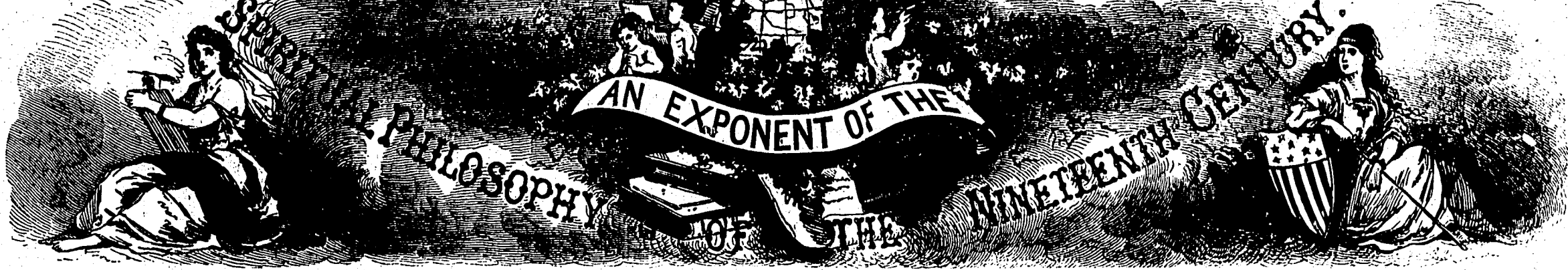


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER AT HEVER; OR, THE SPECTRAL HEADSMAN.

There is in a certain house, hall, or castle—at present, no matter which—a certain chamber which was haunted, and a haunted chamber undoubtedly constitutes the glory, intensifies the curiosity, concentrates the interest which such a chamber is, for generations after, likely to maintain.

It is a chamber of fine proportions—"Tudor style" stamped upon it—from the carved chimney piece to the ceiling, with the oak rafters meeting in a grooved centre, and adding not a little to its unity of impression, so to speak.

It is a chamber which, from the broad hearth, with its "dogs," its andirons, and amplitude expressive of the generous warmth its blazing logs could throw forth—from this fire-place to the embroidered windows and paneled sides, which carries us back to days gone by, and renders a comparison between the "interiors" of the past and the present infinitely damaging to those of our day.

It is a bed-chamber—as it is a combination of the modern boudoir with the private sanctum of a lady of the age we live in.

There is a huge bed, a "four-poster" of the most genuine kind, in it.

Its posts are carved; its curtains, of a dusky green, are fit for arras-work; and on its scrolled outlines, far out of reach, the arms of a noble family are also heavily carved and richly gilt.

The furniture is in harmony with the room in every respect.

There is a *prie-dieu*—a praying-chair, as we might say—expressive of Romanism either not quite obsolete, or possibly confounded with the new profession.

For the date of our story is that of the "Reformation," if the word correctly defines the era.

The era, however, to make things clearer, is that in which the Eighth Henry reigned.

Henry then occupied the throne of England, and his wife—his first—was Catharine of Arragon.

But to return to the chamber in question.

A piece of fringed tapestry is spread on the floor before the fireplace, as representing the modern hearth-rug.

The chairs of the antique sort—long-backed, stiff-backed, too, as uncomfortable to sit upon as, in the general run, and for general purposes, these antique pieces of furniture are; however much Wardour Street may vaunt them, and find idiots sufficiently pliant, and as sufficiently well-stocked with an overplus of money, to buy them.

In all respects, however, the chamber has a sweet virginal aspect—the very bower of a beautiful maiden—as such, at the present moment (as our story goes), it is.

Its occupant is a maiden—young, beautiful, accomplished—a bright-eyed "cynosure," brilliant in the splendor of her budding womanhood.

She is very young—she will never be old—old, only it may be, in the experience of a brief, bitter life.

She will never grow old, for she is foredoomed already.

She is accomplished in the "learning of the time," and that was of no mean amount.

Latin and music, and French, from early education, she spoke with a purity of accent that would have delighted Ronsard in its mellifluous flow, and pleased the author of "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua" with its ready reply in wit.

Sometimes the wit might be slightly salted with sarcasm, which gift "brought her to grief."

Rabelais, if he had known her—Moliere, if he had known her, for she had been educated in France—in *la belle France*, as poor unhappy Mary Stuart sang it in touching strains—these would have delighted in her.

Shall we sketch her further?

She was not proud in the usual sense of the word, but she was ambitious; but—

"By bride the angels fell!"

She sits in a cushioned arm-chair, dreaming, or half-dreaming, which is, after all, more suggestive of dreaming than the healthy sleep, which leaves, as it were, body and soul together in that blessed rest which Sancho Panza praised so highly and so justly.

She is dreaming, but it is a day-dream.

There is one thing yet to describe, in order that this scene—this chamber—this dream—this foreboding should be rendered more clear.

For what is introductory only points to the end. There is before the window a table—a dressing-table—as we have no better definition to give it.

It is covered with a "drapery" worked white cloth.

On this lies a circular looking-glass, swinging between two supporters.

For glass, though costly, had become an element of use, as it was an article of luxury.

And the art of silversmithing was as perfect then as now, if not more so; in fact, old looking-glasses can reflect better, if not worse, than those of our day.

Which might also suggest a "moral," while it may "adorn a tale."

Into the mirror she had been gazing, and said to herself with a woman's boastful, yet, perhaps, pardonable vanity, "How beautiful I am!"

And even supposing so, what of it?

What is based upon that idea?

If it was said that Hercules admired his brawny limbs, his colossal strength, he would have been laughed at.

We laugh even now at that Titan who was the slave of Omphale—the lackey of a *pantofle*—the—but no; our story shall carry its own emphasis with it.

The lovely occupant of that chair sat in a day-dream.

She dreamt that she was maid of honor to a queen.

If she did not really do so, she dreamt, or thought she dreamt, such might be possible.

And then—

And then the reverie went on.

"A queen!" she murmured; "to be a queen!"

It was an idea, no doubt, worthy of a woman.

Especially if the woman was ambitious, as she was.

Whether the worth of a woman depends upon her ambition or any other larger form of virtue, is not for us to say.

Only we may have an opinion upon the matter, which this story (rather than our opinion) will testify to.

She sat, then, before the fire, dreaming that she was a queen.

A queen of the most commanding empire under the sun.

The richest realm, even then, in Christendom. She saw those at her feet that she had rejected in the early moments of her pride and caprice, and saw amongst them one to whom she had given her heart—one she felt assured that she loved—one who adored her, as she believed, in his inmost soul; but she had passed over him, over all, like a woman reserving herself for a loftier destiny—for a position so brilliant and so high that none other in Europe could compare with it.

And the spectral headsmen—where was he? Forgotten, too; forgotten all; all the past forgotten in the present! How speedily to be revived in the lurid lights which even the present cast before it! how soon to be luridly illuminated in the fast coming future!

A future so dismal, dark and bloody that it is a wonder human instinct could not at once have anticipated it.

Fetes, masques, balls, entertainments, feasting, revelry of every kind, had fascinations for Anne; and Henry, the butcher, watching with his tigerish eye, and having seen another object more captivating than Anne Boleyn, soon found cause of grievance; and she, too—poor fluttering moth!—found it out also.

And to her fatal cost!

Somewhere about three years of wedded life had past.

About three years the Queen, having forgotten all, was about to find a strong remembrance in the circumstances now surrounding and thickening about her.

She was accused of infidelity to the King! She was accused of even worse than this!

But another star had arisen in the horizon of Henry's amorous horoscope, and Anne Boleyn was doomed.

Where was the spectral headsmen now?

He stood at her bedside; had stood behind her throne in state; had been at hand when the golden cups passed round; had been her partner in the mazy dance, when the festivals of the Court came round—and they were frequent; and she felt the cold touch of his axe upon her fair neck, like the breath of winter, when it skays to the budding, the growing, and the ripening seasons, "Wait!" She had experienced this.

Besides, it was Jane Seymour that he led down now in the "brawl," and not her—his wife!

Did she think then of the good wife he had put away from him, to take her as his, because she was young, fair, and lovely?

Who knows? We well know there is ever an hour when we think too late!

We know that the past is past, and can never be recalled—can never be recalled; and oh, how many of us would if it were possible!

Anne Boleyn would, could she do so; but her feet were in silken fetters—the meshes were woven around them—and they became to her as iron anklets do to the felon who is sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

She was vain, light-minded, and vivacious, but she was young.

"Cover her face—it dazzles."

"She died young!"

So writes an old author of one who was as cruelly murdered as she was.

The music of harp and dulcimer led her on, and the dance of death, however terrible it may be in the end—from the very ignorance, from the very innocence even of such as follow it—have but the same end—the grave.

Henry was becoming impatient of the soft and silken fetters which now embarrassed him.

He had a ready tool by his side, for Cranmer—whose name is associated with blessings and curses, with praise and blame, and both no doubt equally deserved—was now his favorite and his ready tool.

There wanted little to lay the foundation of the dark plot which was to take away her young life as ruthlessly as a midnight ruffian cuts a screaming woman's throat!

She was accused of flirtation with Henry Norris, "groom of the stole," with Weston and Breton, "gentlemen of the King's chamber," with Mark Smeaton, "groom of the chamber," and with a hideous worse thing, in each and all of which we disbelieve.

She was young, vain, giddy, but not guilty.

At least, let us hope so.

Only the butcherly King wanted a pretext, and easily found it. He found the excuse—the reason—the ready tool—the sham inquiry; and he inexorably, pitilessly acted upon it.

The accusation was made out, the warrant written, and her fate sealed!

As suddenly she found herself—she, the Queen—a prisoner in the Tower of London.

The trial was conducted with a cruel formula, but it was a trial in which she could never hope to escape.

Where was the spectral headsmen now?

One night she slept—the night preceding the execution. She dreamt of the pleasant slopes of Hever—of the fair down—of the distant spire—the pretty villages—the cottage homes contiguous to hers.

Then she was in France again—in her dream—in the gay Court of Francis.

Then, in her dream, her lovers one by one knelt at her feet, and were rejected.

Then she was Queen of England, at the cost of a slighted, wronged woman, against whom not a particle of accusation could be lodged; then—

Then she dreamt again.

And this time he was there—the grim spectral headsmen. He said, in the solemn, ghostly voice, "Come!"

He led her forth by staircase and corridor, through hall and passage, through court-yard and archway, and multitudinous faces, with their fixed eyes, fastened her attention.

Then there was the black scaffold—the dark block—the masked death's-man in his tight dress, and his gleaming axe in his hand; and she struggled—she strove to pray.

She awoke with a cry.

But the next morn saw that fair head blood-bedabbled and laid low; and—

And twenty-four hours after, the English butcher-king had married Lady Jane Seymour.

And the spectral headsmen vanished with his hapless victim.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*



THE SPECTRE HEADSMAN APPEARS TO ANNE BOLEYN.

She was seated, as we have said, lost in a reverie; and the day-dream must have been a pleasant one, since so sweet a smile made still more sunshine on her exquisite mouth.

Visions of knightly cavalades, of kingly halls, of barons, nobles, of a display Oriental in its profuse magnificence, passed in succession before her.

The "observed of all observers," unrivaled for the splendor and the gorgeousness surrounding her, as she herself was unmatched for her beauty—the sound of harp and dulcimer united to sing these praises, these glories in her entranced ear.

She was wandering in a sort of paradise, a fool's paradise it may be, as many have found who give the reins to the imagination, and do not seek to check the same by putting the realities, the sternest probabilities of life, in contrast.

The day was bright, yet cold without, which made the warmth and light of the fire unusually soothing within.

Consequently, a variety of minor circumstances and details contributed to the details of this brief lotos-eater's dreams.

It was not to last long.

All at once, a shudder, a shiver, ran through her frame.

She gave a start in her chair, placed her hands on her palpitating breast, and murmured: "Merciful heaven! what 's this?—what ails me?"

She thought, naturally enough, that a short, rapid spasm had seized her, which had passed away with the expression of her alarm.

It had done so; but it left another sensation behind!

This was a sense of such overmastering fear, such prostrating awe and horror, that it chained the voice with which she would have called for help; that it suspended all power of motion, else she would have hurried from the chamber; that it forced her to sit, with eyes glaring at vacancy, as it were, till in the oppressive, the crushing silence, she heard the very beating of her heart.

"Oh, heaven! oh, me!" she moaned out. "What—what can this indescribable terror be?"

But she could do no more.

She was under a spell; a magnetism she could not comprehend mastered her.

She began to recollect that a superstition, a legend rather, attached itself to that chamber; and then some idea of the terror which enthralled her began to dawn upon her mind.

It was to the effect that none ever slept in it but found their way to the scaffold!

No wonder that she shuddered anew; that a cold shiver ran anew through her very marrow.

The headsmen had already struck off the heads of some of her own family—these were men engaged, however, in "treasons, stratagems, and plots," and only paid the penalty of the risk they encountered, whether for love, ambition, party strife, or aught else they chose to meddle with.

But she—what was she likely to engage in?

In what plot, what treason, what treachery was she, a young, innocent girl, likely to be mixed up with?

Still the sense of an ineffable horror chained her fast.

Dimly, however, did the outlines of her day-dream weave themselves with the tenebrous shadow of the dread weighing so heavily upon her.

She remembered—so the story ran—that a ghostly headsmen was wont to appear in this chamber at such time as the fore-doomed occupant was to meet or to avert the fate which menaced it.

She made a desperate effort, and succeeded by mere force of will—for, girl as she was, she had a true woman's courage.

She rose—she stood up an instant before the fire—she turned—and there—

There stood the ineffable horror before her!

There was the spectral headsmen who came to warn whomever slept in that chamber of the fate in store for them.

Their eyes met, as it seemed; hers full of life; his the life in death that has that ghastly, stony stare so intolerable in dreams.

What she looked on was awful, but even more hideous than awful to behold.

The figure of a man clad in black, tight-fitting garments from head to foot, so funereal in their hue that they savored of the dead.

The aspect—the pose, so to speak—was imperious, commanding, even appalling.

The face was masked, but through the holes cut in the mask the gleaming orbits of the spectre seemed all aflame.

He stood in the attitude of one only waiting for the victim and the word.

It was shadowy, unreal, for it did not dim the light coming in at the window.

It cast no shadow on the ground.

Through it even the segment cut by the shadow—the segment of the looking-glass—was clearly seen, only it was a little darker, for even a shadow has some form of substance.

There was a block, too, and on the block rested the axe, from the sharpened edge of which a significant gleam shot like lambent fire.

And the meaning of that also was not to be misinterpreted.

When the tiring damsel, who waited on this lovely lady, entered the chamber, she found her mistress asleep or in a swoon, sunk deep in her chair, and who, on being disturbed, uttered a short cry, looked round, and said in an undertone, while her very teeth chattered, "Is he gone?"

"Gone, madam?" replied the attendant with surprise.

"Yes, gone."

"He! who does the lady-bird mean?"

"He—I—hal! hal! I—I see! I have been asleep and dreaming. But," she added to herself, with the cold chill of fear yet crawling over her, "pray heaven I dream no more like this!"

Hever Castle, which has been a "haunted house" in more instances than one, is adjacent to a village of the same name, situated in Kent, and equidistant from Seven Oaks, Tunbridge and Westerham—that is to say, seven miles from each.

It occupies a charming spot, and when it had its own grounds, woods, and other sylvan accessories about it, there could not be found a more attractive spot than the fair county of Kent, with its many surpassing beauties, could show.

This was the residence of one Sir Thomas Boleyn, a statesman and diplomatist of considerable ability, and who was confidentially employed by Henry the Eighth in several embassies to the Continent—especially to France, which he seems to have conducted with considerable skill, sufficiently so that he stood high in the English monarch's favor.

It might have been much better for him if he had declined honors, favors, and all the advantages which might naturally be expected to rise out of so august a patronage.

Being so frequently in France, and dwelling in the capital so long, at intervals, it is no wonder that he took his daughter Anne over when very young, in order that she might be educated in that polished but most pernicious school of fashion, accomplishment and elegance, which has been the curse of girl and woman who have ever gone there, and caught the leprous taint of the "gallantry," which is only another name for lust.

Beautiful, quick in apprehension, spiritual, as

they themselves term it, she possessed all the elegant graces of the day; and so does a courtesan to which such "French polish" conduces, for the Court of Francis I. was the Court of "love," as the troubadours have sung of it; and Francis, with all his bravery, sense, magnanimity and other fine, manly qualities, rivaled his brother monarch, Henry of England, in licentiousness.

Henry at this time was wedded to Catharine of Arragon—an event to which Sir Thomas Boleyn had contributed; and Anne Boleyn was introduced at Court as one of her maids of honor.

Woe! woe to her when the halo of that fatal mock sun burst upon her!

Woe! woe to her when, in the seclusion of Hever, she allowed herself to dream!

To dream the opium-eater's dream, which is fatal to body as to soul.

Introduced to Court, the beauty, vivacity of this Anglo-Gallic beauty soon caught the notice of the changeful, cruel, lustful, bloody monarch.

Introduced to Court, the poor girl, with her prurient French graces grafted on her honest English nature, could not but exhibit them; and her gait, her flirtation, her dancing, her ready wit and repartee soon made her marked among the crowd of rival beauties who surrounded the Queen, and courted only the smiles of the most powerful.

The fools! the fools! and bitterly and sadly did many of them pay for the lesson they would never learn!

But to return.

Catharine of Arragon yet lived, after having been divorced. Her wedded life had lasted eighteen years. She lived in seclusion, yet wearing her head on her shoulders. Catharine divorced, the young, the beautiful, the accomplished favorite, was lifted to the throne.

Anne Boleyn was Queen Regnant of England! Did she ever tremble under the peril of these new dignities?

Did it never occur to her that great and even unexampled successes are a source of terror—the terror which precedes the vaster terror of death?

Did the spectral headsmen ever present himself to her—either to the name or fancy? or was it that her present splendor obscured that black cloud which had so suddenly—then—observed so much?

Who knows? Who can say? Have we not, every one of us, a secret locked up that we will not disclose?

She might have had hers.

It is said that some of the happiest days of King Henry's life occurred when in the course of his courting Anne Boleyn. He would go for a time to Tonbridge, and so make stolen visits to Hever; and so—and so time marched on, and events marched on with time, and things must be as they may, and "that's the humor on't."

There is no question but that there is a period in a man's life when a stolen visit to the beloved is as exquisite as a poet's dream, a painter's vision, a sculptor's fantasy.

But a man *biased*, as Henry was—who has been married for eighteen years, as Henry was—we say emphatically, "No!"

It is simply incredible—impossible.

Catharine was alive; Catharine, the deposed, disgraced Queen, was yet alive, but divorced, as we have just said, when her brilliant, beautiful rival was placed in the position thus forcibly vacated.

Did the young, beautiful Queen ever think, with a touch of womanly sorrow, of this usurpation of hers?

Or was all lost in the obscurity her splendor cast over the hasty nuptials?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WARREN CRANE.

"THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH."

This is the title of a neatly printed and most earnestly written pamphlet, the third edition of which has recently appeared in London. It ought to be circulated by millions wherever civilization has left the footprints of Christianity. It is one of the signs, several of which we have before noticed, that liberal Christianity is nearly ready to cast off its sectarian shell, even its name, and to recognize the higher law of a religious nature in man, not born of any belief in any of the Gods or Saviours, but inherent in man, and filled out in a truly religious life only when the person shall be actuated by love to God and man, and live it by doing as he or she would have others do to himself or herself.

Ignoring all creeds and names, and recognizing acts alone as constituting a religious life, is what this pamphlet teaches, and is what we have long predicted as the grand ultimate of man's religious growth; and we have often noted the steps of progress toward it from Pagan to Christian idolatry, and from Christian idolatry to the liberal, and still more liberal, creeds of advancing Protestant sects, and finally out of all sectarianism, and, at last, out of Christianity itself, as was often predicted by the conservative opposers of the founders of the several sects that are now the most popular. It is not probable that the writer of the above pamphlet is aware that Spiritualists already occupy the ground he has laid out, and that all he has to do is to call up his friends and join us. That Christianity, not only in England but in this country, has been a complete and magnificent failure, is as evident as that monarchy as a form of universal government is a failure.

The writer of this pamphlet, quoting from a speech of Lord Shaftesbury, in the House of Lords, states that not two per cent. of the workmen of London attend any place of worship. We have nearly the same margin in our country, outside of Catholic worshippers, whose church going can hardly be taken as a sign of religious life. The writer also says:

"It is clear that a long creed, made up of obscure and disputed points of theology, could never form the basis of a grand, comprehensive, spiritual community. The experiment has been tried in a thousand forms—has always failed." "All who accept with loving heart the worship of God and the service of man, may be members of one church. They are of one church, even though they own it not—know it not."

This, to us, has the ring of the true metal, and we hail with joy the signs from the other side of the Atlantic, that many there are ripe for the great movement of the age and are coming into Spiritualism, even though they know it not; and we further agree with the sentiment that "every man that thinks, must depend upon his own individual reason for guidance toward the true light, just as he must depend on his own eyes in walking the streets." In fact, we agree with the whole sentiment of the pamphlet.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

To us there seems to be both right and wrong in the affairs of our world, and in the laws of our country especially. We cannot see the right or justice of a law that requires a family estate to be divided, administered upon and settled up to the death of the father and husband of the family, and giving the wife only the use of one-third of the property during her lifetime, while no law requires such division, administration and settlement when the wife and mother in a family dies, but, on the other hand, leaves the man to do as he pleases with all the property and children. We would make the law the same in either case, and have every estate administered upon and divided, and give the husband the use of one-third of the property during his life, and no more, or leave all to the wife, same as to the husband. When a man and woman work together for years and accumulate property and raise children, they are, or ought to be, equally and mutually owners, and so far as the original investments are concerned, they should settle and decide the disposal of that amount themselves.

Only a few short steps have yet been taken toward righting the wrongs and injustice so long done to woman, and especially in the one-sided laws relating to married persons. It certainly is a most unjust and unnatural law that gives the control of children to a father, to the exclusion of the mother, and not much less so is the law that gives the father a right to take the earnings of a mother from her children, and give them to his children by another wife. Why not settle and divide every estate by law, when the wife dies, the same as when a husband dies? No doubt it would be resisted by such men as expect to have and outlive several wives, and probably could not be secured while men only compose the legislatures of the States, but the time is coming when woman's voice will be heard in the legislative halls otherwise than as petitioners, and then we may look for more justice to her and to children. Men have been lords and tyrants, law-makers and dictators nearly long enough to be softened a little by the participation and equality of woman in social and political life. We should like to see and sign a petition asking that all estates be administered upon, divided and settled, when a wife dies, the same as when a husband dies, and to hear the answer and objection to it.

A SORROWFUL PICTURE.

The Washington correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial* gives the following account of an interesting conversation with an intelligent colored man:

"I had a long talk with a Southern delegate, who gave some startling facts—at least to me—concerning his race. In a few generations,—said he, 'the colored race of America will have disappeared. We have taken the virtues of the stronger race, and they are fatal to us.' 'Do not clearly understand you?' 'Well sir, it is generally believed that the black race is a sturdy race. This is not so. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantation, was only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's son in breeding—it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through disipation, the increase through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations and in neighborhoods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you scarcely find one now.' 'Why do you account for that?' 'What becomes of the children?' 'The mothers have learned from New England how to kill them. You know, sir, that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankee, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while the white race receives a fresh supply from emigration, the colored race has none.'"

In two little works we published several years ago, "The American Crisis," and "Gist of Spiritualism," we took the same view of the fate of this long abused race, and already they begin to feel the corrupting effects of a false civilization and a false religion upon them. As rum and religion went together with the missionaries to destroy the natural and noble race of Indians, so moral depravity and social corruption contaminate and destroy the negro when he is left in his ignorance to compete with the Caucasian race. Colonized and protected by combined governments he might be successful and perpetuate his race, but now he is devoured by the diseases, moral, social, political, religious, and physical. To us he seems collectively traveling toward a

common graveyard; not as rapidly as the Indian, but as surely. We say it in sorrow and shame for the race to which we belong.

The allusion to New England is not confined to New England. It is common to all our large cities and most parts of our country, in what is usually termed our "best society." Many able treatises have been written upon it, but with no favorable effect. The large number of American families with no children, and the many with very few, and very few with many, is a common remark all over our country; and the cause is no secret, and the remedy a social one not likely to be soon adopted, although the tardy steps being taken to secure equal rights and equal justice for women in all the departments of social, civil and political life will be all in the direction toward its consummation.

An observer of the population in our large cities, especially of the children, might conclude that the native Americans would soon follow the Indian and negro off the stage, and leave the occupancy entirely to the later importations of Ireland and Germany; but we trust there is a remedy that can and will be applied in time—a remedy that can only follow the temperance and other reforms already started, and belonging to the religion of Spiritualism.

ERIE RAILROAD.

Some months ago we wrote a brief description of this road and its advantages, which got lost between the writer and the printer, and hence failed to convey to our friends who read our notes our private opinion of that popular route of travel. We had then just taken a trip in its elegant cars over its broad gauge track, witnessed the scenery along its pathway, not surpassed by any route from New York to the lakes; and the gentlemanly conduct of its conductors and managers has long been proverbial, and secured for the route a well-deserved success in travel and freight. It is true there are severe accidents on this road, but such is the case with all, and we are sure, not more occur from carelessness of the officers and employees than on any of the great roads of our country. The advantages of this road are its cars and scenery, and well pay the travelers to or from New York for a trip over it when it is convenient to take one.

Interesting Letter by a Western Woman on Spiritualism.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Not alone by the increase of professed Spiritualists can the power and extent of higher views of the future life, of spirit-presence and of spiritual growth be measured. Ideas are so subtle that they permeate all walls of sects; subtle thoughts, for which the race is ripe, thrill the world by their pulsations; truths once spoken, seen, realized by the senses of both body and soul, have wondrous force. It was said by an old writer, "While I was musing the fire burned," and to-day, while thoughtful men and women muse on these wondrous things, the sacred fire of immortality burns brighter on the shrine within. The letter I send you is one of many proofs of this. Its writer is a woman of eminent ability and excellence, of quiet habits, and greatly prized by some of our best people. It was addressed to an educated Irish lady, now in this country, without thought of publication. Truly yours,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., July 20th, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND.—You ask my opinion of Spiritualism. I have thought a good deal on the subject, as any one with open mind would, in these times, and in this country. Believers in it are found among all classes, from the coarse, ignorant and irreligious, up to refined, intelligent and reverent seekers of truth.

Leading a very quiet life, I have attended but few of their circles, and those few by no means satisfactory. The rappings, table-tippings and other physical manifestations, are not agreeable to my taste. The distorted countenances of the mediums on going into the "trance-state" repel me, and I cannot but think it below the dignity of a man to submit himself as a tool or mouth-piece of any one other in the body, or out of the body. Yet I believe it possible for those who have gone beyond, to communicate with those who are here.

All nations, even the most barbarous and savage, have their "ghost stories," and though doubtless they are for the most part illusions, they must have a basis in fact, for it is incredible that the grand idea of life after death should otherwise arise in the undeveloped moral and spiritual infancy of man.

Both the Old and New Testaments abound in narratives of spiritual presence, and it is strange how believers in the Bible record can deny the possibility of such occurrences now.

The marvelous things of to-day are testified to by thousands of unimpeachable witnesses—witnesses whose moral and intellectual sanity cannot be doubted, and whose testimony on any other subject would never be called in question.

Swedenborg has a teaching concerning the spiritual body—that finer and more beautiful one, which, he says, permeates the outer presence, and at death rises from its ruins. Whittier has the same idea in his exquisite lines to Lucy Hooper:

"Even as thou wast, I see thee still:
There's not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we know and loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality."

Though not a Swedenborgian, I believe this doctrine. Its acceptance robbed death of its only remaining terror, viz., the being disembodied—having no gathering place, or going into a new and strange home. If this teaching be true—if we are now in possession of this spiritual body, then we have the requisite senses for coming into communication with those who have passed out of the flesh, and it only needs that the veil of separation by some means be parted for the moment, to enable us to perceive them if near—in other words, that which we call spirit is capable of being seen and heard by the spiritual eye and ear within. This corresponds with the story of the Hebrew prophet and his servant when he was taken into his enemies' camp, and Elisha was taken into his enemy's army, and he was with us than they that are against us—*Lord, open his eyes!* and behold the mountain was filled with chariots and horsemen. I mention this, not as authority, but by way of illustration. The appearance of Jesus after his crucifixion must have been in the spiritual body, and not in that which had been put to death. "Then came Jesus, the doors being shut; 'He vanished out of their sight,' and much more of like purport.

In connection with this, I will venture to tell you of an idea which first occurred to me during the war, and has been growing into something like strong assurance ever since. Believing in the very depths of my being that benignant Justice lies at the foundation of all things, I am ever

"Groping for the harmonies."

"Of the heavenly harmonies." I could not account for that instinct in humanity which always longs and labors for the good time coming, when Truth, Righteousness and Beauty shall reign on this Earth, which, after all, is but a stopping-place for a moment—I could not see why one generation of life here should be sacrificed for those to come after, whose happiness can be no more important, and who are destined to the same great future and its possibilities. I was not troubled about the noble souls who gave themselves a free-will offering for others; theirs was not sacrifice—it was self-ennoblement—enlargement within. My concern was for the many, with no such great thought, who were laid on the altar for that which profited them nothing. Can we really, by the self-sacrifice of generations in the far future? Suddenly I laid hold, I thought, of the key to this mystery—saw its reconciliation with Justice. This Earth, I said, must be the permanent home of

the human race—worthy all our endeavors to beautify and make glorious—of all our struggles to make a noble life possible here. All immortal men and women are still living in this world—some in, and some out of the body—all full of life and business activities, reaping what they have sown, and partaking of the same advances, went, the same partaking of the same advances, migration to a foreign land? With the exhaustless stores of this scarcely touched, the wisest only "gathering a few pebbles from its shores," and its most beautiful perceivable now only by microscopic aid! What thought I cannot comprehend the conditions of this great invisible life! Can I comprehend the spiritual life I now lead in connection with this body of grosser material? This may seem to you an absurd theory—to me it is a delightful subject of contemplation. I have a strong affection for and interest in this beautiful world, which is enriched, more and more by the bloody sweat of the heroic souls of humanity in all ages. I am unwillingly losing my right of citizenship and my venture in its great future. If this be true, then, it is the more reasonable that, possessing the same spiritual body and its appropriate senses, we should sometimes see and hear with our innermost sight and hearing those who are all around us. It accords, too, with all we know of seers, both of the past and present, who never go off, but only perceive that which is here—*Lord, open his eyes!*

My own life has furnished proof that we may become cognizant of intelligences beyond the flesh, and that through more than one spiritual sense, but it would be vain to narrate this in all such detail as to give full credence to the experience of another who is altogether out of the ordinary course of events.

I suppose a belief in Spiritualism generally depends on the conviction of immortality, and so ennobles the soul; but to me, there is grander proof of that great reality—proof on which my soul rests, as on a rock that cannot be moved.

The teachings of the Spiritualists are generally good—sometimes of a high order of thought, but not higher, or indeed other, than that arrived at by thinkers of another school. I believe we should never accept as truth anything upon authority, even were it that of an archangel, nor would such be of any avail to us. Truth must be perceived by the soul—absorbed into its very nature, then it becomes the food on which we live and grow. How grand is that saying, first of Moses, then of Jesus, "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!"

(Original.)

A TRIBUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZA A. FITTINGER.

Land of beauty, land of gold!
Land whose sunny skies unfold
Their hospitable splendors,
Nor upon thy soil so grand,
So regal as that noble band,
Who for thy telling people stand,
As their own true defenders!

Land of silver, land of gain!
Land of winter's golden rain!
In bold, heroic story
Thy coming records long may tell
Of many a one who struggled well,
And some who for the Nation fell,
And for its future glory!

Land of beauty, land of health!
A Queen thou reignest in thy wealth
Beside the peaceful ocean!
Upon thy brow forever beam
Full many a glittering gem, that seem
To breathe their burning hues, and gleam
With fires of true devotion!

Land of the evergreen and vine!
Land with many a hidden mine
Of wealth and beauty teeming!
We'll dip the pen in silver light,
And of thy bounteous future write,
Surpassing in its glories bright,
The measures of our dreaming.

Land of the famous mammoth tree,
And of the grand Yosemite,
All Nature claims thee fairest!
No foreign rule thy will may sway,
No sceptered power thy rights obey,
Save that which leads the onward way
From those in which thou sharest!

Land of towering cliffs and lakes!
Land where earnest labor makes
Her grandest destination!
Land of tunnels, granite hills,
Of blooming plains, and chiming rills,
Oh how thy future greatness thrills
With hope each new creation!

Land where all the races speed!
Land that finds an earnest creed
In every bold endeavor!
Land of Progress, great and free,
Young and blooming Cybele,
Lo! thy arms again we see,
And there repose forever!

Oh, yes, forever we would dwell
Upon thy sunny slopes, that swell
With grandeur still before thee!
For California long may claim
Full many a proud and honored name
Emblazoned on her country's fame,
And blended with its glory!

THE HEBREW GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION.

We are opposed to a Constitutional Amendment recognizing the authority of the Hebrew God, because, according to the accounts given in the Bible, he was a being of weak moral development and of limited knowledge and power. We are also opposed to recognizing him in the National Constitution, because we believe he is an imaginary being—a fabulous God.

According to the Bible, his knowledge was so limited that it was necessary for him to go down to Sodom and Gomorrah before he could get reliable information in regard to matters in those cities. We are told in the Bible that "the Lord was with Abraham, and drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Now, if the God of Israel—the God worshipped by the Orthodox "soul burners"—could not contend successfully with "chariots of iron," would his assistance be of any value in great battles like those of Antietam and Gettysburg?

Shall we by an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States recognize the authority of the God who put a lying spirit in the mouths of the prophets—who commanded a brutal man to murder the children of Ahab—who sent the Israelites upon plundering expeditions, commanding them to massacre indiscriminately men, women and children? Would our national rulers receive additional wisdom—would our courts of justice receive clearer views in regard to the rights of individuals, if we in our national Constitution should acknowledge the authority of the God who slew seventy thousand innocent men because David numbered "the people"? We are opposed to a Constitutional Amendment recognizing the Hebrew God, Jupiter, or any fabulous god of ancient times.

J. W. C.

How TO STOP CHEWING TOBACCO.—In a recently published pamphlet, the Rev. Mr. Trask gives the following advice to tobacco chewers:

1. Make the most of your Will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again, in any form.
2. Go to an apothecary and buy ten cents' worth of Gentian root, coarsely ground.
3. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common dose of "finest" or "cavendish."
4. Chew it well, and swallow all the saliva.
5. Continue this a few weeks and you will come off conqueror; then thank God and thank us.

A Letter from Mrs. Brown.

A GOOD TEST—A FEW MINUTES—THE MOUNTAINS, &c.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your journal of July 1, you say that people receive good tests through you. "Message Department," yet fail to acknowledge the facts. This reminds me of a test given by your Mrs. Conant. I was in Georgetown, C. T., the other day. A gentleman from the far South came to see me. I asked, "Do you know anything of Spiritualism?" "Not much," he replied; "but one thing has staggered me. It is this: Some years ago I found a woman who was sick and poor. I aided her all in my power, and provided for her up to the time of her death. Some time after this woman's death, I found, by accident, a copy of the *Banner of Light*. In the 'Message Department' I saw a communication from this woman, stating the circumstances of her illness and poverty, thanking me for the aid I had given her. How Mrs. Conant got hold of these facts I cannot guess, unless the spirit did tell her." The gentleman gave me the full names of all the parties, but I do not now remember them; but if any one doubts the test I can easily obtain the names.

Now, I wish to add to this bit of information a warning word and a fragment of counsel. Flee from the burning city—burning with July heat. Do not longer imprison your weary spirits in that upper room on Washington street; do not puzzle your brains over wretchedly written copy, like mine; leave your books, and give hands and head a good August rest. The dear *Banner*—who will care for that? Why, give that a vacation, too. Ministers have their summer trips, and their wages go on. Why may not the editors close doors, and all hands turn out into the green fields and grow strong by cooling waters? If a subscriber complains of this change he looks happy; let him go his way—go yours.

While I am making suggestions, I will advise you to come to these sacred mountains. I say sacred, because some searchers after gold and information begin to talk of this territory as the old world, the home of the antediluvians. If this is so, Long's Peak may be the mount where the ark rested; Mount Lincoln, the holy hill, where Moses met the Lord and got his commandments. The only wonder is that the searchers for "signs and symbols" have not discovered the veils of Noah's dove and the original rocks upon which the commandments were given. Joking aside, this territory is indeed older than we know. Where Denver now stands, ossified marine shells have been found, and human bones have been exhumed, thirty feet below the surface of the earth. One of these ancient bones is now before me; it is on its way from the heart of the earth, to take its place among other Colorado curiosities in Mr. Powell's new hall in Sterling, Ill. This finger-joint may, in some hands, tell a story older than we. I am not a convert to the "I am wandering from my subject. Come out to Colorado; climb the mountains, camp out, go fishing, hunting; let your meals be of your own cooking; 'back it,' (as the miners say), in the Parks, and if you do not grow strong of limb and nerve—if you do not have the summer days gloriously good, and give you time to study, I am not a convert to the joys and life-giving powers of this Western world. John Wetherbee told you that he walked the miles to hear me speak. That was not all; besides being a good walker, he proved himself a good talker. Where is there a man in the West States who will walk on a summer's morning nine miles, and then give a good talk to the people who have gathered to listen? Mr. Wetherbee will do all this among the mountains, six thousand feet above the sea level; but you do not find him driving about at that rate in Boston, do you?

When you come to Colorado—of course you will come—you will find "Bro. Hymann" and Capt. Nichols ready, with open doors, to feed and bless you; but I mistake the men if they do not "pitch in" to your "poor Indian sympathies." But come and listen to their version of the Indian question, and you will find that the doctrine of extermination, but the shocking cruelties that have been heaped upon the captive white women by the Indians have aroused all the fight that is in me. Leave the red man out of the question, smoke the peace-pipe with your adversaries, and move on to the Colorado House in Boulder City. On the sitting-room table you will find the *Present Age*, the *Radical*, the *Banner of Light*, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the *Lycium Banner*. Mr. Pound, mine host, never dodges any question of reform. On his table are his sentiments; accept them, or not, as you will. In your coming you do not forget Golden City. It is a little green valley city, not about with hills. The mountains are no common looking things; they are the queerest combination of rocks, roots, flowers and soil I have seen. On one side of the city the mountain-side is green and gold. Above the flowers and grass there is a high and dry wall of solid rock. Above this wall, which has a fortress look, there is a clear, deep lake, swarming with trout. There is still another odd-looking mountain. It stands like a wall against Golden City. The sides are covered by a low bush and wild flowers; on the summit there is a solid rock—high white hill, the old-fashioned July. The mountains on one side, Nature has nicely graven the face of a lion. In the hollow eyes eagles have made their nests. About this mountain a rough bridge path leads to the very summit. I joined a little party the other day, for this skyward spot. "Go dry," my guide-friend said, "creep along, planting his feet in the firmer places. We rested awhile on the solid pit rock, and looked abroad over the world beyond and below. The city folks, looking up to us, seemed in size like little children. Denver, fifteen miles distant, lay full in view; the soft, golden-edged clouds floated just overhead; below, the clear air was so wonderful about the mountain, out of the mountains; far on, the evergreen mountains stood out like green walls about the valleys; still above, the Snowy Range, snow-capped, lifted their white heads above the clouds, holding, perhaps, communion with the sinking sun. In this fairy land, where the clouds, mountains, green valley and shining streams were outspread like a grand panorama, I wanted to say with Milton:

"Praise him, ye winds that blow from the four quarters:
Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, 'in sign of worship wane."

You will find, as I have, a good home in Golden City at the *Banner of Light*. You will find there, too, the *Banner of Light*, the *Present Age* and the new *Universe*. And you will find that it is not one whit inferior to that led by the "Raven" on the plains to the famishing John Wetherbee and his companion, George W. Morrill. My stay among the Coloradans is nearly ended. I am looking toward the Pacific Coast. Adieu. H. F. M. Brown's.

Golden City, C. T., July 13, 1869.

Wheeler on the Rail.

Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad,
Lake Shore, July 12th, 1869.

I wrote you a brevity from Lotus, Indiana, some days ago, making an item you were pleased to use; perhaps another may not come amiss, since it is to your columns the public are justly in the habit of looking for the general news in regard to the great spiritual movement in which all are concerned. In person I have nothing new, great and good to report, unless it be good to be fully occupied; if that should suffice, I am content, or should be, for I am indeed busy just at present.

Returning to Cleveland after my ten weeks' stay in Washington and my trip to Indiana, I note a comparative inactivity in external manifestations of spiritual growth among Spiritualists as Spiritualists. The pressure of the times financially, and that devotion to business which obtains at this season among some of the most active workers in the society, has hindered the progress of events in this connection. There is no statement of interest in Spiritualism, as may be known by the fact that all the various public media with whom Cleveland is supplied, are quite constantly occupied, and doing an excellent work, in one way and another. The wonderful Thackerberry Stores are located there, and busy in frequent sales, I am told. These ladies intend to be at the Convention of the American Association at Buffalo, where all will have an opportunity to see and judge for themselves the extraordinary things which are performed, as well as the cause or causes thereof. There are several good test mediums in the town, both in public and in private. Mrs. Boyd still continues her seances, both in affording opportunities for test communications, and in healing; while our old acquaintance, Mrs. Thompson, not only lives and labors, but improves in her capacity to do good; at least we may draw this inference from authentic report. I have heard of acts of revelations through her. Mrs. Dutton is at her post still as a successful clairvoyant, and we have beside Dr. Newcomer and Stewart in the department of general medicine and magnetic treatment. So you see, we are not "left without a witness," even though the "anted preaching of the word" be not carried forward with all the activity of the past, for a season.

The Lycium suffers from the same causes with the society, but an exhibition is soon to come off, with the assistance of Miss Fannie Hilditch, in expectation of some experience in the "old-fashioned" way, probably the close of this season will open a vigorous "fall and winter campaign," expressive of renewed strength and interest among the friends of the cause.

In Buffalo, where I follow Bro. Fish, I find improved accommodations, and a vital interest. The Buffalo people, blessed with strongly marked individualities, are some times so full of vim and force that they incoherently waste some of it on occasion among themselves. Spiritualism has a history in Buffalo, and although there may be at times such freedom of expression as to make some temporary alienation from the co-spiritualists, yet there is a tolerance of speech, and a general love of radical thought, which is full of the promise of growth. The ideas of Spiritualism are more largely defined through the community than expressed in organic form; good audiences meet the speaker, however, and a most attentive hearing is given.

The Lycium, though in some respects improved since I saw it last, does not give token of that growth which is desirable, but it is to be hoped it may come into rapport with the society, to insure it that regard essential to success. I am now running along amid the green hills I close "Old Greece" again! You have an inspired counter loiterer will get a "fat take," if you bother him to set it up.

Sincerely yours, E. S. WHEELER.

MINNESOTA.

Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Spiritualists, Liberalists, and Liberal Christians of the State of Minnesota—Greeting:
I am directed by said Association to state that J. L. Potter, Mrs. E. A. Logan, Mrs. L. A. F. Swain and Mrs. Harriet E. Pope are now employed as Missionary Agents of said Association, and are authorized to solicit contributions to the cause of the Gospel, organize Branch Associations, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and receive contributions and subscriptions for missionary purposes; and that the said J. L. Potter is fully authorized to collect all moneys due said Association, and to make all necessary arrangements for the same, and that the other said agents are fully authorized to collect all moneys due on all such subscriptions as are or may be placed in their hands for collection. And all who are friendly to religious freedom everywhere, and who are earnestly desirous to make immediate arrangements for the same, are invited to send their contributions for meeting, and good, welcome, honors for their entertainment, free of charge, and to do all you can to furnish free conveyance from meeting to meeting, which may be done in nearly all places by the friends, with their own means, but in all cases, the Association will pay the fare. The Association a very large amount of experience, and the said Missionary Agents are hereby instructed to use special exertions to procure such free conveyance wherever it is possible to do so.

As an acknowledgment to the merits of the said Missionary Agents: Mr. J. L. Potter for the last four years, as a trance speaker, secured a reputation too well known, as a successful laborer, to require any eulogy; but to those who may not have heard of him I will state that the friends at Morris-town—where he has been speaking for some six or eight times—say that he has secured more than their most sanguine expectations, calling out at each succeeding meeting increasingly larger audiences. They desire to commend him to the friends all over the State.

Mrs. E. A. Logan has been laboring as our missionary agent for nearly one year, and is present to you the many letters received from different parts of the State, attesting her beautiful inspiration and desiring her continuance as a missionary agent, the friends would be fully satisfied that she is securing a reputation more lasting than her earthly life. I would especially recommend her to the friends everywhere, as a very powerful and devoted worker. I have attended many circles with her, and she has scarcely ever failed in imparting the "Holy Ghost" by the laying on of hands; almost on every occasion some one or more have been influenced by spirits for the first time, and often such have never before been in a circle.

Mrs. L. A. F. Swain I recommend as an inspirational speaker, a good circle medium, and psychometric reader of character, and with much thankfulness I have good reason to recommend her as a clairvoyant, physician and healer by laying on of hands. I was relieved, by one treatment, of a chronic inflammation of the eye, which had been impossible to dress or address myself for three months, and in a few minutes' time the spirits, through her organism, relieved me so that I have been able to help myself ever since, and my shoulder is gradually regaining strength.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, recently developed as a trance speaker, so easily controlled by the spirits, that it is a pleasure to listen to the soul-elevating inspirations given through her organism. She is also a good circle medium, often controlled to give good tests, describing spirits, and now, in conclusion, I would once more appeal to the friends all over the State, to send their contributions for the reception of the weary travelers, as they go forth showing the signs that were to follow the true believer, opening the eyes of the blind, causing the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, healing the sick and preaching the gospel of truth to the poor, and thus help them go on their way rejoicing, and you will most assuredly receive your reward.

D. HINSHALL.

Secretary State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota.
Fairbault, Minn., July 15, 1869.

IOWA.

Third Quarterly Report.

Amount received up to July 1st, 1869, on Third Quarterly Report.

Name.	Address.	Amount.
A. Gaston.	1.00
Henry Preston.	1.00
E. Hughes.	1.00
Total.	\$3.00

EXPENSES.

Paid to E. Sprague.	\$20.00
.....
Paper and stamps.	3.00
Total Expenses.	\$23.00

Report of Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, for the month of June, as State Missionary:

Received at Waukegan.	\$10.00
.....
"Fort Dodge.	21.25
"Cedar Falls.	5.00
Total.	\$36.25

Mileage, etc. 53.75
H. C. O'BRIEN, Secretary.
The above report is true, as far as my knowledge.
(Signed) W. W. KINKEAD, Treasurer.

* Should have been published in Mr. Sprague's report.

VERMONT.

Annual Convention of the State Spiritualist Association.

The First Annual Convention of this Association will be held in West Randolph, on Friday morning and Sunday, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th, 1869. Articles 8 and 7 of the constitution adopted at the State Convention held in Danby, Sept. 14th, 18th and 19th, 1868, are as follows:

"8. The Annual Convention for the election of officers, and other business, shall be composed of delegates chosen by local societies, or at meetings for that purpose, in towns without local societies.

7. Every society or town shall be entitled to three delegates, and all societies of over fifty members may have an addition of two delegates.

It is hoped that societies and towns will send delegates duly chosen and furnished with credentials signed by the Secretaries of their respective societies. It is further hoped that Spiritualists in towns where there are no societies get together and organize temporarily by the appointment of a chairman and Secretary, and elect delegates without further delay. And let no one say away from the Convention because he or she is not a delegate, for in all respects except the mere business part, this will be a mass convention. There will be no platform, where any one can be heard who has a thought to utter.

The hotels will furnish board for \$1.00 per day, and it is expected the railroads will return free all those who attend the Convention and pay full fare for one way. They have always granted us this favor, and will not withhold it now.

By order of the Committee, E. B. HOLMES, Sec'y.

Delegates to the Sixth National Convention.

At the annual Convention of the Vermont Spiritualists, held in Danby, Sept. 14th, 18th and 19th, 1868, the following delegates to the Sixth National Convention were elected:

Dr. F. Wilder, of New South; Mrs. S. A. Wiley, of Rockingham; Mrs. Fannie Davis, of West Randolph; Mr. A. E. Rimmington, of Woodstock; Chester Pratt, of Middlebury.</

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department
of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY,
to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

The Universal Spiritual Tendency.

There is a way of looking at this matter practically, rather than theoretically, and of illustrating the thoughts concerning it that run through our minds by the homely, everyday facts of human experience which lie thickly all about us. Our own continued consciousness, acting upon one circumstance and event after another in our personal history, assures us that our lives are graded by spiritual forces, and destined to run only in the grooves made by spiritual power. When we look back over the past, what gives it such a halo, such an exaltation in our eyes, such a poetic beauty, even with the sorrows, the hardships, and the disappointments, none of them left out? Why is it, rather, that none of the latter show themselves above the surface of the smoothly-flowing stream, but, like black and ugly logs, are sunk down forever at the bottom? Why does a man love to go back in his memory to the days of his childhood, to even the loss of his first child, to the rough visitations of fortune when they bruised and wounded the spirit so sorely—if it be not because all things together, what was at the time smooth and what was rough, become spiritually transmuted by sinking into and assimilating themselves with the fibre and soul of our being? Is it not undeniable that Heaven has a way in these things which man must admit to be the very best for his growth and his peace?

As we grow older, those of us who watch thoughtfully the changing phenomena cannot fail to observe that we more and more turn our eyes away from outward things, that is, from the mere externalities of things about us, and introvert them so as to comprehend more and more clearly the riches and resources of our own natures. We become tired of trying to satisfy our insatiable longings, indescribable as they are, and come to think that, after all, the most of the real world lies within ourselves. This is the first positive token in our experience of the superiority of spirit over matter—of our souls over what has been given them only to act upon outwardly. If we are conscious of the growing habit of withdrawing into ourselves with advancing years, or even as we mature and grow ripe, we want no better or further proof than that we are becoming spiritual, that living is not altogether comprised in the routine of daily duties and necessities, and that the real life, which like a sort of light plays through the chinks of the walls of our being, is that of which we catch but a glimpse at best, at odd times and in unexpected places, and without an idea of what is transpiring while the real mystery of life is thus revealed. After a time, we come slowly into a clearer and more connected consciousness of what has all this while been going on, and are able to unroll our map to a larger extent, and stretch our thought over what we can now comprehend.

And as it is with the individual, so it is with society. That tends continually to the ideal. Forms are regularly falling away for the essence. What was good, and even necessary, only a little time ago, can better be dispensed with than not. The direction is toward spirituality, though people know it not. One step naturally compels another. Society becomes corrupt through luxury, only to be disgusted from satiety; and the reaction is but a sober and serious gathering up of the forces for a more decisive movement forward again. There are those—few in number always—who can more or less distinctly discern this change in the social elements, and detect the ripening of forces which ultimate in a higher ideal of life for the community, but they are as though dumb in their attempts to report what they see, for the mass is so small that are prepared to receive and understand what is told them that it is as if it were not uttered at all. Yet the same steady progress is continued for all that. God gives his light freely, whether the eyes of men are open or shut to its reception. As fast as they can see they do see, and not faster. We believe, and even scientists are not ready to deny it with a reason, that the earth is becoming more rarefied and spiritualized all the time, and its atmosphere is by no means what it was even a century ago. Men are changing, in consequence of this notorious material change. If we can obtain a clue to the law, it will conduct us with certainty to the fact all material things, nay, the planet itself, with its inhabitants, are continually undergoing that change of character which is to culminate at last in the pure life of the spirit.

Ourselves.

Emerson says with startling truth, that we are in the habit of letting go those fine thoughts and living ideas which rise in our own minds, and following slavishly after what others say or do, as if, because others said and did thus, they must be more right or original than we who as yet have said and done nothing. Every individual is a new creation, and as such should aim to be self-centered and self-poised. There is no shorter way to accomplish that than by introverting our eyes and adopting the numerous suggestions which arise from the soul itself. Our thoughts are worthless, because we consent to treat them as vagrants. If we entertain sufficient respect for ourselves, our intuitions, our first and freshest thoughts, to heed and follow them out in the development of our own characters, we may be sure that we shall soon discover the secret of true strength, and abide with resources that will prove endless and inexhaustible. We are weak because we prefer to be. With all these gifts of Providence so generously stored up in our natures, how idle it is for us to run off after others' gifts, of which we know nothing to begin with, and which may be worth nothing to us after all.

Read Gen. Felix Zollihoff's fine message on our eighth page. Oh, that such a spirit would permeate all souls in earth-life, both North and South! Then, indeed, should we have permanent peace and good will over the land of Washington.

Mental and Moral Forces.

We have in hand a treatise from the press of Longman, London, the production of Mr. Charles Bray, entitled "Force; its Mental and Moral Correlates." In opening and pursuing the discussion of his theme, he proceeds to treat of that which is supposed—in his own phrase—to underlie all phenomena, and to indulge in certain speculations on Spiritualism, and what he is pleased to term "other, abnormal conditions of the mind." Mr. Bray has previously put forth a kindred treatise, on the "Philosophy of Necessity," which he asserts to be only another name for "Law," or a "fixed order of Nature in the department of Mind," and without which law he does not believe there can be any social science. As he holds that the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity forms the base of Social Science, so, in the present treatise, he aims to show that the doctrine of the Correlation and Persistence of Forces, when thought out to its legitimate consequences, supplies a Science of Psychology based on Physiology, by which alone we can attain to the same command over mind as we already have over physical force. As the correlation of forces shows that, in the cycle of forces, we can always return to the same starting point without a break—so does the persistence of force show that this is always done without loss. And these truths he here aims to carry from Physics into the higher field of Mind, where—as the author professes to think—they furnish the most probable explanation of "the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism."

This, then, is the ultimate of Mr. Bray's present project, to explain the spiritual phenomena; and what he has to say in that direction will be attended to with at least as much interest by professed Spiritualists as by those who neither believe nor pay heed to what is presented to their notice. The author shrinkingly gives notice, however, that his speculations are only speculations; he has no desire to dogmatize, but merely offers a hypothesis, to be rejected or affirmed by observation and experience. He will not be deterred from the truth by any fear of the supposed consequences. He does not ask: "To what does this lead?" but, "Is it true?" And he indulges in other similar remarks on the liberty of search and investigation, which will give peculiar zest to his speculations with all who advance to the apprehension and appreciation of his statements and suggestions.

On the subject of intelligence in the spiritual phenomena, the author remarks: "My own opinion is that there is an emanation from all brains, the result of both conscious and unconscious cerebration, forming, not spirits, but a mental and spiritual atmosphere, by means of which peculiar constitutions—mediums and others—are put in rapport with other brains or minds, so as to become conscious of what is going on there." Without undertaking to follow out the course of his thoughts, we content ourselves with appending the following extracts from his pages, which will be interesting to all students of and believers in the reality and significance of the Spiritual Phenomena. He says:

"The occult powers have been present in the world from the earliest ages, but the world has never yet been able to receive them. In the East—in India, they dictated the Vedas, they being the revelations of seers who attained to inspiration in the trance, in which state they were supposed to attain to inward sight, and to communicate directly with God—the highest good, it was thought, to which man can attain on earth. They left a system of castes, based upon their religion, which stereotyped the then existing civilization. In Egypt the same powers were used to extend and confirm the authority of the pharaohs, which authority, through Moses, was graduated to their colleges, has been handed down to the present day. In early Christendom among the saints, this power did God's work, among the witches afterwards it did the devil's; and now when it has again broken out under the form of modern 'spiritual manifestations,' the question is whose work is it doing?"

On the subject of the rationale of the Spiritual Phenomena, Mr. Bray puts forth the following direct and earnest observations:

"The spiritual hypothesis places us in a very little better position with respect to mental science than we were with respect to physical science when every unknown cause was supposed to be some god or spirit; we had gods of the winds, of the thunder, and of the sea, and smaller spirits of the streams, &c., and subject, not to any known law, but only to their caprice. But if we can lay these spirits and discover the laws upon which these abnormal powers and extraordinary phenomena are dependent, we may add the most useful chapter of all to the book of science. We have discovered the law of gravitation, and we now want a Newton in the department of mind. We want now to know the law, not of gravitation, but of levitation, by which Brahmins, and saints, and Mr. Home, and tables float. We want to know the exact conditions under which vital force becomes mental or conscious force, and of its correlation into unconsciousness in sleep or under pressure on the brain; or when it passes from the brain into the body through the nerves or directly into space. Swedenborg tells us that 'thought is pressure,' but we want to know more definitely how mind is brought into the presence of mind, how brain acts upon brain, through an independent thought or spirit medium, and what is the result in increased power or otherwise by joining brain with brain; and what is the nature and extent of will power—automatic or unconscious, and conscious; under what conditions one passes into the other and through what medium's will—conscious or unconscious, can act, and at what distances? What also is the healing power possessed by such men as Greatrakes and in a minor degree by modern mesmerists? These and many other things suggested by mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the modern spiritual manifestations, apparently within the boundaries of our faculties, are now pressing for explanation and reduction to law, and when that is accomplished, or even investigated, the power of mind will be as greatly and rapidly increased as physical power has been by recent discoveries in steam and electricity."

The author discusses with keen intelligence and the sympathy of positive insight, the engrossing question of the production of the best possible specimens of the race, and does it in phrases of this sort, which deserve to be read and pondered seriously everywhere:

"As certain elements in the soil are necessary to the growth of wheat, so certain ingredients in the food, and even in the atmosphere, are necessary to thought. We want the physical facts bearing on the production of the human intellect. In the dry atmosphere of America the nervous system unduly predominates, and in England John Bull's mind is getting smothered in fat, and we get genius at the expense of the vital functions. But we must learn how to combine the temperaments of genius with robust health, and bring back holy to its original meaning—healthy. The germ of the oak seems little influenced by the surrounding pabulum in the acorn, upon the autumnal changes in which its growth opens; but the human germ depends upon the woman more than the man. It is fed upon the mental and vital forces of the mother, and yet there has been no attempt to dictate what those forces shall be. If we would make Shakespeares and Newtons we must begin with the germ and race, but the coming child is left to chance, and when it does come there is no attempt to gauge its capabilities, to train its special faculties, and to save it an infinity of pain and labor through life by starting it in the right direction; or at least what effort is made is altogether unscientific in its character, judged even by the light we already possess on such subjects. Few get right aims, and the failures in life are in proportion. No doubt we are bordering upon a great advance. We are a people based on physiology we can have any kind of body we like; with any type of body, and any kind of feel-

ing. At present man is little better than an animal of the pig and peacock species; building a golden sty, feeding from silver troughs, and strutting, and spreading his tail, for all the world to admire. But I trust we are about to rise above the mere animal, to the exercise of those faculties that distinguish man as man. God becomes conscious of himself only in humanity. The supreme good is to be found only in our higher nature; the inner sense does not open till the outer of the mere animal is closed; and it is in that serene quiet only that Nature unveils, and admits us to communion and union."

Finally, in attempting to establish the belief that the coming spirit-world is evolved from the spirit atmosphere, and is wholly the result of cerebration, he closes his essay with the following suggestive and eloquent paragraph:

"As Huxley elsewhere tells us, 'Naturalists find it hard to get to the centre of the living world, but amidst endless modifications of life, and that present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors.' Undoubtedly man is the highest in the series, but it is to remain so? The aggregate of mind, as it has been passing and repassing during countless ages through living forms, from the monad to man, has been gradually improving in delicacy and intensity of feeling and consciousness, and what may be the next form it may take who can tell? May not the Spiritualist theory be merely casting its shadow before? Plants prepare the food for animals, and the elaborate machinery of the animal body prepares the food for mind, that is, sentience and conscious intelligence, and may not this result of combination which has been the result of centuries, furnish ground for a new start—for the existence of mind, in an individual form, without all the present cumbrous machinery for the correlation of force? We have a world of spiritual food already prepared, so that there would be no necessity for the old apparatus. If it be true, as is testified by the Spiritualists, that hands and arms are now formed in such an atmosphere, who can tell what will be the ultimate effect of will power—for I hold the whole universe to be the effect of will power on certain prepared conditions—as the thought or spirit atmosphere intensifies by the greatly increased action of brain now going on? If such an additional link should ever be added to this chain of intelligence, if such a creation of a new being should ever take place, it will probably be evolved and come into existence, as man did, out of the newly prepared circumstances and conditions, and not individually representing any previously existing living entity. Such beings would be clairvoyant, would certainly require no railroads, and no electric telegraph, being governed by a law of levitation, rather than of gravitation, and would possess all the powers in a higher degree of which we have only had a glimpse; and cerebration having furnished a sufficient atmosphere and food for their existence, might cease, and the world, with all its increased and increasing beauty, be given up to them. The 'spheres,' the present abode of spirits, according to the Spiritualists, seem very comfortable regions. But of course this is mere speculation. What we have now to do is to investigate and test the abnormal powers surrounding us—to reduce them to law, and thus to pass them on from man, by whom they have hitherto been only abused, to humanity, by which they might be used to make the greatest spiritual advance hitherto achieved."

"Arrant Bigotry."

The following paragraph, with the above heading, has lately appeared in a prominent daily journal of this city:

"A religious paper expresses the opinion that the death of the Rev. Mr. Hallock in the recent accident on the Erie Railway was a manifestation of the Divine displeasure against the habit of smoking. If the reverend gentleman had not been sitting in the smoking car he would not have been killed; if he had not been a smoker he would not have been in the smoking car, hence he was killed because he was a smoker."

While we unite in all reasonable remarks against the habit of using tobacco in any form, we are unable to perceive, any more than the secular press, the justice of the formula for considering and deciding the fate of the reverend gentleman alluded to. The Divine Ruler is here described as doing business much after the fashion of an anti-lion, who, after digging his pit of loose sand in the form of an inverted cone, lies in wait at the bottom to devour the poor unfortunate insect who happens to tread on its slippery border and comes sliding down to his open jaws.

The laws of Nature are fixed, and any infraction of them is sure to bring condign punishment; the gradual absorption of the juices of tobacco by the human system carries with it, in its effects, the only mandates of "Divine displeasure" which we believe in. The day has gone by when "nightmare" stories could frighten the reason of man out of its propriety, and society is apt, at the present day, to look for natural causes to all things. Whirled from the bosom of the sun, as a dewdrop from a blade of grass, in the morning wind of creation, our little globe is not of such vast importance in the universe of worlds that the great Ruler of all finds it necessary to stand personally on post over it, like a sharp-shooter ready to strike down with deadly aim the tolling atom he has made.

Let our brethren of the "religious press" turn their attention to publishing the laws of hygienic reform in this particular—if they cannot receive the new light, of which these are but the refracted rays—and cease to make themselves ridiculous by the retelling of stories which, while they might have alarmed the childhood of the race, are powerless upon the intelligent manhood of our time.

A Penal Colony.

With all our other borrowings and imitations from the Old World, whose corrupt practices and open vices we have already shown ourselves, as a people, much too ready to learn, it is now proposed to set up the plan of establishing a government penal colony; and the location of it is Alaska—that dreary land for which we have paid the round sum of seven and a half millions of dollars. A journal of no less reputation than the *Evening Post*, of New York, has brought forward the scheme and developed it in its details. The idea is, to transport criminals thither from the different States. One would suppose that transportation, as a punishment for crime, had had a sufficiently thorough trial, and that its complete failure ought to satisfy all sides, in discussing the wisest method of dealing with criminals. Great Britain certainly found the experiment to be a failure, since crime is not kept in check at home by it, while a virtuous and vigorous colony is cruelly engrafted with an incurable disease. It only amounts to a shifting of the evil from an old country to a new one, at the worst. Australia tells a pitiful story for the cruel mother who has dared to people it with what she refused to keep at home, and we venture to say that the English will never try a second similar experiment. The French penal colony at Cayenne is not more of a success; nor will the Spaniards do any more, by transshipping the Cuban insurgents to Fernando Po. If Alaska is worth the purchase money we paid for it, it certainly merits a better use than to sow on its soil, however sterile it may be by nature, those seeds which will bring forth only thistles. And another thing: society acts with consummate cowardice by taking such a step. Who knows just how much of crime is owing to society's negligence or corruption? And may it presume to shirk its duty by putting away its unfortunate class, when it owes it to them to lift them up and correct and preserve them?

The reader will find Warren Chase's lucubrations on our third page.

The French Cable.

In our last issue we announced the fact of the successful laying of the Franco-American telegraph cable. Now we give our readers a brief report of several addresses at the Festival in Duxbury on the 27th of July in honor of the great occasion. Many people from the surrounding country were there, as also quite a collection of distinguished individuals from abroad, among whom were Hon. Thomas Russell, Sir James Anderson, Lord Cecil, Viscount Parker, Mayor Shurtliff, Mons. Breche, a distinguished French savant, Prof. Pierce, of Harvard College, Mr. Watson, of the Cable Company, and many others. The greatest interest prevailed. It was really a gala day for Duxbury. The cannon boomed, the bands played, and joy beamed from every countenance.

After the physical feast under the tent had been fully discussed, the intellectual feast began, and was kept up for a long time. Mr. S. N. Gifford opened the ball by saying:

"We have assembled here to-day to congratulate each other on the accomplishment of a gigantic enterprise, and to say a word of welcome to those who have been mainly instrumental in initiating and carrying forward to a successful close this last great work of the age. We live in an age of wonder. Man seems to be master of the physical world. Apparently insuperable obstacles vanish at the touch of his magic skill. A few weeks since a month was required to reach the Pacific shores; to-day, by the completion of that wonderful specimen of engineering ability, Yankee pluck and good sense, the Pacific Railroad will cross us in a week's time by the freeways of our friends at the Golden Gate. To-day we meet to rejoice over the landing of a line that not only annihilates the space between two continents, but at the same time, if not a guarantee, is at least an earnest that peace and good will shall forever continue between us and the mighty nations that occupy them. This is a great work, a great step in the advancing march of civilization; great for us, great for the world. Let us then give to our friends from over the sea a hearty welcome, a welcome that will convince them that we are not only glad to see them, but we appreciate the skill, the pluck and the perseverance that has originated, carried on and completed this great enterprise."

In response to the first toast, "The President of the United States," Judge Russell said:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS—It seems to me almost a dream that we are assembled here in this quiet corner of our dear Old Colony to celebrate the laying of the cable which connects together all the habitable parts of the globe, and what seems very strange to us, connects them by way of Rouse's Hummock. [Applause.] I was awakened from that dream by the kind applause with which you welcomed the mention of the President of the United States, that assured me that we were not alone at home. I am sure if that great man could be here he would delight to unite, too, in rejoicing over the happy completion of this vast enterprise, in the new facility which it extends for commercial intercourse, in the new bond of union which has been fastened between the Old World and the New—bonds which every American and every Englishman now knows to be a thousand times better than the clumsy political links that once held us together. I am sure, too, that the President of the United States will gladly unite with Congress in furnishing for this enterprise and for every kindred enterprise, the defence of impartial laws founded in strict justice [Applause], the best defence of commerce, the only security of any State, the true foundation for all international law. [Renewed applause.]"

An old poet said of his lady:

"The blood within her veins so eloquently wrought,
That you might almost say her body thought."

And as we see these arteries of life—let me rather say these great nerves of sensation—spreading all over the earth, merging the sea, and absorbing the land, and uniting in our fancy that the great globe itself becomes a sentient being, filled with thought and thrilling with new emotion. [Applause.] The place for laying the cable and bringing it ashore was most happily chosen. The best scene of the New World pointed out the spot. The cable lands midway between the tomb of Webster and the graves of the Pilgrims. [Applause.] It is good that it should land here. From the time when Mary Chilton stepped on Plymouth Rock to the day when the Chiltern and her consort anchored in the waves of your bay, a vast series of years has passed, and a vaster series of events. For all the triumphs of art and science, the crowning triumph of them all, and the greatest glories yet to be, we will honor to-day, whether they value this or not, the genius of Morse and the enterprise of Fields [Applause], the skill, the perseverance of Sir Samuel Canning and Sir James Anderson [Renewed applause], men whose knightly energy is a title to American respect, the guinea-stamp of rank, the pure gold of manhood beneath it, a mail upon which her gracious Majesty loves to impress that stamp of rank as her predecessors have done before her—men in honor of whom you have called upon me to respond. The great facts which are yet to be made known by the Old World to the New, and the New World to the Old, the grander sentiments which are to electrify the world—let us believe that they were all decreed when the free spirits of the Old World sought a free home in the New.

As the Great Eastern neared these shores, it seemed to me that in the gray mass of wire that lay coiled in her hold, there was a mighty power that should electrify the earth; so when those brave men stepped forth from the cabin of the Mayflower, there was unrevealed and undeveloped a power that should thrill the world. [Applause.] One thought more, although it is a familiar one, often repeated and often to be repeated. This is a victory of peace—this is a pledge of peace. We are told that mountains interspersed make enemies—that nations and lands intersected by a narrow stream bludge each other; but the railroad levels the mountains and the telegraphic wire pierces the narrow stream but penetrates the broad ocean. So every nation, tongue and kindred, throughout the whole earth, become neighbors, and they may become friends. We are told that very soon, it may be even while I speak, it is in the power of the Emperor of France, sitting in the quiet of his palace, by an electric spark to discharge that battery which here, on Massachusetts soil, has just spoken honor to the name of the President of the United States. He can fire the battery, but the only echo which our hills shall send forth across the ocean shall be: "Peace and good will." [Applause.] We saw the other day the kindred flags of three nations waving over the ships in your bay. They now adorn this pavilion. We used to hear of an alliance of nations that was to electrify the world in arms. We wish such alliance, but France, England, America, may they lead the world in peace, and may these national ensigns float together in amity until all the nations of this earth have become united States. [Loud applause.]

Other speakers enlivened the scene with grandly put speeches, extracts from which our space forbids.

An Appeal from Vineland Spiritualists.

In 1864 the Spiritualists and Liberals of Vineland, N. J., with commendable zeal and energy, made a united effort to build a suitable hall for public worship, as sectarian proscription prevented their having the use of those already built. They succeeded in building and furnishing a brick edifice, with hall 60 by 75 feet, at a cost of \$5,400, the land being donated by Mr. Landis. By hard labor and much sacrifice on the part of hard-working people of small means, a little over half the cost has been paid. Efforts are now being made to raise funds enough to relieve the society of the remaining debt and save the building from going out of their hands. The well-known lecturer, Dr. L. K. Coonley, has been appointed by the board of trustees as special agent to solicit aid. The trustees are Messrs. William Bridges, H. D. Sides, S. G. Sylvester, H. N. Hill. Those who feel disposed to assist in the above worthy object, can address either of the above-named parties at Vineland, N. J.

Close of our Free Circles for the Season.

As the time had arrived to close our séances for a brief season—during the heated term—the fact was announced by the controlling spirit of the circle, who then took occasion to make the following remarks in regard to answering sealed letters through the agency of Mrs. Conant:

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am requested to announce that after this day's séance the séances will be adjourned till the first Monday in September. At that time we will have a new system of order, will be inaugurated with regard to these letters. Inasmuch as some dissatisfaction has been expressed by parties who are in the earth-life, by those with us, we have deemed it best to request each person writing the letter to attach their own name to the outside of the envelope, and for this reason: Perhaps there may be, out of the twenty-five letters lying upon the table, a half-dozen of them marked "number two" or "number five," or with the same initials, or the same private character, consequently Mr. B. gets Mr. C.'s letter, and so on. The parties do not discover that they have got the wrong letter till their own has gone out of the place, and they are not able to recover it; and they have called upon us to inaugurate some system that shall regulate this matter.

And then again, those spirits who are addressed in these letters do not come personally—that is to say they do not make personal control of the medium to answer them, but the thing is done in this way: Some spirit who is used to answering the letters who is best adapted for the occasion, takes control of the medium and answers the letters on the table. For example, I am in control as the spirit to answer the sealed letters, and perhaps half-a-dozen spirits will congregate around me; one will say, "write thus and thus upon a white envelope marked 'number two.'" I write what I am told to, but there may be a half-dozen white envelopes marked "number two." I am very liable to make mistakes, because when here in control I have no more power to go beyond the mere surface of the letter than you have. I am humbled about by the external senses of the medium, and can go no further. It is so with those spirits not in human control, for them to tell me or the spirit in control what is written in the letter, or to designate it positively. They are sure—liable to no mistake. They see the outside and the inside, but they do not tell me, so that I can understand by the human senses I am using. So I write upon number two to Mr. B., what was meant for Mr. C., whose letter was also marked "number two." Therefore many mistakes occur; hence all letters not properly marked by the name of the person writing them will not be attended to, will be cast aside, and special pains will be taken to set them one side, if it is known that persons have purposely avoided placing their signature upon them. You cannot fail to see the necessity of this course. It is for your good, and the good of your friends. We will answer them, but do not care a straw, so far as we can do you good, and open your senses to the light in the other world, in this way, as in all other ways that come within our reach. July 22.

Seeing Spirits.

One fact in the natural history of ghosts has been brought out by the Mumler investigation. It is that they are not visible to anybody but those who see them. Judge Edmonds says he can see them. Here is an experience of his: "The other day I was in the court in Brooklyn. I was present at the trial of a case in which was an action on a policy of insurance, which was a widow's husband, the jury the spirit of a man who told me he was the one whose life and death were involved in the policy. He had died; he had been killed, and a suit was brought to recover the insurance money. He told me he had committed suicide. He described to me the positions and places connected with his death. While I saw the spirit nobody else saw it. I then drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred. I showed the diagram to the counsel and asked them if it was anything like the place, and they said it was exactly. I had never heard of the man or his place before. The appearance of the spirit was shadowy and transparent, and I could see material objects through it. Now, there is a little contradiction in the words. 'He had died; he had been killed; he had committed suicide;' but that is our logic. We must take the ghost's word for it as to the manner of his death, and on his own word we maintain that he was guilty of unbecomingly conduct. If he committed suicide the company was not liable for the policy, and thus his interference was against those dependent upon him—against his wife and children. If spirits cannot return to earth for any better purpose than this, they had better stay away."

We give the above from the editorial columns of the *New York Herald*, to show the low manner in which modern journalism meets the investigations of all matters not yet clear to its sight, and particularly in which it seeks to cater to a community whose intelligence will soon revolt at the repetition of such insulting arguments. But the *Herald* proves precisely what it did not set out to do. It proves itself the "shark" it would not care to be believed. Unless a spirit can accomplish something by returning to earth—which, in the *Herald's* view, means something as good as cheating an insurance company—it cannot be a spirit worth paying attention to! If the spirit which was visible to Judge Edmonds was really a spirit, says the *Herald*, it never would have been such a fool as to confess to the act of suicide, and thus lose the insurance to its benefit family! We are quite willing to accept this as *Herald* morals, but we should not have the patience to argue for the personality of a spirit on such a basis. The *Herald* is still itself, even when it looks into the other world.

John Wetherbee on the Rail.

This pungent writer has a very quaint letter in a late number of *The Commonwealth*. It is dated Denver City, and gives an account of what he saw and heard while in the Northwest. Here is a specimen:

"I was one of a unique and happy circle, on one of my visits, gathered in a cabin where dwelt a judge's son, and others, refined by life in New England. At the 'Hub,' and I remember, as the shades of that evening came on, there gathered in that cabin—I was going to say, 'the beauty of the chivalry,' but no—there was the boss-miner and his aid, whose last eight hours were spent at the bottom of the shaft blasting and piling ore into the bucket to bring to the surface. There gathered also the man who drove the team that hauled the ore to the mill. There gathered one or two mill-men, a prospector, also, who had discovered nothing lately, and was butchering it, by way of episode, whose wife boarded in a shanty some of the men, and would also wash for those who felt at home in a clean shirt—dirty-colored flannel, however, being more common than cotton. Here this cotterman, an old man of high life and low life, or, rather, rough life, fluted and sang: and here, in these mountains, all 'went merry as a marriage bell.' I cannot help thinking how fair sisters at home, with clean finger-nails, if they could have looked in, would have exclaimed with Mark Antony, 'Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen, and yet, like the Earl of Chatham's, it might have been a fall up stairs! When the extremes of social life meet, and the digger, oblivious, by conscious manhood, to the distinctions of that life—in fact, when snobbery gets dressed in the rough style of mining life—one is astonished to find how customary distinctions dwindle, and he feels with the ancient to say, 'Loose him and let him go.' Is there, then, so little difference between Alexander and a robber?"

Oh, no! True merit is in the man; but observations of this kind have taught me that great as is the difference between real high and real low, there is not ordinarily the difference that society has made. Dress them alike and mix them with others, it is hard to tell the king from the slave. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles. Many a bit of gold is unnoticed for the want of a proper setting."

The account of the Spiritualists' meeting at the Casp, on our eighth page, is interesting.

Pleasant at Walden Pond.

The Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea and vicinity, met at Walden Pond, Concord, on Wednesday, July 28th, 1869, for a picnic, it being the second of the "grand union" series, under direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson (Charlestown), E. S. Dodge (Chelsea), and E. R. Young (Boston). Edmonds's brass and string band furnished the music on this occasion. The day was delightful at the grove, though the heat elsewhere was extreme, and a very large company (estimated at two thousand) availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from the city to this beautiful spot. Boating, bathing, fishing, swinging and dancing were participated in with a hearty good will, and those who were disposed to listen to speaking were favored in the morning with remarks from Dr. Young (Chairman), Fannie B. Felton, I. P. Greenleaf, H. P. Fairfield and A. E. Giles; in the afternoon, by Mr. Grover, Dr. H. B. Storer, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. N. J. Willis, John Wetherbee, A. E. Carpenter (who made a stirring appeal for the *Banner of Light*), N. S. Greenleaf and others—the services closing with remarks from Dr. Richardson.

One of the most pleasing features of the day was a visit by the Queen of Sheba (Miss Jennie F. Salisbury, of Chelsea), to King Solomon (Mr. E. S. Dodge). She was preceded by an ambassador (Dr. Richardson), and was escorted into the royal presence by twelve young misses—Minnie Pitman, Carrie Snelling, Maria Adams, Lizzie Clark, Florence Coller, Victoria Dobson, Emma Cobleigh, Mary Richardson, Estelle Coggin, Hattie Raymond, Emma Howard, Nellie Albee—representing the twelve tribes of Israel. The marching and singing by the children was excellent. The whole affair was exceedingly creditable to the performers, the "Sons and Daughters of Joshua," under whose auspices it took place, and to Mrs. David Adams, who arranged and superintended it in every particular.

Notice was given by Dr. Richardson that another picnic would take place at the Pond on or about the 8th of September, of which full particulars would be given hereafter.

At 5 P. M., the assembled multitude dispersed to their homes. The Committee have cause to congratulate themselves upon the entire success which rewarded their endeavors, and the harmony and quiet which everywhere prevailed.

Auctioning the Gospel.

The market is the great thing of the day. Almost everything goes there for an offer. Talent, professions, virtue, knowledge, good looks, all find their way to the market. Even the churches have to succumb to the influence. Mr. Beecher's church, for one, has been in the market for years, kicking about like so much stock for the highest bidder. The preacher's pulpit talents are not more thought about and talked about than the sum total which the pews in his church are likely to bring at auction. The original church of Plymouth would have scorned to put up the Gospel at sale after this fashion, but the modern Plymouth Church, its namesake and distant follower, makes no bones of peddling out its privileges at the highest prices they can be made to bring. The result of this mode of proceeding is, that the ecclesiastical leaders generally are taking alarm at the way in which all but the rich are denied "gospel privileges," and considering in all seriousness how the masses are to be reached by their influence, already visibly waning. The root invariably sends up its shoot, and produces its flower; and this is the flower in the case of mercenary, luxurious, purse-proud, kingdom-of-heaven-owning ecclesiasticalism. It sees its power going from its hands, in its modern eagerness to enter the market in competition with others. The bidding for pews in Beecher's church is described as something positively wild, for excitement. The preacher thunders from his pulpit against Wall street, and the auctioneer comes in with a Wall street hammer to knock down the sittings at the very highest figure. The pews are just as much regarded as stock as anything for sale in Wall street.

Brotherhood.

In an address delivered by O. B. Frothingham before the Free Religious Association of Chicago, that gentleman uttered the following language, which goes to conclusively show that even some Christians are to-day inculcating true Spiritualism:

"The old religionists supposed they were the only people in the world that had any just view of God. It was not for them to make an alliance of faith. It was for them to keep their faith locked up, to keep it to themselves; this was the boast of the Jews. To have so much God as one for all was equivalent to having none, in their opinion. Until this form of selfishness is supplanted by brotherly love, we will not have brotherhood.

The professed aim of Christians has not been to make men wiser, juster, better for living in the world, but to get the best seat for themselves in heaven. If they perform a deed of kindness, it is on the same principle as the Indian's hoarding; it is supposed that it will come back into their own hands.

My soul can never be saved unless yours is. A good man is a very good thing. The Pharisee prides himself on his virtue; he is so sure that he is good, a patron saint, chosen of the Lord. This was the Jews' selfishness, which must all be put away. Thank heaven, this form of Jewish selfishness is passing away. We are striving to make individuals stand for individuals. The thing to be done now, is to bind men together in charity and love. A spiritual home is what we want.

This principle of brotherhood knows no distinction of persons; it has no priest, no faith, no dogma. It knows only so many men and women in this evil world, where they must dig and sow and reap like brothers—a vast number of ordinary people, people without genius, without immemorial virtue, but people who suffer—who have the same sorrows, the same experiences, and in their bosoms the same loving hearts; the union of all these makes the true church."

Emma Hardinge.

We can now state positively that Mrs. Emma Hardinge, the popular lecturer on Spiritualism, now in London, has made arrangements to return to this country early in the fall, to fill engagements to lecture. She is already engaged for October, November, December, January and April, to speak in Philadelphia, Boston and Washington. She requests us to say to those who intend writing to her in regard to further lecturing engagements, that if they will address her, care of the *Banner of Light*, she will answer all such letters as soon after her arrival in September as possible. Do not send such letters to England, as they will not be answered till she reaches our shores.

We invite especial attention to the essay on "The Natural History of Religion," in this issue, particularly the latter part of it. Contrast for a moment the beautiful precepts of Buddha with the profession and practice of the Christian religions of the civilized world. Read also the interesting letter by a Western woman on Spiritualism.

Mrs. H. E. M. Brown, en route for California, sends us a letter from the Rocky Mountains, which will be read with interest. We call the particular attention of our readers to the excellent test of one of the spirit messages published in the *Banner of Light*, which she notices.

Future Events foreseen by Clairvoyance.

Anna Cora Mowatt Noble, in a letter dated London, June 12, 1869, narrates the following instances of the power of clairvoyance:

"On Tuesday night last the Committee of the London Dialectical Society met to resume the taking of evidence on spiritual manifestations. We note but one among the many singular facts brought forward by credible witnesses. One gentleman produced a crystal ball not larger than the egg of a duck, and told most extraordinary stories of its application. He stated that more than forty-five years ago he commenced the study of Spiritualism, and became perfectly convinced of its truth. About twenty-seven years ago he became acquainted with a young lady who for seven years was a seeress. The young lady could see in the crystal passing events, wherever they might be happening. His friend, Lieutenant B., left England to travel incognito among Mussulmans. During his absence, wishing to know his position, the gentleman requested the seeress to look up him in the crystal. She described a landscape of sands and trees, and said she saw a dark-looking man wearing a turban and smoking a pipe. Another came up from a distance, and they began to quarrel. Then she saw that the first one was Lieutenant B. They got to high words in Arabic. The new comer took out his dagger, Lieutenant B. his revolver, when a third man, on horseback, came up and separated them, and they went away. Lieutenant B. returned to London, was shown a copy of the scene described by the seeress, and declared it to be true in every particular. His name was signed to the statement in the book of the gentleman who related the story.

Upon the preceding anecdote, we call to mind a far more startling instance of the power which persons of peculiar organizations possess of seeing events in crystals. Some months before President Lincoln was assassinated, D. D. Home was passing an evening at the residence of a well-known member of Parliament, whose wife is a devoted Spiritualist. While looking in a crystal he minutely described the assassination scene in the Washington theatre, and at its close recognized the murdered man as President Lincoln. The lady made a memorandum of the occurrence, which was signed by the rest of the company, some fourteen or fifteen in number, who will all testify to the facts. It is only upon two or three occasions, however, that Mr. Home has been able to use this strange faculty of seeing in a crystal."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Our young brother, Cephas B. Lynn, started on his third lecturing tour West, last Tuesday. During the month of August he addresses the liberal friends in Oswego, N. Y.

James H. Powell has taken up his residence at Muncie, Ind., and will lecture in that place and vicinity for the present. Thus far his audiences there have been quite large. He will also attend funerals, when called upon, and is legally authorized to perform the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Priscilla Doty, of Kendall's Mills, Me., will speak in Anson, Me., the first Sunday in August.

Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard is to speak in Byron, N. Y., Sunday, August 8th, at half-past 10 and 1 o'clock.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is resting this month in Kalamazoo, Mich. In September she is to speak in Painesville, O.

Dr. E. C. Dunn will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week-evenings in the East, previous to the Buffalo Convention. Address, Rockford, Illinois; during the Convention, 88 Seneca street, Buffalo.

E. V. Wilson's lecturing engagements for August are as follows: Monroe, Green Co., Wisconsin, Saturday, July 31st; Sunday and Monday evenings, August 1st and 2d—four lectures; McHenry, Illinois, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, August 3d, 4th and 5th—three lectures; Lockport, Illinois, Saturday evening and Sunday, August 7th and 8th—three lectures; Bloomington, Illinois, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, August 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th—four lectures.

How the "Raps" are Made!—The Mystery Solved!—Hope yet for the Harvard Professors!

We find the following in a late number of the *Orange (N. J.) Chronicle*, with this heading: "Spiritualism Scientifically Exploded. By Professor Galen." Comment is unnecessary. The document speaks for itself. Now that Spiritualism is "scientifically exploded," we hope the Harvard College professors will finally conclude to make that long-promised report!

"Mysterious rappings proceed from the sub-dermangment and hyper-effervescence of small conical glandular bodies situated heterogeneously in the rotundum of the inferior acaphalocytes; which, by coming in unconscious contact with the etherization of the five superior processes of the dorsal vertebrae, also results in 'rappings,' by giving rise to spontaneous combustions with certain abnormal evacuations of multitudinous echinorhynchus bicornis, situated in various abdominal orifices. The raps occur from the ebullitions of the former in certain temperamental structures; and the latter from the thermic cartilaginous ducts, when over their contents are compressed by cerebral inclination. All rapping media, therefore, have that extraordinary affection, known by the profession as cephalomatous—being, in common phraseology, an elastic obtuseness of the superior hemispheres of the cerebellous. Whenever such a patient (whenever formed 'mediums') arrange their mental (hands or cerebellous) functions and protrusions in corpus juxtaposition with a table or other substance, the movements occur as a matter of compulsory necessity, to wit: by an evacuation of volatile invisible differential gases (Galenus cerebelli), generated by the decomposition of acarus lumbricoides; which, being regular discharges of the gynecus electricus, permeate miscellaneous through the duodenum and the abdominal viscera generally. The vulgar theories and anti-professional hypotheses of spiritualistic spasmodic action of the muscular system, or of electrical aura, in spontaneous delirium and preternatural initiation, we pronounce delusive, and unhesitatingly reject them, in toto, as unhealthy excretions and galvanic evolutions of diseased and contused cerebellous glands, called, by the uneducated, phenological organs or faculties."

New Publications.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August opens with a strong second installment of Anthony Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton," commences, by the author of "Old Manseville Secret," a tale entitled "Magdalena," furnishes a good analytical sketch of the dramatic character and acting of "Joe Jefferson," and gives other attractive contributions, which summer readers will be glad to turn over at their leisure in these sultry days of the dog.

PUTNAM for August presents at the head of its roll a story entitled "A Martyr to Science," a paper on the later modes of producing artificial illumination, an article by Frances Power Cobbe, of England, on "The Defects of Women and how to remedy them." And the list of contents is otherwise very fresh and readable. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for August, published in Baltimore, has a long list of contents, among which is an interesting paper from the pen of William Hand Browne, on "Poe's 'Eureka,' and recent scientific speculations."

ONWARD, for August, is a good number, and well sustains its growing popularity.

More Subscribers.

Our old subscribers, who are determined each one to procure one or more new ones, have sent us since our last issue thirty-two new names:—C. L. Botham sent one; Geo. W. Rugg, one; John F. How, one; Mrs. Jno. Tidd, one; Noah Edgecomb, one; Wm. M. Dinmore, one; E. W. Morley, one; E. E. Jones, one; Hattie I. Putnam, one; H. T. Child, M. D., one; Alva L. Cooley, one; S. B. Underhill, one; B. S. Hubbell, one; A. S. McEntee, one; Ohas. M. Jenkins, one; Daniel Lucas, one; H. D. Osgood, one; J. Jewett, one; B. F. Montgomery, one; Mrs. M. Crandon, one; O. D. Cagwin, one; W. Chase, one; Alfred Senter, one; A. E. Carpenter, six; John Goodwin, one; H. A. Case, two.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

25¢ We call attention to Dr. Gardner's announcement of a three days' grand Mass Grove Meeting at Island Grove, Abington, August 20th, 21st and 22d.

Is Tea Injurious?—Ann E. Averill, of Marshfield, Vt., writes us an account of her illness for fifteen years caused mainly by tea drinking, and her subsequent cure by spirit direction.

The Blockton (Cal.) Daily Independent of July 12th, contains a long list of cures performed by Dr. Roberts, the healing medium, during his brief sojourn in Stockton and California.

The bigotry and illiberality of Orthodox are well illustrated by the following item, which is copied from the *Liberal Christian*: "It is a rule of the managers of the Fulton-street prayer meetings at New York not to allow a woman to speak or to pray. If the conductor of the meeting happens to be a stranger he is expressly charged to prevent any woman who may rise from being heard, by singing, speaking, praying, or some other device. And many a woman who has risen to speak or pray has been silenced by boisterous singing or exhortation."

A wooden wedding—marrying a blockhead.

Mr. Meyer, a Frenchman, has discovered a plan for telegraphing in *fac simile*. There is no transmitter wanted; the sender of the dispatch is his own clerk. The message itself does the duty of the interpreter, and controls the electrical power, so as to make it perfectly faithful. The apparatus is at work on the railway from Paris to Lyons, and the lines from Paris to Marseilles and from Paris to Bordeaux will soon be provided with it.

The Spiritualists of Western New York are arranging for a large gathering at Portage Bridge, August 12th, 1869.

Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, who was in this city last winter, is giving concerts at the French-American Institute in Paris.

LIGHT DRINKING IN ALASKA.—Last week we received a subscription for the *Banner of Light* from our far-off newly acquired Russian territory, Alaska. The *Banner* finds its way to all parts of the globe.

Digby says the man who lately plied away didn't live in a New England forest.

A new description of lava is being thrown from the crater of Vesuvius since the last eruption, consisting of a beautiful mass of crystallized salt. This beautiful phenomenon has hitherto been unknown in volcanic natural history.

Twenty-five thousand copies of Mrs. Stowe's "Old-town Folks" have already been sold. Five translations of it are announced in Germany.

ALICE VALE.—"This little book," says the *Cape Cod Gazette*, "has caused us many pleasant moments in its perusal. It is written in a plain, every-day language, and has more the appearance of passing life than the generality of story books now-a-days. The author in presenting her facts and fancies—the facts from the field of her own and others' experiences, and the fancies wherewith to clothe them—has tried to be true to nature, and we think, in many of her illustrations, has come very near the mark. We wish the author and the enterprising publishers a large reward for their labors, and hope the ideas contained in this little volume may do good it was intended when launched into the literary world."

MEDIUMS WANTED.—D. Doubleday, 430 Sixth Avenue, New York, wishes to engage the services of competent and reliable test mediums. If such will send him their address, he will correspond with them.

Maggie Mitchell has tenderly recognized the touchstone of her fame and success by naming her first child *Fanchon*.—N. Y. Citizen.

Some of the feats of post-office clerks are wonderful as a magician's surprises. A letter bearing the postmark of some obscure station village, recently came to the Paris post-office. It bore no address but this: "To my huz Dunn a bar shoe her in parigil." Well, it reached the husband, the bear showman in Paris, to whom it was addressed.

A new periodical has made its appearance in Paris, entitled *Journal des Femmes*. Its object is to elevate the social condition of women, and instruct them in politics, science, and art.

CONCERNMENTS IN LOVE.—It is inexpressibly important for those who would take life's pilgrimage together, so to speak and act that neither shall be an enigma to the other. Suspicion is the poisonous fruit of misapprehension; and countless fond hearts have been wounded—many severed by the reservation, unnatural to a pure attachment, instilled by worldly advisers. There can be no greater bane to happiness than such advice, received and acted upon; nothing more conducive to real enjoyment of life than faith in the object beloved. And who among the good would not be frank? In proportion as we act rightly so is there less incentive for concealment; and there is no solid ground for felicity apart from openness of word and deed.

A correspondent writes: "May the *Banner of Light* continue to wave and shed its rays far and wide, illuminating the dark prisons of theology, until every benighted inmate shall behold the light of eternal day, and rejoice in the knowledge of spiritual truth."

A few friends of the late Ball Hughes, the sculptor, recently presented his widow with \$35,000 in government bonds, at her residence in Dorchester.

Frances Power Cobbe has an article in *Putnam's Magazine* for August, on "The defects of women and how to remedy them," which every girl and woman ought to read.

Charles Wentworth Dilke, member of Parliament for Chelsea, presented a petition, July 20th, signed by 25,000 women of Great Britain, asking for the franchise.

Mr. Longfellow, now on his return home, has stopped in Paris. The *Opinion* compliments him as the Lamartine of America, and says that he speaks fluently eighteen different languages or idioms! A telegram from London, dated July 27th, says: Henry W. Longfellow was yesterday invested with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the Oxford University at a special convocation.

GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING CO.—J. Winchester, of 30 John street, N. Y., who is the President of this Company, is sanguine in regard to the extraordinary richness of the Globe mine, and has testimonials to show that what he asserts is no myth. Send for his circular. In regard to this valuable discovery Prof. Denton says:

"I have just had time to look at the last specimen sent me, and like it very well. It is by far the best I have seen of your property, and would seem to indicate the proximity of some large body of valuable ore. I have confidence in the immense value of your property. Labor and Capital are alone needed to obtain it."

Already the new President of Harvard University begins to stir the waters of credulity. *Zion's Herald* fires its gun at him, charged to the muzzle with this sort of ammunition: "President Eliot has decided to abolish morning prayers. This is the first step to the complete separation of Harvard College and religion. It has long since separated from Christianity. How will such reverend heads as Dr. Hopkins and McCosh feel at having given such a president the degree of Doctor of Canon and Civil Law, which both have just conferred? His career will be as far from the former laws as from their spirit."

We must tell some people a great deal to teach them a little.

A WORLDLY WEDDING.—Digby remarked on Friday morning, July 23d, that "La belle France" was about to take "Uncle Sam" to her breast, and he had no doubt the spilloe was being made at the time he was talking. Singular as it may appear, such proved to be the fact, although no information had at the time been received here on the subject.

A son of the Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., was recently ordained in Illinois, and the officiating clergyman addressed him in the following impressive manner: "I charge you never to forget that you are the son of your father, the grandson of your grandfather, and the nephew of your uncle."

BANTAM FALLS, CT.—A correspondent writing from the above place, July 21st, says: "A good test or physical medium is needed here to convince the people of the reality of Spiritualism, there being many who must see before they can believe. Lecturers are cordially invited to visit this place, and break to the people the 'bread of life.' Mrs. William P. Kilbourn will correspond with any who wish to come this way."

A Woman's Suffrage Convention is being agitated in Ohio.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.) is a high-toned, liberal paper, and does not hesitate favoring all noble reforms. From an article in its columns on the subject of Spiritualism we clip these just remarks:

"From whence chiefly proceeds this long continued opposition to Spiritualism? Certainly not from the truly good and wise of any denomination—for these are the very ones who are fast filling our ranks—but from those loud-mouthed 'professors,' that numerous class of more nominal Christians, who are in fact really infidel to their own pretensions, and who prefer the darkness of error to the light of truth, lest their deeds should be exposed."

But the days are numbered; and we cannot doubt the progress of events. The times and seasons for forms and ceremonies, dogmas and creeds, which are the shadows of 'the first heaven and the first earth,' are rapidly passing away to give place to a better order of things—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein shall dwell a more perfect reign of righteousness."

The Pittsburgh, Pa. Dispatch of last week contains a column report of a séance held in that city by Miss Clara De Evers, at which she lectured on the subject of Spiritualism and gave tests from spirit-friends, which appear to have been quite satisfactory to a large audience.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson, and her brother, the Rev. J. Dickinson, are in California. The lady is on a lecturing tour.

The Lebanon (Ky.) Clarion says, a few days since a man apparently in good health informed them with whom he was at work that he would die at four o'clock on the following day. This statement was repeated the next morning, and in the afternoon was verified by the man's falling dead at precisely four o'clock. He also predicted a tremendous hail-storm on the 7th of August.

A correspondent writes: "I have just finished reading 'Ektor Hall.' It is generally and carefully read, it is calculated to banish theocratic and aristocratic oppression from the 'United Kingdom of Great Britain,' war from Europe, and ignorance, bigotry and superstition from our own 'happy land.' 'Ektor Hall' can be had at this office."

Recently a rector of a parish in Toledo, Ohio, in catechizing his Sunday school, asked: "Where did the wise men come from?" Without a moment's hesitation the answer came from a little five-year old: "From Boston!" The father and mother of the little catechumen are natives of the Bay State.

The Watchman and Reflector is growing a little restive about Henry Ward Beecher's free expressions on theological matters. It says his "talks called sermons" are singularly devoid of everything distinctively evangelical, and were it to characterize Mr. Beecher by the drift of his teachings, by their tendencies, and by their actual influence upon the popular mind, it should call him grand censor for the spirit of unbelief and irreverence! It will be difficult to put the bit into Mr. Beecher's mouth; he nose too much for that.

An English clergyman recently tried to persuade one of the black sheep of his flock to come to church, on the plea that he had seen his wife there on the previous Sunday. "I hope you'll try to come now, James." "Well, sir, I think I'll try for our Mary says you're a hell of a preacher."

The *Gazette* has an article on "poisonous animal food," in which it is stated that "the food most liable to produce symptoms of poisoning, even though it may seem to be good, is shell-fish. They occasionally cause great distress, attended by cramps and an eruption of the skin resembling nettle rash. Such symptoms supervene in from ten minutes to twenty hours after eating the article in question, and are accompanied frequently by great exhaustion and debility. Death has occurred in a short time as three hours. If the vomiting is free, the sufferer usually recovers."

Sunday Services at Mercantile Hall.

On Sunday morning, July 25th, 1869, the Children's Progressive Lyceum met at this hall, on Summer street, Boston, for a participation in their usual exercises. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the musicians, the wing movements were carried on for the first time without any accompaniment, and the time preserved was excellent. Singing, Silver-Chain Recitations and Banner and Target Marches occurred during the session. Miss Adelle Morton performed on the piano, and during the marches Miss Ella Whitney, of Temple Grove, furnished the music. Misses Jennie Atkins, Minnie Pearson, Reggie Lovejoy, Hattie A. Melvin, gave declamations; Miss Ella Barbour delivered an original poem: "The Dying Boy," and Mr. Charles A. Abbott read, "No Soot in Heaven."

Near the close of the meeting N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, was introduced, who favored the assembly with some excellent practical remarks, delivered in a direct and forcible manner. He congratulated the Lyceum on its full ranks, considering the extreme heat of the day; said he was pleased to see so large an attendance of spectators, for the power of the Lyceum was two-fold in its influence on both young and old, and a goodly number of parents present encouraged all in their labors. The Lyceum was teaching the rising generation, not by long prayers and longer faces, to prepare to die and go off somewhere—nobody knew whither—but to live forever, and to tread the unending path of progress.

At this session a new target, painted by Mr. J. Wolcott, and by him presented to the Lyceum for "Evangelical" Group, a duplicate of "Excalibur," was displayed for the first time. About eighty children participated in the marches. At the close of the session Conductor D. N. Ford gave notice that the Monthly Concert, which was to have taken place on Sunday, Aug. 1st, had been postponed to the first Sunday in September, by reason of the absence of so many of the members from the city. Among other features of improvement noticeable in this Lyceum, is the presentation of a copy of the *Lyceum Banner* to each of the young speakers, as an incentive to them to come forward and make the attempt to "break the ice." This is a good plan, and should be copied by similar organizations.

Afternoon Conference.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Dunklee, who stated the question for consideration to be: "The Phenomena, Facts and Science of Spiritualism." Appropriate selections from "Planchette" were read by this gentleman, who afterward gave some incidents which had occurred in his own experience. He was followed by Mr. Wheelock, who stated his reasons for becoming a Spiritualist. Judge Laird, in a lengthy speech, considered the subject from a scientific and philosophical standpoint, and gave many facts which had fallen under his observation, such as the hearing of spirit voices, &c.; after which the Chairman declared the Conference closed.

Meeting of the First Spiritual Association of Boston.

On Sunday evening, July 25th, agreeably to notification, this Association met to consider the ways and means by which its numbers could be increased, and its sphere of usefulness thereby enlarged. M. T. Dole, President, called the meeting to order, and in a brief speech stated the objects of the present gathering; he favored the appointment of a committee whose duty it should be to visit every person known to be a Spiritualist in the city, and endeavor to induce them to join the Association for the "Fall campaign."

Remarks of a similar nature were then made by Dr. Dunklee, Treasurer, and by Mr. Hartwell. On motion of Mr. Hartwell, voted that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, whose duty it shall be to report a list of names to serve on a permanent "rallying" committee—said names to be furnished and voted on at the next meeting. The Chair appointed Messrs. Hartwell, Albert Morton, (Secretary) and Dr. Dunklee, but Mr. Morton resigning, Mr. Dole was, by a vote of the house, appointed to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Dunklee presented an amendment to the constitution (to be acted upon at the next meeting) doing away with membership fees. Mr. Dole urged the necessity of a legal organization for the Association. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Roberts were, on motion, declared elected as members of the Association. On motion, voted to adjourn to Sunday evening, August 1st.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. G., SHILOH HILL.—Article will appear soon.

F. W. E.—Would like to reprint the article you refer to, but the pressure of other matter prevents.

THIRD, DETROIT, MICH.—Your suggestions are good. We shall adopt them.

W. H. MCG., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—We should of course be pleased to have you carry out the proposition we find in your private note. Anything appertaining to the good cause in your State would be preferred.

Spiritualists' Grand Mass Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold a three days' Grove Meeting, at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 20th, 21st, and 22d. This exercise on Friday and Saturday will consist of the usual exercises at picnic, such as Dancing, Swimming, Bowling and Boating, etc., as well as Speaking. On Sunday, the time will be devoted to Speaking, and such other exercises as are consistent to the day and occasion. It is expected that Prof. Wm. Denton, Horace Seaver, Warren Chase, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, (formerly Mrs. Daniels), Miss Lizzie Boten, and other prominent Speakers will be present on Sunday. Special trains will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, on Friday and Saturday at 8:45 and 12 o'clock. Excursionists from Fall River, Plymouth, Taunton, and way stations will take the regular trains. On Sunday a special train will leave Boston at 8:30 and 11:30 o'clock for the Grove. Special trains on Sunday leave Fall River at 8:15 o'clock, Plymouth 8:30 o'clock and Taunton at 8:15 o'clock. Returning leave the Grove at 6 o'clock P. M. on Sunday. Ample arrangements have been made for food and refreshments on the grounds. Those wishing to secure tents can do so at reasonable rates by applying to Wm. Washburn, Island Grove, Abington, by letter or in person. Further particulars next week.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Manager.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HOWARD NATURAL: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE RAILROAD-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by R. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cts. THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cts. THE PARANATURAL AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 8 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. THE JOURNAL OF THE GYMNASTICAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON. Devoted to the advancement of the knowledge of the diseases of woman. Price 35 cts. DAYBREAK. Published in London. Price 5 cts.

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