, from the effect of burns recently received.

It is far preferable, at least so far as comfort is concerned, to dig clams for a living, than to edit a newspaper. An editor is continually hunted by fault finders, and their name is Legion. They consider him public property—that they own shares in him, and that he must dance the tunes they prefer to play, whether he feels inclined to or not; otherwise he is not fit for the position he holds, they say. Editors are martyrs, in every sense of the word. How we pity the poor devil! We say devil, because the very best editors in this country were once "printers' devils." As they passed through "hell" in youth, they can stand the "torments of the damned" (to use an Orthodox expression)—fault finders, better than college-bred editors.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, Conn., died two weeks since, and his wife followed him the next week. She was seventy-six years of age.

"My friend," says the Rev. Sidney Smith to a cobbler who was mending his shoe when the great wit was a poor curate in Gloucestershire, "you remind me of the sacred ordinance of matrimony." "How so?" quoth the cobbler. "Because you bind two souls together in matrimony."

"Let Heaven and earth, let man's revolving race, Its countless generations tell their tale; Let every part depending on the chain, Link links to the whole, point to the hand That grasps its term: let every seed that falls, In silent eloquence unfold its store Of ornament, industry, and life, Indefinite without, definite within. The interminable spirit it contains Is Nature's only God."—Shelley.

Read the spirit-messages upon our sixth page. The questions and answers are very suggestive.

The Canastota (N. Y.) Weekly Herald informs us that Mr. A. James, the reliable clairvoyant, has, by the aid of his spirit friends, located in that town two wells, where an abundance of superior salt water can be obtained by boring a sufficient distance; and he also stated that he could induce capitalists from abroad to test the truth of his discovery.

Queen Victoria has written an autograph letter to Napoleon, congratulating him on the success of the Exposition, and expressing her regrets that she would be unable to visit the Exposition herself, with the customary ceremonies; but the letter leaves it to be implied that she will visit Paris incognito.

At Philadelphia, Saturday, in the case of Winemore, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Magilton, a motion for a new trial was overruled and the prisoner sentenced to be hung. Winemore protests his innocence, and said he would have laid down his life to protect Mrs. Magilton. He denied that the razor found in her house belonged to him.

There is no longer any doubt about the evacuation of Luxembourg within a fortnight. Only a few hundred men will be left to superintend the transportation of material.

Five mills will be erected at Augusta by the Spragues of Rhode Island, containing in all one hundred thousand spindles, and giving employment to two thousand hands.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—This paper, devoted to radical religious reform, comes to us regularly, and is well worth the reading. Although we cannot always agree with its conclusions, or indeed with its premises, yet as we believe its right to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," we read the BANNER with pleasure and profit.—The Iowa Southerner.

A Lawrence operative named Jennie A. Jones, just recovering from an attack of erysipelas, applied chloroform to remove spots from her face, recently, and died from the effects in a few hours.

The post-office department is going to organize a metropolitan post-office district, embracing Boston, Chelsea, Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge and Roxbury, the Boston office to be the headquarters, by which all these towns can have the full benefit of the system of carriers, post-office boxes, etc., now enjoyed by our city.

The American Institute of Instruction will hold its thirty-eighth annual meeting at Boston on the 31st of July and the 1st and 2d of August.

The Gazette de France announces that the medical attendants, after having held a consultation on the state of the Empress Charlotte, (Maximilian's wife), have declared that she will never recover her reason. It is also the opinion of her physicians that her nervous system has received a shock which must soon result in her death.

Acton, Mass.

Cephias B. Lynn lectured on Spiritualism in Acton, June 14th, with such satisfaction that he was reengaged for June 23d. Our friends there are making efforts to inaugurate a regular Sunday meetings.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 444 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.) WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Our Book Trade. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 20th edition, just out. 5 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Plan of the Year, of Reform, and of the Future; Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrator; Harbinger of Health; Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, and other discourses on the Philosophy of the Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence, Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum, Manual—Gilt set, 62c.

We cannot enumerate the many valuable books now on our shelves and in our hands, but we can say that we are very thankful for the many favors already received, and will try to deserve more of the same sort. Lyceums, Libraries and private families can find the best work on Spiritual literature here, which the express and mail will soon transfer to them if desired.

Spirit Messages.

Bro. Mullins, of Memphis, Tenn., in commenting on a spirit message from Daniel O. Evans, thinks that the confirmation of these messages would do wonders in converting the skeptics and opponents of Spiritualism, but he is greatly mistaken. His experience is not what ours is, or he would come to a different conclusion. We will cite one of many instances of our own experience to show an opposite effect.

Some years ago a little girl in Ohio became a writing medium, and through her hand a number of neighbors, mostly Methodist, including the preacher, were regaled with what purported to be spirit messages; for at that early day it was not so much a heresy as now. On one occasion a spirit came, purporting to be a young man well known to them all, and whose letters by last steamer from California brought word of his health and prosperity. The spirit stated all the particulars of its separation from its body, where, when, and how, and only four days after the occurrence. In due course of mail, which was some two weeks after the narrative was written, the letters came, which the pious but not honest Christians asserted would settle the question, and truth of the spirit and their belief, &c.; and now for its effect. First, it confirmed in every part for the narrative, and by direction of the minister put a stop at once to all circles, sittings, and further communications through that medium; for it was now decided to be the work of the devil, or at least evil and familiar spirits, with whom it was dangerous to hold intercourse.

The fact is, the confirmation of these communications is the most dangerous to the church, and the most bitterly opposed, scandalized and denied, and often drive prejudiced people away from them, than do those that are left without confirmation; and we believe our spirit friends, knowing this, take advantage and give us a large share that cannot be easily confirmed, but occasionally put in a clincher to secure the principle of truth running through the whole subject. Many of them could by great exertion be traced out and confirmed, but it "do n't pay."

Servant Girls.

A lady correspondent asks us why, in all the strikes, organizations and charitable movements of the day, servant girls are always left out. She asks why no ten-hour or eight-hour law never reaches servant girls, whose labor is usually from twelve to eighteen hours per day, and why this class of laborers, who have least opportunities of any to read and inform themselves, are so grossly neglected, and no voice raised for them. She very truly says they seldom have time to keep their own scanty wardrobe in repair, which is poorly supplied from the lowest wages, and have no time to read, or if they do, are too much fatigued to study and be benefited. Light literature and trashy novels alone have power to keep them awake while reading. She also states from her own observation that females who have had servants, and been counted respectable, when driven to extremes by poverty will sooner resort to the great social vice of the cities than go into the kitchen as servants. This is too true; and if it is because servant girls are so degraded, it certainly is time this subject had the attention of all philanthropists. Let us look after it.

Habits of Good Society.

Seated in a car on the Worcester railroad the other day, our attention was attracted by the conversation of two well-dressed young men, whose gloved and soft hands proved they were not laborers, and whose language also confirmed it, for it was some degrees above a whisper, and mostly about loose and lewd females and wild adventures in their experience, and marriage and matches for property, &c. Sitting in the seat before us, we supposed for a long ride we would be regaled by the morals of fashionable society en deshabille; but we were disappointed, for they left at Worcester, and the seat sold empty in a crowded car for a long time, several passengers preferring to stand up rather than sit with their feet in the tobacco slith left on the floor. It was interesting to see passengers hurry to the empty seat, and with a sullen and scowl turn away, till at last a boy was almost forced into it by a man, evidently his father, and we were left with a double reflection on the habits of good society, the grown boys and cruel parent.

Lectures in Williamsburg.

We seldom see as fair a statement and as much truth in as few words as in the following, which we cut from the Brooklyn Daily Times of June 17th, evidently from the pen of Henry Witt:

THE WILLIAMSBURG SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY. Editor Brooklyn Times: An article appeared in your paper of Thursday last, referring to a lecture given by Warren Chase at the Central Hall, Fourth street, wherein the speaker is represented as having said, "the age of miracles had not passed." We have no desire to intrude upon your pages, but we think it unfair that such a report should appear uncorrected, as a reflection upon the common sense of this community, who in such matters, you must be sure, do not prefer fiction to a candid relation of facts, let their differences of opinion be what they may. It is well known that the speaker took entirely the opposite ground, and distinctly stated that there is not another power or miracle performing in the ordinary reception of the word, but that all things move and operate in accordance with wise and beneficent fixed and unchangeable laws—a theory, if you please, to call it so, the truth of which, but few of our intelligent readers will venture to call in question. The speaker did claim that the same wonders (not miracle) which were performed in the days of Jesus are being performed now, and through the agency of the same natural laws.

As Spiritualism is a rapidly gaining the ascendancy over all other systems of religion, it is not surprising that it should be exposed to a few wayward thrusts, which its numerous adherents can richly afford to bear. The truth of the matter seems to be, that professed religious teachers, as well as newspaper editors, presume too much upon the supposed ignorance of the people. This will no longer do. The spiritualist has come abroad, to greater enlightenment and nobler results. Our district schools, and even our Bible classes too, are becoming most potent means toward pulling down the stronghold of bigotry and superstition which have so long held the minds of oppressed humanity.

Lift up your eyes to the hills! The glorious light of the new dispensation can be no more obscured than can be the natural light of the sun at noonday! Therefore set your house in order, Mr. Editor, and trim your sails to the breeze, while we trust will in due time bring you to the desired haven where you should be.

Your report was correct in representing the speaker as "anything but Orthodox in his views." He will no doubt be able to substantiate this charge more fully in his next lecture.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, has removed from 1249 to 1162 Broadway, New York.

A Capital Hit at the One-sidedness of the Press.

The N. Y. Tribune of June 17 contains a telegraphic dispatch with this heading: "Sentence of the Spiritual Murderer." On reading it I was sorely puzzled to understand its meaning, and accordingly set my wits at work to unravel the mystery. The first thought that occurred to my mind was that perhaps some member of the "Liquor Dealers' Association" had, under the influence of his own "vile spirits," been guilty of murder, and was duly sentenced. But on further thought I came to the conclusion that although these men are under the influence of such spirits very often, and said spirits not being deemed purer or more peaceable than they should be, still I did not know they had the reputation of being particularly spiritual. This would not do, so I tried again. "The Spiritual Murderer!" I had read of child-murderers by "muscular Christians," and supposed that to mean the murderer of a child. Well, thought I, a spiritual murderer must be one who murders spirits. But here I met another difficulty, for I never knew any one sentenced for "murdering" any quantity of spirits of the ardent kind, and that the one who could surround, demolish or murder the most, was thought by many to be the best fellow, and no one would think of making a telegram of such a place of news. So I was "done" again. I began scratching my head in the region of Ideality, hoping to find the true solution of the problem, when in came friend B—. I stated the case to him.

"Why," said he, "this is as plain as the nose on your face. The 'murderer' alluded to is supposed to belong to that large and constantly increasing class of people denominated Spiritualists, and such a crime being a rare occurrence among them, it is thought worthy of note." I could hardly see the point to this, but B— insisted. "Crime," said he, "is so common among the Orthodox, that it would be a waste of time and paper to write: 'The Rev. Mr. A—, the Methodist adulterer and woman-murderer'; 'the Rev. Congregational boy-whipper and murderer'; 'the Right Rev. Bishop O—, the Episcopal adulterer'; or 'Elder H—, the Baptist forger and murderer.' Besides, it would be unnecessary to specify the fact that they are Orthodox. But this case, you see, is out of the usual line of occurrences, hence it is put down as extraordinary that a Spiritualist has received sentence as a 'murderer.'" I saw the point. JUSTICE.

The Next National Convention of Spiritualists.

Editors Banner of Light: The question is being asked in all quarters, where and when will the next and Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists be held? There seems to be a general feeling that one of the central Western cities—Buffalo, Cleveland or Cincinnati—would be a proper location. An invitation has been received from Cleveland, O., and as many of the Executive Committee have given in their preference for that place, a call has been written for the Convention to assemble at Cleveland, and will be sent to each member of the Executive Committee for their signatures, if approved. When completed the call will be published at once.

I would suggest the propriety of every State and local organization throughout the country appointing their delegates as early as possible, and forwarding their names to me at the earliest moment. I would also request that the friends in different localities (and especially the Vice Presidents who are members of the Executive Committee) make arrangements, as far as practicable, for the reduction of fare on all the Railroads.

Friends, let us all work together with heart and hand, in rolling on the great car of free thought and free investigation, knowing no sect or party, but ever cherishing a high and sacred love for God and humanity. Fraternally yours, NEWMAN WEEKS, Chairman Executive Committee.

Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists.

The undersigned, constituting the Executive Board whose duty it is to fix upon the time and place for holding the annual meeting of the Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists, and being desirous of calling such Convention at such time and place as shall give general satisfaction to the Spiritualists throughout the State, and especially to those where such Convention may be held, do hereby respectfully ask the friends residing in easily accessible and eligible localities for the holding of such Convention, taking into consideration the probable hospitality that would be extended to such delegates as might attend such annual meeting, to correspond with Milton T. Peters, Secretary, upon the subject without delay. The friends desiring the Convention to be held in their vicinity will please state distinctly to what extent hospitalities will be extended to delegates, and a general description of the hall, church or building that will be furnished for the use of the Convention. Address Milton T. Peters, Sec'y, Chicago Ill.

S. S. JONES, Pres., GEORGE HANCAHL, Vice Pres., W. A. WALKER, Sec'y, E. O. SMITH, Treas., MILTON T. PETERS, Sec'y.

Grove Meeting.

The First Spiritual Society of New Boston, Ill., will hold a Three Days' Convention, commencing Friday evening, June 28th, 1867. There will be basket dinners Saturday and Sunday. Good speakers and mediums will be present. A general invitation is extended to all, and a good time expected. New Boston is on the Mississippi river, sixty miles below Rock Island, and twenty-five miles above the Quakar Junction C. B. & Q. R. R. Friends who contemplate meeting with us, particularly lecturers and mediums, are requested to correspond with the undersigned. Friends arriving will repair to the Myers House, where the committee will meet and appoint them places. By order of the Committee, R. S. CHAMBER, Cor. Sec.

Peace Convention.

In the village church in Bridgewater, Vt., a Peace Convention will be held on the 2d and 3d days of July, 1867, (Tuesday and Wednesday,) for the purpose of considering the necessity of making practical the teachings of Jesus Christ. Henry C. Wright, James M. Peebles, Levi K. Joslin and other brave champions for the right will be present. From Ludlow, Vt., to Bridgewater, speakers will be taken for half fare. As many as can will be entertained by the friends; others at reasonable rates at the hotel.

NATHAN LAMB, CHARLES WALKER, D. P. WILDER, THOMAS MIDDLETON, M. B. TOWNSEND, Corresponding Secretary.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a gathering of Spiritualists in SUMMER, ME., on the 4th of July, at the Grove of Lewis Blakes. All are invited, and may bring their hankets with them, as no refreshments will be sold on the grounds. Speakers are invited, and will be cared for by Mr. Blakes.

Picnic.

The Dover and Foxcroft, Me., Children's Progressive Lyceum will celebrate the coming Fourth of July by a picnic at Chamberlain's Grove in Foxcroft. Friends in the adjoining towns are invited to be present. PER ORDER.

Children's Lyceum Exhibition.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Charlestown, will give a grand exhibition at City Hall on Thursday evening, June 27th.

Our Office in New York.

No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Daily Times, writing of American contributions to the Exposition, says:

Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of New York, have sent a beautiful collection of cabinet organs. The workmanship of the cases compares favorably with the best specimens of the kind, rich and elegant. It is only of late years that the cabinet organ has taken a legitimate place in the ever-extending family of musical instruments. In its old form, it was a coarse provocation to psalm-singing; a loud inducement to howl in short or long metre. The grossness and inequality of its scale sufficed to cover up every defect of the performer, even the custom of singing through the nose, which is yet prevalent in certain pious and occidental districts. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin were among the first to seriously consider the possibility of changing a toy into an instrument of music. Under their hands, the various registers have been equalized, and the whole character of the instruments thereby rendered homogeneous. The quality of the tone is clear and vocal, and the contrivances for blending it in many forms are ingenious, without being complicated. In Europe they still adhere to the rough, loud tone, which with us has been totally superseded. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have, therefore, to struggle against a prejudice, or rather a predilection. Some of the most eminent organists in Paris have already declared in their favor, and I hope that the jury may do the same. They are alone in the honor of fighting the rest of the world, and it would be pleasant to record that victory had perched upon their banners."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] Dr. J. P. BRYANT, MARYSVILLE, CAL.—Received draft for \$33.15.

L. R. W. GALEKORNO, Ltd.—Read the notice under head of Lecturers' Appointments.

Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for June is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, JUST ISSUED in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York, Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Dr. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vincennes, N. J.

THERE ARE MYRIADS of patients who are struggling against the pangs of NEURALGIA, nerve-ache and other painful nervous diseases, also headache, by terrible afflictions and general prostration of the nervous system, who would be cured by partaking of that valuable medicine DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Apothecaries have it. PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 129 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGL. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Why suffer from Dyspepsia when so potent, so safe, and so certain a remedy can be procured so easily. COX'S DYSPYPSIA CURE is a perfect specific for the disease. A single dose will demonstrate its effect. Let those who are troubled with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, &c., make but one trial.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

"IN BRINGING OUT THIS BOOK, the Publishers cordially appeal to that enlightened public sentiment in regard to WOMAN, which is already beginning to make itself felt in power in the land. One handsome volume, price \$1.75, sent post paid. For sale by BELA MARSH, 11 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON. June 29—14.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD AND J. A. BAKIN, THE MOST RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL CLAIRVOYANT, HEALING AND MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIANS of our day, have opened an office in Quincy, Ill., where they will examine and prescribe for the removal of all diseases by letter and look of hair. Terms, one dollar and two three-cent stamps. Address, DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Drawer 219, Quincy, Ill. June 29.

DR. A. HENRY, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, No. 6 Broadway, Boston, Mass. Office hours for Examination, Consultation and Treatment, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Patients unable to call will be visited at their residence, or out of town. 2w—June 29.

DR. C. C. COLBY, MAGNETIC AND HYGIENIC Physician. Uses no medicine. Cures many times instantaneously, or by a single operation of fifteen or twenty minutes. Dr. Colby uses Magnetism in connection with Hygienic agencies, thereby making permanent cures. He will treat persons at a distance by letter. Address P. O. Box 19, Albert Lea, Minn. 2w—June 29.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE and intelligent WIDOW LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation as housekeeper, or take charge of a house during the summer months, in the absence of the owners. New York city preferred. Best of reference given. Address, for two weeks, MRS. C. F. CORBIN, NEW YORK CITY. June 29—2w.

MRS. H. A. CASWELL, CLAIRVOYANT and Test Medium, examines and prescribes for disease. No. 115 Harrison avenue, corner of Oak street, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 4w—June 29.

MRS. FRANCES, Physician and Business Clairvoyant, treats all diseases. Her Office for Pimples, Acne, Scalds, Eruptions, &c., at No. 111 West 14th street, room No. 1. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Advice \$1. Don't ring. 4w—June 29.

MRS. DORMAN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 34 Hudson st., Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. June 29—2w.

INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC,

BY A. B. WHITING.

WE HAVE received a supply of the following beautiful songs, composed by Mr. Whiting: "Sweet be thy dreams, Alida," "The Wind in the Chestnut Bough," "Majesty," "She was a Rose," "When'er in Sleep the Erylls come," "The Heart near by Finding actions of emotion. For every heart and Beauty." For sale at this office. Price 25 cents each. June 29.

THIRD ABRIDGED EDITION

OF THE

MANUAL FOR CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

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