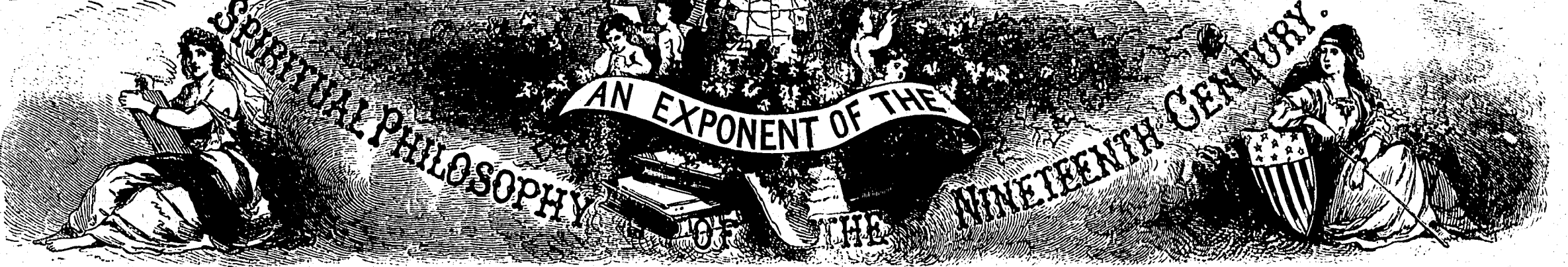


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 16.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE GERMAN LADY'S-MAID.

[The following narrative is given on the authority of Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who adds, in a note, that he read it over to Mrs. Fenwick, that he "made a few corrections at her suggestion, and that then she assented to its accuracy in every particular."]

In the early part of the year 1856, an English lady, named Mrs. Fenwick, resided for some months at St. Petersburg, in the family of Prince Nesselrode, a nobleman who occupied a high official position under the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia.

One evening, between eleven and twelve, Mrs. Fenwick was in a small cabinet adjoining the bedroom of the Princess, and separated from it by hangings only, when she heard the door of the bed-chamber open, and the Princess (as she supposed) enter the room, set down her candle and walk about. Expecting her to come into the cabinet, as was her wont, she waited; but in vain. Then she heard her again open the door and descend the stairs. Some twenty minutes afterwards she heard steps reascending the stairs, and the Princess herself entered and spoke to her. Mrs. Fenwick ascertained, to her surprise, that the Princess had not been in her room before; yet the latter testified no astonishment when Mrs. Fenwick mentioned what she had heard.

Learning next morning that none of the lady's maids had entered the room, and that no one else had access to it, Mrs. Fenwick again adverted to the extraordinary occurrence; and the Princess told her frankly, when Mrs. Fenwick then learnt for the first time, that they were accustomed to such mysterious visits; that they commonly portended some unusual occurrence in the family, and that the Prince, her husband, had disposed of a palace they formerly owned in another street, for no other reason than to endeavor to escape the repeated noises and other disturbances by which they had been there tormented. One of these was the frequent sounding of heavy steps, in the dead of the night, along a certain corridor. The Prince had repeatedly, during the occurrence of these sounds, caused every egress from the corridor in question to be closed and guarded, but in vain. No solution of the mystery was ever obtained.

The Princess added, that to their new palace, in which they then were and the windows of which looked out on the beautiful River Neva, the noises had followed them, occurring at intervals. One of her daughters, previous to her marriage, had constantly experienced the sensation as of some one approaching her side, preceded by the tread of steps and what seemed the rustling of a silk dress, and sometimes accompanied by the sound as of water poured on the table.

At this time there was in the house a junior lady's-maid named Louise. She was a young German girl, of respectable family, educated much beyond the station she then occupied, and which she had been induced to accept in consequence of a disappointment in love produced by the obstinate opposition of the young man's relatives to the proposed match. In consequence of her obliging, cheerful disposition and her intelligence she was a great favorite in the household, particularly with Mrs. Fenwick, whom she had nursed during an illness.

When, subsequently, Louise herself fell ill, much interest was felt for her by all the family, and Mrs. Fenwick was frequently at her bedside.

One evening the family physician, after visiting Louise, reported that she was doing very well, and would doubtless recover; so that Mrs. Fenwick retired to rest without any anxiety on her account.

About two o'clock that night, or rather in the morning, she was disturbed by the feeling as of something touching her, and, thinking it to be a rat, she became thoroughly awake with the fright. Then she felt most distinctly the touch as it were of a human hand, pressing gently on different parts of her body and limbs. The sensation was so positive and unmistakable that she became convinced there was some one in the room. But she could see or hear nothing, and after a time it ceased. The next morning the servant awoke her with the intelligence that Louise had died suddenly about two o'clock.

The girl's effects, including her clothes and letters, (some of them from her lover, who still cherished a deep affection for her,) together with this individual's portrait, were collected together and placed, until they should be claimed by her family, not in the room in which she died, but in another, which became the bedroom of the hand-maiden who succeeded her.

As the family had frequently lost their servants through terror of the mysterious disturbances, they took measures to prevent the report of these from reaching this woman's ears. She heard, however, at various times, disturbing noises at night, and declared that on several occasions she had distinctly seen move silently across the floor a form, her description of which tallied exactly with the usual appearance of poor Louise, whom in life she had never seen.

This apparition caused her to ask if it was not the room in which her predecessor had died. But being reassured on that point, and having boasted, when the noises first occurred, that no ghost could inspire her with any fear, she was ashamed of yielding to her wish to sleep with one of the other servant-maids, and continued to occupy her own bedroom.

Some five weeks after the death of Louise, and a few minutes after midnight, Mrs. Fenwick had ascended the staircase, when, as she reached the landing, a dim form flitted suddenly past from left to right—not so rapidly, however, but that she could distinguish that it was transparent, for

she distinctly perceived through it the opposite window. As she passed her hands over her eyes—the thought flashing across her mind that this might be an hallucination only—she was startled by a violent scream, as of agony, from the bedroom of the new female servant, situated on the left of the stair-landing. The scream was so loud that it aroused the household, and the Princess and others hastened with Mrs. Fenwick to ascertain its cause. They found the young maid in violent convulsions; and when, after some time, they recovered her, she declared, in accents of extreme terror, that the figure she had already several times seen had appeared to her in the most distinct form, and approached the bed and bent over her, so that she seemed to feel its very breath and touch, upon which she lost consciousness and knew not what happened further. She

could not be persuaded again to sleep in that room, and the disturbances continued there after she left it.

After a time, the young man who had been engaged to Louise, wrote for her effects, requesting that they might be sent home, to Germany at his expense. The new lady's-maid assisted in packing them up. In taking up one of Louise's dresses, she dropped it in sudden terror, declaring that in

"Even if my room door had been unlocked, or if there had been a concealed entrance to the room, a practical joke was out of the question. For, in the first place, I was not on such intimate terms with my host as to warrant such a liberty; and, secondly, even if he had been inclined to sanction so questionable a proceeding, he was too unwell at the time to permit me for a moment to entertain such a supposition."

"In doubt and uncertainty I passed the rest of the night, and in the morning, descending early, I immediately told my sister what had occurred, describing to her accurately everything connected with the appearance I had witnessed. She seemed much struck with what I told her, and replied, 'It is very odd; for you have heard, I daresay, that a lady was, some years ago, murdered in this house; but it was not in the room you slept in.'"

"I answered that I had never heard anything of the kind, and was beginning to make further inquiries about the murder, when I was interrupted by the entrance of our host and hostess, and afterwards by breakfast."

"After breakfast I left, without having had any opportunity of renewing the conversation. But the whole affair had made upon me an impression which I sought in vain to shake off. The female figure was ever before my mind's eye, and I became fidgety and anxious about my wife. 'Could it in any way be connected with her?' was my constantly recurring thought. So much did this weigh on my mind that, instead of attending to the business for the express purpose of transacting which I had left my family, I returned to them by the first train; and it was only when I saw my wife and children in good health, and everything safe and well in my household, that I felt satisfied that, whatever the nature of the appearance might have been, it was not connected with any evil to them."

"On the Wednesday following, I received a letter from my sister, in which she informed me that, since I left, she had made inquiries and had ascertained that the murder was committed in the very room in which I had slept! She added that she purpose visiting us the next day, and that she would like me to write out an account of what I had seen, together with a plan of the room, and that on that plan she wished me to mark the place of the appearance and of the disappearance of the figure."

"This I immediately did; and the next day, when my sister arrived, she asked me if I had complied with her request? I replied, pointing to the drawing-room table: 'Yes; there is the account and the plan.'"

"As she rose to examine it, I prevented her, saying: 'Do not look at it until you have told me all you have to say, because you might unintentionally color your story by what you may read there.'"

"Thereupon, she informed me that she had had the carpet taken up in the room I had occupied, and that the marks of blood from the murdered person were there, plainly visible, on a particular part of the floor. At my request she also then drew a plan of the room, and marked upon it the spots which still bore traces of blood."

"The two plans—my sister's and mine—were now compared; and we verified the most remarkable fact, that the places she had marked as the beginning and ending of the traces of blood coincided exactly with the spots marked on my plan as those on which the female figure had appeared and disappeared."

"I am unable to add anything to this plain statement of facts. I cannot account, in any way, for what I saw. I am convinced no human being entered my chamber that night; yet I know that, being wide awake and in good health, I did distinctly see a female figure in my room. But if, as I must believe, it was a supernatural appearance, then I am unable to suggest any reason why it should have appeared to me. I cannot tell whether, if I had not been in the room, or had been asleep at the time, that figure would equally have been there. As it was, it seemed connected with no warning or presage. No misfortune of any kind happened then, or since, to me or mine. It is true, that the host, at whose house I was staying when this incident occurred, and also one of his children, died a few months afterwards; but I cannot pretend to make out any connection between either of these deaths and the appearance I witnessed. The object and purpose of that appearance, therefore, I do not attempt to explain. But what I distinctly saw, that, and that only, I describe."

AUDIBLE SPIRIT-VOICES.

EDS. BANNER OF LIGHT.—On the 6th inst., being at Cleveland, I met our mutual friend and co-laborer, D. A. Eddy, Esq., who handed me the following circular:

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Having accepted the spiritual theory, that spirits can and do communicate with us, by having been early baptized into the "Established Church of England," and believing in the "communion of saints," the resurrection of the spiritual body and "the life everlasting," I, of course, was fully prepared to realize these unmistakable evidences of the continued existence of man after his body dies.

The house where these "familiar spirits" resort for amusement, in returning to earth and manifesting themselves unmistakably to three of our five senses (seeing, hearing and feeling), is in the heart of the city of Cleveland, and is visited daily by perhaps a dozen persons. But the spirits, who seem to be the only parties really anxious in



THE APPARITION OF M. CARON APPEARS TO THE BARON DE GULDENSTUBBE.

exactly such a dress had the figure been clothed that bent over her when she swooned away. From the day these effects were taken from the room where they had been placed, and sent off, all noises and disturbances therein entirely ceased.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN PARIS.

In the month of March, of the year 1854, a German nobleman, the Baron de Guldenstube, was residing in a suite of apartments, at No. 23 Rue St. Lazare, Paris.

On the 10th of that month, returning home from an evening party, after midnight, he retired to rest; but finding himself unable to sleep, he lit a candle and began to read. Very soon his attention was drawn from the book by experiencing first one electric shock, then another, until the sensation was eight or ten times repeated. This greatly surprised him, and effectually precluded all disposition to sleep; he rose, put on a warm dressing-gown, and lit a fire in the adjoining saloon.

Returning a few minutes afterward, without a candle, in search of a pocket-handkerchief, to the bedroom, he observed by light coming through the open door of the saloon, just before the chimney (which was situated in a corner of the room, at the opposite diagonal from the entrance door), what seemed like a dim column of grayish vapor, slightly luminous. It attracted his notice for a moment; but deeming it merely some effect of reflected light from the lamps in the courtyard, he thought no more of it, and reentered the parlor.

After a time, as the fire burned badly, the Baron returned to the bed-chamber to procure a faggot—for in French houses there is always a good supply of fire-wood kept ready at hand. This time the appearance in front of the fireplace arrested his attention. It reached nearly to the ceiling of the apartment, which was fully twelve feet high. Its color had changed from gray to blue—that shade of blue which shows itself when spirits of wine are burned. It was also more distinctly marked, and somewhat more luminous than at first. As the Baron gazed at it, in some surprise, there gradually grew into sight, within it, the figure of a man. The outlines, at first, were vague, and the color blue, like a column, only of a darker shade. The Baron looked upon it as an hallucination, but continued to examine it steadily from a distance of some thirteen or fourteen feet.

Gradually the outlines of the figure became marked, the features began to assume exact form, and the whole to take the colors of the human flesh and dress. Finally, there stood within the column, and reaching about half way to the top, the figure of a tall, portly old man, with a fresh color, blue eyes, snow-white hair, thin white whiskers, but without beard or moustache; and dressed with some care. He seemed to wear a white cravat and long white waistcoat, high stiff shirt collar, and a long black frock-coat, thrown back from his chest, as is the wont of corpulent people in hot weather. He appeared to lean on a heavy white cane.

After a few minutes, the figure detached itself from the column and advanced, seeming to float slowly through the room, till within about three feet of its wondering occupant. There it stopped, put up its hand, as in form of salutation, and slightly bowed.

The Baron's impulse, when it first approached, had been to ring the bell. So perfectly distinct was the vision, so absolutely unmistakable seemed the figure before him, that he could scarcely resist the impression that some stranger (for the features were wholly unknown to him) had invaded his suite of apartments. But the age and friendly

demeanor of the intruder arrested his hand. Whether from this world or the other, there seemed nothing hostile or formidable in the appearance that presented itself.

After a time, the figure moved toward the bed, which was to the right of the entrance-door, and immediately opposite the fireplace; then, turning to the left, returned to the spot before the fireplace where it had first appeared, then advanced a second time toward the Baron. And this round it continued to make (stopping, however, at intervals) as often as eight or ten times. The Baron heard no sound, either of voice or footstep.

The last time it returned to the fireplace, after facing the Baron, it remained stationary there. By slow degrees the outlines lost their distinctness; and as the figure faded, the blue column gradually reformed itself, enclosing it as before. This time, however, it was much more luminous, the light being sufficient to enable the Baron to distinguish small print, as he ascertained by picking up a Bible that lay on his dressing-table, and reading from it a verse or two. It was in minion type. Very gradually the light faded, seeming to flicker up at intervals, like a lamp dying out.

From the time the figure appeared until it began to fade, mingling with the column, there elapsed about ten minutes; so that the witness of this remarkable apparition had the amplest opportunity fully to examine it. When it turned toward the fireplace, he distinctly saw its back. He experienced little or no alarm, being chiefly occupied during the period of its stay in seeking to ascertain whether it was a mere hallucination, or an objective reality.

Pondering over this matter he went to bed, and, after a time, to sleep. In a dream, the same figure he had just seen again appeared to him, dressed exactly as before. It recalled reflections that had been occupying the Baron's mind before he retired to rest; he thought he heard it say to him in substance: "Hitherto you have not believed in the reality of apparitions, considering them only the recollections of memory; now, since you have seen a stranger, you cannot consider it the reproduction of former ideas."

The Baron assented, in his dream, to this reasoning; but the phantom gave him no clue as to what its name or condition in life had been.

The next morning, meeting the wife of the house-porter, Madame Mathieu, who had been in the habit of attending to his rooms, he inquired of her who had been their former occupant, adding that his reason for making the inquiry was, that the night before he had seen in his bedroom an apparition. At first the woman seemed much frightened and little disposed to be communicative; but, when pressed on the subject, she admitted that the last person who had resided in the apartments now occupied by the Baron was the father of the lady who was the present proprietor of the house, a certain Monsieur Caron; who had formerly filled the office of mayor in the province of Champagne. He had died about two years before, and the rooms had remained vacant from that time until taken by the Baron.

Her description of him, not only as to personal appearance, but in each particular of dress, corresponded in the minutest manner to what the Baron had seen. A white waistcoat coming down very low, a white cravat, a long black frock-coat; these he habitually wore. His stature was above the middle height; he was corpulent, his eyes blue, his hair and whiskers white; and he wore neither beard nor moustache. His age was between sixty and seventy. Even the smaller peculiarities were exact, down to the high standing shirt-collar, the habit of throwing back his coat from his chest, and the thick white cane, his constant companion when he went out.

Madame Mathieu further confessed to the Baron that he was not the only one to whom the apparition of M. Caron had shown itself. On one occasion a maid-servant had seen it on the stairs. To herself it had appeared several times—once just in front of the entrance to the drawing-room, again in a dimly-lighted passage that led past the bedroom, and more than once in the bedroom itself. M. Caron had dropped down in the passage referred to, in an apoplectic fit, had been carried thence into the bedroom, and had died in the bed now occupied by the Baron.

She said to him, further, that, as he might have remarked, she almost always took the opportunity when he was in the sitting-room to arrange his bedchamber, and that she had several times intended to apologize to him for this, but had refrained, not knowing what excuse to make. The true reason was, that she feared again to meet the apparition of the old gentleman.

It should be added that the Baron de Guldenstube had never before heard of M. Caron, and of course had not the slightest idea of his personal appearance or dress; nor, as may be supposed, had it ever been intimated to him that any one had died, two years previously, in the room in which he slept.

THE STAINS OF BLOOD.

The ensuing narrative was communicated to Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in the year 1859, by a clergyman of the Church of England, who was Chaplain at the time to the British Legation at Florence. Having heard from a brother clergyman something of the story, Mr. Owen asked, by letter, to be favored with it. The request was kindly complied with, and was as follows:

"In the year 1856, I was staying, with my wife and children, at a favorite watering-place. In order to attend to some affairs of my own, I determined to leave my family there for three or four days. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, I took the railway, and arrived that evening, an unexpected guest, at — Hall, the residence of a gentleman whose acquaintance I had recently made, and with whom my sister was then staying."

"I arrived late, soon afterwards went to bed, and before long fell asleep. Awakening after three or four hours, I was not surprised to find I could sleep no more, for I never rest well in a strange bed. After trying, therefore, in vain again to induce sleep, I began to arrange my plans for the day. I had been engaged some little time in this way, when I became suddenly sensible that there was a light in the room. Turning round, I distinctly perceived a female figure; and what attracted my special attention was, that the light by which I saw it emanated from itself. I watched the figure attentively. The features were not perceptible. After moving a little distance, it disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared."

"My first thoughts were that there was some trick. I immediately got out of bed, struck a light, and found my bedroom door still locked. I then carefully examined the walls, to ascertain if there were any other concealed means of entrance or exit, but none could I find. I drew the curtains and opened the shutters, but all outside was silent and dark, there being no moonlight. After examining the room well in every part, I betook myself to bed and thought calmly over the whole matter. The final impression on my mind was, that I had seen something supernatural, and, if supernatural, that it was in some way connected with my wife. What was the appearance? What did it mean? Would it have appeared to me if I had been asleep instead of awake? These were questions very easy to ask, and very difficult to answer."

"Even if my room door had been unlocked, or if there had been a concealed entrance to the room, a practical joke was out of the question. For, in the first place, I was not on such intimate terms with my host as to warrant such a liberty; and, secondly, even if he had been inclined to sanction so questionable a proceeding, he was too unwell at the time to permit me for a moment to entertain such a supposition."

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The house where these "familiar spirits" resort for amusement, in returning to earth and manifesting themselves unmistakably to three of our five senses (seeing, hearing and feeling), is in the heart of the city of Cleveland, and is visited daily by perhaps a dozen persons. But the spirits, who seem to be the only parties really anxious in

the matter, are always on hand and ready to fill the bill and do even more than they promised. The medium is a female of, say, twenty years of age, whose education has been acquired whilst pursuing the honest avocation of cooking on the schooner Comely, Capt. John Baker. The medium is tied before she enters the cabinet; has her mouth hermetically sealed with a regular sticking-plaster, to prevent articulation. She was promptly untied by the spirits, three of whom were in constant attendance, seemingly delighted to astonish us mundanes by their celerity in tying and untying the medium. "Ben, will you sing a song?" "I'll try," was the prompt response, and then "Old Dog Tray" was given in a style that would have put to the blush many singers in the "human form divine." "Ben, will Hannah favor us with a song?" "Yes, A pause. "Well, where's Hannah?" "Well, she's never here when she's needed; but I'll bring her." In a few minutes the voice of the gentle Hannah sang in dulcet tones, "Highland Water," and, for the first time in our existence upon this plane of near half a century, we began the realization of "eternal songs of praise to the Lamb in Heaven," &c. "Will Hannah bring her harp and play us a tune?" "If you will all keep quiet she will," was the response. "Silence is vocal if we listen well," and sure enough we were rewarded. In less time than it takes me to tell it there came upon the ambient air such "fairly-like" "Music, with its voluptuous swell,"

that you could easily have imagined that angels with their harps of "solid gold" were there. Now the music, as from one of Nature's Eolian harps, thrilled every fibre of our system and then sank away in beautiful cadences, anon receding 'till lost to the ear. This was continued for ten minutes. Then we looked into the cabinet for the instrument, but, alas! Hannah had "hung her harp upon the willows" or had taken a trip over the beautiful Lake Erie, for our search was vain. We put our hand into the cabinet and asked "Ben" to touch it. He did so palpably as we had ever felt a touch from any human. The cord was tossed in again, and the medium promptly tied. Mrs. L., a kind lady who was present, put her hand in, and Ben, who was, we thought, inviolable, tied her hand fast to the medium, and the medium fast to the chair with an almost inextricable labyrinth of knots, and in a most incredibly short time. Ben was a sailor. Thus ended the séance of more than an hour's duration, and of deep and abiding interest. A friend from Cincinnati, and another gentleman, whose names we are sorry have escaped our memory, will bear us witness to the interest of the occasion. Full opportunity was given us to examine behind the curtains, through the room and the whole building.

Captain Baker has one of the best mediums for physical manifestations in the United States, as far as we have heard or read. Our friends in Cleveland are prospering. Patriarch Lawrence, who is on the confines of the "Summer Land," is in daily and hourly converse with the immortals, and, in a beautiful spirit-message, afforded us that peace and consolation "which passeth all understanding," in "close communion" with a near and dear departed relative. His numerous MSS. should be transcribed during his life and published for the benefit of mankind. They are beautiful thoughts, beautifully clothed, and for which Mr. L. claims no credit to himself.

But I must not tire your readers. When you visit Cleveland, go and see for yourselves. The "American Spiritualist" is pressing onward, and with its battering ram is reducing the walls of error in the Northwest. We hope our friends will not let it languish for want of support.

Yours for the truth, C. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, O., June 12, 1890.
P. S.—Miss C. R. Devereaux lectured at "Lyceum Hall" on Sunday, 6th, morning and evening, to large audiences. She is doing good. M.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S DREAM ON HIS VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA, IN 1852.

This eminent author wrote thus in a letter to his friends in England: "Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's, at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little way down to the hill to some brook buildings below; and there were green-houses on the right hand by the wall, as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-folaged trees, having a somewhat aggregated appearance in their heads: that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our woods. 'There,' I said, addressing some one in my dream, 'I see your native forest of Eucalyptus.' This dream I told to my sons, and to two of our fellow-passengers, at the time; and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. 'There!' I exclaimed, 'is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there.' And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it, and now see it, as I sit at the dining-room window, writing. When I look on this scene I seem to look into my dream."

SIMILAR DREAM OF MR. EDMUND HALLEY.

The late Mr. Edmund Halley, Fellow of the Royal Society, was urged with a strong impulse to take a voyage to St. Helena, to make observations of the southern constellations, being then about twenty-four years old. Before he undertook the voyage, he dreamed that he was at sea sailing toward that place, and saw the prospect of it from the ship in his dream; which he declared in the Royal Society was a perfect representation of that island, as it really appeared to him when he approached it.

From St. Louis.

All hail to the goodly city of St. Louis! All hail to Boston, the Hub! All hail to the Banner of Light, whose columns are perused by thousands of thirsting souls, and whose familiar face greets me with kindly welcome everywhere; long may it continue to gladden and hearts with evidences of immortality. All hail to the workers for good to humanity, no matter where, or who, or what their labor! All hail to Spiritualists everywhere, and to those of St. Louis in particular! All hail to Bro. Jesse B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., whose genial presence brings sunlight to this smoky city while an occasional address from his eloquent lips illumines the darkness existing in other minds! All hail, likewise, to Dr. Dumont C. Dake, of Rochester, N. Y., at present located in this city—another honest worker for humanity; a man of deeds who makes his home in the hearts of those he heals. I met him in Michigan, last winter, and witnessed, with wonder and delight, many of his cures. God bless him! and all true healers who are not ashamed or afraid to give their spirit-friends credit for assistance.

Last, but by no means least, all hail to Bro. White, of the Banner, whose serene and pleasant face is before my mind's eye now, and whom I would dearly love to greet in person, as I often do in spirit.

FRANKLYN YOUNG,
HORACE M. RICHARDS,
106 North Fifth street, Louis, Mo.

Original Essay.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM.

No. IV.—ASTRO-THEOLOGY.

After man had exchanged his nomadic and wandering condition for an agricultural or pastoral one, and instead of dwelling in forests and caves, began to till the soil or watch his flocks, he would have forced upon his notice, still more forcibly now that his interests were involved, the great influence exerted by heavenly bodies on earthly objects. Can we wonder that ignorant tribes, who had always regarded the heavenly bodies as endowed with life, should worship the sun, whose refulgent and vivifying rays not only sustained but produced life? The moon also ministered so obviously to his wants and comforts, that their movements could not fail to be watched with interest. The stars furnished the hunter with an unerring guide by night; and gave the husbandman intelligence of the change of the seasons. As the sun, in its grand and majestic course, exercised so benign an influence on the animal and vegetable world, the planets, on the other hand, by their wayward evolution and ever-varying configuration, appeared meetly to overshadow the vicissitudes of human life. How grand a fætic, then, the sun, the source of heat, light and fertility, and how much superior in rank and dignity to the stars!

The gradual increasing experience of men, slowly emerging from the savage condition, would lead them to observe the regularity of the seasons and the annual occurrence of particular events, when certain stars were in the ascendant; and, consequently, from the very nature of their belief, to associate the good or evil import of these occurrences with the heavenly bodies that so regularly accompanied them. It might be thought that this regularly would dispel their idolatry and lead to a conception of law and harmony; but we must not cease to remember, as they were in complete subjection—in approaching the subject—to prevalent ideas, looking on them as animated, intelligent beings, their researches, or observations, would be subordinated to their conceptions. They sought not for causes, but to interpret manifest phenomena. Continued observation and experience would lead to the development of systematical conceptions; and the observation of their invariable movements would evolve the idea of unity and accord only. And it need not surprise us when we remember how, in our age even, thousands to-day regard disease or drought as a direct visitation of the Almighty, and would cure cholera, or produce rain, by prayer-meetings! And it is not probable that, at that early day, religious prejudices rendered them any the less encased in armor proof against all enlightenment.

I do not for a moment suppose that the primitive form of worship in pre-historic times ever had acquired such a distinctive form as to be capable of systematization alike in each land. I dream of no universality of particular legends; but men under the same circumstances will, naturally, draw the same conclusions, however widely separated. "The history of the human mind," says Renan, "is full of strange synchronisms, by which far-distant fragments of the human race attain at the same time without intercommunication to ideas and imaginations almost identical."

"The nations of the East," says Bryant, in his famous work, "acknowledge but one deity—the Sun; and the gods of the various Pantheons are plainly resolvable into this deity."

Sir William Jones wrote: "We must not be surprised on finding, on a close examination, that the character of all the Pagan deities, male and female, melt into each other, and at last into one or two; for it seems a well-founded opinion that the whole crowd of gods and goddesses, in ancient Rome and modern Virgins, mean only the Powers of Nature, and principally only those of the sun, expressed in a variety of ways, and by a multitude of fanciful names."

Modern researches into Aryan and Semitic literature, and Egyptian monumental remains, but add new strength to this position.

Says Max Müller: "I look upon the sunrise and sunset, on the daily return of day and night, on the battle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama, in all its details, that is acted every day, every month, every year, in heaven and in earth, as the principal subject of early mythology. I consider that the very idea of divine powers sprang from the wonderment with which the forefathers of the Aryan race stared at the bright powers that came and went, no one knew whence or whither, that never failed, never faded, never died, were called immortal, i. e., unfading, as compared with the feeble and decaying race of man. I consider the regular recurrence of phenomena an almost indispensable condition of their being raised, through the charms of mythological phraseology, to the rank of immortals."

The translation of the Hindu Vedic poems exhibits most clearly the gradual formation of these myths. The principal objects of their religious poetry were the Sun, the Sky, the Day, the Moon, the Dawn and the Spring. The Dawn was an unfailing source of veneration. It was hymned as a bright being, a beautiful maiden of angelic beauty, beloved by the Sun, and anxiously sought for by him; or again as the mother of the Sun, by other poets. In ancient language all these words had, necessarily, a terminative expressive of gender, consequently, it would naturally produce corresponding idea of sex. Whenever they spoke of the Dawn or the Sun, they necessarily conveyed conceptions implying personality, something active and sexual. "That Titanic assurance with which we say the sun must rise, was unknown to the early worshippers of nature; or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and other stars perform their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude."

But it was not the diurnal sun alone that aroused these conceptions, but the whole annual phenomena of nature; the advent of spring and return of winter were alike subjects for imaginative reflections. Traces of these conceptions are still clearly to be discerned in nearly every mythology.

Baldur, Sigurd, Achilles, Kephalos, Adonis, Osiris, and, in fact, all the solar heroes of antiquity, are similarly represented as dying in the fullness of manhood. Bacchus in Greece, Adonis in Phœnicia, Mithra in Persia, Christna in India, were all born in obscurity or poverty, were exposed in early life, or persecuted by a remorseless tyrant, grew up and performed many mighty works, healing the sick and restoring the lame, the blind, &c., finally falling a victim to the opposing powers and sinking down to the grave to leave their name an object of veneration and worship. Their birth in poverty and bitter persecution was the struggle between heat and cold, the new birth of the sun at the winter solstice, and the counteracting power of winter. Though many are the sharp and biting frosts, and severe tempests are sent upon the earth at this

period, the power and brilliancy of the sun is daily increasing. These frosts and storms are the agents of that remorseless tyrant, Winter, massacring every young shoot exposed to their action.

Says Milman: "It is remarkable how widely, almost universally, extended throughout the earlier world, appears the institution of a solemn period of mourning about the autumnal, and of rejoicing about the vernal equinox. The suspension, or apparent extinction, of the great vivifying power of Nature, Osiris or Iacchus, the destitution of Ceres, Isis or the earth, of her husband or her beautiful daughter, torn into pieces or carried away into their realms by the malignant powers of darkness; their reappearance in all their bright and fertilizing energy; these, in their different forms, were the great annual fact and festival of the early heathen worship."

Based on the ever-recurring phases of Nature, the seasons, and the movements of the heavenly bodies, the same thought that thus manifested itself in legends and outward observances, would also, under the controlling influence of the same general law, become manifest in their moral conceptions and shape their theological doctrines.

An essential feature of astro-theology was the existence of an "under-world," where their god descended after his death. The sun's setting at night, and later his entrance into the lower hemisphere, became, to their poetical minds, their god's descent into hell.

No fact is better attested in the annals of the past, than the universal belief of mankind in their continued existence and identity after death. From dim pre-historic ages to modern times, in every land and clime, "from the Chinese to the Auracians, from the Ethiopians to the Dacotas, rites of honor have been paid to the dead, various offerings have been placed at their graves." This conviction has been the world's faith since man first observed "the caprice in the dispensation of death so strongly indicative of a hidden sequel," and is not to be explained as originating from myths, but rather preceded them and constituted their groundwork, for whenever an altar has been erected—and where have they not?—this soul-knowledge existed.

Firmly convinced of their immortality, sun-worship presented them with two regions, the one of bliss, the other of woe, in which they might continue to exist—heaven, the upper region, the kingdom of Ormuzd, the Light of the World, and Hell, the lower region, the kingdom of Ahrimanes, the Prince of Darkness. But to the credit of antiquity, be it said, that horrible conception, the Orthodox hell of Christianity, was unknown to them.

At first, struck with the annual waning of the sun's power in the autumn, followed by the advent of cold and chilling winter, so blighting to every appearance of life, their poetical expressions of reverence and awe became legends of the Sun-god. At his overthrow and death he passed into Hades—Amenhe, the land of shades, where, in like manner, the souls of all men go at death to be judged. But in the spring the bonds of death are riven and the incarnate god, rises triumphant from the tomb "the first fruits of them that slept."

In the Ancient Mysteries this annual Tragedy of Nature was solemnly commemorated. In the Egyptian, Osiris, betrayed by treachery to a violent death, was mourned for two days; on the third an image was presented, amid shouts of "Osiris is found!"

In the Syrian Mysteries, the death and resurrection of Adonis was celebrated. Lucian tells us that "first they offer to the manes of Adonis as to one dead, and the day after the morrow they tell the story that he lives and send him to the air."

"Blest is the Loving One!
Adonis lives and is ascended!"

In the Zoroastrian religion, after soul and body have separated, the souls, in the third night after death, as soon as the shining sun ascends, come over the bridge Tahnavat which leads to the dwelling of the good gods.

The ghost of Polydore says:

"Being raised up this third day light
Having deserted my body."

During winter, old Mother Earth's season of mourning for departed youth and buried hopes on account of the absence of the impregnating influence of the sun, the necessity of agriculture was forced home on the minds of men, and the annual celebration of these beautiful legends tended to instill in their minds a fondness and regard for agricultural pursuits, considered not as a curse for craving knowledge, but a divine institution, a boon of such incalculable merit that it could only have originated in the mind of a god-incarnate.

Here, also, was inculcated the beautiful lessons of trust and hope, that although our friends have been buried in the earth, and the frosts and snows of time have covered their graves, yet, in the future, like the bright and golden grain "sown in corruption and weakness," they will again be seen in a far brighter and more resplendent dress, clothed in glory and power, eternal in the heavens!

Written for the Banner of Light. EVENING SERENADE. LAKE MICHIGAN TO CHICAGO.

BY LITA BARNETT SATLES.

Awake from thy slumbers, Chicago, awake,
And list to my love lay, oh Queen of the Lake!
I have thy white flet by my night, dashing spray,
I kneel to my love, both by night and by day,
I'll woo thee, and win thee, and wear thee for aye,
A star in my forehead 'I'll illumine my sky,
A blessing to all, and a blessing to me—
Then listen, Chicago, I sing unto thee!

The sun hath doled on his couch in the west;
The moon and the stars are arrayed in their best;
Though all their bright glances they mirror in me,
I spurn their advances to hasten to thee!
A quiet now rests over city and glen,
The dew bids the roses to freshen again—
Then smile from thy lattice, Chicago, on me,
And list to the swell of thine own heaving sea!

For how many years since the days of my youth
Have my pure waters sparkled in freshness and truth,
But aimless and idle my whole life hath been?
Until thou starest here, oh my bosom's fair Queen!
Now happy, both busy and useful I grow,
For love hath transformed me, fair dame, 'd ye know?
My sails are now whirling from centre to shore,
And I bring my first treasures to thee, evermore.

From far away out in my deep inland sea
I yielded up my life-blood with pleasure to thee;
With joy can I spare it from now to the end,
If only thy heart will with love to me bend.
My ships are all guided in safety to thee,
Enclosed in thy harbor, no storms shall they see;
The wonder of Earth, in thy short, active past,
My love shall yet make thee a greater, at last!

As the husband so true will his bride ne'er forsake,
So I'll ever be true to my bride of the Lake;
Of all my great bounty thou never shalt fail,
I'll be thy great slave till the stars all grow pale!
Awake from thy slumbers, Chicago, awake,
And list to my love lay, oh Queen of the Lake!
I kneel to thee, love, in a worship so sweet,
And bow my proud forehead to rest at thy feet!
Dayville, Conn.

The Lyceum.

WHY DO LYCEUMS FAIL?

A paragraph in a recent Banner, noticing the death of several Lyceums, suggests the above query, and it is one which demands looking squarely in the face and answering. As there can be no effect without a cause, let us see what kills our institutions for educating and training children in the better way they should go.

First, the necessary apparatus for equipping a Lyceum to supply the needed attraction is a matter of no slight expense. A dozen church Sabbath-schools might be set in working order at the cost of one Lyceum, and for a few individuals to bear it all is drawing severely on limited purses. But very few Lyceums can possibly procure targets, flags, badges, books, &c., of first class, on account of their cost (if they are to be had at all), in sufficient quantity to supply all wants. These should be as elegant as possible, to please the eye of childhood and draw the little ones toward them for their beauty. Instead of this, however, very indifferent insignia are often employed, such as targets entrusted to the hand of an unskilled painter, who was able to produce only a repulsive abortion, which children would soon become disgusted with, and other embellishments of a similar character, so rude as rather to excite ridicule than respect.

Second, incapacity on the part of those who assume the direction of a Lyceum, and rush forward to establish in reality what they conceive in only a crude state, and without the necessary knowledge of the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism, still less of their application. They see others readily become teachers in Christian Sunday-schools, and say to themselves, "I can do as well as they," without reflecting that a vast deal more knowledge is required, and of a very much higher order for the Lyceum than the old-fashioned concern, so attempt what they are unable to perform, thereby exhibiting only a humiliating failure. It were far wiser to wait until better prepared. It should be borne in mind, also, that a Lyceum is for the education of all its members, from the humblest child to the conductor, and any one who forgets this important point and deludes himself with the false idea he knows enough already, had better drop it altogether.

Third, too much bossing—a propensity derived generally from the church examples, where this peculiarity prevails, from the teacher up to the "cap'n-boss," who talks in the pulpit, who considers himself the great "I AM," and Lyceum founders not unfrequently get contaminated by such a pernicious example, consequently several small I AM's neutralize each other by trying to see which can be uppermost. Result—the Lyceum disperses.

Fourth, a want of sympathy and material aid from those who have embraced the Spiritual Philosophy, and are abundantly able to lend a helping hand, but feel it beneath their lofty dignity and fashionable fastidiousness to countenance anything so ungentle, and worse than throwing away on worthless churches sufficient means to sustain a first-class Lyceum. Almost all the Lyceums now in existence were started and nurtured by persons in comparatively humble circumstances with limited means, but devoted hearts, who, by persistent self-denial and pinching economy, succeeded in founding a noble institution, to the joy of all progressive souls and horror of fogies and hang-backs. To this list of causes might be added others of smaller moment, but still effective. The want of suitable halls for Lyceum exercises is a serious matter, since no such institutions were anticipated in the construction of apartments of sufficient capacity for public use, and the ill-contrived facilities now obtainable are impediments in the way. The cost of even such poor facilities is a severe tax on the small income most Lyceums can command, since the entire rent must be borne by them, while in Christian Sabbath-schools the rooms are usually those belonging to the church, and of little or no expense to the minor institution.

But there is no cause for despair if even more Lyceums die, since those who have engaged in them have broken the ice and gained much valuable experience, which will find or make a field for its future practical development in spite of obstacles and with better success.

The rapid and wide-spread progress of Spiritualism among all classes, through such a myriad of channels as are now open, cannot possibly fail to excite a desire for some better method than the present Sunday exercises for children, who must instinctively feel a growing discontent and disgust with the cramping narrowness of Christian creeds of all sects, however much church "bosses" may strive to manacle and suppress all aspiration of minds, young or old, for something higher, broader and more progressive than pint theology, and they will have it. ONWARD.

OUR CHILDREN.

Children are tender flowers beautifying this earthly life. Death oftentimes removes them, but our divine religion proves that they are not withered, only plucked and carried to adorn the gardens of God in heaven. The "Spirit Echo" department of the "Harp" thus admonishes us concerning our duties to the young:

"Give children the heritage of pure water, free ventilation, innocent amusement, music, sunshine, flowers and birds.
Never deceive children; fulfill just promises; teach them self-government; soften the manners; train to industry; lovingly unfold the innate spirit."

Spiritualism not only furnishes food for the philosopher's mind, comforts the sorrowing, consoles the afflicted, inspires with lofty ideals the disconsolate and downtrodden, resurrects into newness of life the morally dead, but also adapts itself to our children—the young.

Education is God's only method of salvation. Spiritualism is educational. True religion relates to man's physical, as well as his spiritual being. Spiritual illumination follows physical purification.

Advanced Spiritualists, seeing the divine beaming upon their children's faces, studying their temperaments, noting ante-natal conditions, and realizing something of the vast possibilities of the human spirit, are peculiarly adapted to introduce a nobly humanity upon the planet. The Lyceum has come to us from heaven. It is the corner-stone of a new educational system. Rightly conducted, it is a success and a source of happiness and profit to old and young.

Salem, Mass.

Visiting this city recently, in the capacity of a lecturer, we were deeply interested in the Children's Lyceum at that place. Sunday, the 13th ult., the school held a public concert, which was well attended. It is the genius of modern radical thought to blend rational amusements with religious instruction. The opening exercise was singing, by the entire school, of those inspiring words, "Our Lyceum, 'tis of thee." Silver-Chain recitations followed; then declamations from Misses M. Tabor, Lizzie Lander, Belle Leavitt, Emma Tabor, Lily Jefa, Arthur Goats and Willie Libby, all of which were very acceptable. Next in order was a song by Master Hunt and Miss Kimball, entitled "Our Heavenly Father's Plan." Lily rendered, speaking by Lucy and Lily Willey; song; Belle Leavitt, Maria Walton and Frances Tabor recited their pieces very prettily. The dialogue, "Child Philosopher," by the young misses, Lily Jefa and Emma Tabor, was decidedly cute, and met with a hearty welcome from the audi-

ence. Julia Kimball, Fred Hunt, Solomon Holbrook and Susie Taylor next entertained the assembled friends by individual recitations. The physical exercises were excellent, and every one must have recognized their utility.

The dialogue, representing the months of the year, participated in by twelve young ladies, passed off very satisfactorily. Interesting remarks followed from that zealous worker in the new gospel, Dr. Barron, formerly of Great Falls, N. H. The Doctor made an eloquent plea in behalf of the Lyceum movement. Our prayer is that the golden truths uttered sank deep into the hearts of all present. Mr. W. Harmon, the efficient Conductor, in his own frank way, addressed the scholars and friends, stating that all children were welcome at the school; also that a Society had been formed to clothe destitute little ones and place them in the Lyceum, to be made physically strong and elastic, as well as spiritually susceptible to divine things.

FACTS.
The concert was a success, and we congratulate the Spiritualists and free thinkers of Salem and vicinity on the progress they have made.
Can we fail or falter when we see the blessed truths of natural religion taking root in the hearts of our children? A new era is dawning upon Spiritualism. We have completed the first cycle of our investigations, and now stand upon a higher and diviner eminence. From mere external facts and external workings we are seeking the life of life, the soul of souls—God.

Spiritualists of America, will you sustain the Lyceum? Will you be true men and women? Will you do your duty to your children? Think of it! We are educating our young by the Lyceum method, as God instructs the youth in heaven! Boston, June, 1893. OEPHAS B. LYNN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY..... WARREN CHASE.

LOVE.

We have long believed, without the power to demonstrate to others, that love is a subtle, impalpable element, with absolute material existence, like electricity, and somehow mysteriously connected with the vital elements of life, motion and sensation in animal, human and spiritual organizations. In these organisms its manifestations are ever in accordance with the fineness of texture and nerve in the bodies; most strongly manifested through the sexual passion in the lower and coarser races, and in the coarser and grosser of each race and species; remarkably expressed through the maternal organs of some animals and some human beings, but in this expression not governed by any law or rule of coarseness or fineness of texture, but by some unknown law of their organizations, often strongly expressed in the paternal relation, in other individuals of the same species entirely wanting in paternal expression, even where the sexual expression is strong. In the highest human and in the spiritual organizations it spreads out to kindred, to friends, to strangers, to the race and to God, and becomes more and more a source of happiness and enjoyment as it is extended and intensified to God and man; its quantity, quality and intensity increasing as the soul advances and improves in its condition and relations to God and the race.

We have ever been too much disgusted with the silly nonsense and ridiculous absurdities of most writers on the free love relations of the sexes, to take any notice of them, but have waited calmly, as an old man should, while the vulgar and sensual rabble have babbled of "free love" and lust, in which many of them were burning, while for selfish purposes they accused others of the crimes they would commit if they could. A drunken man is not fit to lecture on temperance, nor a lustful man on purity, and yet these latter are the most noisy accusers of others we have in community. They are often full of love which burns its way out in the basest manner, and does them more mischief than good, like fire in the wrong part of the house that needs warming—good in itself, but badly expressed. Such persons are to be pitied, because partially belonging to a higher class and sinking to lower through the passions, where jealousy renders them miserable.

In the lower stages of human society it is a crime for any man or woman to so live as to become an object of general or universal love, and envy, jealousy and selfishness will soon, if possible, destroy such person, or drive him or her to the spirit-life, where all find their true level. Jesus and many other good men who lived above the world while in it, and were beloved by too many followers, were put to death by the wise and self-righteous of their ages, and the world is not much different now.

The principal and general expression of love in our country is through the sexual passions; hence men of strong and lustful dispositions are popular, and elevated to power and place, while those more spiritual, angelic and pure, whose love is general to God and the race, and expressed through the intellect and affections, are unpopular, and often branded as fanatics or "free lovers," and crowded out of the places they are the most competent to fill. A few years ago (and even by many now) those who advocated the equality of the sexes in social and political rights were branded by sensualists as "free lovers," and often for no other reason.

We have no doubt that it is the same element working in both cases, which is like the fire that bakes our bread and burns our dwellings, and we are not sure that anger and hatred are not reversed and perverted expressions of love. If the filial, maternal, fraternal and devotional love all arise from the same source as the conjugal and sexual, we do not see why anger may not be also a reversed action of the same element, especially as the same object often calls out both expressions or even all of the above phases of manifestation. It is often asserted that God is Love, but it is not so, for love is not God in any world or any sense, more than electricity is. When men and women can reason on the love relations and the passions, we shall reach valuable truths and bring them to use in life.

THE NEGRO RACE.

The evidences of decay and final extermination of this persecuted and abused race, which we have long predicted, are already coming in, and proving what we have so long asserted—that in a free and open competition the weaker must go to the wall, and, between the Negro and Caucasian, the former must go. A writer in the New York Tribune says, from statistics, that South Carolina, which now has four hundred thousand negroes and three hundred thousand whites, will, from the present rates of mortality of the two races, have equal numbers of the two races in seven or, at furthest, in ten years. This he bases on actual rates of mortality in Charleston and in other towns where such records are kept, as it fully sustains our conclusions that the vital and mental power is weaker in the negro than in the white race. It has been proved in the army and in every fair trial, and we fully believe the same holds, under the scorching sun of the Southern States, better than the negro. But we have not based our predictions of the failure of this race so much on physical as on mental inequality. The whites ever have and ever will cheat, defraud and abuse them, and, by advantages which they already possess, will crowd them out of the country, by the double track of miscegenation and death, until the last trace of them is gone from our country.

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Spiritualism Acknowledged.

We cannot occupy our leading space more productively for the entire body of the readers of the *Banner*, than by continuing our extracts from the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, from whose remarkable articles we have already given most interesting citations. The subject now treated is Spiritualism itself, the preliminaries have all been gone through with. The writer discourses on this most important theme in the following strain:

"Spiritualism is of great interest, as restoring the background of the Scriptures as a picture, and as thereby also making the foreground more vivid; if not more intelligible." * * * And there is no honest theologian but would say that if these things were made certain, it would seem to him as though the field of theology would widen, and certain lost paths in it become plain again, and dark places in it to be found to have been lighted up by rays from unexpected quarters. And if Spiritualism can illustrate the manner in which Saul prophesied from an evil spirit, it adds thereby, some little at least, in making intelligible the manner in which 'the spirit of God came upon him, and he prophesied.' By Spiritualism, too, for Christian use, is affirmed emphatically and amended as to translation that text which latterly has been understood distinctly by very few divines.

"And if nature for a theologian be suggestive of many contraries, so also is that region in the spiritual world which is nearest to the natural, and whence mostly spiritual approaches are made to men. And just as the Christian has a faith which through all her regions nature can only illustrate humbly, and never fully corroborate, so also is the faith of a Christian, what can be curiously indeed, but yet only partially, supported by evidences from the spiritual world, such as can be given through tables, or even by the hands and tongues of men, as mediums, commonly so called. The reach upwards of the human soul, the yearning affinity of its faith, surmounts the region of nature, and goes up beyond the level of the world of spirits, and aspires after what alone is its proper object, the Spirit of God Most High.

"There are men of intellect, at this day, who would readily believe in Moses, if merely they could be satisfied as to the magicians of Europe who yielded to him. There have been persons, darkened in their minds by materialism, who with seeing merely what they thought was an apparition, have had their eyes so thoroughly and effectually opened as to the spiritual world, and all their relations to it, were credible at once and intelligible. And there have been travelers who have returned from the East stronger in their faith as Christians from knowing of the preternatural things which, in some places, the natives sometimes assemble for in their temples. And there have been persons who have been benefited by the counterpart of what was anciently accounted as dangerous and unworthy, 'the familiar spirit.' These, and many other such things, may under heaven be good, not so much because of what they are in themselves, as because of the lowliness of the persons for whom they can be lessons. Many a man has thought that the heavens were opening above him, because of the spiritual phenomena which he had experienced. Whereas, mainly, the things were wonderful only to his spiritual ignorance, only to his never having known of matters with which, in one age or another, and in one place or another, the human race have always been familiar. Height above height! There are many steps from an emmet to a 'familiar spirit'; but more than they, countless are the steps between the level of 'familiar spirits' and the first even of those spiritual heights, down from which comes 'every good and perfect gift.'

"What are called the spiritualistic phenomena are never all of them manifested through one medium. Sometimes a person is a channel for one marvel, and sometimes for two, three, four, and five varieties of the marvelous. But of all these marvels, there is scarcely one but reaches out into history in all directions. And there has scarcely been an age of history but, in one place or another, was familiar with two, three, or more of the prodigies of the present day. Of marvels united to-day in the same medium, some have been evidences on which persons have been canonized as saints in the Church; and others have been proofs on which poor wretches have been executed as witches; and one at least, in the same age, has served as conclusive testimony, in Italy as to holiness, and in England as to devilry. It is so as a fact, and perhaps also under Providence it is vouchsafed as a privilege, that by the commonness of these spiritual phenomena it is as though the past returned upon the present, and offered itself again for study and the chance of a better understanding.

"Sometimes the phenomena of Spiritualism remind one of agencies active in the Scriptures, and sometimes of narratives in the ancient classics; sometimes of Ptolemy, the scholarly heathen of fifteen hundred years ago, and sometimes of St. Augustine, the great father and doctor of the Church, and continually of the lives of saints, and the charges against wizards, and of the records of the Catholic Church. And indeed there is no general reader with his eyes more than half open, who is acquainted with Spiritualism, but recognizes the existence of the common phenomena of Spiritualism, from North to South, the world round, among all primitive nations and tribes, even though described as ignorantly as things commonly are by mere travelers. The angelok of the Esquimaux is exactly some good American medium. And at the other end of the world, in New Zealand, are phenomena which correspond spiritually with those among the Esquimaux. And Madagascar offers for examination the same state of things spiritually which obtains among the Maoris, and among their Northern opposites. Through spiritual mediums to-day there are concentrated, within an area of two hundred miles around Boston, phenomena

which are akin to the ancient oracles, and to the marvels of Mahometanism as attested by Oriental writers and by European travelers, and to the miracles of the Catholic Church during the last—during indeed all the years, since the Catholic Church has been specially Roman Catholic.

"The Spiritualism of to-day is nothing new, and might even by the Scriptures, almost, be called as old as Adam. By speciality, what there is new in it is simply the easiness with which preternatural phenomena are to be got at. But may not this be in accordance with that grand overruling law, by which one change, and another, and another, are like successive mile-marks along the earth, while yet also under the arch of the heavens? Under God, the material universe is allowed to disclose its laws astronomically, electrically, chemically, optically, magnetically, dynamically. And so might it not then seem to be by analogy, if concurrently also the spiritual world should seem to be opening toward mortals? If, as a mortal, within a hundred years man has been so much enlightened as to the earth which he lives in, and also as to the wide kindred of worlds which sparkle in the sky at night, would it not seem, under Providence, to be proportionately so for his soul, that openings and disclosures might be expected as to his position among the influences, forces and inhabitants of the spiritual universe?"

The Great Peace Jubilee.

The exercises of the Peace Jubilee held in this city, were of the most interesting description. The Jubilee continued through five days, from Tuesday to Saturday inclusive, and in fact it did not terminate until Sunday evening, with the Sacred Concert. No similar success was ever achieved in this or any other country. The cause to which popular homage was thus freely paid—that of heavenly, harmonious Peace—was well worthy of so magnificent a demonstration. Musically, as well as peculiarly and multitudinously, this FESTIVAL OF PEACE was a triumph that the age may be proud of. It was instituted for the purpose of enabling the people of the country, so long after a destructive and desolating civil war had closed, to assemble in a spirit of love and forgiveness, and unite their hearts and voices by the mystic power of that divine art which neither on earth nor in heaven acknowledges a superior.

The programme of musical selections varied with each day. The first day was more or less rainy, and of sultry tendencies; yet the crowds began to throng in remarkably. The second day was that on which the President was received, with Admiral Farragut, and a body of distinguished officials, domestic and foreign. On the third—Thursday—which was the Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the multitude surpassed even that of the previous day, and fully fifty thousand persons were covered together by the roof of the vast Coliseum. It was such a sight as no living man or woman ever witnessed before, and well worth the time and cost exacted of those who were present. Friday was a thronged day again, the numbers within the Coliseum astonishing all. Saturday was devoted to the choral singing of the children of the public schools. On the several days, the two distinguished vocalists, who sang in solo, were Madame Parepa Rosa and Miss Adelaide Phillips; while the two instrumentalists of distinction were Old Bull and Carl Rosa. The orchestra, all told, numbered eleven hundred performers. The choruses counted eleven thousand. There were violins playing in close ranks; trumpets executing a solo fifty strong; drummers by the scores; and other instrumentalists by hundreds. Such orchestral powers were never collected on any occasion. The chorus was a vast mass of males and females, rising rank over rank in the capacious galleries and at each side of the monster organ. Their singing was superb beyond description; no one who truly felt its wonderful influence could describe its effect. It was something to recall for a lifetime, and to last one into eternity.

For choicest music, the composition of the masters, Wednesday and Friday were the days, and the latter especially. Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Gounod, Beethoven, and other well-known masters furnished the rich repertory from whose stores these selections were drawn.

Miss Phillips sang on Friday; but the great musical features of that day were the singing in full chorus of "Thanks be to God," and the "Hallelujah." The selections from "St. Paul," "Moses in Egypt," and the "Creation" were given with true sublimity and power. There were three of the most distinguished mediums of the country present during this day's performances—Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, and Lizzie Doten. The spirits of the immortal masters of music hovered near, and pressed close around them, that they might receive such direct influences as in turn they could send through circles beyond circles, and ranks beyond ranks of spirits, millions for number, who eagerly waited upon the majestic performances of the time. Could the people of earth, the delighted and entranced multitudes who gathered within and around the great Coliseum, have realized the important truth that countless invisible beings were waiting to be entranced by the same strains, and to return upon the multitude below the spiritual influences which were born of the keen enjoyments above—the satisfaction would have been vastly more profound and the impressions received more marked and permanent.

We regard this Festival event as the opening of a new era for the country and the race. It inaugurates the reign of the higher, purer, and more spiritual influences. The era of gunpowder celebrations goes out, and that of soul satisfaction comes in. How so fitly could the universal restoration of the rule of Peace be hailed? This is a step up the ladder, heavenward. It crowds down the old, brutish, and offensive jollifications that were dreaded beforehand as much as they were deplored afterwards, and sets up in their place a worship which expresses the soul's own prayers and longings and thanks. Nothing will sooner spiritualize a people than music; and to extend its divine influence, no mode of popularization can be more effective than the singing of large choruses of trained human voices. Both singers and listeners are placed under the spell of the power thus evoked. The Peace Jubilee was worthy to introduce this new era to the country and to man. It celebrated the noblest of causes, and summoned into action the purest emotions of the human heart. It was a great lesson of refinement, of elevation of thought, of a worshipful temper of mind, of harmony and humility, of the deep, the indescribably deep power of sympathy, and of the want of man for the pure, the ennobling, and the peaceful. In such a sea of melodies the soul may submit to a new baptism, with the certainty of regeneration. Boston has done honor to herself in the triumphant success of the Peace Jubilee, and the country dates its happiest experience from this glorious event.

We cannot refrain from giving an extract from Kate Field's letter descriptive of Wednesday's concert. She says:

"Imagine a square amphitheatre half the size of the Col-

seum at Rome. Imagine the rafters hung with the national colors, and every square inch of woodwork covered with the flags of all nations. Imagine the galleries decorated with the arms of every State in the Union; thirty thousand human beings seated, and the thousands more standing up; the crash of a great organ, the harmonious shout of thousands of voices proclaiming 'Glory to God in the highest'; sunlight bursting upon the scene in one broad shaft; the President of the United States, and many of our best and greatest receiving the halo of this light. Imagine that all this is to thank God for peace, and you imagine the poem of the Jubilee. Who will write what you have imagined?"

Friends! Spiritualists!

We desire to know what you are doing for the Cause, that we may chronicle the facts. We desire every State in the nation represented in the *Banner of Light*. How are your meetings prospering? How are your Lyceums progressing? How are your lecturers supported? Attend to these things. Let no "golden opportunity" be lost. And, above all, report progress! Our every act is every moment thoroughly scrutinized by the world-of-mind outside our ranks. It is wondering (and no wonder!) what the "little giant" SPIRITUALISM, which is rapidly revolutionizing the theological teachings of the past, will do next. And it will not have long to wait, if every Spiritualist will but do his duty. "Let us have peace," is the cry of the politician, from every part of the union; and yet the "agitation of thought" was never more intense than at this very moment. We have passed safely through a civil physical war of gigantic proportions; we are yet to pass through a gigantic mental war, the like of which has never been known upon the earth, for it is to take into its embrace all nations, kindreds and tongues. The edict has gone forth from the Holy-of-Holies, and is permeating every atom of earth-life, that the nations shall be free! mentally, morally and physically FREE; that the human race have too long groaned under the heavy burdens cast upon them by Kingcraft and Priestcraft, in the name of "religion," "morality," "respectability"; that the people are the real sovereigns of the land. The hewers of wood, the drawers of water, and the tillers of the soil—all the toilers of whatever name or nature—are to come up on a plane of mind commensurate with the dignity of human thought, the God-given mentality that places them far above the brute creation.

The inauguration of the New Era is even now, thanks to the noble pioneers who have battled bravely for many years in the ranks of Reform. But still there is a mighty work to be done ere we can accomplish that which the Angel Hosts have planned for us to do.

When we, as Spiritualists, carefully consider the vast responsibility that rests upon us in the performance of our duties; that through our ceaseless labors posterity are to be made happier and better, it behooves us all to act the part assigned us, no matter how onerous it may be, cheerfully, unselfishly, wisely, harmoniously. Otherwise we shall be set aside by the spirit-world as unfit instruments in so holy a work, and others more willing, more competent and more efficient will be selected to fill our places.

"Liberal Protestantism."

A recent letter from Switzerland to the *Cincinnati Inquirer* descants on the religious discussions which are at present going on in Geneva, the seed-bed of Protestantism. The correspondent writes that the agitation had resulted in "a formal challenge and oratorical duel between Professor Buisson and a pastor of the National Church. Each of the auditors had a sympathetic audience; each of them was young, earnest, eloquent, and full of frankness and courtesy. Of course, neither convinced the other, but the discussion was interesting, and not without result, for Buisson was forced into a very clear profession of faith. We now know that 'Liberal Protestantism' maintains that the New Testament is, as well as the Old, a work of mere human origin, without a trace of inspiration; that Christ was a man of perfect character, but nothing more; that his miraculous birth, his resurrection and ascension are mere fables; and that in using the Bible as a book of education, we should teach children only the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables. Were not then Buisson's opponents right when they insisted that his views were identical with those maintained and published by Rousseau just a century ago?" From this it is perfectly easy to see how ideas are enlarging all over the civilized globe, and that in its very cradle and chosen seat Protestantism is becoming liberal.

Open Reading Rooms on Sunday.

The Milwaukee Young Men's Christian Association has taken a step requiring some moral courage, in deciding to open its library rooms on Sunday. It is stated that a similar movement had been decided upon by the governing committee of the New York Mercantile Library Association, but was frustrated by the opposition of the trustees of the Clinton Hall Association, who have charge of the building in which the books of the Library Association are kept. "It would be difficult to determine," remarks the *Post*, "upon what view of Sunday observance such opposition was based. Assuming that the trustees of Clinton Hall are educated Christian gentlemen, we may be sure that many hours of their own Sundays at home are spent in reading, and it will hardly be contended that the day of rest could be more innocently employed by young men than in a library of healthful literature. Rest, in its highest sense, includes innocent recreation; and there are very many of the most excellent people in the world who are in favor, as Hood said, of

"—putting too much Sabbath into Sunday!
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?"

West Pensaukie, Wis.

A correspondent writes: "The Methodists, early last spring, commenced special meetings here in order to get up a revival excitement. Our spirit friends in the 'Summer-Land' feeling a desire to try a more sensible and less frightful way of enlightening the people in regard to the hereafter, commenced a course of lectures on Spiritualism, through the mediumship of R. B. Yeaton. The consequence was, well filled houses to hear the latter, while six or a dozen would assemble to hear the Methodists harangue on the terrors of eternal punishment. We shall not rest in our efforts until we have succeeded in organizing a Children's Lyceum. We have a good melodist, a good player, and shall soon have a good choir. We now want you to send us half a dozen copies of *The Spiritual Harp*, for the enclosed money."

The Framingham Picnic.

Owing to the rain-storm, Mr. Carpenter's picnic, which was arranged for Tuesday, June 22d, was postponed to Friday, July 16th. For further particulars see notice in another column.

Belvidere Seminary.

The anniversary exercises of the closing term of the Misses Bush's excellent school for young ladies, at Belvidere, N. J., took place Tuesday and Wednesday, June 22d and 23d.

A Haunted House in Boston.

Quite an excitement prevails in one of the popular streets at the South End, on account of the singular manifestations which occur in the house of a respectable family residing there. The demonstrations commenced Friday, June 18th, by the ringing of the front and back door-bells simultaneously with all the bells leading to every room in the house. The family were much annoyed and somewhat alarmed at this unusual and unaccountable procedure, and set to work with the utmost vigilance to ferret out the mysterious "bell-ringers," but all their efforts proved of no avail. The bells would ring at short intervals during the day and night, in spite of the watchful scrutiny of nearly a dozen persons.

The bells were then muffled, but no sooner had the person stepped down upon the floor than the muffled bells were instantly stripped from the bells by some unseen force, and flung around the room. This feat took place in mid-day, in presence of several parties who looked on amazed at the strange phenomenon.

After exhausting the various expedients thought of during several days, it was suggested to try the spiritual theory and ascertain, if possible, whether any intelligence was connected with the manifestation. Thereupon one of the ladies remarked: "If spirits have anything to do with the ringing of the bells I should think they might ring them more gently, so as not to frighten us." All eyes were immediately attracted to the bells, which began to give forth distinct sounds, but softly and gently as possible. This was a new phase in the invisible programme, and led to further inquiries.

Questions in rapid succession were then asked, and as readily answered by the bells striking three times for an affirmative and once for a negative answer. The names of deceased relatives and friends were called, and received the responsive No! till the name ***** was mentioned, when the bells gave a decided and excited ring. "If I call the alphabet, will you spell the full name, by responding to the right letters as I call them off?" Three taps on the bells, was the reply. The alphabet was then called and responses came to letters that spell *****. "Well, *****," if it is you, you have another name which was not very often used; give us that and we shall be better satisfied." ***** rang out the bells as the alphabet was again called. "That is the right name," responded the questioner. Astonishment was expressed in every countenance. [We refrain from giving the name, at this time, as there is an investigation going on in regard to the sudden death of the party named. He was an acquaintance in this family, and was hastily buried before any member of it had heard of his death.] To test the matter still further, all the wires attached to the bells were entirely disconnected from them, but the bells would ring notwithstanding. At times it seemed as though an invisible hand swept along under the string of bells, ringing them all at once, at a furious rate. This was a poser to all the theories advanced by those who disbelieved in the power of spirits to return and make their presence manifest. Brains that had been rather dormant heretofore, now found something in the manifestation to think about!

Other manifestations besides the bell ringing were interspersed. For instance: A noise like one pounding on the floor and consequent trembling jar were heard and felt in the drawing-room, then a straining effort, as though some one was trying to lift or remove a heavy weight. Then followed a sharp, cracking noise, resembling the sound that would be heard when ripping up and splitting one of the boards of the floor.

While this was going on, diligent search was made in the rooms below, and adjoining rooms, but nothing was discovered that could possibly produce so palpable a demonstration.

"All imagination." Bah! that's the bigot's cry at every new phase of manifestation in physical life. More likely it is the work of some spirit who is determined his friends shall fully recognize him. When that is accomplished, the manifestations will undoubtedly cease in that house.

Our Subscribers' List of New Names.

Still they come. Our friends, if they keep on in the good work, and we sincerely hope they may, will increase the circulation of the *Banner of Light* by thousands beyond its present number in a very brief time. Individual effort is a sure way to do it. Let the world have "LIGHT." Let our sheet spread the glorious Spiritual Philosophy, to enlighten and cheer desponding souls with the truths of spirit communion and life eternal. We continue the list of the names of our old patrons who have sent us one or more new subscribers:

A. C. Palmer, one; J. L. Corson, one; T. L. Vaughn, one; Fannie V. Kelton, one; Mrs. J. W. Caldwell, one; Z. C. Howard, Jr., one; Mrs. M. Allen, one; E. Marsh, one; Enos Lewis, one; Mrs. T. T. Young, one; R. S. Coffin, one; William J. LaRue, three; E. J. Wheeler, one; R. M. Congar, one; W. W. Robbins, one; William McCall, one; D. S. Jackson, one; J. Taylor, one; E. B. Ely, one; A. Cotton, one; J. S. Wiley, one; A. M. Harding, one; George Mellor, three; Benjamin F. LeFevre, one; J. K. Grant, one; P. S. Whitcomb, one; J. B. Simmons, one; A. Bassett, M. D., one; S. M. Jarvis, one; A. McFarlane, one; E. Root, one; V. F. Hill, one; E. J. Durant, two; O. N. Bancroft, one; Mrs. William M. Shaw, one; William Jarvis, two; A. H. Thomson, three; M. R. Winegan, one; S. C. Parks, one; C. G. Brown, one; H. E. Hackett, one; L. J. Hibbard, one; Alden Davis, one; Dr. A. C. Douglas, one; Daniel Gould, one; B. F. Cobb, one; James Dinmore, one; Mrs. R. Murphy, one; H. W. Booser, one.

Séances Closed.

Mrs. Lizzie Davenport Blandy, who has been holding circles for the physical manifestations, at 54 Hudson street, this city, closed them on the 22d inst. These séances have been attended by many men and women of note, and the manifestations were admitted by all to have been of a superior order. As we have already published detailed accounts of these wonderful exhibitions of spirit-power, it is not necessary for us to repeat them here.

Mrs. Blandy has been suddenly called home on business, but will return to Boston and resume her séances on or about the first of September next.

Those in Boston and vicinity who may desire private séances at their residences, when Mrs. B. returns, may make arrangements to do so by addressing Ira Davenport, at this office.

Reply to Dr. Dwight.

The Three Lectures of Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, which were an unanswerable reply to Wm. T. Dwight, D. D., of that city, on Spiritualism, have, in pamphlet form, reached the fourth edition, and well deserve the widespread popularity and appreciation with which they have been received. We need not refer to their peculiar merits here, the rapid multiplication of the editions bearing the best practical testimony to the esteem in which they are held.

The Medium Read—Again.

Certain Spiritualists, in harmony with skeptics, are determined to class all physical mediums as impostors. They have been at work in this business for over twelve years, to our certain knowledge; yet the manifestations go on, more palpably than ever, through these same media. In regard to Read, we have only to add to what we have previously said, that Mr. A. E. Carpenter's statement in last week's *Banner* is strong evidence in favor of the genuineness of his (Read's) manifestations, and is endorsed by the most respectable Spiritualists here.

We did intend to put on record the action of a few Spiritualists of Waterbury, by publishing their resolutions condemnatory of Read; but as certain parties have attempted to hurry us in this matter, we have not moved as yet; and do not think we shall be forced to, against our convictions of right.

A few weeks ago, we received a series of resolutions condemnatory of a physical medium in the West, with the request from a Spiritualist that we publish the same, which we did. Subsequently we published another communication from a reliable source, which stated that the man is a bona fide medium. This shows that the meeting of Liberals and Spiritualists were too hasty in publishing their suspicions. And the Spiritualists of Waterbury, in regard to Read, stand in the same category to-day. They are divided in opinion. Hence we do not condemn Read on the *ipse dixit* of a few hasty and sensitive ones whose fears got the better of their judgment.

Pat to the point, in this connection, we copy from the *Present Age* of June 19th, the following judicious remarks of Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, who is himself a fine physical medium:

"The following item we read with regret recently in the *Evening Mail* of this city (New York): 'The Spiritualists of Waterbury have united in a series of resolutions thanking the committee who brought about the exposure of the impostor Read, and call upon the *Banner of Light* to publish these resolutions.' We trust this does not refer to Mr. C. H. Read, whose remarkable phenomena were witnessed by so many last year in Boston and Cambridge, men of science many of them, shrewd, discerning men, whose experience for years has tended especially to fit them to accurately weigh evidence, and in no instance could we learn even of an expression of doubt relating to the genuineness of Mr. Read's phenomena, whatever the opinion might have been as to the cause of them.

But even if this be the same Mr. Read, we should feel very cautious how we accepted even the testimony of the Waterbury Spiritualists. Since the advent of Spiritualism down to the present day, nothing has been more frequent than these so-called exposures of mediums. Again and again has a cry of triumph arisen over the exposure of some poor medium, and in nine cases out of ten the whole thing has been found to be the result of prejudice and intolerance on the part of investigators, leading, either to violated conditions, bringing discomfiture upon the medium, or the deliberate entrapment of him in some dishonest snare set for his overthrow.

If scientific men would bring to the investigation of spiritual facts one half the candor and honesty that they give to an investigation of the material phenomena of the universe, the world would very soon know the truth of these things, and this senseless cry of trickery and humbug would be no more heard."

Chicago Meetings and Lyceum.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* says the Spiritualists of Chicago, having leased Crosby's Music Hall for one year, opened their meetings on Sunday, June 6th, with lectures morning and evening, by Mrs. A. H. Colby. The Lyceum holds its session at 12 o'clock. Large and intelligent audiences attended both services. The singing consisted of selections from the "Spiritual Harp," led by an efficient choir, and joined in heartily by the whole congregation. The most profound harmony and good feeling prevailed, and all seemed to enjoy the Pentecostal feast. Spiritualists can now meet with one accord, in one place, as in days gone by. Sisters, brothers, friends, neighbors and strangers, come, see and hear for yourselves. Mrs. Colby lectured Sunday, June 13th, morning and evening. Subject for both lectures, "Is man immortal, and if so, what are his future conditions?" Miss Susie M. Johnson speaks June 20th and 27th.

Ed. S. Wheeler.

Bro. Wheeler has just closed his engagement in Washington, and returns to Cleveland again, his permanent residence. He is ready to answer calls for lectures anywhere. In a private note to us from Washington he writes:

"Coming at an hour's notice here to stay a week or so during the illness of Bro. Foster, I have been detained until the day of my coming is now ten weeks old. I have not been idle, both voice and pen having done their part in different service. But such disjunct labor, it seems to me, cannot reach the last degree of effectiveness. Generally I have spoken three times each Sunday, in the hall, morning and evening, and once in the afternoon from the East Capitol Steps, under the shadow of the lofty dome. A place for inspiration surely. The next Sunday ends my work there, but other hands and heads will carry it forward; and probably the Sunday meeting at the Capitol may become an institution. Next week comes the day of Cleveland, O., where I shall be glad to hear from old friends, and make arrangements for work in the future."

Lizzie Doten's Poems.

A correspondent wishes us to reprint in the *Banner of Light* Edgar A. Poe's beautiful poem, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Doten, beginning thus:

"From the throne of Life Eternal,
From the home of love supernal."

We have already printed this poem twice in the *Banner*, and would again were it not to be had in book-form. Our correspondent can secure it by purchasing Miss Doten's book of Poems, "The Inner Life," which contains many other fine inspirational gems. We are about issuing the fifth edition of this charming volume, on thicker and nicer paper, elegant binding, etc. It is one of the grandest books of the age.

To Lecturers and Conductors of Meetings.

We wish officers of meetings and lecturers would promptly inform us of any changes that take place in regard to the meetings or lectures, so we can keep our lists correct. Some parties are very negligent in this matter, and it ought not to be so. We publish the notices gratuitously, and those benefited thereby should, to say the least, keep us correctly posted.

Boston Lyceum Picnic.

The Spiritualists of this city unite with the Children's Lyceum on a picnic excursion to Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, July 7th. This is the most seasonable time to commence picnics—early enough. No doubt a large audience will be in attendance. A special train will leave the Fitchburg Depot quarter before nine o'clock with the happy party.

Charlestown.

The meetings which have been held in Central Hall, in our neighboring city, the past season, have been a success. The summer vacation will commence after Sunday, July 4. On that day Mr. J. H. Currier is to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion. Excellent singing will intersperse the services.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. M. Peebles lectures in Chicago, Ill., Sunday, July 4th.

Joseph D. Still, of Boston, Mass., inspirational lecturer, improvisator and celebrated test-medium, is at present in Vermont. Address, till further notice, Passumpsic, Vt.

N. Frank White will lecture in Waterbury, Conn., Sunday, June 27th. Address until July 15th, Seymour, Conn. He will speak in Williamsville, July 18th and 25th. Address, through August, Boston, care of *Banner of Light*. During September and October he will lecture in Portland, Me., and in New York during November.

Dr. W. H. C. Martin, Hartford, Conn., whose name is on our list as an inspirational and trance lecturer, is also a good electric and cancer physician.

C. B. Lynn intends to go West the coming fall and winter, and would like to make engagements for lecturing. He will also be in attendance at the National Convention. Keep our young speakers at work, friends; it is better for them and the societies which employ them.

C. Fannie Allen is engaged to lecture in Stafford, Conn., July 17th, 24th and 31st and August 8th. Agnes M. Davis during September, and D. W. Hull in November.

Thomas Gales Forster's address is 466 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. He is a grand lecturer. Secure his services.

Practicability of Spiritualism.

Another remarkable test of the wonderful power of Dr. D. C. Dake, the celebrated analytic healer. Henry Gates, Esq., of St. Louis, was badly injured at the burning of Pope's College, one month since; for three weeks suffered the most excruciating pain; took a violent cold; inflammatory rheumatism set in, also inflammation of the lungs, together with affection of the heart and liver; could not move a muscle; neither could he sleep day or night; was attended by two well-known regular physicians, but no relief, no cure. Dr. Dake was called, and to the great joy of patient, family and friends, and satisfaction to himself, gave the poor sufferer instant relief from pain, and healing him within one week so that he could leave his bed and house. All hall true mediums, anywhere and everywhere.

"Seers of the Ages."

The California *San Jose Mercury* speaks of Mr. Peebles's new book as follows: "J. M. Peebles is regarded as an able writer and lecturer, not only upon the subject of Spiritualism, but upon all kindred topics of radical reform in Church and State. In the above he has given us a book embodying much historical research, as well as the gist of the most progressed modern thought, upon a subject, the physical phenomena of which are aptly designated by one of our leading literary writers as the 'despair of science.' All inquiring souls in search of light should send their orders for this work." The second edition of this important work has just been issued, and all orders will be filled at once.

Children's Lyceum Sunday Evening Concert.

The next regular Monthly Concert by the members of the Boston Children's Lyceum will take place in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Sunday evening, July 4th. These entertainments have proved quite a success, and are really worth the attention of our citizens, and especially all friends of the Lyceum, as the proceeds go to help sustain that worthy institution. We hope to see the hall crowded.

Bondville, Vt.

Our correspondent G. T. Shanks writes: "Mrs. Sophia Woods is lecturing here, and awakening a decided interest in the philosophy of Spiritualism. The lectures are well attended. The lecturer is a beautiful trance speaker, and will probably remain here for a year."

The Davenport Brothers

Are to hold Public Séances in Providence, R. I., on Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 28th and 29th.

The Great Peace Jubilee.

While this greatest event of the year was in process of preparation, a striking feature presented itself. The smoothness and freedom from jarring elements, the readiness with which the call for material and musical aid was responded to, the rapid development of all the plans devised for its consummation, the acquisition and transportation of such a vast quantity of lumber as was required in the building, the entire freedom from all accidents or delays in the necessary preparations and erection of such a colossal structure, suggested the query whether something more than mortal agency was at work, and that possibly spirits might be participants in the business. I learned through three different media that such was the fact, and that Handel was the principal director, and that this is but the first of a grand series of musical displays on a gigantic scale, also of other works of equal magnitude to be developed by the combined action of the vast hosts of those who have advanced beyond the earth plane. To those who are ignorant of what the invisibles are capable, this statement may appear monstrous and absurd, but to those who have informed themselves in the matter of spirit intercourse, there will be no difficulty in comprehending such an assumption. We know very well what power individual spirits possess to influence mortals singly, in writing, drawing, music, and the various other mental developments of media. What is there unphilosophical in the idea of a vast number of the musicians of the past, with all the knowledge and skill they carried with them from earth, combined with what they have acquired in sphere life, acting in concert, to produce on earth through fleshly organisms a development of their progressed advancement in the sublime harmonies of musical intonations? And no musical genius of whom we have any history is so competent as Handel to lead so immense an enterprise. His superior strength of mind and powerful will, combined with extensive musical knowledge and transcendent skill, quickened and cultivated by a hundred and fifty years of spirit-life, would qualify him admirably to direct the vast throng of musical spirits who would be overjoyed to participate in a demonstration so inspiring, and which is now being developed with such triumphant success. Then the eminent musical leader, P. S. Gilmore, is a gentleman admirably qualified by knowledge, skill, experience, and very superior mediumistic qualities, to be the mortal instrument through whom the glorious work could be developed, and the eleven thousand minor instruments brought together and combined, to produce the required result, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the world.

Mr. Gilmore might not assent to this statement, he being a Catholic, but the superior intelligences

are not at all particular about that, and it will be found true nevertheless.

We were told long ago that the time was rapidly approaching when there would be so great a display of spirit power that it would sweep everything before it like a hurricane, and within a few months, that the time was very near, and the world was to be astonished at the wonderful exhibition of superhuman agency in the affairs of men.

This afternoon (Thursday, 17th) with a medium, a stranger, with the Planchette I obtained answers to the following questions, written at a distance from the medium and without his knowledge:

"Is the Jubilee controlled by spirits?"

"Yes."

"Is Handel the presiding spirit?"

"Yes."

"Is this merely the beginning of a great series of similar festivals?"

"Yes."

"Is it merely the great outburst of spirit power long ago promised?"

"Yes," written very large and quite emphatic.

Now one of the objects avowed by the spirits is to bring mankind together into harmony, and nothing so attracts and soothes asperities and angularities of discordant minds as music, hence the intelligences have very wisely begun by a musical harmony such as the world never before heard of, to be followed by others of a still more astounding character in due time. ONWARD.

Sunday Services at Mercantile Hall.

At present a great deal of activity is manifested in this locality among the Spiritualists. During the forenoon of each Sabbath, the Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its session, presenting to the eye and heart of the visitor a cheering and hopeful prospect; in the afternoon a conference is kept up; and during each Sunday evening (with the exception of the first in every month) a free lecture is delivered; on the first, a concert is given by the Lyceum children, for the benefit of that institution.

On Sunday afternoon, June 20th, notwithstanding the rain, a very fair audience assembled to exchange views upon the "Relations existing between Matter and Spirit." The meeting was called to order by Dr. Duncklee, who read an extract appropriately canvassing the subject under consideration. He was followed by Mr. I. Ashdown, who considered spirit to be an emanation from the elements of our being, and therefore thought there was but little difference between spirit and body. As we grew more expanded in our views while here on earth, we should learn to know the spirit better. The physical body (representing matter) and the spirit, were, so to speak, two friends; and as the partition walls became broken down, we would realize that the lower is but the complement of the higher. We had within us in this life the elements of a grander existence, and in proportion as we improved these elements we should become more spiritual. What we were in earth-life was but a prelude to what we should be beyond the river of change.

A. E. Giles remarked that it had been said that one could not become religious without also becoming metaphysical; and in his own case he had found that a consideration of religious subjects led him frequently into a consideration of metaphysics. If persons came to the study naturally, physics would be found to concern the outside, and metaphysics the inside of existence or being. Every person arrived, sooner or later, at a period in life when he was thrown back upon himself; and if the inner nature of such person had been cultivated, if by internal communings the individual had become acquainted with this inner self, he would find it to be the best company for him; and if not, the opposite would be felt. To illustrate the various gradations from the exterior, matter, to the interior, spirit, he referred to the various forms assumed by water, under proper conditions—tracing it from its natural state, when it could be seen, up to the steam which could not be traced, (unless it was slightly cooled,) but which was water, nevertheless, though invisible. Thus matter was that which could be cognized by ordinary senses, while spirit was that which could not.

Man was said to be the epitome of all things—a little world in himself—and the speaker proceeded to show the reasonableness of this view by tracing the effects of the different articles of food which he ate. And all of these entering into the system became elevated by the contact, as was the case with carbonate of lime, which when obtained from bones was found to be a powerful fertilizer, but in its vegetable state was wholly inert.

The New Testament said, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." Christians had declared this word to be Jesus; but the Neoplatonists of Alexandria, who knew as much of Spiritualism as the wisest of to-day, declared this *logos* (meaning reason, or word) to express the external manifestation of the inner mentality. All men possessed in some sense this power of reason, this *logos*, this *ego*, as different, it might be, as the carbon in the charcoal is from the carbon in the diamond, yet after all the same spirit. The speaker considered that matter and spirit were coeternal, although we might properly affirm their existence (as regarded ourselves) by the time and in the order in which we first became acquainted with them. Referring to the transfiguration, of Jesus on the mount, the speaker stated that in his opinion it was a case wherein the inner life became manifest outside of and around the material form. The necessity of our nature was intercommunion with the inner principle. When Jesus preached repentance, it was not in the sense held by his followers. It was from the Greek, signifying to *reverse the mind*, in order that a person might be led to a higher degree of spiritual knowledge.

After the reading of an extract by Dr. Duncklee bearing on the remarks of Mr. Giles, and a song by Mr. Hammond, the meeting adjourned.

Evening Lecture.

The third lecture of the course before the First Spiritual Association of Boston, was given Sunday evening, June 20th, by Mr. George A. Bacon.

After the usual singing by the excellent Lyceum choir, and reading from the Spiritual Harp, Mr. Bacon briefly referred to the inauguration of a series of Sunday evening free lectures before the Spiritualists of Boston, and pleasantly alluded to the manner in which he came to be employed. While in common with others he had an ideal of what a lecture should be, he was painfully conscious that one's ideal invariably fell infinitely short of one's real performance. Nothing was more lamentable than the difference between the two. Though subject at times to inspirational visitations, which were to him as blessed as angels' visits, and far more frequent than popular tradition implies, they were as yet confined to writing, not to speaking.

He was aware of all the advantages of extemporaneous speech, for he had felt in himself the appalling of thoughts meeting the descent of the spiritual influx, and while aching to speak, found that his tongue was dumb. Aware also of the disadvantages of any written effort—however good or otherwise—he labored that evening under the disadvantages of the latter.

Purposely avoiding all theological issues and speculative indugences, he desired to ask attention to what might be denominated Spiritual Ethics, or the Morality of Spiritualism. Though the subject of morality was ever so tried, there were few of greater magnitude or importance; and, partly-metaphysical rules to the contrary, it was always in order. It meets us on every side as one of the encompassing verities. Regarded as fundamental to character and life, upon what it rests, and to what extent was it universal, were queries which awaited respectful response. As a system of ethics for the guidance of human action, morality rested upon certain dogmas analogous to the axioms of mathematics. The moral law, so-called, was contained in a few general precepts, the sense and justice of which were supposed to be obvious to all, and were of perpetual obligation.

While public exponents of Spiritualism had dwelt with frequency upon the various phases of manifestation, their origin and history, their nature and relationship, etc., they had not given corresponding prominence to its morality. The present age, however, is more concerned with morality than it was in former times. But the law of limitation must prevail. Such take their text from Scripture, and it reads as follows: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—*Ecc.* 1:18.

Defining its meaning, noting its relationship, the stationary character of moral axioms in connection with the relative difference of moral action in different degrees of latitude, he proceeded to consider the origin of morality, from whence arising the primal, universal sense of obligation, which he traced to the inherent attributes of spirit itself. But as the main purpose of his thought was to show that the moral teachings of Spiritualism were not only equal in moral value, (instead of being "evil and only evil," as some men affirm,) but were really more consistent, one with another, more in accordance with the principles of equity and justice, and more in conformity with what is called the science of human duty, than any other equally distinctive system prevalent among men—he submitted samples of the morality taught by Spiritualism by quoting from precepts from various well-known and representative Spiritualists, which fully proved his position.

The lecture was thoughtful and instructive, and was listened to with deep attention by those present.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

229 The bouquets of beautiful flowers on our Circle Room table, June 24th, came from the flower-garden of an esteemed lady in the vicinity of Boston, who modestly requested that we should not publicly name the donor. We tender thanks.

229 Our friends on Cape Cod will find a Call, in another column, for the Annual Camp Meeting in Nickerson's Grove, near Harwich Centre, Tuesday, July 20th.

229 This notice will reach some of our city subscribers in season to remind them of the Union Picnic at Concord, Tuesday, June 29th.

229 We cannot put business cards in our list of lecturers. Our advertising columns are the proper place for such notices. The list is solely for lecturers.

WHAT IS LIGHT?—See answer to question on our sixth page.

229 Our old friend, Charles Pierce, reported from the spirit-world at our Free Circle on Monday, June 21.

229 Beautiful wreaths of flowers, drawn in colors by Mrs. E. A. Blair, medium, while blindfolded, are on exhibition at the *Banner of Light* Free Circle Room. The public are invited to examine them. They are indeed remarkable productions, going conclusively to show what *spirit-artists* can do when favored with suitable media. Mrs. Blair resides in Lawrence, Mass. Mrs. Wheeler's drawings, done in a similar manner, are also on exhibition at this office.

229 The citizens of Boston and Dorchester voted last week on the Act annexing the latter to Boston, and it was accepted by a very large majority in both places. The additional territory will constitute the Sixteenth Ward. This makes the population of Boston about two hundred and fifty thousand.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

The English sparrows which have been introduced into New York have already done a marvelous work of cleansing. In the upper parts of the city, in Jersey City, in Hoboken, and especially in Brooklyn, which hitherto has been the very paradise and elysian fields of worms, the pest of former years is hardly noticeable.

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools an overwise man is the worst.

George Peabody's gifts amount to seven millions.

A spirit, purporting to be Henry G. Ellis in spirit-land, writes, through Miss M. K. Cassien, a message to be sent to his brother in Kentucky. Will any person who recognizes the name please send their address to M. K. Cassien, 73 Howard street, Newark, N. J.?

THE "KIND-OF-THE-WORLD" IDEA.—This pious delusion, truly says the *Investigator*, forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of religious fanaticism, and we see in it the effect of superstition on an ignorant and credulous people.

How TO CURE HYDROPHOBIA.—See answer to question on our sixth page.

A man applied to P. S. Gilmore, in Boston, for employment, having been sent by a wage. He wanted to get rosin on to the fiddles during the Peace Jubilee.

A Kentucky paper thinks that the word croquet is too Frenchy, and proposes that the game which it designates be hereafter called "Presbyterian billiards."

It is not polite to speak pompously or extravagantly for the purpose of calling attention to yourself, yet many do this who are considered polite.

"The Religious Press," so termed, is terribly exercised over "Gates Ajar." For sale at this office.

BOARD.—Mrs. Western, 54 Hudson street, having lately renovated her establishment, is now prepared to accommodate Spiritualists, who may visit this city, with board, either by the day or week, on reasonable terms.

Paper petticoats are now sold in London at sixpence each. Shoes are made of the same material.

The assured progress of liberal opinion in England is made manifest by the passage in the House of Lords of the Irish Church bill by a decisive majority. Two years ago such a result was scarcely dreamed of, and down to a late moment an impression has prevailed that the Peers would take the risk of rejecting this measure of a liberal Commons.

Digby says many of the richest planters of Jamaica live on coffee-grounds. That's the reason they got *ripped* so easily, remarked Quip.

The Albany *Journal* remarks: "The New York press does itself no credit in its attempts to disparage the magnificence of the Boston Peace Jubilee. Like most 'Yankee notions' it is a grand 'notion'—in its vastness if not in its harmony."

LIBERALISM IN RUSSIA.—Another step in advance is contemplated by the Russian Government. This is no less than the establishment of local government. The Minister of the Interior is now occupied with a project of law for the institution of elective municipal councils in the cities of the Russian Empire, Poland being excepted. A more important change could hardly be made. Hitherto local government has been carried on exclusively by functionaries nominated at St. Petersburg.

Eccelestastical faith is bed-ridden. Here and there a church, at great expense, manages to bolster the poor thing up of a pleasant Sunday, just long enough for it to get breath to last through another week; but no one thinks of bringing the venerable livid out-of-door, face to face with actual life; the shock would be too great, the doctors say, and the people are too busy with their own affairs to insist on making the experiment.—*The Radical*.

The Swedenborgians of the United States held their fifteenth annual general conference in New York, during the second week in June. They assert that they are making steady progress. They have churches in various places, where their views are presented; a publishing house in New York, from which a weekly paper and two monthly magazines are issued, and a large number of books published; and, in that vicinity, during the past winter, they have been exceedingly busy in delivering public lectures.

The wife of the venerable Rev. Father Taylor died in this city, Saturday evening, June 19th. She was seventy-four years of age. The 12th of next October would have been the fiftieth anniversary of her married life.

The little folks, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, were married recently.

"Come on, if you have to wren the baby in an hour," thought a frantic Buffalo man to his wife, after he had heard the great chorus at the Coliseum.

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—The American Institute will give an exposition of agricultural, mechanical, artistic and other productions, in the city of New York, commencing on the 8th of September next. Persons having anything to exhibit and wishing to be represented will receive circulars with full particulars by addressing S. D. Tillman, Corresponding Secretary of American Institute, New York.

Margaret Grove, writing from Shiloh Hill, Ill., says, "Truth is fast taking the place of error, superstition and intolerance in Southern Illinois—a condition of things you favored ones at the 'Hub' can scarcely realize." It is a moral certainty that wherever Spiritualism finds a foothold the people will be more enlightened, elevated and happy.

The glorious "American Hymn," composed by Matthias Keller, and to which Dr. Holmes wrote his peace poem, is one of the many grand things brought prominently forward by the Jubilee. The music is stately and dignified, and the composition deserves to rank as a national air beside the representative melodies of other nations, such as England's "God save the Queen," the Russian Hymn, &c. It is not a new piece, however. We have had it for sale on our counter for the past year.

Rev. F. E. Abbott, of Dover, denies that he is coming to Boston "to take charge of a new liberal society." He is going to Toledo, Ohio.

The *Hearth and Home* has been publishing a series of telling illustrated sketches, advocating kindness and condemning cruelty to animals. The lessons were quickly understood and appreciated.

The exact number of the Jubilee Chorus was 10,228.

The great organ in Boston Music Hall cost \$80,000 in gold, but could not now be replaced for less than \$100,000.

Spiritualists' Meeting in Portland, Me.

In pursuance of the call of the Committee of Spiritualists for the purpose of forming a State organization, a meeting was held at Congress Hall, Portland, Saturday, June 19, 1869. Owing to the shortness of the notice given of this call, but few were present, and those mostly our own citizens. The meeting was called to order, and the call read, by Hon. J. C. Woodman, on whose motion James Fairbairn, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and W. E. Smith, Secretary. The forenoon was occupied with remarks from Messrs. Woodman, Fairbairn, and others of Portland, and J. M. Peebles, from the West, (who has been filling an engagement with the Portland Spiritual Association,) on organization, and the benefits to be derived thereby. The claims of Mr. Still, a colored man from the South, were then presented by Mr. Peebles, who gave some account of his mediumship, relating some of his visions received before he knew anything about Spiritualism, stating his desire to publish them in book form, for the benefit of his race, and desiring the endorsement of the friends in Portland. A committee was then chosen, viz., J. C. Woodman, Dr. Hopkins and M. French, to examine his credentials, and report at the afternoon session. A recess was then taken till 3 o'clock P. M.

The afternoon meeting was called to order by the Chairman at 3 o'clock, and the report of the committee on the case of Mr. Still was called for, which was favorable. A committee of two, viz., J. C. Woodman, Esq., and J. M. Peebles, was then chosen, and instructed to draw up a suitable recommendation, to be presented to Mr. S. in behalf of the Association. Mr. Woodman remarked that in view of the small number present, he thought it inexpedient to form an organization at this time, and therefore moved that when we adjourn we adjourn to meet in this place and hold a two days' convention, Thursday and Friday, July 20th and 21st, 1869, and that a cordial invitation be extended to all the societies in the State to meet and deliberate with us, to promote the good of the cause. After remarks by Messrs. Fairbairn, Dr. Hopkins, Mrs. Peebles, Smith, Deane, and Mrs. J. K. King, the motion was unanimously accepted.

A Committee of Correspondence was chosen, viz., J. C. Woodman, Dr. Hopkins and W. E. Smith, of Portland, who would be glad to hear from each society in the State, in order to ascertain the numerical as well as moral strength of our cause.

Voted, that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the *Banner of Light* for publication.

Attest, W. E. SMITH, Secretary.

Portland, Me., June 21, 1869.

Labor Reform Celebration

Will take place in Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Monday, July 5th. Senator Sprague, Prof. William Denton, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, Rev. Merrill Richardson and many others will speak. Excursion trains, with reduced fares, leave Boston at 9 A. M., Worcester at 9:45, and other points at corresponding hours.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

J. H. W. T., CHICAGO.—We respectfully decline your proposal.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIO-Philosophical Journal: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by B. S. Jones, Esq. Price 80 cents.

THE ROYALIST: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 50 cents.

THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4wJc2b.

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

MISS M. K. CASSIEN answers Sealed Letters at 73 Howard street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$1.00 and four red stamps. 4wJc1b.

Mrs. L. F. HYDE, the Medium, has returned to New York. Can be found at No. 453 Sixth Ave. Jc12 9w.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclosure \$2 and 3 stamps. Jc2b 3w.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. Jc1b. C. D. & I. H. PRESIO, Proprietors.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. Jy3.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.—Always keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam for the cure of all Bowel Complaints. You might need it, and be unable to get it in time.

A BIG THING!

The biggest thing we've seen as yet.

Or e'er expect to see.

Which very few will e'er forget.

Is the Peace Jubilee.

From every section of the land

The people have been here;

"A sight was never seen so grand"

On every side we hear.

The Boys have had a splendid time,

And many say "it can't be beat,"

Save when GEORGE FENNO "Clothes them prime,"

Corner of Beach and Washington street.

Special Notice.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—1f

Agents wanted for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Address, Prof. Payton Spence, box 5817, New York City. Jy3.—1f

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A WONDERFUL BOOK:

EXETER HALL.

A THEOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The most Startling

and Interesting

Work of the Day.

EVERY Christian, every Spiritualist, every skeptic, and every preacher should read it. Every ruler and statesman, every teacher and reformer, and every woman in the land, should have a copy of this extraordinary book. Assuredly it will be a revelation to all.

PRICE, 75 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

A. HODGES, Test Medium, holds circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 74, Thursday 3 P. M. Those requesting examination by letter should enclose lock of hair, return postage stamp, and state sex and age. No. 36 Carver street, Boston. 1wJc1b.

ROOMS TO LET, by the day or week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 1wJc1b.

PURE SALERATUS

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

IMPURE SALERATUS A PUBLIC ENEMY.

The destructive influence of which, every housekeeper should beware, and always secure that which is generally acknowledged reliable. Pyle's Saleratus has stood the test of time, and become the standard in New England. Ten years'

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their earthly life, but that they are not bound by the laws of the material world, and that they are able to receive and impart knowledge in a manner that is not possible to the human mind. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all times; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no admittance will be granted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Bouquets of Flowers.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

Almighty Spirit, we would worship thee in spirit and in truth, and fleeing away from our errors, from our ignorance, from our weakness, we would be encompassed about by thy strength, by thy wisdom, by thy truth. Even as the shades of night are lost in the arms of day, so would we lose our imperfections in the arms of thy Father, thou hast taught us to ask for what we have need. We have need of charity; give it unto us. We have need of all kinds of spiritual light; give it unto us. We have need to know how to walk uprightly; oh strengthen us; open our eyes, unstump our ears, and quicken all our senses to an understanding of thee. Thou hast opened the book of life, and our names are written therein, never to be erased, never to be lost. Not one leaf from life's great book will ever be torn out, but all remain intact forever and forever, as thy record, sublime, perfect and holy. Oh our Father, we praise thee for the gift of life, for the sublime gift of beautiful life, with all its joys and all its sorrows, with all its light and all its darkness, with its nights of darkness and its mornings of peace and joy. Thy spirit walketh with us forever, we know; but we do not always understand thee in our ignorance. We fail to comprehend thee. We do not understand thy voice always when it speaks to us. Oh quicken our understandings, and may we feel that thou wilt always guide us, will never forsake us. There can be no darkness so dense that thy light cannot penetrate through, that thy wisdom cannot overcome it. We are sure that we live in thee, that without thee we are nothing. Yet we constantly cry out in our fear, in the babyhood of our spirit. Oh Lord, we are weaker than a reed, because of thy ways. Oh make thy justice comprehensible to us. Oh make thy wisdom so high unto our hearts that we can read it plainly, and understand it more perfectly; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, to-day, as it ever has been and ever will be. Amen. May 13.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions to propound, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to consider them.

Q.—Can the spirit-world give us a remedy for that terrible disease known as hydrophobia?

A.—Oh yes, and a very simple one—one within the reach of all, that the poor man, as well as the rich, may easily obtain. It is of itself a powerful vegetable poison. But it possesses those counteracting properties necessary to annul the poison that exists in the disease, hydrophobia. It is not generally used by that class of medical men who profess to stand highest, and who, we are sorry to say, stand lowest in medical science. But it is often used by those persons denominated quacks, medical outlaws, who have no special abiding place with the so-called scientific medical world, but who nevertheless sometimes, say, very often, too, perform cures that could by no possibility have been performed under the old remedial system. This remedy you know as the herb lobelia—nothing more. Use the leaves wet with warm water applied to the wound, if there be any, and give of the tea, made very strong, till the patient experiences a thorough muscular relaxation and it is perceived that the whole muscular system has come under the influence of the remedy. Medical men inform us that it will not produce vomiting, when the disease hydrophobia is upon the system, but it will act as a powerful agent in neutralizing the poison, which is of an opposite character to itself, and will, they tell us, in nine cases out of ten, prove thoroughly effective when given before the second spasm seizes the patient. After that it is not so sure. But before that, it is always, they tell us, a sure remedy. Now treasure this little bit of knowledge, every one of you, for you do not know how soon you may have need of it.

Q.—Would the result be the same if taken immediately after being bitten?

A.—In all probability it would have the same effect as if taken later. I should use it as soon as possible.

Q.—How is it that glass will break on the line of a slight mark made by a diamond, and will not break on the line of a deeper mark made by any other instrument? Has electricity any agency in producing this result? and if so, may it not suggest other uses for the diamond?

A.—Yes. The diamond is known to be but crystallized carbon, but its peculiar properties that can be used with effect upon certain hard substances are very little known. It was by mere accident it was ascertained that diamonds would cut glass, and very accurately. As glass was originally a certain condition of crystallized life or form, we are not surprised that there is a certain affinity existing between the diamond and the glass. It is only another form of crystallized life. The various crystals composing the glass have become amalgamated by a chemical process, and it has become glass; and the crystallized carbon being brought in contact with it, by producing a scratch upon the surface, will nearly always cut it in that direct line, however crooked the line may be, and for this reason: Although there is only a slight scratch perceptible, yet, in truth, it is through the entire crystal or glass. It needs only a little physical force to make the separation complete.

Q.—What is the actuating principle of mind?

A.—Does Nature design man to attain the age of a century? If so, what are the indications?

A.—There are special physical boundaries set up in the physical life of every physical form at conception, over which no physical life can pass. These physical boundaries are varied by different degrees of unfoldment, but the determining power, so far as physical life is concerned, we find given at conception. To one the length of a hundred years is given; to another the bud is blighted in infancy; to another it attains mature age and falls from the earthly stalk. But there is an over-riding power determining concerning the case of each one.

Q.—Do not the Orthodox churches aim to connect Church and State in this country? If so, will they ever be successful?

A.—It is apparent that all churches aim to gather within their bonds everything that will serve them. If the State will serve them, they reach out to grasp and control it. And since we know that the State is a power, as the Church is, we can come to but one conclusion, and that is that the Roman Church is not alone given to grasping, would not alone be married to earthly power. Protestantism is not a whit behind it, to its shame.

Q.—Is disease, simply a magnetic or electro-magnetic disturbance?

A.—Both; since magnetism is but the child of electricity, we can hardly draw a distinct line between them. May 13.

Matthew Brady.

I was born in Boston, sir, on Lancaster street, and my name, sir, was Matthew Brady. And my father was killed in the army, and my mother took me and went to New York, because her brother lived there, and he was going to do very well for her after my father went into the army. And then my mother took sick and died, and I was put into the charity school for orphan Catholic

children. And I was one of the folks that the spirits came to, and make things move, and speak. And the spirits would come when my mouth was tied up, and speak side of me, and when I was sick—I took sick with—I don't know what was the matter with me here (in the chest). [Was it lung fever?] I don't know. I was sick about two or three weeks; and then they would come more than ever, and would speak right side of me and over me.

[Did they speak so your mother could hear?] My mother was dead. She died, and I was left with my uncle, her brother, and he didn't take care of me at all. He was poor, and he used to drink some, and didn't take care of me, and I was put in the school for orphans of the Catholics, and the spirits said: When the boy dies he shall come back, so you may know that we are spirits who speak in this way. [That was told to your attendants?] Yes, sir, to the Sisters of Charity and the priests—that I should come back, and they have been looking all this time for me to come, but I never had any chance to come. I was eleven years old. My guardian spirit was a priest that died one fifty years ago, and he was the one that used to speak the most. His name was Father Leary. [Did he die in this country?] No; he died in the old country. I never knew him here. He was in the spirit-world, you know, when he came and talked to me, and he said, the last time that he ever spoke, that when I was gone, when I was dead and with him, he should bring me back, as a proof of my life and of my power to come back, and would tell the day of the month and the year when he last spoke over my head to his people. It was on the second day of February, 1833. I live with him now. He is my teacher, and I am learning very fast, but I have to unlearn a great many things that I learned here. I don't live with my father and mother, because I am, spiritually, not their son. I am, spiritually, the son of my teacher. I belong in spirit to him, just as he said I did when I was sick. But they didn't understand it then. They thought he meant in the light of the Church, but he meant in the light of his affinity.

Good-day, sir. May the blessing of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be with you this day and all other days of your life. May 13.

Philip S. Norcross.

Life's wheels never cease to turn. The mighty car bears us onward through eternity, stopping here and there and allowing us to inform ourselves, as best we may, all along the route.

I was a passenger on board the "Lexington," a steamer plying between Boston and New York. In other words, one of your Sound Steamers. My name was Philip S. Norcross. I left a wife and one child, with whom I have had no communication since my change. This wife is the wife of another now, but none the less dear to me. The child is a child no longer. The cares, the storms and the calms of this life have made furrows upon her cheek. I have watched her course, and have endeavored many times to impress her with my presence; but how far I have succeeded I am unable to say. But my constant prayer has been, since this new light has folded the earth and the inhabitants of our world are permitted to mingle and communicate with those they have left behind—I have struggled earnestly and made it a prayerful study to know how to return. I was, in a certain sense, a religious man here. Was a member in the Orthodox faith, and believed in the Orthodox God and the Orthodox heaven and the Orthodox hell. I have to inform the friends I have left here that my religious views were but gleamings from the mysticisms of past ages, and as soon as the clear light of the spirit-life burst upon them they faded like morning fogs. I was bound no longer. My spirit soared into greater freedom, and I rejoiced to know that my God was not such a one as I had believed him to be. I was happily, thrice happily mistaken.

There are various means known to mortals by which the dwellers beyond human sight can return and communicate with those they leave here. And I would ask that my friends make—seek out some channel through which I can come, and let me once more speak face to face with them. Let me once more, through a human organism, behold the faces, the forms that were once so familiar to me, and, better than that, let me teach them of the life I have found. Let me rob them of the shadow of death, and in its place give them the white mantle of hope and joy concerning the future life. Farewell. [Did you reside in Boston?] I did. May 13.

Nellie Newman.

Oh, how do you do, sir? [How do you do?] I don't know how I do. I am Nellie Newman, anyway. Oh, dear! I jumped in so quick I almost broke my neck! Dear me! I was always in a hurry! They told me not to go too fast, but I couldn't help it. How do you do, mister? What is your name? Where do you live? [In Boston.] Is this Boston? [Yes.] Oh, Lord! [You are one way from home, sir, and you are going to get here? Why, I'm from San Francisco. I thought I was there. Oh, dear! and then my mother said here, is she? Oh, dear! well, and my father said here either. [I can't say.] Well, I can't say he ain't. [Where did you leave him?] I didn't leave him; he left me, and I was took sick while he was gone, and died; went in such a hurry, too—wasn't sick only three or four days. I couldn't be waiting to be sick much—as long as other folks be—fore I died. If I'd got to die I wanted to die pretty quick. I died of—that is that when you can't breathe? [Pneumonia?] I don't know, but I can't breathe now. I can't breathe. Oh, no! I'll tell you what it was. [Croup?] I s'pect so; and I got better just a little while and then I went. My mother thought I was better.

But you will say I am here, won't you, with my grandmother. Half the time I live with my grandmother Newman, and half the time with my grandmother Penley. She is my mother's mother. And, oh, say my grandfather has not got a wooden leg here. True! he has not. Mother said he used to wonder if he would have a wooden leg in heaven; and he hasn't got it. [He is all right there?] Yes, and I am, too, all right. I tell mother—tell her that I can, won't you? and that grandfather wants to come soon as he can? and tell her, too, that grandfather says that the old record—the old record what was brought from England, by his great-grandfather was not destroyed when their house in Cardington was burned. It was not destroyed, but from some reason or other, it got carried away, and it is now in a town in Illinois, and he shall try to look it up if he can only find the right folks to do it there. It's a awful hard to do some things here.

Have you got any children? [Yes.] Where are they? [On the earth.] But, got any here, have you? I was going to find out where they was and introduce myself. [A good many little children come around me.] Well, I see them. Thought they was yours. Oh, there's a whole lot of them! My grandfather says you'd have a numerous family if all these was yours.

Do not forget my name, will you? [How old were you?] When I was here? [Yes.] I was most nine years old. [Do you remember when you died?] Does I, yes, last winter. Oh, I'm always looking round to see where there's a good place to get into. Grandfather says I'm a weasel. He told me to tell to his son-in-law that there wasn't a single place anybody could see for that weasel to get in. They would find him in there every morning, and grandfather used to say he had the power of dissolving himself and of going through the boards. He says she will remember it; and I'm just like him. What's your name? [White.] White? You are a white man, ain't you? Oh, dear! hope I shan't fall out so quick! most killed myself coming. May 13.

A Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Holy art thou ever, oh Master of Life, thou infinite spirit in whom we live; thou who art God, to whom we pray. Not being satisfied to know that thou art God, we ask to know what God is, and how nearly we are related to God, and what we are to expect of God. Thou hast commanded us to search the Scriptures, and we find, oh Lord, that thou hast written them everywhere—in the heavens over our heads, in the earth under our feet, in the air we breathe, everywhere hast thou written thy scriptures. We hear it said that art past finding out, and since thou art infinite, it may be

that we can never know thee. But are we related unto thee, oh God? If we are, we would know of our relationship. We call thee Father. Art thou our father? We sometimes call thee mother. Art thou our mother? We call thee the power that sustaineth us. We believe that thou art that power. Oh Lord, our God, thou who art the spirit of the flower, and of our souls; thou who dost take up thine abode in temples made with lands; thou who art an everywhere present spirit, we would learn of thee. Send us thine angels, or wise men; send us thy holy spirits who have long dwelt with us, and who we may learn of them, and in turn teach these thy mortal children. In our utter dependence we look to thee as our father. In our weakness we cry unto thee as our mother. Oh Life, beautiful Life, answer our prayers. Bestow wisdom upon us. Shed the dew of thine holy love upon us this hour. Oh, lead us nearer and still nearer to thee. Give us a clearer understanding of thee. Make us know, oh, our Father, wherefore we are and whither we are going. Out of the past thou hast called us. We know that we have part in the present. Oh, give us to know of the future. Reveal us to our souls as much of life as we can bear. Make us understand as much of thy life as we are capable of understanding, and inspire us to do deeds of love—to know thy why of our being. May we ever seek to worship thee through kindly deeds to our fellows. May we ever desire to visit those who are in need of our strength. May we ever find pleasure in ministering unto the necessities of those who are weaker than ourselves. Oh, send us, Great Spirit, wherever there is a soul that has need of us. Send us, our Father and our Mother, wherever there is a spirit languishing in darkness, bowed down with the sorrows of earth, and calling upon the great spirit-world and its Father for light. We pray thee to send us thine angels, or wise men, to those who sorrow. May they lift up their heads, wipe away their tears, and cause them to behold in faith that better land where human sorrow at last is unknown. Oh, grant that this divine dispensation of thy power—this modern Spiritualism may become great and good and holy, as perfect as the age will allow it to be. Clothe it with pure white garments, and give it into the hands of those who will ever minister it rightly to those in need. Oh, grant that thy children here may receive it, thanking the great Author, thanking thee, Father, for all thou hast given them. We bless thee for the spring, for the summer, for the autumn, for the winter, for all the degrees of life, and we ask that we may realize thy kingdom here; that we may at the bread of thy holy spirit even here, this hour. For thine is the kingdom of peace and truth, and love and wisdom, ever and ever. Amen. May 24.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—The following extract is from a sermon by Wm. E. Channing published in 1832: "Jesus not only was but is still the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He exists now; he has entered that heaven to which he always looked forward on earth. He lives and reigns. With a clear, confident faith, I see him in that state of glory, and I confidently expect, as in that glory, to see him face to face. We have indeed an absent friend whom we shall so surely meet." Now I wish to know if the views there expressed are still entertained by the spirit of Channing? Has he seen Jesus face to face? Does he still think Jesus the Son of God, and Saviour of the world?

A.—The faith of our good Bro. Channing was equal to his love; and his love was almost boundless. He believed that he should behold the literal man, Jesus the Christ, after death. So far, his belief has turned to knowledge, for he has beheld him as a living, tangible, real spirit. He believed also that Jesus had the same body as he had on earth, the gate by and through which humans were to come to Christ, or a gate of possible happiness, heaven. In this he was mistaken, for he finds in his new condition of life that there are as many saviours as there are souls to be saved. The doctrine of the vicarious atonement becomes at once annulled by the clear light of spiritual truth. When the soul perceives what it is—a divinely responsible agent—it knows that it can depend upon no one outside of itself for salvation, for happiness, for heaven. Whoever is capable of leading us in the right direction, of turning us from error, and leading us to the light of becoming, so far, our saviour. But the work has to be finished by ourselves. We alone hold the keys that will admit us into heaven. There are no St. Peters for us or for the Romanists. There are no Jesus of Nazareth that will be able to save even one soul. Channing knows this well, and has endeavored by all the power that has been bestowed upon him to shed the light he has received in his new home, upon those he yet dearly loves, who dwell on earth-life.

Q.—Is there any rational way to account for an entire want of historical proof of the life and death of Jesus as recorded in the Bible?

A.—The Bible offers no positive evidence that such a man ever lived. If we would find evidence concerning his human life, we must seek for it elsewhere. So far as his public life is concerned, his sayings and doings, we find it to be, in many respects, a mere copy of those that were before him. But we do know that such an individual has lived on the earth. We do also know that very much has been ascribed to him that does not belong to him. I am very well aware that this knocking the Bible from under the feet of the Christian world, is a very presumptuous thing, and that he who would do this would be sides it to be the rock upon which the world stands. But I am also aware that truth is stronger than error, and that it will finally overcome error, whether it is found in the Bible, or in your *Banner of Light*. It makes no difference. Truth is destined to overcome error, sooner or later. If it is found in the Bible, it must be dealt with just the same as if it were found anywhere else. True wisdom makes no special difference between the so-called sacred things of life and those which do not bear that stamp. We believe that neither sacred nor profane historians who wrote previous to the time when Christianity became popular (excepting one or two whose names I shan't at present mention, like the Alexandrian Libani, or even thought it worth their while to write about the man Jesus, for in their day he was not popular. Josephus says, about such a time such a man lived, but he says nothing more of him.

Q.—What is light?

A.—Light is the child of motion; and it is found wherever there is motion. If you can find any place where there is an entire absence of motion, you will find an entire absence of light. But from long observation I have been unable to find any place or any condition of life from which motion was absent, therefore I find light to be an inherent property to all things and all places; and I believe it to be the legitimate child of motion. We are dependent for light upon the centre of the solar system. But the centre of the solar system is also dependent upon the motion of the earth, in order to be able to reflect its rays upon the earth. The same power by which light is produced in the sun, produces light in the earth, in the granite rock, in the flower, in every thing upon the earth's surface, and under the crust of the earth. Go down as far as you may be able to penetrate, still you will find light, because you will find motion there. Take away the sun, blot it out, still there would be light, because there would be motion there. No such thing anywhere, in anything, as absolute rest. Motion is everywhere. It is where we behold what we call death. It is where we behold what we call new life. Light is possessed of infinite power. It paints the rose and the leaf, the skies, the granite rock, the ocean, everything is acted upon by this universal artist. It gives us our diamonds, all our precious stones. It is the God of the external universe. We call upon God as the Spirit of Light; and underneath this external metaphor lie a very great truth. Light being the positive force in nature it is the outworking power of nature. It causes the lily to bloom, the oak to grow, the worm to revive, the sun to shine. It is the power upon which all that our external senses can measure is dependent. One single beam of light contains within its own miniature everything else that can be found in all the universe. It contains your gold, your silver, your granite, your flowers, the whole vegetable world. It contains in miniature everything that can be found wherever light exists.

Q.—In the Message Department I see, occasionally, some spirit will ask: "Is this Boston?" If they learn where to find you, why should they not know the name of the place?

A.—The names of places, like names of persons are things of a very little value to the inhabitants of the spirit-world. When we desire to reach a certain point in earth-life—say, for instance, we desire to reach Boston—we do not so

express ourselves, but we say we desire to reach such a given magnetic and electric point of life. We are attracted not to the place, but to the spirits inhabiting the place. They have many names. We should have something to do to enumerate them all, each one that has acted upon us in bringing us here, if we were to undertake the task. It is not at all necessary for the spirits to inquire what the name of the place is to which they are going in order to meet their friends in earth-life. They only ask to know the magnetic and electric locality. That is all that is necessary.

Q.—In the *Banner of Light* of Nov. 21st, 1868, is to be found a message purporting to come from Betsey Brown, of Derby, N. H. I find on inquiry that no such person ever lived here. An explanation is sought for.

A.—An old lady by the name of McKean, who tells us she came from that place, has volunteered to look up the case and will report. May 24.

Ira Carter.

Well, sir, I am a "Hoosier" by the name of Carter. My name is Ira Carter. I suppose, sir, I hail from Springfield, Ill. I don't know much about these things, stranger, but I've been kind of fighting my way here for some time. I went out and fought for our Mr. Lincoln, but, as appearances show, I got the worst of it. I was killed, sir, at the Battle of the Wilderness. I suppose that's what you call it, and I tell you what 'tis, it's rightly named. If ever there was a wilderness that place is one. I've got a brother and sister. They are Baptists here. They do not believe in this business at all, and I don't. [That makes it hard for you.] Yes, powerful hard, stranger, I tell you. It is about as well not to take too much truck with you when you come on this side. You bring it to a poor market. [You can't dispose of it.] No, no, stranger. It's apt to rot on your hands. Mine has, I know, and I am at a loss to know what to do with it. Stranger, I thought I was a Christian here—tried to be. But, after all, it's kind of poor stuff for this market here. I've met an old chap here on this side where I live now—been here a good many years, and was counted very good. [What was his name?] Give his name? His name is Howard, and—well, he is a man that went round doing good. Well, I accidentally run again him, and I asked him what church he belonged to. "Well, my friend," he says, "I belong to no church." "Well, what church did you belong to on the earth?" "My friend," says he, "I was a member of a church of my own getting up. I could not serve God according to the popular way, so I served him in a very unpopular way." So he went on to tell me, you know.

"Well," says I, "I belonged to the church when I was on earth, but it did not seem to get much good from it, so I don't seem to better off than anybody else. What's the reason?" "Friend," says he, "how much good did you ever do in the world?" "I don't know; I can't tell." "Well, think," he said. "Well, I don't know, stranger. Come to sum it all up, don't think it would be a powerful sight, anyway." "Well," he says, "if you had done more good and had less to do with churches, you would have been better off here." Well, I come to that conclusion. Looked very much like it to me, anyway.

I've seen an old woman here that was called an infidel. She says when she was on the earth she always carried a pocket watch, and she would go to bed without doing it. You ought to see her here; stranger, you ought to see her here. She is the most beautiful spirit you ever saw. And she is just as happy—and she is going round on the earth now, influencing folks to do good. So, you see, I come to the conclusion that it's about as well to do as well as you know how to and let the churches alone. That's what I think about it, and I thought it would not be amiss to come round here and tell my folks so. My brother Sam, now, if he has got a dollar to give he will give it to the church, thinking he is going to save his soul by it. It's the most selfish old Lord give to the church because you are going to save your soul by it, not because of the good it's going to do. Now, just look at the thing. I never looked at it at all till I came here and had it showed up to me in the true light. I thought if I gave it to the church I gave it to God. But God says, "Look here; these little ones of mine want shoes to their feet; they want clothes to their backs; they want food for their stomachs. That's my money, says I, and I want feeding and clothing there." Now, I know very well my brother intends to give what he leaves to the church. Better let it all up in a handkerchief and go round and peddle it out to God's poor. That's my advice. Don't want to see any more of my family coming here in this miserable, God-forsaken way.

Stranger, I got no education at all. I can't talk as other people can, but I can tell the truth, and I know it's a poor business—this tying yourself up to the church and expecting it's going to save you. I don't want my brother to do it, nor my sister. I want 'em to know I come back, and that I have come off for ever feeding and clothing for 'em. If I had not done that, very likely I might have done something better. The church is all well enough if you take care of other things, but I tell you what 'tis, this making a scapegoat of the church is poor business. Don't help you on much. Find yourself here unshod, I tell you. If my folks want to know where I am they will have to wait till I find out, for really I do not know. I know I'm alive, and that I'm no better off for belonging to the church, and if I'd done differently on the earth should have been better off. That much I know; and if they turn round and do all the good they can—never mind the church, or religion, or anything of the kind, and do good, will be very much better for them.

Oh tell them, too, that old Uncle Zeb has gone—that is, come; they would say gone, there. He is dead, and they do not know it. He was in Oregon. Lived a kind of hermit life. He was disappointed in several different directions when he was round among people. He got disgusted with all the world, and retired to private life. He would not have anything to say to any of his relations, would not hear from them—anyway, if he did would not let anybody know it. It was said he had a pile of money. If he has I don't care. But tell 'em he is dead; been gone up here about ninety years. If they don't believe it, go to the old mine in Oregon and they will find it. [Do you wish to give any information in regard to his effects?] His effects! No, sir; not by a good deal. Just as soon give 'em information where they could find a dose of poison and how they should take it. No, no; never. I only want 'em to know he is dead, and I suppose he may be round to speak for himself 'fore a great while. I always thought he had some plaguey good points. He would not have anything to do with churches; was disgusted with human kind generally. Good-day. [Your age?] Thirty-nine, when I was here. Don't forget my name. May 24.

Esther Yeaton.

[Do you know me?] Yes, yes, I do. [How is that?] Well, I got a good memory. I knew you pretty nigh fifty years ago—nigh fifty years ago. I knew you, and I knew your mother, too. [Where?] Didn't you ever live in Newcastle? [Yes.] I knew you there. [It was small then.] Yes, yes, you was. I remember you well, though. [You ever saw me after I grew up, did you?] No; you went away from here when you was young—you must have been about twelve years old—shortly after your father died. [Yes, that's true.] My name, when I was here, was Esther Yeaton. The very scar! the very scar where you got hurt! I can remember now. Something fell on you. Oh—oh—oh—it was a flatiron. [Yes.] Yes; your mother was terribly frightened. She said she always had a terrible fear of having anything happen to a child's head. [Remember it.] I was sitting by the fireplace, and the flatiron stood on the mantelpiece, just beside a cupboard door, and my mother, in opening the door, pushed the door, and the flatiron came in. I lived close by. Do you remember where old John Locke lived? You don't remember, do you? You was too small. [Was it up on the Neck toward Portsmouth?] No. He kept the toll-gate. [No; Bruce kept the toll-gate.] No, no; I mean the school-master. [Oh, yes, I knew him.] Well, I lived close by him. I came down that night and saw you. I heard you was killed; heard your mother had lost you.

Why, boy, do you know, I seem to live right back there again, now, in coming here? It is just as fresh to me as if I was back there again. I am as fresh as a fish. Your father's been talking to me about coming a good while. Every little while he would ask me if I'd been. Said I, "No." "Why don't you go?" he would say. "Why don't you go and

look about a little there?" Well, to tell the truth, I didn't care about dying over again. But he said it wasn't anything like it. He's been talking to me a long time about coming, and finally I concluded to come. He told me how well I could see, and how well I could hear, and it would be like living over old times as soon as I come back here in the body—and I do.

Where's your mother? [In Ipswich, N. H., with her daughter.] With her daughter? She must be pretty old. [Yes, nearly eighty; but she is very strong and as active as a rule. Well! well! well! I don't remember you. No, I suppose not. Do you remember sister Mary? Mary Yeaton?] Yes; she married a White; do you know as he was any of your relations. [I think not. It is so long since I was there, I've forgotten a good deal.] Yes, yes, it is; most forty years, isn't it? [Yes, since I left.] Well, I've lived here in the spirit-world—let me see—thirty-eight years. Then to think I should come back again! Oh, isn't it strange? [You never thought of such a thing when you were here.] No, no, never.

I've got two sons, John and Obed, and I wish I could reach them some way. Now don't you suppose I can? [I think so. Where are they?] Oh bless you! they come to Massachusetts, and one of 'em—John—went out West. Obed is in Massachusetts somewhere, but I can't get to him any way. Your father said I'd be able to get after coming here. Now what do you think? Oh dear! do take off those handcuffs (the medium's bracelets). [Never mind them.] Well, they keep troubling me, that's all. [Do you visit your sons?] Oh no; I can't at all. [When you leave here I think you can go directly to them.] Oh can I? God be praised! They've got children, both of 'em. I don't know but they've got grandchildren. But I can't go to them at all, and I desire it so much; I think so. I think I could. [Yes, I think you will be able to see them quite plainly, and perhaps influence them to get your message.] I've met your uncle Isaac here, too, and your little brother. Do you remember him? [Oh yes.] You must have been very small. [He was drowned when he was five, and I was seven.] Well, you think I can go to my sons? [Yes.] Oh Lord! I am so glad. That will pay me for coming. [Have you anything to say to your friends in Newcastle?] Lord! I do not know where they are. They are all gone. [On your side?] Yes, a good many of them. But my sons are here on the earth. Why, do you know, I feel just as I did when I was here. I should think I was transported right back again to my old state of being. I feel just the same. I'll tell you the last words I said to my boys when they went away. They went away, you see, before I died. I told them to be sure, now they were going into such a wicked place, not to break the Sabbath, and to read the Bible. Now they will remember that. [Did you think Massachusetts a wicked place?] Why yes. They come to Boston. Wicked place! wicked place. Good-by. May 24.

Thomas J. Jackson.

We are very fortunate in finding a way by which our desire to return may be gratified. I am forcibly reminded this afternoon of a remark which one of my staff, who was a very dear friend, made to me shortly before my death. I was talking matters over with him, and asked him what he thought of a certain move which I was about to make, whether or no he thought it would be successful. His reply was, "General, I believe that God will always furnish the power, and success, where it is best that success should come. I believe that whatever we have absolute need of we shall have the power to obtain." Now there seems to be an absolute need of an opening between the two worlds, and we find it here. I for one feel like thanking God for it.

I am here this afternoon to say a few words to my friends who still mourn my earthly loss, and in consequence of that loss feel very hard toward our Northern people—feel as if the North was the cause of all the misery that the South had been plunged into. I feel like saying to them, that should pervade the minds of my friends to the extent that it does. I am unwilling that they should forget there is a God North as well as South; that there is an overruling power that careth for us all. I know they are in deep sorrow on account of the many changes that have come to them. I know also that the time will come when they will see that God has wrought out a great good, a national blessing, from all this chaos and human misery. I am satisfied with what God has done for me, and for my spirit home, beg them to no longer sit mourning in sackcloth and ashes, but rise at once and do whatever good they may be able to do, shake off the incubus that seems to hang upon their spirits, and if the North has need of strength and love and forgiveness, give it by all means. No good can ever come by casting hard thoughts upon our enemies, however great they may be in the way of enemies; cast nothing but good thoughts upon them; wish them well; and if there is a misunderstanding between our Northern friends and ourselves, seek to clear up the misunderstanding, and if possible, have been at fault, and pray earnestly to the God of our being that we may rightly adjust it.

I would have my friends know that I did interfere in that little personal matter which transpired about five weeks ago. For what I believed to be good and sufficient reasons I changed the course of events as best I could, and made matters turn in an entirely different direction from what they otherwise would. I know they have thought that some supernatural power would interpose to prevent the consummation of certain things. Tell them it was no supernatural power, but simply the working

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New Publications.

EXETER HALL is the name of a new romance advertised in another column, which, by its vigorous thrusts at old theology, is filling the advocates of the same with absolute dismay. It contains matter that deserves to be read by people of every religious belief and persuasion. So great a stir has it made, that upon the late announcement of its preparation for publication, by the American News Company of New York, the *Observer*, *Church Journal*, *Methodist* and *Church Union* got an idea of the character of the book and refused to insert the advertisement of its publishers in their columns. Fortunately, however, truth is not shut up within the advertising columns of a newspaper. So striking and effective an exposition of the inconsistencies, follies, dogmatism, puerilities and general mischievousness of theology as this book sets forth, must produce a profound impression wherever read, and lead on other readers innumerable to be enlightened and impressed by its first effect. We commend it to the widest popular approval for the sake of its singular merits.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July is at hand promptly, and is a captivating summer issue of this sterling magazine. It opens with a story entitled, "The Drummer's Ghost," which has a strain of the spiritual running through it, comes to an end in the most mechanical and nonsensical manner. There is a very suggestive, stimulating, sympathetic and really poetic article after it, entitled "Birch Broomings," full of individual spirit, and showing how all of us might see what there is everywhere about us, if we did not so obstinately shut our eyes. Mr. Hilliard gives a eulogy on Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, in English as pure and good as the best of his subject's chiselings. Mr. Henry James, Jr., opens a striking and clean-cut story, with incidents and characteristics to make the reader satisfied with the writer's peculiar power. Mr. Ralph Keeler is ingenious enough to make a clean exposition of his experience for three years as "A Negro Minister," and shows that he has emerged entirely from the grub-stake in which circumstances alone must have placed him. There is an article of deep interest on the proper treatment of "Our Inebriates," and other papers, by clever pens and scholars, make up an interesting number as we have had in some time.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for July is, as usual, of superior flavor and character, giving us variety in unity, and holding fast by its real magazine profession. It opens with a sketch, by a member of the Massachusetts 51st, of the taking of Fort Wagner, and contains what is of the profoundest interest, in the testimony of an ex-rebel soldier relative to the death and burial-place of Col. Shaw, of that black regiment. The article on "Our Established Church" is truly admirable, a pattern of dignified, clear, and even stately writing, with enough of quiet satire to give a gusto and effect. Rev. John Weiss contributes an article on "The Stage and Nature," Miss Chesboro and Miss Alcott furnish telling stories; and, with other articles, the editorial commentaries and literary notices complete a number which is well worthy of the season and of Putnam's repute.

The Rev. Horace Bushnell's book on Woman Suffrage, entitled **WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE: The Reform against Nature**, is believed to comprise as terse, logical and effective a statement of the anti-suffrage part of the question as has yet been attempted, or indeed, can be made. The reader who would comprehend all that may be said in opposition to granting women the privilege of voting, will need to become familiar with what so thorough a thinker, so shrewd and keen an observer and so careful a reasoner as the distinguished author of this book has brought together for the more faithful and conscientious consideration of a subject that is to be discussed until settled. The volume is published neatly by Scribner & Co., of New York.

ONWARD—Capt. Mayne Reid's magazine for youthful people—is not wholly written up by its persevering, if not ambitious, conductor, in this number, but has impressed into its service other pens which serve to impart vigor and variety. No single person, whatever his tact and ability, could long sustain an enterprise of this sort with his right hand alone, and that is simply what Capt. Reid has apparently found out. The present number is a visible improvement on its predecessors, but there are others to be made yet.

THE GALAXY is sparkling and lively at the first go-off. Charles Read continues his story, "Put Yourself in His Place," with increasing interest. Mr. Pamphlet contributes an exhaustive article on "Our Impending Chinese Problem," which shows that he knows all about it, and can present the varied facts in a better form than any other writer. Mr. Henry James, Jr., furnishes a characteristic story, called "A Light Man." Mr. Elliott gives an article on poultry raising, under the head of "Our Great Farmers." Mr. Wilder writes most engagingly on the "Silk-Weaving Spider," and Mr. Richard Grant White ends his elaborate criticisms and controversy on the Uses and Abuses of Words. The magazine ends in its usual nebulous fashion—perhaps too abruptly.

The articles that make up the July number of **LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** are not specially numerous, nor are they over-clever or brilliant. Robert Dale Owen pushes on "Beyond the Breakers." A Nova Scotian labors to impress us with the fact that both Nova Scotia and England are agreeable to annexation, and therefore we should be. Mrs. Treat discourses, under the title of "My Summer Pets," of the rearing of caterpillars and such like; and there are other papers that fill out the size and respectability of the number. One thing can be remarked of Lippincott—it is invariably handsome.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS opens with a continuation of Mr. Alrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," proceeds with Mr. Trowbridge's description in a "Coal Mine," gives a delightful sketch—"In the Happy Valley"—by Miss Muloch (that was), permits Mr. Parton to talk about "Navigation and Discovery before Columbus," and gives not a bit too much space to Mr. Hale's directions "How to do it," meaning his directions on the art of writing. It is a first-rate number. Other articles are supplied, of scarcely less interest and attractiveness.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL for July is a taking mid-summer number, flush with fashions, packed with patterns, and overrunning with attractive light literature. For sale by Williams & Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND shows handsomely from frontispiece to final, displaying an attractive and enticing variety in the shape of fashion plates, designs, patterns, light reading of every kind, recipes, editorial chat, and good moral teachings. For sale by Williams & Co.

FROM DOSTOEV TO BALTIMORE is a happy extract taken from "Patty Gray's Journal," by Caroline H. Dall, showing the young folks all that is likely to interest, amuse, and instruct them by the way. It is a striking conception, and the idea is felicitously carried out by the skillful author. It is really a story that the writer tells with such grace, and all the little girls, and boys, too, will like to read it.

MRS. NICOLA'S NOVELS publish a thin treatise entitled "Sex in Nature," which is a design to show that sex and the marriage union are universal principles, fundamental alike in physics, physiology, and psychology. The author is L. H. Gribble, who has written other treatises on nature in its many varieties. It is compact with choice learning and ingenious scholarship on a subject that will repay long speculation.

VITAL FORCE, How Wasted and How Preserved—and How to Bathe, form the titles of two pamphlets by that popular writer and reformer, E. P. Miller, M. D. The suggestions contained in these little pamphlets would, if followed, soon lift up unhappy and self-degraded beings, who are now suffering what they would give all but life itself to be relieved from.

THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE of Baltimore, opens its store with a favorite essay from the *Saturday Review*—"Dovecot"—proceeds with Auerbach's novel, and spreads out a most attractive literary table, in great variety. The character of this Southern Magazine, as an eclectic, is so visibly developing its fine elements, that it cannot well lack for ready and generous support in a section where choice and sweet literature must certainly enjoy free hospitality.

DAVIS'S PHONO-ROMANIC Instructor for Schools and Academies is, to our view, a useful work in these times, by a master in the phonetic art. This Instructor is a complete guide to the Chart by the same author, and the two will prove a thorough educator in an art which is more and more in public demand. The testimonials furnished in its favor are abundant, and from undisputed sources.

TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia, publish in paper covers No. 9 of their Select Novels, entitled "MARRIAGE." The authoress is Mrs. C. C. Newby.

THE SERRA MAGAZINE is published by Keith & Co., of this city, in the interest of Christianity. It has reached its second volume, and presents a remarkably neat appearance, though not plethoric in form.

THE HALLOW-EVE MYSTERY.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK HALL.

CHAPTER I.

THE BERNERS OF THE BURNING HEARTS.

Their love was like the lava flood That burns in Etna's breast of flame.

Near the end of a dark autumn-day, not many years ago, a young couple, returning from their bridal tour, arrived by steamer at the old city of Norfolk; and, taking a hack, drove directly to the best inn.

The gentleman registered himself and his party as Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Berners, of Black Hall, Virginia, and two servants.

"We shall need a private parlor and chamber communicating for our own use, and a couple of bedrooms for our servants," said Mr. Berners, as he handed his hat and cane to the bowing waiter. "Certainly, sir. What would you like for tea?" asked the landlord.

"Oh, anything you please, so that it is nice and neatly served," said Mr. Berners, with a slightly impatient wave of his hand, as if he would have been rid of his obsequious host.

"Al-ha! anything I please! It is easy to see what all this. He lives upon love just now; but he'll care more about his bill of fare a few weeks hence," chuckled the landlord, as he left the public parlor to execute his guest's orders.

The bridegroom was no sooner left alone with his bride than he seated her in the easiest arm-chair, and began with affectionate zeal to untie her bonnet strings and unclasp her mantle.

"You make my maid a useless appendage, dear Lyon," said the little lady, smiling up in his eyes. "You love me so much, dear Lyon! You love me so much! Yet not too much either! For oh! if you should ever cease to love me, or even if you were ever to love me less, I—I—dare not think what I should do!" she murmured in a long, deep, shuddering tone.

"Why, Sybil, my wife—a beautiful mad creature! You are a true daughter of your house! A Berners of the burning heart! A Berners of the boiling blood! A Berners of whom it has been said that it is almost as fatal to be loved as to be hated by—"

Suddenly in the midst of their converse they heard the sound of weeping—low, deep, heart-broken weeping.

Both paused, looked at each other, and listened. The sound seemed to come from a room on the opposite side of the passage to their own apartment.

"What is that?" inquired Sybil, looking up to her husband's face.

"It seems to be some woman in distress," answered Lyon.

"Oh! see what it is, dear, will you?" entreated Sybil.

She was herself so happy, that it was really dreadful to be reminded just then that sorrow should exist in this world at all.

But if she could have foreseen the woe that was to come to herself, to her husband, and to the object of her sympathy, she would have held Lyon back, as with the grip of fate, from the mission on which she now sent him.

For the weeper was a beautiful woman—a deserted wife—named Rosa Blondelle, who, although but a few days landed from the vessel which had brought her from Europe, had been robbed of her jewels and money by her husband, and then left to her fate in that Norfolk hotel.

Sybil was deeply moved by this lady's story, and insisted on taking Mrs. Blondelle home with her to Black Hall, and Mr. Berners gave his assent to her wishes.

But before they got ready to set out on their journey, Sybil bitterly repented of the arrangement. Mrs. Blondelle was so enchantingly lovely, that Mr. Berners at once began to yield to her charms; and Sybil, for the first time, saw him pay the homage of admiration to other beauty than her own.

This kindled the fires of jealousy in her heart, and by the time they reached Black Hall, those fires had become fanned into an inextinguishable flame.

And no Berners had ever been known to forgive an object of jealousy.

Black Hall, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Berners, was a palatial old Virginia mansion, situated in the heart of the Black Valley, a few miles from Blackville, the county town. It had been in Mrs. Berners's family for generations, and was renowned for the scenes of hospitality and hospitality which had transpired beneath its roof.

Mrs. Berners, the last of her race, to give vent to the emotions of her restless, jealous heart, resolved to inaugurate the festivities of the olden time, and for that purpose announced a mask ball for the ensuing All-Hallow-Eve, and at once set about getting all things in readiness.

One day while she was absent at Blackville, making purchases, Lyon and Rosa became so absorbed in one another as to become oblivious of the entry of Mrs. Winterose, the old housekeeper, who found them sitting closely side by side, her hand clasped in his. On Sybil's return, the old housekeeper described this scene to her, with many exaggerations. The revelation seemed to freeze Sybil into ice.

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" she moaned, turning deathly pale. And then, after a long silence, she bitterly added, "Deceitful! Betrayed! Scorned! Laughed at! Well, well!" she continued, nodding her head; "well, well, since death is the fashion of the day, I too will be in the fashion. I too will wear a mask of smiles! But behind that mask I will watch!—oh, how I will watch! Not at my fancy-ball alone will I play a part, but before it, and, perhaps, after it! None shall ever know how I watch, what I see, until I descend with the fell swoop of the eagle. And henceforth let me remember that I am a daughter of the house of Berners, who never failed a friend or spared a foe. And oh, let the spirit of my fathers support me, for I must endure until I can Avenge!"

And oh, could those triflers with sacred loyalties—those wanderers on the brink of a fearful abyss—have seen the look of her face then, they would have fled from each other forever, rather than to have dared the desperation of her roused soul.

But they saw nothing, knew nothing, suspected nothing!

And thus all the three drifted toward the awful brink of ruin.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FATAL HALLOW-EVE.

It was All-Hallow-Eve, a night long anticipated with delight by the whole neighborhood, and much longer still remembered with horror by the whole county.

It was the occasion of Mrs. Berners's mask ball; and Black Hall, the Black Valley, and the town of Blackville were all in a state of unprecedented excitement; for this was the first entertainment of the kind that had ever been given in the locality, and the party of three contiguous counties had been invited to assist at her.

The throng at Black Hall was great, and the characters assumed by the maskers, were various and well sustained.

But far the most beautiful, far the most terrible figure in the pageantry of the evening, was that of Sybil Berners! She had chosen for her character the unprecedented part of the impersonation of the Spirit of Fire. It suited well with her whole nature. Her costume was but the outward sign of the inward fervor.

Sybil had confided the secret of her costume to no one but her husband, who was himself attired as "Harold the Saxon," while Mrs. Blondelle assumed the character of "Edith the Fair."

Sybil had not been long in the room before the coquetting of her husband and Mrs. Blondelle drove her nearly to distraction. Observing that whenever she came near them, they were on their guard, Sybil exchanged glances with one of her guests, and instantly friends, Beatrix Pendleton, and was thus enabled to watch her husband and his companion without the least restraint.

Sybil observed that a masker, representing Death, whom nobody seemed to know, watched Mrs. Blondelle as closely as she did herself; and she subsequently had occasion to remember and shudder at that fact.

Seeing the watched couple seat themselves on a small sofa in one corner of the room, she glided to an ottoman near them, in time to hear Mrs. Blondelle say:

"No, Lyon, your wife is not my friend—she is my deadly enemy. She is fiercely jealous of your affection for me, though it is the only happiness of my unhappy life. And she will make you throw me off yet."

"Nay! no one, not even my wife, shall ever do that. I swear it by all my hopes of—"

Sybil glided away. She could bear no more.

Supper time drawing near, when all the guests would have to unmask, Sybil and Beatrix exchanged costumes, and went down to the drawing-room together just as the last quadrille was completed, and the company began to march to the supper-room.

As each couple passed into the supper-room, they took off their masks, and handed them to attendants, placed for that purpose to the right and left of the door. Thus, when the company filed the room, every face was shown, but "Death" was nowhere to be seen.

At last the party broke up. Only a few of the guests remained all night. These were shown to their rooms, and the others having gone, as fate would have it, Mrs. Blondelle went into the little reception-parlor to meet Mr. Berners, who assured her that she need not be concerned to extend to her more than a brother's affection.

"Then give me a brother's kiss," she sighed. "That is not much to ask, and I have no one to kiss me now. So give me a brother's kiss, and let me go," she pleaded, plaintively.

He hesitated for a moment, and then bending over her, said:

"It is the first, and for your own sake it must be the last, Rosa!" and he pressed his lips to hers.

It was the last as well as the first; for at the meeting of their lips they were stricken asunder as by the fall of a thunderbolt!

And Sybil, blazing with wrath, like a spirit from the Lake of Fire, stood between them!

She looked not human—with her whole face and form heaving, palpitating, flashing forth the lightning of anger!

"Sybil!" exclaimed her husband, thunder-struck, appalled.

She waved her hand toward him, as if to impose or command silence.

"I have nothing to say to you," she muttered, in low and husky tones, as if ashes were in her throat. "But to you!" she said, and her voice rose clear and strong as she turned and stretched out her arm toward Rosa, who was leaning in affright against the wall—"TO YOU, traitress, who has come between the true husband and his wife—in the morning you must leave the house you have desecrated! for if you do not, or if ever I find your false face here again, I will tread down and crush out your life with less remorse than ever I set heel upon a spider! I will, as I am a Berners! And now, begone, and never let me see your form again!"

Rosa Blondelle, who had stood spell-bound by the terrible gaze and overbearing words of Sybil, the wronged wife, now suddenly threw up her hands, and with a low cry fled from the room.

And Sybil dropped her arm and her voice at the same instant, and stood dumb and motionless.

And now, at length, Lyon Berners spoke again.

"Sybil!" he said, "this house is yours! You must do as you please. But this I tell you; that in the same hour which sees that poor and friendless young creature driven from the shelter of this roof, I leave it, too, and leave it forever!"

If Lyon Berners really meant this, or thought to bring his fiery-hearted wife to terms by the threat, he was mistaken in her character.

"Oh, go!" she answered, bitterly—"go as soon as you like, Lyon Berners. Good-night, and—good-by," she said, and with a wave of her hand she passed from the room.

It was not to have spoken as he did; madder still to let her leave him so! how mad, he was soon to learn.

Lyon Berners remained walking up and down the room some time longer. The lights were all off, and the servants gone to bed. Yet still he continued to pace up and down the parlor floor, until suddenly piercing shrieks smote his ear.

In great terror he started forward and instinctively rushed toward Rosa's room, when the door was suddenly thrown open by Rosa herself, pale, bleeding from a wound in her breast.

"Great Heaven! What is this?" he cried, as, agashed with amazement and sorrow, he supported the ghastly and dying form, and laid it on the sofa, and then sunk on his knees beside it.

"Who, who has done this?" he wildly demanded, as, almost paralyzed with horror, he knelt beside her, and tried to stanch the gushing wound from which her life-blood was fast ebbing.

She opened her bloodless lips, now paling in death, and gasped forth the words:

"She—Sybil—your wife. I told you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered. Then raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud: "Hear, all! Sybil Berners has murdered me!" And with this charge upon her lips, she fell back DEAD.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners's first thought, almost his only thought, was for his wife. He looked up to see who was there—who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women, drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood panic-stricken, as they shrank away from one who stood in their midst.

It was she, Sybil, the accused, whose very aspect accursed her far more loudly than the dying words had done; for she stood there still in her fiery, her wild black hair loose and streaming, her crimsoned hand raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

"Oh, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is this that you have done?" groaned Lyon Berners in unutterable agony—agony not for the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife, whom he felt that he had driven to this deed of desperation.

"Lyon Berners, do you believe me guilty?" she asked.

He looked up, and their eyes met. If he had really believed her guilty, he did not now. He answered briefly and firmly:

"No, Sybil! Heaven knows that I do not; but explain this horrible business—if you can!"

"The explanation is this," she said emphatically. And then her voice arose clear, firm, and distinct, as she continued:

"I was in my chamber, which is immediately above that of my husband, when I saw Mrs. Berners approached by two ways, first by the front passage and stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelle's room. I do not know how long I had sat there, when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs and into Mrs. Blondelle's room, and up to her bed, where I saw by the light of the taper she was lying. Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first that she had fainted from some fright until, almost at the same instant, I saw this dagger—" here Sybil stooped and picked up the dagger that she had dropped a few minutes before—"driven to its hilt in her chest. I drew it out. Instantly the blood from the opened wound spirted up, covering my hand and sleeve with the accusing stains you see!"

She wildly omen she gazed steadfastly at me for an instant, and with the last effort of her life, for which terror lent her strength, she started up and fled shrieking to this room. I still holding the dagger that I had drawn from her bosom, followed her here. And—you know the rest," said Sybil; and overcome with excitement, she sank upon the nearest chair to rest.

Her story had evidently made a very great impression upon the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors, and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, leaving the shuddering woman in the room with Sybil and the dead body, and followed by all the men, went to search the house and grounds for traces of the assassin.

But the search proved fruitless. No trace of an intruder could be found, nor was there any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all the windows were found fastened on the inside. There had been no way of entering the murdered woman's room, except by the stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.

Captain Pendleton, an old lover of Sybil's, and a brother of Beatrix, saw that there was no safety except in instant flight. He whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room, and then to meet him on the back piazza. This was done, and then the captain unfolded his already matured plans. Lyon adopted them at once; and under the skillful management of Captain Pendleton and Beatrix, they got out of the house unseen, and were soon on their way toward a place of concealment, known

as the Haunted Chapel, where new and unexpected horrors awaited them.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAUNTED CHAPEL.

The Haunted Chapel to which Mr. and Mrs. Berners were going was in a dark and lonely gorge on the other side of the mountain.

They arrived safely at the old ruin, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mrs. Berners's faithful servant Joe, whose affection for his mistress had led him to play the spy, and find out where she was going, and secretly follow her with provisions and means for making her somewhat comfortable.

The fugitives felt so depressed, that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowsiness soon oppressed them, and they sunk into a deep sleep, as though they had been drugged with some powerful narcotic. Mr. Berners was aroused, however, by daylight by Joe, who instantly drew him outside the chapel in alarm.

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, continued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was suddenly and fearfully aroused.

She felt hands at work about her person. They were creeping under her shoulders and under her limbs; they were lifting her from her mattress. Her eyes flared open in wild affright, and she saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her head, the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in her agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed palsied. They raised her up, and bore her on—great heaven! whither?

To the open door of the vault under the chapel, from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

Then, from above, a clang loudly, resounding through the dismal arches.

"We have her now!" uttered a hoarse voice. A hollow laugh responded.

And Sybil swooned with horror!

When Sybil recovered from her death-like swoon, she found herself in a spacious cavern of such exceeding beauty and splendor, that for an instant she lost sight of her terrors in her astonishment and admiration, and then her eyes settled upon a figure who seemed the sole occupant of the place.

This was a young girl, who, with her red cloak thrown mat-like on the moss, was seated upon it cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. Her elfin face, her malign eyes, her wild, black hair and picturesque costume, were all so in keeping with the aspect of the place, that one might have deemed her the spirit of the cavern.

The two women looked at each other in silence for perhaps half a minute; and then Sybil spoke: "What place is this? Who are you? Why am I brought hither?"

"One question at a time," answered the girl. "What place this is, concerns you little; I am a gipsy, and my name is Gentiliska; why you are brought here, all that concerns you very much! It concerns your liberty, and perhaps your life."

"I do not believe it! You have had me torn away from my husband! Where is he now?" haughtily demanded Mrs. Berners.

"He is likely in the hands of the constables, who are by this time in possession of the Haunted Chapel. But fear nothing! Him they will release again, for they have no right to detain him; but you they would have kept, if they had caught you. The constables were coming there for us, but they would have found you had we not brought you away with us. That was my doing. I made you reveal the condition of my silence."

"But when will you communicate with my husband, to relieve his dreadful suspense?"

"As soon as it shall be safe to do so. Our first care must be our own safety, but our second will be yours."

Sybil said no more at the moment, but sat looking at the speaker, and thinking of all that had befallen her in the Haunted Chapel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROBBER CHIEFTAIN.

It was the mildest-mannered man that ever scudded ship or cut a throat.

Sybil had passed the day in the robber's den with her strange companion, who astonished her by stating that the captain of the band had been present at her masquerade. Late in the afternoon dinner was announced, at which several of the robbers appeared, with Moloch, a gigantic ruffian, at their head. Moloch was the lieutenant of the band, and in the absence of the captain, ruled with brutal sway. Becoming inflamed with wine, he took a seat by the side of Sybil, threw his arm about her and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

Sybil struggled in terror, and the gipsy girl cried out:

"Men, why do n't you interfere? He is rude to the lady!"

"We never meddle between other men and their sweethearts. Do we, mates?" called out the gipsy.

"No, no, no!" answered the others.

"Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl in despair.

"SATAN IS HERE!" responded a voice close by. And the robber captain stood among them as if he had risen from the earth.

Moloch dropped Sybil, and covered in the most abject manner.

Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot; for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand chief she recognized the finished gentleman, who, in the character of "Death," had dined with her at her own mask ball, and—the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle.

While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat and said:

"Spirit of Fire, I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place." And then, without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch and said in his softest tones:

"Be as good as give us this salt, sir."

By Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side and slunk into another at some distance.

The wine passed freely at the robbers' table, and the men grew merrier, wilder, more uproarious. Sybil became very much alarmed; and not so much by the noisy orgies of these rude revelers as by the dreadful gaze of Moloch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eyes whenever they turned toward her.

At length, unable to bear the trial longer, she arose from her seat, and, courtesying to these brigands as she would have done to any set of gentlemen of whom she was taking leave, Sybil left the cavern, followed by Gentiliska, the gipsy girl.

"I must take you to another grotto. You cannot occupy mine to-night," said the girl with evident anxiety.

"But, oh! why, why may I not stay with you? I am afraid to sleep alone in this terrible place!" pleaded Sybil.

"I have a reason, but I cannot tell it to you now. Yes, I will, too. I will tell you at all risks. Then it is this: my chamber is not safe for you! I myself am not strong enough to protect you. You might be carried off forcibly by my side! I must hide you where no devil may find you to-night!" whispered the girl.

"Oh, do not leave me here alone!" pleaded Sybil. "If I must stay, stay with me! I do not fear death, but, oh! I fear these men! Do not leave me!"

"I must, for your own safety. They must not miss me, or their suspicions will be aroused."

Then, pointing to a bed of moss and recommending her guest to lie down and seek repose, the gipsy girl glided away through the labyrinth of caverns, and was lost to sight and hearing.

Sybil's first impulse was to start up and run