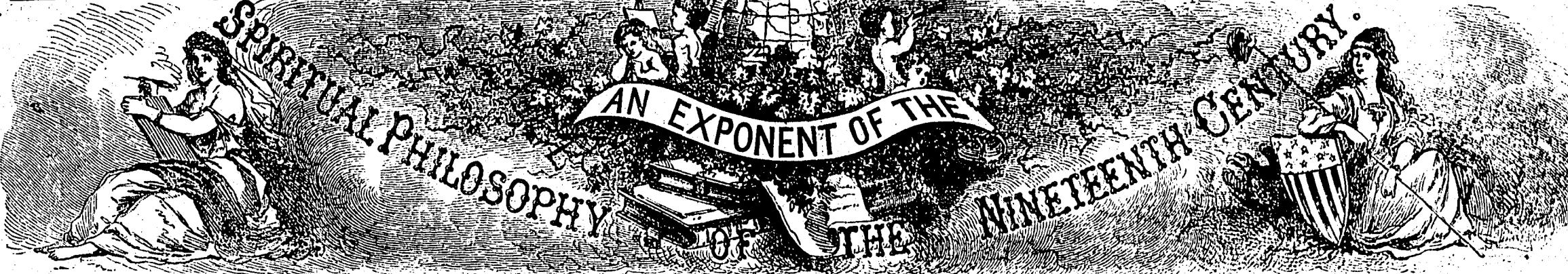


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER I.

Two ladies were busily sewing, and as busily conversing, in a neat little parlor, one pleasant autumn afternoon.

The sun was slowly journeying down into the shadows of the night, but enough of its brightness yet lingered to make sky and earth beautiful, and as if bathed in glory.

Nature in itself was lovely enough to inspire more ennobling thoughts and loftier sentiments than criticizing and condemning one's fellow-mortals.

It seems a pity that we, fallible, erring beings, must be watched and scrutinized and judged—often wrong than right—by some one who can find nothing more interesting to talk about, while in Nature there are so many subjects, such vast resources, such wonderful themes, which would elevate and expand the soul, while none would be wronged or grieved, either by condemnation or approval. For Nature would be still beautiful, grand and undisturbed by the opinions, for or against, of all the world.

But, as is too often the case, the glowing sunset and the tranquil scene without were lost to the two ladies, who found more interest in discussing their neighbors' affairs.

They had no thought of scandalizing any one; they were only gossiping in a friendly, comfortable way.

Mrs. Ross, who had come to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Bates, had the most information to give, for she had less of home cares, and consequently more time to visit.

Allusion had been made to nearly all their acquaintances, in various trifling remarks, when last, but by no means least—only held in reservation as being more interesting—reference was made to the young minister, who, with his pretty bride of a few months, had recently come among them.

He had come to this flourishing village to supply the vacancy occasioned by the departure of the former preacher, who, being a man of considerable ability and tact, had received the offer of a much larger salary in a neighboring city, and, as a consequence, was suddenly "called" in that direction, the better to perform his Master's will.

But Archival Heath was young, hopeful, happy, and with moderate desires and expenses, and moreover just commencing his career as a preacher, and was very well satisfied with the comfortable competency.

It may be that, after having seen and talked with several members of his church, he felt some slight misgivings as to whether his ideas would suit those who had marked their own path to walk in straight onward to the end, and would listen to nothing that in any way conflicted with their old-time beliefs.

But he was too much of a nobleman of Nature not to be true to himself, and speak the living truths which came to him in waves of inspiration. Perhaps he was not quite sure that he did right in accepting the position, where the people would pay him to preach what they liked to hear; but it was the darling wish of his good parents to see their promising son a preacher of the gospel so dear to them.

To that end they had given him a thorough education, and toiled the harder for it, for they were not wealthy, and other children claimed their care and support, as well as their eldest and dearly loved.

Archival knew—he had been told from childhood—that was expected of him, and though he felt certain he could never preach like those he had been accustomed to hear, he resolved to speak fearlessly and truly what seemed to be given him. And since he would not devote all his time to preparing elaborately worded discourses, he thought he might find some time to spare for his painting, for he had an artist's soul; and in his leisure moments had already sketched some pictures of merit.

This fact was not generally known to the good people, who of course thought he ought to live, soul and body, for them.

But Mrs. Ross had found it out; and thinking it very strange and not just right, was bound to mention it to Mrs. Bates. "This and several other little things were rather tending to condemn him in the estimation of these two ladies."

His wife, they really had no fellowship with; and gentle, merry Lillian Heath was likely to have her actions pretty narrowly watched, and severely criticised. "She was too lively," "dressed too much for a minister's wife," "wore her hair in a shower of natural curls," "said witty things and laughed when she pleased," and, more than all, did not "belong to the church." And what was more remarkable still, her husband appeared not alarmed at the fact.

"I think," remarked Mrs. Bates, on this occasion, "it is nothing strange that Mrs. Heath should not feel the need of the protection of the church, while her husband, a minister, is not at all troubled about it. He is very liberal in his views, you know."

"Yes; and too much so, I think," replied Mrs. Ross. "I am afraid the doctrine he preaches will have a bad influence, especially upon the young, who must be made to feel their sinfulness, and see their danger, or they will never repent."

"And his wife, too, if only for example's sake, ought to join the church," said Mrs. B.; "though I expect he thinks she is good enough without. Only a short time married, you know."

"Very true; as you say, she ought to do so, for the looks of it; beside"—with a most impressive shake of the head—"I don't know about her be-

ing good enough without. I've watched her, Sister Bates; and beside all her vanity and frivolous talk and actions, something has just come to light, which I guess you can hardly believe. I am thinking her easy husband will find himself terribly deceived by-and-by."

"Why, you don't mean to say, Sister Ross, that she has been guilty of any misconduct?"

"I do not know as I ought to speak of it, for if the whole thing comes to light, I should not want my name brought into it, you know, for of all things, I hate tattling and slander," said Mrs. Ross, energetically.

"Oh, what we say, between ourselves, of course goes no further. Beside, it may be your duty, Sister Ross, to tell; and may yet be the sad duty of some one of us to inform her poor deceived husband."

"Well, only yesterday, Brother Samuel happened to be passing by there, and just as he came in sight of the house, the door opened, and a handsome young man came out, followed closely by Mrs. Heath. They stopped for a few moments, talking; and Brother Samuel, knowing Mr. Heath to be absent, just stepped behind a clump of bushes and watched their proceedings, as he was very sure they had not seen him. After talking and laughing for a few moments, the gentleman looked all around to see if any one was coming, then put his arm around Mrs. Heath, and actually kissed her! Yes; and Samuel is very sure that she returned it! Our minister's wife! He could not hear their parting words plainly, but knows they said something about Mr. Heath's being away. Of course they were planning how this fine gentleman could come again in the husband's absence. I never did think much of city-bred ladies."

After this astounding revelation, there were more severe comments and lamentations over such iniquity and faithlessness.

But what could be expected of a minister's wife who "would not join the church"? Now these worthy ladies judged wholly from external appearances, construed to suit their prejudices. We shall see if they judged rightly.

Soon after tea, Mrs. Ross took her departure for home.

On her way she passed the pretty cottage occupied by Mr. Heath. It was early evening—the cheerful parlor was well lighted, but the shades had not been drawn down, and the indignant lady, as she passed slowly by, had a fair view of the pretty picture within.

The husband sat beside the centre-table, looking at a new engraving. Evidently he had called his wife to admire some artistic touch, unusually pleasing to himself, for she stood beside him, one arm thrown around his neck, while her hand passed caressingly over his intellectual brow; and her animated countenance spoke her interest in the picture before her.

Then the look of love and pride she gave him, as he turned from the engraving to her own radiant face, and drew her to a seat beside him, ought to have told the suspicious lady thus favored with a glimpse of the interior of a happy home, that there could be no deception or guile in the soul that looked forth from those starry eyes.

But Mrs. Ross only regarded the wifely affection manifested as so much additional deception and wickedness, and with no charity in her heart passed on, mourning at this world's depravity.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed on; and from the small beginning already stated, the whole circle of brethren and sisters in the church had become aware of the alarming fact that their minister's wife was conducting herself with the greatest impropriety, and that something must soon be done about it.

It was now confidently asserted that Samuel Ross had heard this wicked woman speak of a day when her husband would be absent, for the gentleman to call again.

And this was proved by the fact that on the Tuesday following, Mr. Heath visited a neighboring city; and very soon after he left, the same young man drove up to the door with an "elegant team," and Mrs. Heath, "dressed in her best," rode away with him.

How or when she returned, they did not know. She did not come before dark, for all the neighbors within sight watched for her to come back.

At a sewing-circle, one day, some one slightly imbued with a spirit of charity suggested the possibility that this stranger gentleman, who evidently came from the city, might be a brother of Mrs. Heath. But the idea was so quickly and scornfully rejected, that the originator never ventured another on that subject.

"Her brother!" "Of course not; there wasn't the slightest resemblance; and had n't they all been told by Mrs. Matthews, who knew all about the family in the city, that Lillian Mowbray was an only child? Beside—proof conclusive—a brother would not always come in Mr. Heath's absence, nor very likely glance carefully around to see if any one was looking, before he kissed the lady."

Nor was the minister himself exempt from censure by one and another. His preaching was not to their taste—he had new and original ideas—he was too liberal, though he only spoke from the impulses of a kind, benevolent heart. And no one could accuse him of neglecting duty, so far as visiting the sick and poor, or striving to comfort the sad and dying.

Nor did he forget the material, while ministering to the spiritual; and many a lone, neglected one found it much easier to praise God for his goodness, after a substantial visit from the generous minister and his sympathizing wife.

It is easy enough to be a Christian when enjoying prosperity and comfort; when sin and temptation seem to have glided from our path for a time, and all goes well with us. It is quite another thing to endure, with Christ's forbearance, and sublime patience, the fierce storms and dark

hours of adversity—to grapple with and overcome a giant evil—to forgive, forbearing wrong or provocation—to bear with patience the heaviest burdens of life.

At, and very often the heart rebels even while the lips are forced to murmur, "Thy will be done."

There are always enough to counsel and advise, and tell poor, afflicted mortals how they ought to feel and do; but faith without works, in a world of stern realities, accomplishes very little.

And many in the community where Mr. Heath was laboring for the advancement of truth and right, were beginning to realize the truth of this. Many were becoming his firm, devoted friends, and realizing from his teachings new beauties in the life on earth—now and soul-inspiring truths which really cleared them on their way.

While others clung with such tenacity to their limited beliefs, and allowed their prejudices against the eloquent young preacher so to deepen and strengthen that a division was likely to occur in the church.

No one could have regretted this more than Archival Heath, for he was charitable and forgiving, and would have done and sacrificed much to promote good will and harmony among his neighbors.

But he was not entirely ignorant of the fact that his fair young wife—the darling of his heart—was being gossiped about rather freely, although nothing definite had reached him to trouble his feelings.

He knew that several elderly ladies were not pleased with her; but he said to himself, "they must like Lillian when they know her better; perhaps they do not think her sociable enough." So he encouraged her to visit them all, and try to interest herself in their conversation and surroundings, letting them understand that she was disposed to be friendly.

But one evening as he came in to tea, where the table, arranged with simple elegance, awaited his presence, Lillian sprang to greet him, with an unwonted sparkle in her eyes, and a deeper tinge on either cheek, which made her look extremely pretty, but evinced that something had disturbed her.

The lover-husband clasped her to his heart a moment, then putting her gently from him said, as he smilingly regarded her expressive countenance, "What is it, my darling? You look unusually sparkling, I think, for such a cool, quiet evening as this."

"Oh, Archie, dear, I hope you will never ask me to call on any of those disagreeable old—"

"My Lillian," and a playful kiss stopped the impetuous utterance; "but come, we will have tea now, then you shall tell me all about your call or calls, which I am afraid did not prove very agreeable to you."

"Well, you did not let me say anything very severe, Archie. I suppose that was best; but when I tell you of the receptions I got, I think you will not blame me for feeling both hurt and vexed, though you might think I was wrong to speak so forcibly as I commenced to."

"I have never yet known my little wife intentionally wrong, and if she felt angry I doubt not there was cause for it," was the gallant reply, which was rewarded by a bright smile and a look of perfect affection.

Then the husband spoke of other things, for he always tried to banish unpleasant subjects from the table, believing that one of the best rules of health.

When tea was over Lillian took her accustomed seat; a low ottoman by her husband's side, and, encircled by his protecting arm, commenced to recount her afternoon's experience. She had called first on Mrs. Baker, (an old lady, well known for her severity in judgment and opinion) because, as she said, with a little spiteful accent, which brought a lurking smile to Archival's mouth, she wished to get that call made and "have it done with."

She was frigidly received, and treated to discourses on the sin of vanity and pride, and the abomination of deception, and entertained with a partial view of the fate in store for "unbelievers," besides various dark hints, which she could not quite understand, but was sure meant something; and told how sin would always be found out in the end, no matter how carefully concealed.

She bore this all, as patiently as she could; and made her next call upon Mrs. Bates. As often happened, Mrs. Bates was visiting there; and any one at all suspicious, would have known from the looks of these ladies that Lillian Heath had been the subject of their conversation, before she entered.

She was not so severely lectured here, but treated far from cordially; and could not fail to notice the significant glances exchanged between the two ladies, with whom she found it so hard to converse.

Her call was not extended; and her kind invitation, on going away, met only the cold reply, "I thank you." Nor was she asked to come again.

No wonder heart and cheek burned at such treatment, for Lillian Heath was all unused to it. "What could it mean?" she questioned. Why should she be treated coldly, even scornfully, by those who professed love and charity for all? It was indeed a poor return for the effort she had made to visit and try to be friendly with people who had little of thought or feeling in common with herself.

But Archival was an excellent comforter; and Lillian could endure and forgive much for his sake, so devotedly she loved him—so fully believed that he, at least, was perfect in his goodness. He gradually calmed her excited feelings, though his own soul was indignant at such proceedings, for which he could not possibly account.

He was somewhat enlightened, when, a few

days later, he received an anonymous note, vaguely hinting at terrible improprieties in his wife's conduct, warning him of her deceiving powers—advising him to watch her more carefully—and lastly telling him that the church would deem it their duty to take some action in reference to it, as, though she was not a member, it was highly improper that such scandal should exist about their minister's wife. Reference was made to the strange young man; and Archival Heath understood it all, and could easily trace it back to the small material from which, aided by envy and suspicion, a formidable story had been created.

Lillian at once exclaimed, "Oh, tell them, Archie, how mistaken they have been." But her husband replied, "My dear, I think I have a better plan. Let things take their course, until they culminate; then I will teach these Pharisaical ones a lesson which they well deserve; then give them a sermon, such as they really need; and after that they may find another pastor, who perhaps will tell them of a way to Heaven such as they like to travel in."

"But, Archie, we have so many good friends here. I should not like to leave; beside, I would not go from a place with any scandal attached to my name," and Lillian's high spirit flashed from her dark eyes.

"And you shall not, my darling. You will live down every mean aspersion and slanderous saying. I had no thought of leaving here, nor yet of abandoning the high calling I have chosen; but I can no longer preach for their money, while I do not believe the sentiments best pleasing to them. I can support my Lillian and myself by the talent God has given me, though I shall ever feel that I must speak to the world such truths as I feel deep in my own heart—truths that come freely from the world unseen—and they who wish shall receive them without money and without price."

And so the anonymous letter produced no harmony in that happy home; and soon after another was received, which was noticed no more than the first.

Then the leading members of this virtuous and indignant band resolved to make a formal visit to the minister in his own home, and see if he would notice them then.

With this object in view, Mrs. Baker, as being most rigid and determined, set out early one afternoon, to see how many would accompany her on the evening of the following day, when they would plainly expose the deceiving wife, and undeceive the strangely-blinded husband. She was, however, surprised to find so few willing to respond to the call of "duty."

Many of the church members told her plainly that they considered such a course of action uncalled for; that they had seen nothing amiss in the deportment of Mrs. Heath—nothing but what could doubtless be satisfactorily explained by the lady, to whom they had become attached; and declared themselves the firm friends of both husband and wife.

For there were many good, true Christians in this society—Christians because they loved to do right, and tried to follow the example of the perfect Man, and not from fear of punishment.

We sometimes see persons who will do right, because it is right, and shun evil, because they are guided by their best impulses and higher natures; while others seem to need law and creed and constant terror of some retribution before them—and even then we cannot trust them.

But Mrs. Baker was persistent, and she canvassed the neighborhood until she had quite a party, who all met at her house, on the appointed evening, and marched in solemn procession to the minister's quiet abode, where they expected to create a sensation, for they had no doubt of being able to convince the young minister of his wife's unworthiness, when he had heard personally their proofs and facts.

He had been made aware of the intended visit; and very quietly a communication was sent to a young man in the city, to be answered in *proprie persone*, and none of the self-invited guests were the wiser for it.

The evening arrived—as all evenings do—and the deacon, the brothers and sisters, quite a respectable number of them, who would not shrink from "duty," as they complacently thought, proceeded directly to their destination, each having made the visit a subject of prayer that good might result. We trust the prayer was answered.

Mr. Heath received them with his usual easy courtesy, and invited them at once to the parlor. His wife was not present, and this caused an exchange of glances among a few sisters.

There was a little embarrassing silence, which it certainly must have been rather crossing to break, considering the subject to be introduced.

But stern old Deacon Barber had never yet shrunk from cross or duty, as he said, and "was n't going to now." For he had been commissioned to make the opening remarks, to be followed by such testimony as those present had to give.

With something of an effort, he commenced: "Elder Heath, we have felt it our painful duty to come and see you in regard to the conduct of your wife, which we all felt was bringing reproach upon you and the church. You have already," continued the deacon, gaining confidence, now that he had begun, "been made acquainted with some facts, by letter, which we hoped you would regard more than you have done. Before you hear the additional testimony, which we hope will satisfy you that your wife, at least, needs some restraining influence, some of the sisters think it would be well for her to be present. If she is sincerely repentant, we shall try to forgive her." He paused, looking at the calm, serious face of the minister, who at once replied:

"I presume Mrs. Heath has not the least objection to being present," and he threw open the door of an adjoining apartment, when his wife immediately came forward, accompanied by a gentleman; and Mr. Heath continued: "Before

proceeding further, it may be well to introduce this gentleman, whom you probably recognize, and I present to your notice Mr. Harland Mowbray, my wife's own and only brother, who I assure you has all a brother's respect and affection for his sister."

There were more glances exchanged then among those present, but all were speechless, and I doubt not the prevailing sentiment there was the wish that they were all at home.

The husband stood erect before them waiting for further remarks, with more of pity than resentment expressed upon his fine countenance; his wife beside him, pretty and sparkling, with no shade of remorse on her fair face, while the handsome young man cast mischievous glances among them; and as the roguish black eyes rested for a moment on the fair face of a young unmarried sister—who, in her zeal to do right, had been persuaded to be present—I am very certain that she wished in her heart she had met him elsewhere, and under different circumstances, for the sake of his good opinion.

As no one seemed to know what to say, Mr. Heath addressed them:

"I trust my brothers and sisters," he said, "that you are now able to see that suspicion and prejudice have led to this step. Your suspicion had but the slightest grounds, your prejudice was uncalled for. While I do not intend to be severe you cannot expect me to feel less than indignation at the aspersions cast upon the wife I have chosen, and whom I know to be pure and true at heart. Not knowing that she had a brother, you might be pardoned for thinking it strange that this gentleman should visit our home so familiarly; but, my friends, not knowing you, might as easily have thought him to be a brother; and as easily you might have learned the truth from her or myself had you chosen to act the part of friends. Everything which to you seemed improper I can satisfactorily explain, but I shall not particularize, for I know you feel the truth of what I have said. That Lillian's brother—her childhood's companion—but two years her senior, should kiss her, gives me not the slightest displeasure; that he glanced around to see if he was observed, was mistaken imagination; and could his parting words have been heard by the concealed watcher, he might have told you something like this, 'Give my love to Archie; tell him to be at home when I come down again.' On the day when she rode away with him, we met by agreement at her parents' house in the city, and both returned home by that evening's train. I speak of these instances (and by these you may judge every other) that you may see how hasty your judgments have been, and how important that we know the motive before we condemn the act. I have only kind feelings toward each one before me, but I do regret exceedingly, and must condemn, this uncharitable spirit among you."

When he had concluded (and his remarks were more extended than I have given them), Deacon Barber felt that he must in some way apologize, which he did with as good grace as possible under the circumstances.

Several came forward and frankly acknowledged they were wrong and hasty, and Lillian clasped their proffered hands warmly and forgivingly; and from that hour they too were her faithful friends.

But there were yet a few, who, bigoted and determined, though they were forced to believe her innocent of the wrong they had supposed, would have no fellowship with her, and with cool formality took their leave.

But each and all had learned a lesson, at least in the chagrin they had experienced, at this ending of the affair, which was more fully impressed upon their minds by the rare and eloquent sermon to which they listened the next Sabbath. And it was not without its good effect, I am happy to say, for many realized as never before the beauty of charity, in thought, in word and deed, and took a higher view of religion than that bounded by creeds, doctrines and formalities.

But Sister Baker declared to Sister Bates, who came in to "talk it over," the next afternoon, that "all anybody might say would n't change her mind about Lillian Heath's principles. If she wasn't in the wrong that time, she wouldn't trust her." "Catch her making an apology to the saucy young thing that had no grace, at all, and not half dignity enough to be a minister's wife."

"Though she might do well enough for such a minister as Mr. Heath." "So different from good old Parson Brown, who had always a solemn look, and never failed to preach to sinners as they deserved." And the old lady drew a deep sigh as she concluded the remark.

Well, well, good Sister Baker, the world will move on and progress in knowledge and wisdom and truth in spite of you.

Archival Heath preached no more at the Church; but wherever he spoke, he was never without a large and attentive audience, and had always a kind greeting, a friendly word for all without inquiring to what church they belonged.

They still live in the pleasant, thriving village, beloved by so many that the friendship of the few who will not believe in his preaching, or the goodness of his amiable wife, can easily be dispensed with. Their home is all the word implies to friend or stranger.

And if you, reader, wish to see the beauty of an artist's retreat, to find a hearty welcome and hospitable entertainment, and form a most agreeable acquaintance, visit the minister and his wife.

If a gentleman and lady are walking together she should always be at his right arm, whether it be toward the inside or outside of the walk; thus the lady will avoid being pushed and annoyed by passers by. Always turn to the right when passing a person or persons on the street.

A letter was lately received at Lowell, with the following address: "E—S Lowell, Near Boston United States mirrinary model sex 70."

Original Essay.

ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

Admitting the main point of Spiritualism to be true, how are mankind generally to be affected, first by the thing itself, and second, by the general promulgation of this truth? What is the main-point of Spiritualism? We presume it to be the fact that the soul or spirit of one individual, though it may be invisible to the ordinary organs of vision, can meet and hold communion on earth by language, and otherwise, with another human being; that the soul or spirit of one deceased may and does return and put itself in communion with persons still living on the earth. This we may assume to be the main practical point of Spiritualism. Now admitting the fact, how shall we reason upon it? If the soul, or the spirit, separated by the ordinary and inevitable process of death, still exists, and retains the identity of the human being, and has power to revisit the scenes of its former life and to make itself known to any one—to make its presence felt by any living person, would it not have the power to make its presence sensibly known to any number of persons, and to the whole human race? Or, rather, would it not seem natural that if the power existed at all, it should be unlimited, so far as the metes and bounds of our little world are concerned?

Those persons who intelligently believe the Bible, must believe that in former times the souls and spirits of deceased persons revisited their friends on the earth. If the Bible statements of this fact are not to be received, the whole history will stand at the mercy of every doubter; for if one clear statement may be repudiated, why not another? If we believe the facts related in the Bible, we believe that the souls and spirits of deceased persons have revisited the scenes of their former life. There is indeed one instance related, where Elijah, by prayer to God, is said to have brought back the soul of a young man which had quitted his deceased body, and thus revived the dead to a living state of being. The Bible instances of the visitation and action of spirits, angels, and other beings ordinarily invisible, are numerous, and cannot be repudiated or ignored without entirely destroying the credit of the book as a history.

We adduce this illustrative reasoning chiefly as an argument to show that there is nothing new in regard to the visitation of spirits. The thing that is usually regarded by many as new, or novel and incredible, is the present claim of more familiar and more frequent visitations, which have given rise to a sect called or styling themselves Spiritualists, which sect is claimed by some to embrace already in its fold many millions of persons of both sexes. The leaders of this sect have erected a theory of religion alleged to emanate from the spirit-land, and claimed to be superior to the commonly received religious opinions and creeds previously existing on the earth, (which, to tell the truth, are *legions*), with as many shades and differences as there are numbers of religious denominations.

Admitting the probability—if the first great fact be regarded as established—that the spirits are now promulgating a new and improved religion, arising from superior knowledge hitherto withheld from the generality of the human race, how can the spirits best promote this object? Associated with this idea is the natural inquiry: Why, for so many hundreds of years, or, perhaps, for more than a thousand years, have spiritual manifestations been, as it were, kept in abeyance, apparently inoperative, or else operating insensibly, so far as men generally have been concerned? Following these, comes the minor question: Why these manifestations began in such an obscure, uncertain and dubious method of communication, so labored and so awkward? And why they should not only have been thus strangely originated, but why they are yet continued in such a way, in numerous instances, as to lead to *ridicule* and to *doubt*, in nearly all cases, respecting their truth or their reality as spirit communications? Admitting that there are certain persons who are specially favored with visits from spiritual beings, what is the probable ruling principle, or regulating power or idiosyncrasy that determines *who* shall be thus visited? If any, why not *all*? We would not be understood as denying either the possibility, the probability, or, for that matter, the certainty of these spiritual visitations to certain favored individuals. On the contrary, we are ready to admit all that can be asked on this point. We are now investigating, not the fact of spiritual intercourse, but the meaning, and the probable future result of the present modern manifestations.

If only a comparatively small number of human beings are to be subject to immediate spiritual intercourse, how are the millions of others to be convinced that such intercourse is real? or why should they be? That is to say, how are people generally to be induced to discard all preconceived notions of the present and the future life of man, by the mere statement of persons that they have communication with the spirits of the departed? Suppose that every tenth man sees, hears and converses with the spirits, and the nine receive no such evidence, why should the nine believe that the tenth had such evidence? Why should not the nine regard it as only the individual fancy of the tenth? If it is the desire and the design, and if it is in the power of spiritual beings that spiritual truth should become universally known, why should not each individual of the entire race be visited spiritually? What is to hinder it, physically? And why should the direct manifestations be limited to a very few? Finally, how can any intelligent man allege that he believes in spiritual manifestations, if he has never experienced anything of the kind? Or does any one so situated thus believe? One who has seen, or felt, or heard spiritual manifestations, can readily believe; but how is the mere statement to others of the fact to induce belief?—that is, such a realizing belief as the person possesses who has enjoyed experimental proof. It is impossible, one would suppose.

Those who believe in the spiritual manifestations described in the Bible, simply because they believe the history to be true; may also, perhaps, be persuaded at some time to believe, in the same manner, the statements of other persons in whom they may have great confidence, respecting their experience of spiritual intercourse. But what if even many should thus believe? Suppose every man, woman and child on the globe, firmly and thoroughly believed that they would live in another state of existence immediately after death—that their souls or spirits would thus live, and that their souls or spirits could and would return at pleasure and visit their friends on earth; suppose this state of belief in the world. What about it then? What would it do, or what could it do? This is the practical question. Grant that every past and every present human religion is composed largely through erroneous or very inadequate conceptions of Deity, all that could be hoped for through the aid of spiritual teaching would be a truer religion and a more correct con-

ception of the Divine Governor of the Universe. Grant that through this instrumentality—this spiritual teaching—we shall soon attain to such knowledge, what then?

It surely is not expected that our mere intercourse with spiritual beings, or with our friends and fellows in another state of existence, communicating with us, will change in any respect our human nature. Adding knowledge upon knowledge does not in the least change the nature of man. We may learn more than we have hitherto known of the future of man's nature in the next world, but we cannot for a moment suppose it will be in any degree different from the original grand design of our Heavenly Father. Again, the same knowledge that we thus acquire might have been communicated to mankind without the peculiar paraphernalia, so to speak, of modern Spiritualism. Hence it would seem to be possible that there is something more designed by these spiritual manifestations and communications than the mere conveyance to mankind of certain new knowledge.

But why should Spiritualists—we mean persons who have been put in communion with spiritual minds in such a manner as to know to a certainty, by actual experience, that they have such direct intercourse—constitute themselves a sect? The leading Spiritualists of the present day (or many of them) vehemently condemn all religious sectarianism, and yet they are busy in establishing another sect, religious Spiritualists; differing only from those sects which have preceded it in having more direct and palpable intercourse with spiritual existences. True, there are evidences which no intelligent investigation will dispute, that there are very superior minds sending knowledge through the spiritual mediums, giving clearer and apparently more reasonable views of man's ultimate destiny, and of the perfect goodness and unlimited love of God for all his creatures; and that through this teaching the world will undoubtedly become more enlightened, and understand Nature and Nature's God better than ever; but in all this we still fail to see any necessity for the formation or maintenance of a new sectarian body. On the contrary, we think we discern in this an element of weakness.

If we assume the object of these spiritual manifestations to be the correction of man's erroneous views respecting God and man's future, it is a question whether this is to be best attained by forming a new sect. History shows to all sound thinkers that religious ideas and religious ceremonies and creeds are largely, if not wholly, dependent on education, and on the extent of useful knowledge possessed by the various religiousists of the world. History further shows that the ordinary actions of men are not much affected by their particular religious belief. We must attend to history, if we would be wise. We would avoid running, in the slightest degree, into a disquisition upon the merits of different religions; but in doing this, we think it is important at the same time to keep in mind the fact, which has not yet received the weight in the world to which perhaps it is entitled, namely, that nearly all the actions of men are at the time performed independently of any consideration of religious creeds. Not in disregard to religion, but simply because these actions in general result from the exercise of faculties whose action goes on, in the main, irrespective of religious dogmas, doctrines or creeds, and in conformity with the idiosyncrasy and inherent nature of each individual, which belongs to each one as the original gift of God. This must not be construed to imply that religious instruction has no effect upon human conduct. By no means; all education affects the conduct, and also the actions; but it can only do so in accordance with the inherent natural faculties of each individual. And even among the most religious, thousands of the actions of their lives are *irrespective* of, though not necessarily at all antagonistic to their religious creeds. In other words, we would say that the leading actions of each individual, so far as they are honest, would be much the same, no matter what his particular religious creed. Natural honesty is not taught, and it will exhibit itself "in saint, in savage, or in sage," if it is in the man.

We do not condemn religious sects; the point we are now touching upon is the apparent inconsistency in Spiritualists condemning sects whilst laboring to establish one themselves, and our reasoning appears to tend to the conclusion that different religious sects, taking different creeds and different doctrines and different practices from the same vast theme, the Bible, have all along been a necessity, quite as much as any new and more advanced religion may be now a necessity in the world. In this view Spiritualists could not well avoid becoming a sect—especially as each and all other religious denominations seem to regard Spiritualism as something inimical to their particular doctrines or creeds. Still we think it is an open question whether the matter has taken the best shape as it is now generally presented to the world. God has, from the beginning, allowed error to go along hand in hand with truth in the world—for the very wisest of purposes, we must believe. The elimination of truth through the mists of error is the grandest and most beautiful employment of the human mind. The pure, unadulterated truth we cannot hope to see, at any time, in the affairs of mankind. But there has been enough of truth through all time and among all the changing destinies of nations and men to keep mankind in the constant search for more truth.

For years the world has been gradually throwing off the incubus of ancient superstitions, so-called, and approaching nearer and nearer, as we suppose, to a correct appreciation of the divine life which rules everything in the universe, this appreciation being in *unison with the ever-changing and ever-augmenting experiences of men or bodies of men*. The absolute perfect knowledge of God we believe to be *unattainable* in this life, and perhaps impossible to be obtained throughout eternity by any created being. Yet we see that for some wise purpose, within the last half century, men have been permitted to look into the profound arcana of God's works and discover more and more of the hidden laws and operations of Nature; more and more of the laws of our own wonderful being; and, consequently, more and more of God. This is probably the only way that human beings, even when freed from the gross parts of the body, will ever know or see God—the infinite, all-pervading Mind of the universe.

The rationale of the present system of spirit-intercourse with mankind, may possibly be found to be, simply, that God has aided the human race in advancing to a point where they are fitted to come into more intimate communion with the more refined or more knowing nature that belongs to spirit-life; the object of which spirit-intercourse is, it would seem, to elevate the human race, and to give them more exalted and more correct ideas respecting God, and all things past, present, and to come. We do not know that this is the object of the spirit-visitations, but believing as we do that intellectual progress is constant, and ever tending to the elaboration of truth; and noting the great spread of all kinds of

knowledge in a rapidly increasing ratio in the latter years, we are naturally led to conclude that the period may have arrived when the providence of God it has been deemed fitting that the spiritual part of man should become more manifest.

If spiritual beings can return and make themselves known; if they can see and understand all our thoughts; if they can influence and perhaps control both our thoughts and actions, how shall we regard them, or how should we regard them? As our enemies, or as our friends? If there are evil, as well as good spirits, who can also come and know and control our thoughts and actions, it of course complicates the study of spirit-life. Yet we need not despair, even under such a belief. Why should we? For has not every old religion taught that good and evil in every man's constitution are constantly struggling for the mastery? And whether good comes from a good spirit, and bad from an evil spirit, or whether they come from inherent or ever-attendant innate faculties implanted by the Creator in each individual, can make no practical difference, in results. God must be in all and over all, in either case.

Notwithstanding this advent of frequent, general, and increasing spirit-intercourse, we have no idea that human nature, in this life, can be essentially changed, or made perfect. We might have an almost infinitely higher conception of the majesty and glory of the great Creator and still be merely human. And to be human, is to be more or less imperfect in knowledge.

But if the mission of those who are favored with distinct visitations from the spirit-land is to teach mankind new truths, and if it is to break the shackles of error, it is indeed a glorious mission. How to make truth attractive, and error repulsive, is the great secret. If the spirits teach this, they will give a good lesson to the world. How to drive away error with truth, is the highest practical teaching; and such teaching, in its own nature, is a direct emanation from the Divine Mind. But from much that we read latterly as emanating from the spirit-land, we apprehend that there may be as many religious doctrines and beliefs in that land as we have in this. One thing is reasonable: if there are spirits of good and spirits of evil existing in another state, and if either can communicate with us, both may, and in that case we must sift the statements made by the spirits the same as we would sift the statements made by the living. TRUTH.

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.
MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICE, AND DIRECT WRITING.

Since my narrative of the séance at my friend Mr. George Childs's, I have had the satisfaction of witnessing other manifestations, through the mediumship of his brother, Mr. Edward Childs, and of Mr. Austin.

A few evenings after the date of my notes, which appeared in the June number of the London Spiritual Magazine, Mr. George Childs with Mr. Austin called upon me in passing, and I read to them my notes of the séance, in order that Mr. Childs might check any error of statement. My wife and her sister were present, and as I read we heard the voice, first, of the spirit who speaks in rustic voice and dialect, and who gives the name of Joseph Camplon, then of Antonius Sancto. On adjourning to the next room for more complete absence of light, Sancto said that he was pleased with the notes I had taken the trouble to make, and offered to give further proof of his facility in using musical instruments. I placed on the table a common organ concertina, and a six-keyed flute, an old "potter," that I had not used for ten years, and which I now tried to get some notes from, but it vain. Upon this flute, however, the spirit Sancto executed some rapid passages, and then put it down, saying that it was a good flute, but wanted oil and wadding. He then took up the concertina, and upon it played two parts of a now obsolete piece, the "Copenhagen Waltz," with exactness and brilliancy. Then, at request, he repeated some of the pieces he had delighted the circle with a few evenings before. Then he invited us to name airs for him to render, between the pieces chatting with us like a familiar acquaintance, Camplon in a simple way taking part.

Sancto excused us while we returned to our former apartment for supper, and there we commented upon what we had witnessed. I remarked that he had not played the last and prettiest part of the "Copenhagen," a piece I knew, from its being among the earliest I learned on the flute half a century ago. Returning to our former seats, the wanting part was played, Sancto saying that it had escaped his recollection for the moment.

In the course of conversation he said he was born at Nice, in 1774; his parents were in the musical profession; with them he went through France and Germany, and finally settled in England, where he departed this life; but not before he had learned nearly every instrument in the orchestra.

Mr. Childs, who is fond of operatic music, suggested various airs, and Sancto at once played them. In his play, what astonished us was his facility, combined with precision, force, and striking chords. At my request he played the "Carnival of Venice." I asked, "Is that after Botte-sini?" He said, "No; it is my own arrangement; listen if you have ever heard this." He then played the air in triplets, the third note of each triplet being taken with the left hand, producing a most original effect; then variations, rapid variations, on the "Carnival of Venice," played on a German concertina! He said, "Let me play something else for you, Doctor." I said, "I am just thinking of one of Hullah's simple airs, 'Down in a green and grassy vale.'" Without a pause he went into it and through it. I asked, "How is it that in your hands the instrument has a more brilliant tone than in ours?" He said, "When I play, I play with all my soul; perhaps that makes a difference in favor of my play, but I do not perceive the difference." "Will you kindly listen while I play the same air?" "With pleasure." I played it. "You play it well," he said, "and I fail to recognize any difference of tone." "Thanks for your complaisance, but Mr. Childs will agree with me that there is less brilliancy, the notes seem less vibrating. I think the difference is due to the instrument being upon your sphere, which has some electrical effect upon it, or upon the atmosphere surrounding it." "If there is that difference you speak of—but again I say I do not perceive it—it may be due to such cause, but I do not know." "How is it you know music composed since you left the body?" "Through mediums; in a musical audience spirits are sure to find mediums through whom they can know the music."

On a subsequent evening at a circle at Mr. Childs's, after the introductions were over—for the spirits ask to be separately introduced to each member of the circle—and while Sancto was engaged in writing his programme on paper, there

and then initiated by those of the circle who wished, a spirit, who used the name of Ebenezer Wyatt, said, "While my friend Sancto is writing his programme, I will, if agreeable, and if Mr. Childs will favor me with a comb, make a little music of my own." A toilet comb was got and laid with a piece of tissue paper on the table. "Now, keep passive," said Ebenezer, in a loud, rough voice, "and all join hands," and presently we heard a well-executed impromptu, as if from a bassoon, the range of notes being two octaves. "Light" was called by Sancto, and on one of the initiated sheets of paper was found written a programme of "Musick for ye evening."

On settling ourselves like an audience, Ebenezer again spoke, proposing that Mr. Sancto should be asked to be so kind as to illustrate musically a panorama in words. Sancto agreed: "The title of my panorama," said Ebenezer, "is a passage in the life of a young doctor. Now, please, Sancto, favor us with a prelude." Sancto played a few bars on the flute, and Ebenezer presented his verbal panorama, beginning with a young doctor going one of his daily rounds, performing here and there operations of various and increasing eccentricity. During, on his return home, he takes a customary nap after dinner, and is awakened by the exclamations of a friend, who had been helping himself from a bottle on the table, containing not wine, but poison stuff, and so the doctor finishes his day by giving antidotes to his own physic.

The "panorama" was divided into successive stages, each illustrated by characteristic music, by Sancto, on the flute. Then came the programme, Sancto taking the airs, Ebenezer accompanying well upon the comb. Sancto says that he found Ebenezer capable of musical expression, without having had the advantage of learning the manipulation of any instrument while in the body, and so had taught to produce sound from the comb. In this way Ebenezer played well the "Faust March," and "Sing, Birdie, Sing," to which we again heard the accompaniment as of a living bird. Sancto played some of his airs on the flute; some one remarked in a pause after the flute-playing that spirit lungs did not seem to require such frequent inhalation as a mortal's, when a note was blown, the hearing of which made one breatheless, it was so long sustained.

Ebenezer, as if pleased with the general commendation of his comb-play, asked Sancto to oblige him by playing second to him on this occasion only, while he played "Auld Lang Syne." Sancto played his accompaniment on the violin, giving each even in different style.

Another evening, Mr. Edward C. and Mr. Austin called on me very late, in passing, to apologize for not having paid a promised visit. While talking we heard Joe Camplon's voice. I lowered the gas and closed the shutters; then came the voices of Amos, Sancto, and Ebenezer; then Ebenezer introduced another—"his brother Norton." Amos said they had incited the mediums to call, that he and his friends might thank me for my trouble in drawing up the report.

I said that when Sancto was here before, he could not play certain pieces on the concertina, for want of semitones on the instrument; that I had obtained one, and asked if he would try it. He did so, and after a little manipulation, played some difficult pieces upon it.

"Glad to see you like water, Doctor," broke in the exclaiming voice of Ebenezer. When my friends knocked at the door, I was reading with a tumbler of water before me, and now, in the dark, leaning my arm upon the table, I felt the tumbler and drank off the water as Sancto finished his play. I asked Sancto to play a certain piece, and he asked for the first bar. I struck a light to refer to the music, and took the concertina to play it, when I found the screw of the right hand strap had been shifted a hole forward, making it too short for any physical hand in the room to use. Sancto, having played the piece, said, "Then I am to understand, Doctor, that you have obtained this instrument expressly for these concerts?" "Yes." "Then I will now play you a piece composed expressly for them and it." He played it, and afterwards a piece that he said was an echo of spirit-music, and strange and delightful it was.

Ebenezer of the loud voice said, "We ought not to go, Doctor, till Sancto has played, 'Happy be thy Dreams'—I'd like to hear it." And he played it, and afterwards, another air, very beautifully; Ebenezer joining in loud encores.

July 2.—At a sitting at Mr. Childs's this evening, Mr. Austin—through whose mediumship Sancto and Escott manifest their action—was absent, and so the only music we had was Ebenezer's on the comb, Amos Ferguson as usual taking the direction of the circle, and announcing what his invisible company next proposed to do—this being, in addition to himself, Joseph Camplon, Ebenezer and Norton Wyatt, and Alonzo Bates. The last is a spirit who is developing the capability of singing as he used to do when in the body.

Ebenezer was, as usual, exclamatory and self-asserting, objecting to his brother saying much, and disposed, seemingly, to wrangle with him. But Amos told us that their quarrelling was only fun. Ebenezer's facetiousness is surprising, his short stories droll, his jokes full of point, his puns as good and as bad as a burlesque writer's; he has a knowledge of theatrical matters, for this evening he quoted from the "Lady of Lyons," from a Victorian melodrama, and from Shakespeare; once he suddenly ceased, and Amos said, "Have patience a few moments; he has gone for another quotation." And immediately his voice was heard again, giving the quotation; I think if our friend Laman Blanchard could get acquainted with Ebenezer Wyatt, he might derive from him some telling points for his next Drury Lane piece.

This evening and on others, several of the circle took away with them specimens of direct spirit-writing, executed on paper initiated here and then—some of them autographs, others autographs accompanied by a few words of greeting or farewell.

J. DIXON.
8, Great Ormond street, London, July 26th, 1869.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OCTOBER.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Up the silver pathway of the shining sand
Comes the fair sea lapping on the dreamy land;
With a robe of sunlight on her glowing breast—
On her lips the foam-bells toss their sparkling jest.
In the wooded hollows reigns a calm profound;
God in Nature smiles eth' on the hills around;
And my weary spirit drinks the Lethæan wine
Poured o'er all the landscape from the fount divine.
Winter's captive warriors pace the Arctic zone—
Mid the far spiced islands sleeps the wild cyclone;
But we knew the quiet, throne on land and sea.
Of a future conflict speaketh warningly.
Thus when round the spirit Joy her radiance dings,
Midnight storms and trials flap their rising wings;
From the far horizon deem their voices roll,
And the seething billows round the shuddering soul.
But while lurid lightnings whelm his forehead glow,
Or when leveled sun-rays gild his gleaming brow—
Still God's hand and angel guides the transient dream,
And along the waters mirrored pinions gleam!

ITEMS OF PROGRESS IN INDIANA.

Cambridge City—Dublin—Lotus.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Experience is our best friend. If we will only heed its teachings, all will be well with us. I find human nature alike all the world over. Emerson expressed a truth when he said that he should not travel abroad as a matter of research, since all things essential are to be found at home. I do not give his words, only the thought, which taken in the sense implied is valuable.

I left Richmond on my way to Lotus, expecting to reach there in a few hours, but I was unavoidably detained. The train had gone Lotus-way before I arrived at Cambridge depot. I learned with some disappointment that I could not continue my journey until half-past six the next morning. Wandering down the main street of the "City," I came to a druggist's store. A man sat at the door regaling himself with a cigar.

"Will you kindly tell me if there are any prominent liberalists in this place?" I inquired.

"No; not that I am aware of."

The "City" surely, like the one recorded in the Bible, must be doomed.

Try again.

"Are there any Spiritualists?" I asked, looking the man full in the face, expecting to see a satirical sneer.

"Not here, but in Dublin there are swarms."

An oasis in the desert. "Where is Dublin?" The man pointing to an omnibus, replied, "Only two miles; that will take you there."

I was soon in the "bus," off to Dublin. But where, then? I inquired of my companions if they knew of any Spiritualists at Dublin, and received very satisfactory answers.

Being directed to a Mr. Franklin, an Englishman and Spiritualist, I found a quiet home for the night. I was in hopes of being able to lecture, but was told by Mr. Franklin that no hall could be obtained under ten or fifteen dollars a night, and there were few he thought who would willingly pay expenses. He mentioned a Dr. J. W. Connor, whom he described as a very wonderful healing medium. I proposed paying the doctor a visit. We sat several minutes together in Dr. Connor's parlor, talking upon general topics. I was not prepossessed with the doctor's appearance, and in no mood for continuing our visit. The doctor approached me, and, to my astonishment, described to the letter my physical condition, mentioning things that no guess work could account for. I felt much more at home. After giving me this test of spirit power, the medium gave me a beautiful and encouraging message from the spheres relative to my mission.

Just as he described my physical did he describe my mental state. He further said, "When you get to your next field of operation you will meet a lady, tall, slim, of dark complexion, who is suffering from neuralgia pains in the head, rheumatic pains in the limbs, and palpitation of the heart. Tell her if she writes to me I can cure her."

I took the cars from Dublin to Cambridge next morning; but again I was disappointed. The Lotus train had been gone fifteen minutes. Job with all his patience could not endure this without a murmur. I had to wait until 5 p. m. Taking a stroll down the "City" again, I came to the post-office. A lucky thought. I went in and inquired of the post-master if he knew of any person who took the Banner of Light. "Yes, one person, and only one, Mr. Bradbury." He kindly came out and introduced me to the son of Mr. Bradbury. I was soon sitting in company with one of your most appreciative readers, Messrs. Editors, who, I believe, has been a subscriber for many years. Quite a pleasant time passed; pleasant to me I know, and I believe to my friend also. We talked over many things in connection with Spiritualism and progress in general. Mr. Bradbury is over eighty years of age. How beautiful it was to hear from his own lips what Spiritualism had done for him. We parted at the cars with hopes that should we never meet again on earth, we might do so in heaven.

Lotus is a pretty place, houses all widely scattered. Quakerism here has grown and expanded considerably. Jonathan Swain—a true brother in the faith of Spiritualism, who holds by George Fox's central idea of "the light within"—and his partner received and treated me kindly. Arrangements were made for lectures, which were well attended and well received.

I gave a discourse also at this place, a village some four miles distant. At this place I learned that only one lecture had ever before been given on Spiritualism, by Bro. Moses Hull; and although the lecture was a capital one, and well attended, some of the pious had circulated the idea that Moses was mad, or he could never talk as he did. I knew that the multitude would like a little more of such madness, so I followed in Hull's wake. I spoke in the church same as Moses did beforetime. We had a goodly number of listeners, among them a Rev. Amos Barnard, who entered the field of debate. I was a little surprised, as it is such a rare thing to find a minister courageous enough to do battle "for the Lord" against us openly.

It is not proper for me to say who had the best of it. I only know that "Inspiration," another word for "the angels," was with me in my replies. So it was with Amos. But he was not satisfied. He tried to be funny, but all of no use; neither the logic nor the fun was on the side of the "Lord's anointed." On the following Sunday I finished my course of lectures at Lotus, where and when I received a challenge from the Rev. Amos Barnard, to meet the best man they, the Campbells, could put forward in fair debate.

It was desired to have the debate take place at Lotus, but arrangements could not be made for want of funds. I have written to accept the challenge, and it may be that a debate will shortly come off.

There is a society called "The Oasis." It is a society given to its president in a dream. It is exclusively a woman's movement; the object, simply and solely, is the elevation of woman. It is a secret society, but I believe all the secrets are in the motto and password. The members, twenty-eight strong, wear each a couple of pins; one made out of a silver quarter, the other of a silver ten cent piece. The initial letters of the motto on the large pin are, W. K. T. S. I am quite satisfied that I have the meaning of the motto, but if I can guess it, what is that to the reader? Let him do likewise. I shall not betray "The Oasis." The password is concealed in the word C—shade of all Egyptian hieroglyphs—I am at C (see) here.

"The Oasis" is an institution. Its members are live women, most of them Spiritualists. Mrs. Carrie Huddleston is President. I can only wish the women God speed. The future is in their hands.

"The Oasis" is very refreshing in this desert of man monopolies of mind and metal. Woman, know thyself.

Remembering the description given me by Dr. Connor, I made inquiries and learned that Mrs. Eliza M. Huddleston met in every particular. She is tall, slim, dark complexioned, and suffers exactly as the doctor diagnosed.

Eliza is an excellent medium. She is controlled easily, and gave me some very beautiful messages. They, the friends, including Jonathan Swain, hold séances for the benefit solely of unhappy spirits, who would be turned adrift by self-righteous Spiritualists. This is another item of interest and progress worthy note and imitation. We do not know how much depends on us any more than the disembodied of our race. Let us do all the good we can, and never with a selfish motive.

Spiritualism is breaking the "Bread of Life" to existences on both sides of the grave. I will add to these items in a few days.

Kokomo, Sept. 17th, 1869.

re and

MS. LIZZIE DOSTER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

ESKAY J. DUNGS, Inspirational speaker, Chatham, N. C.
 FORGEBUTTON, M. D., West Randolph, Vt.
 H. F. G. DUNN, Rockford, Ill.

[illegible]

F. A. JONES, Esq., can occasionally speak on Sundays
lands in the vicinity of Swansboro, Ill., on the Mch.

GEORGE KATZ, Dayton, O.
 P. O. KRILLON, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O. speaks
 of Monroe and Buffalo, and in Farmington the fourth
 night of every month.
 BRODIE F. RITCHEY, Buffalo, N. Y.
 MRS. J. C. KURTZ, Erie, Pa.
 GEORAS B. LYNN, Inspirational, Cleveland, O., care
 American Spiritualist, 47 Prospect street; permanent ad-
 dress, 412 Kingston, Cleveland, Mass.
 MARY E. LINDSEY, Inspirational speaker, 60 Montgomery
 street, Jersey City, N. J.
 J. N. LOVELAND, Buffalo, N. Y.
 MRS. A. L. LYNN, Minneapolis, Minn., care E. F. Lloyd.
 MRS. F. L. LAMBERT, trance and inspirational speaker, 359
 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. J. C. LANE, M. D., 210 South path, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. L. H. LACY, trance speaker, No. 214 Green street, be-
 tween 5th and 6th streets, Louisville, Ky.
 MRS. F. L. LANE, 1000 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.
 JOSEPH B. LEWIS, Inspirational speaker, Yellow Spring, O.
 CHARLES J. LEWIS, seer trance speaker. Address, 606
 W. 10th street, St. Paul, Minn.
 DR. JOHN MAYHEW, Washington, D. C., P. O. 607.
 Address, 41 W. Monmouth, Pa., Trance and Inspirational
 speaker, Erie, Pa.
 PROF. R. M. McCORM, Centralia, Ill.
 EMMA M. MARTIN, Inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.
 W. B. MONTGOMERY, Inspirational speaker, box 35, Haver-
 Hill, Mass.
 MRS. J. M. MONTGOMERY, Inspirational speaker, 100 Mass.

O. W. MANNING, *trance speaker*, 35 Rutland square, Boston.
 P. C. MILLER *will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of New York City*.
 MRS. NATHAN COLBERT MATSUDA, *White Plains, N. Y.*
 MRS. HANNAH MORSE, *trance speaker*, Juliet, Will Co. Ill.
 J. W. MATTHEWS, *lecturer*, Ives worth, McLean Co. Ill.
 J. J. MCGEE, *lecturer*, 1000 Broadway, New York City.
 MRS. EDNA L. MORSE, *trance speaker*, Alstead, N. H.
 MRS. J. I. MARKFIELD, *inspirational*, box 137, Clyde, O.
 DR. W. C. C. MARTIN, 73 Windsor street, Hartford, Conn.
 MRS. ANNA M. MATHIAS, *lecturer*, 1000 Broadway, New York City.
 MRS. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS, *Quincy, Mass.*
 J. W. VAN NADDER, *trance*, Elmira, N. Y., care J. H. Mills.
 A. L. E. NASH, *lecturer*, 1000 Broadway, New York City.
 W. R. NICHOLS, *trance speaker*, 1000 Broadway, New York City.
 W. R. NICHOLS, *trance speaker*, 1000 Broadway, New York City.

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W. M. Rusk, M. D., *Inspirational speaker*, Springfield, Mo.
 D. H. R. TUCKER, President, R. I. (Indian Bridge).
 A. C. ROBINSON, Salem, Mass.
 C. H. RINEY, *Inspirational speaker*, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. FRANK REID, *Inspirational speaker*, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Rev. A. B. RANDALL, Appleton, Wis.
 J. T. ROUSE, *Inspirational speaker*, Staute, Ind.
 Mrs. PAULIS J. ROBERTS, Capertownville, Ill.
 JOSEPH D. STILES, Danville, Va.
 NRIAN VAN SICKLE, Greenwald, Mich.
 ALBERT E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt.
 Dr. H. B. STODOLSKY, Harrison Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Dr. H. and ALGECIA WILHELM SLADE, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Mrs. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass.
 Miss M. N. STURTEVANT, *Trance speaker*, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. S. E. Slight, foot of Auburn street, Cambridgeport,

[illegible]

Mrs. MARY E. WITMER will speak in Sutton, N. H., Oct. 17, address, Holliston, Mass.

Wm. F. F. WILSON, Springfield, Mass.

DR. R. G. WELLS, trance speaker, Haverford, N. C.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIAMS, 75 Windsor street, Cambridge, Mass.

M. A. WHITING will speak in Washington Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1894, giving lectures and the two first Sundays of November, if called on soon. Address 272 Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa., (all Nov.)

MISS ELIZABETH WHIRKLOCK, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis. A. A. WHIRKLOCK, Toledo, O., box 643.

Mrs. N. A. WILLIS, Janesville, Wis.

DR. C. C. WILSON, Burlington, Iowa.

Mrs. HATTIE E. WILSON will speak in Marblehead, Mass., through the month of January.

MARY D. WOOD, normal speaker, State Center, Ia.

WARREN WOOLSON, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.

R. H. WORTMAN, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1454.

Mrs. W. W. WORTH, inspirational speaker, Rock Grove City, Clay Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. WILLIAMS, Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y., box 41.

ELLIAN WYATT, normal speaker, Lehigh, Mich.

MISS MRS. ELIZA C. WOORCEY, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

Mrs. JULIETTE WYLL will speak in North Detroit, Mass., Oct. 10, in Lynn, Oct. 31, Nov. 7 and 14. Address, North Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. FANNIE T. YOUNG, trance speaker. Address, Three Oaks, Mich. care R. Sawyer.

Mrs. M. M. YAN J. YOUNG, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS H. 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 must be addressed.

The Madhouse Victims.

Since the Commodore Meade case in New York, we have had nothing to work up the public mind on the subject of incarceration in insane hospitals, until the very recent case of Mr. Henry Frothingham of that city, who proclaims his gross wrong in a communication to the *New York Times*. That journal indulges in some free comments on the case, though abstaining from any reflections on the character or management of the director of the Hospital implicated. "Within the past year," it says, "a very considerable number of cases have come to light in this city and vicinity, in which perfectly sane individuals had been confined, under false pretenses, in these asylums. The latest of these cases, (that of Mr. Frothingham,) which is at this time undergoing investigation, gives a new interest to the subject." To show the guilty feeling that accompanies such cases in the minds of the keepers, it is only necessary to recapitulate the circumstances of Mr. Frothingham's arrest, detention, and release. He was spirited away in a carriage to the Bloomingdale Asylum, under the impression that he was going to see his counsel. The two men who came to arrest him pretended to consent to his seeing a lawyer, and, once getting him into their carriage, spirited him away to the madhouse.

Once incarcerated, he managed to send a letter to his lawyer, stating where he then was, declaring that he had been sent there by his relations on false charges of insanity, and soliciting immediate aid. The lawyer at once posted off to the Asylum, but was refused admission to his client. He became fully convinced, however, that the latter was wrongfully held in custody, and sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was duly served on the head of the Asylum. But Frothingham was of course ignorant of that fact, and his keepers were not the men to acquaint him with it. On the day before the writ was made returnable to the Judge, the prisoner had his doors opened to him, and was told that he was free to go when and where he chose. He left at once for the office of his lawyer, who received him with unaffected surprise. The latter saw at a glance the motive of the keepers in releasing his client, which was in order to avoid making any return to the writ. It was their policy to get the victim out of their custody as soon as they could. The lawyer hurried him back to the Asylum, bidding him stay there and compel the keepers to make a formal return to the writ on the following day. But the latter refused to receive him, and a return to the writ was finally made, and accepted by the Court, that Mr. Frothingham was not then detained by them. The latter then made a public statement of his case, in order to draw attention to an abuse which has grown so flagrant of late as to be positively alarming.

To make a profound impression on the public mind on this subject, the *Times* recites the well-known case of Commodore Meade, which it thinks ought not to be so readily forgotten; also that of a respectable old lady, who but last month obtained her release from this same Bloomingdale Asylum, through legal proceedings; also that of an elderly lady, confined as a lunatic, the whole evidence against her being that which established her ritualistic practices—and her determination to dispose of her property according to her own will. Only a short time since, a lady was incarcerated in the Trenton Lunatic Asylum, the only evidence of whose insanity was that she had married the man she loved. Her husband had great difficulty in discovering her hiding place, but when he did he experienced no trouble in procuring her release by the agency of a writ of *habeas corpus*. Another case not long since occurred in Philadelphia, where a widow lady had been suddenly locked up as a lunatic, but whose sole trouble was that she would not give her relatives the immediate handling of her money.

In commenting on the Frothingham case, the *New York Times* speaks after the following plain fashion:

"But the actually outrageous and utterly intolerable feature of the present case is that which displays the facility by which designing parties may secure the confinement in madhouses of persons whom they may thus desire to victimize. In any case, all that they need is the order of a magistrate, and the certificate of two physicians. Any unprincipled rascal, in connivance with two other rascals—one of them a 'Judge' of the kind we know in New York and two of them 'doctors' such as our laws permit to exist—need have no difficulty in sending a victim to the Lunatic Asylum. It is not an infrequent thing either—as the testimony in some of the recent trials of cases of this kind has shown—for the doctors who do this sort of work to 'examine' the patient in a surreptitious manner, and in a way altogether perfunctory. The victim is not aware that he has been examined—is entirely unconscious of having been in the presence of medical examiners, and knows as little of the circumstances under which they certified to his insanity as of the means by which the magistrate was induced to issue the order giving them the power. For example, in the case of Mr. Frothingham, now under consideration, it does not appear that he has the slightest knowledge of ever having been professionally examined for insanity. He was a sane man; he was called at his house by two strange men; there may, unknown to him, have been doctors in the Court in which he found himself, though he says no testimony was given, and the examination he asked for was not granted. From the Court-room to which he was cunningly taken, he was removed to the madhouse, from which he has just managed to secure his release. Now, this kind of law, in this kind of cases, cannot be tolerated. The Legislature, at its forthcoming session, must be compelled to adopt measures for the protection of the citizens in this respect."

It is to be noticed that a felon cannot be thrust into a cell and kept there for months, without first passing through an examination in open Court, and being allowed to confront his accusers. But perfectly sane and respectable citizens may be spirited off into insane asylums, and nobody the wiser for what has become of them. We hope Mr. Frothingham will push his case to the very end.

A Law against Seduction.

It has long been a matter for the common wonder, that a crime which is so frequently committed as the one named at the head of this article, and accompanied with such a nameless class of griefs and woes, generally irreparable, should not before this have arrested the attention of a humane and progressive legislation. As society at present lays down its inflexible rules, the poor girl who confides only to be betrayed is lost beyond hope of recovery. An act of simple imprudence is tacitly imputed to her as so much worse than a crime, that the possibility of her recovery from its stain is placed at once beyond her reach, and, her hope of salvation once lost, she becomes doomed beyond recovery to the fate which none profess to deplore more than those very moral people who shudder at the lapse they have not the charity to forgive. It seems so strangely inconsistent as to be positively astonishing, that persons who abhor a single mistake of this character should be so prompt to punish it with banishment into the realms abandoned to complete outcasts. Yet to such extremes do the blind and senseless prejudices of people take them. It is time the community took courage and emerged from such tyrannical restraints on its better humanity and more exalted intelligence.

In pursuing this subject to a practical conclusion, we have received valuable and timely aid from a subscriber to the *Banner*, in San Francisco, who sends us his plan of a statute to cover cases of this painful character. Without further enlargement of the theme, we submit it just as prepared, reserving comment for some future occasion; merely adding that, in view of the multiplied complaints which are made and continually making against the crime referred to, it would be a remissness not to be pardoned in our legislatures, if they decline any longer to consider with seriousness what has such strong claims on their earliest attention. The plan of our San Francisco correspondent is simply this:

A LAW TO PREVENT SEDUCTION.

In addition to the laws of marriage in the different States, I suggest the following:

Any promise or agreement, verbal or written, made between parties legally capable of entering into the "bonds of matrimony," followed by cohabitation, to be a "bona fide" marriage.

Parties thus married to be required, under a penalty, to give notice of same within a given time to the clerk of the County or District Court, whose duty it should be to advertise said marriage.

Notice by either party to be sufficient for the purpose of publication.

Either party wishing to avoid or deny such marriage to be required to give notice of his or her intention within a given time after publication.

In case of the absence from the County or State of a party to such marriage, before publication, a copy of notice of same to be forwarded and served, and sufficient time allowed to return and plead in person, or by attorney.

On trial, the parties themselves to be allowed to testify under oath, though such evidence not to be conclusive without being supported by other evidence of cohabitation or otherwise, to be decided by a jury like any other issue of fact.

The fact of cohabitation having been proved, a promise to become man and wife to be implied, unless the contrary be clearly proven.

Appeals to be allowed as in other suits, and the record to be conclusive evidence of marriage or otherwise.

Evidence of previous unchasteness of either party to be a bar to such suit, but such plea in bar not to be available by the guilty party, but by the other. Also, parties having lived together as man and wife for a given time, to be barred from availing him or herself of such plea.

The Price of Coal.

If anything is simply wicked, it is the long continued manipulation of the owners of the coal mines in Pennsylvania, by which prices are maintained at almost famine standard. What are the poor, what are even the labor-class to do for fuel when the frosts and snows of winter come? Do they not appeal with the eloquence of pity to the sense of justice that slumbers, but never dies, in the general mind? It is prophesied, from the operations this year at the mines, that coal a year hence will fall to a lower price than has been known for a long course of years. We are eager to anticipate that occurrence, and to see coal within the reach of the very poorest who can now earn a sufficiency for the needs of life. It is the gambling spirit, and nothing else, that has pushed up coal and keeps it where it is. We hope there will be a break, at the expense of the heartless men who thus forbid the people from obtaining at fair rates what has become an article of real necessity.

The Army of Odd Fellows.

It surprises one to be told that there are two hundred and sixty thousand members of this order in the United States; and that they have an accumulated fund of nine millions of dollars. This shows the strength of that bond of sympathy which holds a multitude of human hearts fast together. The professed aim of Odd Fellowship is the high and holy one of doing good by dispensing kindness, sympathy and practical charity; the very essence of beneficence in itself, and well deserving the devotion of men who look upon life with other eyes than merely to behold their own interest and grasp after their individual and selfish good. This flourishing order teaches the lesson that men are gaining the most while engaged in doing the most for one another.

New York Ritualism.

Rev. Mr. Morrill, an Episcopal preacher in the city of New York, has had the courage or hardihood, to throw off all the disguises with which the new practice of Ritualism is clothed, and comes out squarely in his pulpit for the truth, the holiness, and the sufficiency of the Pope and the Church of Rome. In a word, he has openly pronounced for Romanism. It used to be said that the Episcopal Church was only the half-way house between Protestantism and the Romish Church; this clergyman, then, has simply resolved not to stop there, but push on. His revolt against his own church cannot pass unnoticed by his Bishop, and we may next expect to witness another and an exciting ecclesiastical trial and judgment.

Expression for Emotion.

Why have we such a habit of repressing and concealing our feelings one toward another? If we love a person, need we be ashamed to say so? Are we really aware of the vast improvement, by mellowing and thawing, that would take place in our own natures, if we were to give rein to those pure and affectionate impulses we are now so careful to suppress? Nothing is so easy as to call forth love by manifesting it. We need not all fall to caressing, nor give ourselves to the occupation of flattery; but a very little more of freedom in showing our secret emotions in worthy deeds would widen the common circle of happiness on every side.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

This eminent healer has located in Buffalo, N. Y., where he will heal the sick until further notice. He may be found at the Bloomer Hotel.

Religious Bigotry in Olden Time.

The Newburyport Herald has of late unearthed some of the doings of the Puritanic bigots who dwelt on the banks of the Merrimac over two centuries ago. The Quakers, it seems, were among the earliest religionists in the valley of the Merrimac who dissented from the Puritans. In 1639, Thomas Macy of Salisbury, Mass., was fined thirty shillings, for sheltering three Quakers in his house, for three quarters of an hour, from a violent rain storm. He stated in his defence that he was sick at the time and in bed, and hurried them off as soon as the storm would permit, fearing they were Quakers. His thirty shillings was a good investment, as the poet Whittier chronicled him in one of his poems, and thereby he has attained what many have struggled and died for without gaining it—immortality. The Quakers were afterwards hanged in Boston. The first Quaker Society in that section was formed in Amesbury, in 1704, and has continued to the present time, Whittier being one of its members. This organization seems to have struck terror into the Orthodox Christians, for in 1714 a fast was had in the First Parish of West Newbury, that the people might unite in prayer to God that he would prevent the spread of the Quakers. They had a society in Newburyport in 1744, with a house of worship on High street, Belleville; but as Quakerism found this an uncongenial soil, they moved and built another meeting house, which has this season been rebuilt, at Turkey Hill, West Newbury, where some of the best people of the county now worship after the manner of George Fox and William Penn.

Ecclesiastical Tyranny.

Opposition to monasteries in the Old World, it seems, is manifesting itself in violent outbreaks, if we can believe the accounts which we find in late English newspapers. The facts are these: The difficulties broke out on the discovery of the barbarities to which the now famous Oracow nun, Barbara Ulryk, had been subjected, and the people of all Germany have since been working themselves into a heat which is altogether at variance with their proverbially phlegmatic temperament over the whole monastic system. Attention was directed to the statistics of such institutions and the number of inmates they held. Imagination placed in these convents many victims of ecclesiastical tyranny. The superiors acted in such an unconciliatory manner that the passions of the people were inflamed rather than quieted, which resulted in open riots. Near Berlin especially is a convent which has been several times mobbed by an angry populace. Once they succeeded in penetrating inside the dwelling, and compelled the inmates to defend themselves with hatchets and other unusual weapons until rescued by the police. Upwards of seventy arrests have been made for participation in these riots. They are now virtually quelled, but the temper of the people is so aroused that a renewal of the disturbance is not improbable.

Eddy, the Physical Medium.

Horatio G. Eddy, one of the best physical mediums of the day, is travelling with Mr. Cadwell, and holding séances for the exhibition of the physical phase of the spiritual phenomena. For the last three weeks they have been in Connecticut, where the best success attended them, some of the manifestations being more astounding than ever. On one occasion four and five hands were shown, and dissolved while in plain view of the audience. At another time, one of the committee daubed the medium's hands all over with printer's ink after his hands were tied behind him, and without his knowledge; yet as soon as the cabinet door was closed, a delicate white hand appeared at the window. The medium was then immediately untied, and exhibited his hands to the audience, and though the test was excellent and all the more convincing, yet so much indignation was expressed by the audience at the indecent outrage perpetrated on the medium, that the committee man was obliged to leave the platform. Handcuffs and fetters were placed upon the medium at another séance, and after the usual manifestations had taken place, the invisibles unlocked the iron shackles, to the great astonishment of all present. Mr. Eddy is evidently doing a good work in presenting the physical phenomena for investigation.

Vaccination and Small Pox.

After seventy years' experience of Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination, people, especially in England, are beginning to lose faith in it as a preventive of that terrible scourge, the small pox. For a long time nobody doubted the value and virtues of the discovery; everybody in all classes gladly availed themselves of the benefit of vaccination. But lately the conviction is becoming general that the preventive is to be more dreaded than the disease, and this in spite of the fact that no doubt millions have been saved by vaccination from the small pox. It is claimed that though small pox may come to a vaccinated person, yet in such cases the attack is short and less severe, and death rarely results. The mortality in the case of vaccinated persons is only one in four hundred and fifty, and in the unvaccinated it is one in four. On the other hand, cases are now constantly presenting in England where dreadful disease, and even death, is the direct result of vaccination.

Defection from Rome.

The sermons of Father Hyacinthe, the eloquent Catholic priest at Paris, have for some time given uneasiness to the close followers of the Church; but now his letter in which he resigns the charge of his church, and withdraws from his convent, leaves nothing whatever to be imagined or speculated upon. The ground he takes is, that he cannot take orders from the Holy See, or acknowledge the spiritual paternity of the Pope. Here is a prospect of a large schism in the very bosom of the Gallican Romish Church. No more popular preacher is known in all Paris than Father Hyacinthe. The stand he has thus taken against the pretensions of Papal authority is compared to that of Luther in his day, and from it is expected to flow results that will shake Romanism in France to its foundations.

Commencement of Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The next course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy will commence Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10th, at 2½ o'clock, in Music Hall, Boston. The popular and eloquent speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (late Mrs. Daniels), will deliver the first four lectures. It will be seen by the announcement in another column that arrangements have been made with some of the ablest lecturers in the field. The lectures will continue twenty-nine weeks—one more than last year—and promise to be the best ever given in this city. An excellent quartette is engaged. Those desiring season tickets, with reserved seats, should procure them this week, as it will not be so convenient to deliver such on the afternoon of the lecture.

The Gambling Spirit.

The fact that such a gamemaster spirit is capable of getting possession of the money market, and thus deranging the regular business of the country, demonstrates that there is need of a much more thorough inculcation of the old-fashioned doctrine of moderation and honesty than is visible in these modern times. The radical trouble is, that people are not willing to pursue the old and safe courses to prosperity and happiness, but become crazed with an idea that the telegraph and the powers of steam have miraculously brought in another way. Such scenes were never beheld in the money market as occurred last week in New York, and by sympathy in Boston. Pandemonium itself seemed let loose. The human passion for gold, suddenly got, never broke loose with a more astonishing impetuosity. Men tore at one another like tigers let loose, and in Wall street the "bears" were full of savage threats of pistols at the "bulls." General havoc was made with fortunes, and if a few managed to win by this dastardly process of gambling, there was a numerous company that had all swept away. Nobody pities them on either side. They cared nothing how greatly they disturbed the steady currents of the country's traffic, and if they go limping from the field, or are borne off slaughtered, they appeal vainly to the public sympathy. We sincerely wish there were some sufficient means of putting a stop to a procedure that does even more than obstruct and overturn business—that saps and shakes the steady moral purpose of men who ought to be far above the temptation to make sudden fortunes.

The Mechanics' Fair.

The eleventh exhibition of American Manufactures, at Faneuil and Quincy Halls, Boston, opened on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, under the direction of the Board of Government of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association—President, Jonas Fitch. During its continuance it was visited by thousands of our citizens, and large numbers from the country. The halls were tastefully decorated, the articles exhibited of the most exquisite workmanship; great improvements in household articles were displayed, and machinery of various kinds in full operation, proved the vast strides which, in our day, the mechanic arts are making toward that perfection of civilization which has ever been the dream of the ages. L. Prang & Co. gave an exhibition of the process of chromo-lithography, which was interesting. This present Fair of the Association has been a thorough success, and takes higher rank, by universal consent, than its predecessors given at the same place in years that are gone.

Photographing Invisible Objects.

A photograph of the famous bronze statue of the Amazon, at Berlin, was taken some years ago with some unaccountable markings. From the tip of the lance, which is held by the figure perpendicularly, a black streak was noticed extending upward, two other similar streaks projecting from prominent points. The picture was sent to Prof. Dove, well known from his investigations in connection with light, and after examination, the professor gave his opinion that the markings were due to discharges of electricity from these points; which, though invisible to the eye, were of such active power as to produce a photographic effect. More extended observations and subsequent experiments have fully confirmed this hypothesis, and he now announces the fact that the flow of electricity, which is continuously given off from metallic points under certain circumstances, exerts a photographic effect on a sensitized plate, though the light cannot be seen with the human eye.

This is very well as far as it goes. Keep on, scientific gentlemen, and you will soon be ready to admit the possibility of photographing a spirit, and then prove the fact.

American Charity.

It is asserted that the contributions for the relief of the Avondale sufferers are to continue until a fund of a quarter of a million dollars shall be collected. We have no sort of doubt that the plan will be successfully accomplished. Nothing shows with more truly noble proportions than the charitable disposition of the American people. Their hearts are open to the cries of distress on all sides; their quick sensibilities ordinarily suffer but a brief period to interpose between a summons for help and its actual presentation. Were it within their power, there is no doubt that the owners of the mine by which a whole colony of men lost their lives wretchedly, leaving some six hundred destitute beings dependent on them, would be compelled to provide subsistence for the latter during the term of their natural lives.

Farewell of Mr. Hepworth.

There was a very large gathering of members of the Sunday School and Church of the Unity in the vestry of the church, in this city, Tuesday evening, to take leave of their late pastor, the Rev. George H. Hepworth. At an early hour in the evening, the company was called to order by Mr. W. H. Baldwin, who presented to Mr. Hepworth a solid silver water pitcher, salver and goblet, in behalf of the Sunday School, of which Mr. Baldwin was the senior superintendent for many years. Mr. D. W. Russell then presented him with a purse of one thousand dollars in behalf of a few friends in the church. Mr. Hepworth has gone to New York to take charge of a society there.

The Semi-Annual Convention

of the Massachusetts Spiritualists' Association will be held at Tremont Temple, Boston, Wednesday, afternoon and evening, Oct. 20th, 1869. The public exercises of this convention will be more minutely stated hereafter. The afternoon exercises will consist of an exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, comprising Marches, Gymnastic Exercises, Songs, Dialogues and Recitations, with an address upon the general objects and methods of the Lyceum. In the evening, Prof. Wm. Denton, and other interesting speakers to be hereafter announced, will address the audience. A large convention is anticipated, and Spiritualists from all parts of the State are invited to participate in the exercises.

The Indians.

St. Louis telegrams state that the Indians in Montana are committing depredations by running off stock, etc., when the fact is that scouts disguised as Indians are the actual thieves. What is the result? It is easily told: the same old story: troops are sent out, and coming upon a camp of Indians, they commence hostilities, and several on both sides are killed. "The Indians must be annihilated," say the border ruffians; "we need their lands, and the quicker we wipe them out the better." What a sad comment on civilization—Christian civilization, too!

Our thanks are due Mrs. Hubbard, of Highland District, and several other ladies, for elegant floral gifts for our Free Circle Room.

Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum.

At a meeting of the Boston Mercantile Hall Progressive Lyceum, held Monday evening, Sept. 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Conductor, D. Nelson Ford; Assistant Conductor, Albert Morton; Guardian, Mary A. Sanborn; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. S. M. Morton; Secretary, M. T. Dole; Assistant Secretary, J. K. Hartwell; Treasurer, W. A. Dunklee; Librarian, S. N. Jones; First Assistant Librarian, Miss L. F. Hall; Second Assistant Librarian, Miss E. J. Orcutt; Musical Director, T. M. Carter; Assistant Musical Director, Miss Emma Fessenden; Guards: John Woods, George Hosmer, H. C. Randall, S. F. Towle, R. Peaslee, P. Fisher, E. Bearse, E. D. Chase, James T. Hartwell, A. H. Bradley; Decorator, R. Peaslee; Leaders of Groups: W. A. Dunklee, Temple; Mrs. M. E. Hartwell, Union; F. M. Hawley, Evangelist; Albert Morton, Liberty; J. K. Hartwell, Excelsior; Mrs. Hartson, Star; John Hardy, Banner; Miss H. L. Teel, Mountain; Charles W. Sullivan, Shore; Miss L. Crosby, Deacon; Mrs. S. M. Morton, Grotto; Mrs. M. A. Hayward, Temple; Mrs. L. Sampson, Sea; Mrs. E. A. Bancroft, Ocean; Mrs. M. Doolittle, Glen; Mrs. S. E. Atkins, Lake; Mrs. M. H. Plaford, River; Stream; Mrs. C. E. Fluke, Fountain; John Prince, Adult; Supplementary Leaders: Mrs. E. A. Howland, Mrs. Mary Hardy, Miss M. F. Haynes, Mrs. M. Teel, Eva Badger, Clarence Holmes, Charles Woodward, Mrs. S. Stone.

New Subscribers.

Forty-three new names have been added to the subscription list of the *Banner of Light* since its last issue, furnished by our old subscribers, as follows: W. E. Leonard sent one new subscriber; N. C. Martin, one; George R. Boush, one; Henry Hyllop, one; William Fuller, one; C. H. Edwards, one; George Withington, one; Clark Dye, one; H. A. Buddington, one; William E. French, one; John M. Sellers, one; John Grant, one; R. L. Allen, one; Joseph H. White, one; Henry Fulstone, one; Mattie L. Thwing, one; Martha M. Derby, one; W. Archibald, one; Rev. D. G. Ingraham, one; A. A. Frazer, one; Benjamin D. Kendrick, one; W. H. Felton, one; Mrs. C. Harrington, one; M. B. Harris, one; Alphonso Barnes, one; Wm. H. Culver, one; M. Harden, one; T. B. Newman, one; George L. Marvin, one; H. Snow, one; John M. Howe, one; Mrs. L. A. Lincoln, one; Charles H. Shepard, one; Mrs. M. Chase, two; A. Hinton, one; George Sanderson, one; Charles Low, one; Albert Day, two; L. A. F. Swain, one.

Arrival of Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

We are pleased to announce the safe arrival at New York, from England, of Mrs. Emma Hardinge, after a rough and tedious voyage. She goes immediately to Philadelphia, where she is engaged to lecture during October and November. In December, we shall have the pleasure of listening to her able and eloquent discourses in Music Hall, Boston. During her three years' sojourn in London she presented the Spiritual Philosophy to large numbers of the English people who attended her courses of lectures, which awakened a deep interest in the subject of Spiritualism.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Moses Hull is to speak in Washington, D. C., during March only, and not in April, as was inadvertently announced. He will accept calls to lecture in New England the third and fourth Sundays in October. He has just finished a month's engagement in New York.

Cephas B. Lynn may be addressed care of *American Spiritualist*, 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio, till further notice.

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw will lecture in North Scituate, Mass., October 10th.

Mrs. Fanny B. Felton lectures in Union Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday.

Pierpont Grove Meetings.

Prof. William Denton spoke at the above named grove, Malden, Mass., on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 26th. A large and attentive audience assembled to listen to his address, the subject considered being "Christianity not a Finality." Singing by a good choir enlivened the services.

Modern Spiritualism.

BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

The *Radical* for October contains brief extracts from the different speeches made at the recent anniversary of the Free Religious Association. We copy the remarks of Prof. William Denton, as follows:

"Modern Spiritualism can give to you the evidence of the existence of this spirit, after what we call death. It is but reasonable, that we possess a spirit, with spiritual senses, that there should be a spiritual realm where those spiritual senses are to be exercised. As the fin of the unhatched fish tells of the water in which by-and-by it is to move, as the wing of the unhatched bird tells of the air in which that wing is to be by-and-by employed, so the existence of this spirit in man tells of that spiritual realm where these spiritual faculties are to be exercised. The existence of such a realm has been demonstrated, I believe I may say, to millions. The skeptic, who previously had no kind of belief in a future existence, but was willing to examine, has received evidence satisfactory to him. Impressions have come to the mind, foreign to its ordinary condition; and these have satisfied some. Raps, those tiny raps, so sneered at and so abused, have come to others; and they have demonstrated the existence of an independent mind back of them, which always claimed to be spiritual, and to have its origin in beings that were once independent dwellers on this planet. To others have come the very spiritual body itself, clothed with a material frame, so that hands could be seen and felt; and, thus clothed, the existence of the spirit within has been demonstrated."

I have had my spiritual friends describe to me a child of mine, just as that child would be with the change that years would make in that spiritual realm, described by persons who had no knowledge whatever of the facts in the case. And what has come to me has come to millions of people, incalculable numbers; and they have been able to say, 'I know that my friends live, and hence, after what we call death, I shall live also.' Blessed assurance this! When a man attains this confidence, then life lies before him in its glory: the gloom of the grave is gone forever. And, what Jesus and Christianity could never do, Spiritualism has done for innumerable multitudes in that very direction."

THE MYSTIC PRESS is the title of a very neat-looking and sploty journal, just started in our neighboring city, Chelsea, by Hovey Bros. It deserves to succeed, and we hope it will.

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