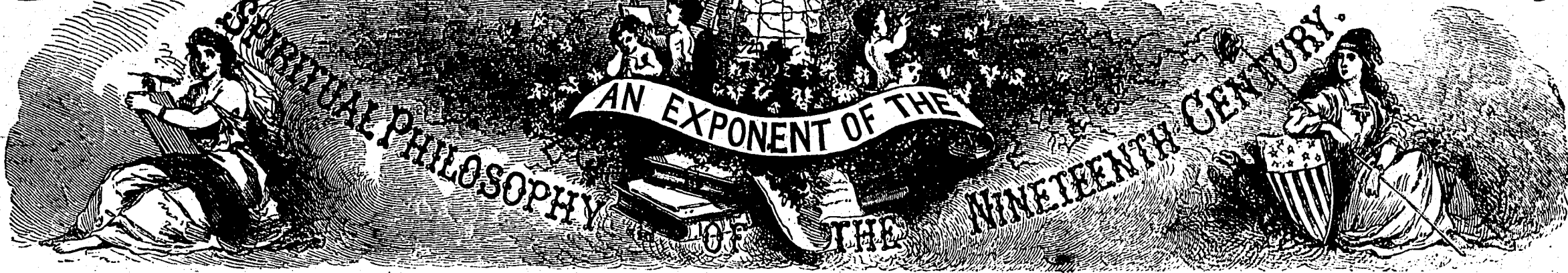


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVII.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.

NO. 24.

## Literary Department.

### EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

Translated from the German of Zschokke, for the Banner of Light, by Cora Wilbur.

"We shall surely be most happy together," said Miss Louise to her aunt, the evening before the wedding; and her cheeks glowed afresh and rosy, and her bright eyes beamed with deepest feeling. We can easily imagine whom the fair bride designated in the inclusive "we."

"I do not doubt it, my dear Louise," replied the aunt; "but you must be careful that you remain happy together."

"Oh, how can you doubt that? I know myself, and though I am far from being good, my love for him will enable me to grow better and wiser. As long as we love each other we cannot be unhappy. And our love will never grow old."

"Ah!" sighed the good aunt, "you talk like a young girl of twenty on the eve before her wedding, in the midst of youth's most beautiful illusions, hopes, and anticipations. Dear child, believe me, sometimes the heart, too, grows old. The days will come when all external fascinations cease. And when the enchantment is past, then only comes the revelation of our true selves to one another. When the habit of daily life has rendered grace and beauty commonplace; when the youthful bloom has fled, and the shadows alternate with the light of home, then, Louise, and only then, can the wife say truly to the husband that she has proved him worthy of her love. Then only can the husband tell his wife she blooms for him in everlasting beauty. But on the day before marriage such assurances only make me smile."

"I understand you, auntie dear; you think the virtues we possess are our only guarantees for future happiness. But is he not—I will not speak of myself, I can only boast of a true and earnest will to do right—is he not, to whom I belong—is he not the worthiest, noblest one of all the young men in the city? Does not his spirit blossom with all the nobility that is needed for life's happiness?"

"Child!" said her aunt, "I do not gainsay it; you both possess virtues; I can tell you so without flattery. But, dear heart, these virtues are just budding forth; they have not yet ripened into the life's sunshine and needful showers. Such buds of promise often disappoint us; we cannot tell in what soil they will take root. Who knows the hidden recesses of the heart?"

"Oh, dear auntie, you almost frighten me!"

"So much the better, Louise. It will do you good, even the day before marriage. You know I love you sincerely, so I will tell you what I think. I am not yet an old aunt; yet look cheerfully out upon the world with my twenty-seven years, and I have one of the best of husbands. I am very happy; and for this reason believe I have the right to talk to you, and to call your attention to a secret you may not have discovered; young and pretty girls are not mindful of it, and young gentlemen do not wish to occupy their thoughts; and yet it is most important in every household, so that eternal love and undisturbed peace and happiness may abide there."

Louise seized both hands of the good aunt.

"You know I believe all you tell me! You mean that happiness can only be secured through the cultivation of our virtues; that all besides is changeable and fleeting. These are the indestructible treasures we bring to each other, these can never grow old!"

"That depends upon circumstances, Louise; even the virtues themselves may grow old, and become repulsive with age, as do the personal graces."

"Oh, auntie, what are you saying? Tell me of one virtue that can grow ugly with the years?"

"When they have grown ugly we no longer call them virtues; as we do not call an old wrinkled woman a pretty girl."

"But, auntie, the virtues are not earthly."

"That depends."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become repulsive?"

"As soon as they degenerate with time into weakness."

"And manly energy?"

"Becomes coarse opposition."

"And the beauty of humility?"

"Grows into fawning slavishness."

"And noble pride?"

"Into common haughtiness."

"And the love of serving others?"

"May be transformed into becoming an echo of every one's opinion."

"No, auntie, you almost make me angry! It is impossible that my future husband should so degenerate. He possesses one virtue that will guard him from all wrong. There is in him a love and worship for all that is beautiful and good, and great. And this impressibility to all that is true and elevated, lives in me as in him, and assures me of our continued unity and happiness."

"And if this very virtue were to grow old with you, it would take the form of a troublesome sentimentality; and that is a household demon. I would not have you restrain your love and admiration for the beautiful; but heaven guard you that this grace become not an old quarrelsome phantom at your hearthstone. Do you know the Countess Stammern?"

"Who separated from her husband a year ago?"

"Have you heard the reason for their separation?"

"All sorts of things are said."

"She told me the story herself, and I will relate it to you. It is comical and instructive at the same time, and will serve in this place as an example."

Louise was eager to listen. Her aunt narrated as follows:

Count Stammern and his wife were regarded as a most loving, exemplary couple. Their marriage was the result of a long courtship; of a love that had grown and strengthened from their earliest years. They had loved with the most exalted enthusiasm. They seemed formed for each other; both were aspiring, full of feeling, handsome, devoted; all their aims in life harmonizing beautifully. Many yet remember how the countess came near her death, when, after the formal betrothal had taken place, the parents fell into a misunderstanding, and the marriage was broken off. The young girl was seriously ill, and her lover threatened to end his life like Goethe's Werther or Miller's Slegwart. In order to save the life of the countess, and to prevent the young man from committing self-destruction, the parents were compelled to reconcile their differences, and this saved the lives of the betrothed. But as soon as the lady's life was out of danger, the resentful old people renewed their silly feud again, and sought to postpone the marriage a few years. So one night the young pair sped their way over the border, and were married, and returned to the city as man and wife, and the whole heavens descended upon the earth.

They were looked upon as models of the married state, models of household peace and harmony. They lived for each other, planning from morn to eve how to mutually please and enchant. During the first year of wedded life they wrote poems, the tenderest, sweetest in the world, dedicated to each other. In winter as in summer, they filled the rooms with flowers that spoke the language of love's significance. Every household article was endeared by some fond memory. These exaggerations of feeling that almost touched upon sentimentality, ceased the second year; but at all balls and parties, everywhere in society, they sought only each other; had attentions for no one beside. This was somewhat commented on; but in the third year both became more socially polite; but at home they were as devoted as ever. In the fourth year of marriage they became sufficiently awakened to the claims of the outside world, so that occasionally one went into society without the other; and an evening or a day spent apart did not produce a terrible home-sickness. In the fifth year, the count could travel without having his heart lacerated at parting; and the countess did not faint at the prospect of separation for a few weeks. But if you could have read the letters written at that time! Indeed, Heloise herself could not have indited tenderer epistles. In the sixth year they were sensible enough to be satisfied with one or two loving letters during absence. In the seventh, both had come to the conclusion that deep and heartfelt love could be maintained without a daily expression of it in words; and that it was not necessary to repeat the love vows upon paper. This was much; their happiness had reached its highest point, the calm security of tender friendship. In the eighth year, they threw off the egotism of their love, and tried to live more for the welfare of others, and less as if they were the only living ones; and all the world beside were puppets on life's boards. In the ninth year, they were the most lovable, benevolent, pleasing persons that could be met with at home or abroad. In the tenth year they were like other human beings, and as all good people who have lived a happy married life so long. They had grown ten years older; their love had grown older, too, and alas! also their virtues. Their sensitiveness had passed into a proverb; yet they were beloved by all.

In the very commencement of the first year of the second decade, they discovered in each other an abatement of their former stormy tenderness; but this was quite natural, and they deemed it possible to love more calmly. In the second year, many little weaknesses of character were mutually revealed, that had been concealed by the mantle of all-forgiving love. They forbore with one another, as in duty and affection bound. In the third year, slight remarks that bordered upon reproaches would be made, but always in the kindest manner, and if anything was said by one that wounded the feelings of the other, the sincerest penitence atoned for the fault. During the fourth year, however, there arose a consciousness in the breast of each that the other was too often the aggressor. In the fifth year, little worldly disputes arose, and the penitence was forgotten. In the sixth year, the wedded pair carefully guarded their words, in order that harmony might be maintained. In the seventh year, several misunderstandings took place, but these were always followed by loving reconciliations. The momentary bitterness was attributed to extreme sensitiveness, in which condition the wound from a sword thrust is not more keenly felt than the angry glance of the beloved one. The eighth year brought frequent petty quarrels, but they bore no consequences; it was argued that such occur in the happiest of marriages. Husband and wife would part for a few days, then resume their loving intercourse as before. In the ninth year, they arrived at the wise conclusion that it was best to avoid being so much together, on account of the extreme sensitiveness that had grown with their years.

"You are exceedingly sensitive and very excitable," said the count. "I am so too, sometimes. This will not do; you are capable of losing control of your temper; I might do likewise. The best plan is, that I leave you your own way in all things; let me have mine; and we can live cheerfully without tormenting ourselves. We love each other, but we must not plague ourselves to death by reason of our love."

The countess agreed, and they kept up a sort of double housekeeping; they seldom met except at table; no questions were asked concerning each other's incomings or outgoings. The tranquil days returned; they lived in peace and politeness; and if sometimes a little of the olden sensitiveness returned, it was set aside with a compliment. One evening in the tenth year—I have now given you the history of twenty years—the count

and his wife came home from the theatre, supped together, and then sat down to a cosy chat by the fireside. Their hearts were full of the impressions left there by one of life's affecting dramas. The happiness of wedded and domestic life had for them renewed its charms.

"Ah," said the countess, "all would be well if we could only remain young."

"You need not complain of the ravages of time," gallantly replied the husband; "where can you find another whose beauty is so well preserved? I find no difference between you now and as you were the day before marriage. A few wrinkles, perhaps, but that must be endured. Our union belongs to the happiest ones of the world. If I were yet unmarried, and saw you now, I would again offer you hand and heart; to none other."

"You are very complimentary," said the countess with a sigh. "But only think of it, dear friend, twenty years! What am I now? what have I been?"

"You are to-day a pretty woman, as you were once a pretty girl. I would not exchange one for the other." He arose and pressed her to his breast.

"We should be most completely happy—but for one need. We have not that which renders other households the happiest."

"I understand; a child, to inherit your graces and virtues. But," added the count, as he kissed his wife's hand, "you are only eight and thirty, I am not much over forty years; who knows, perhaps—"

"Oh how happy I should be! Of course one child would prove as great a source of care as of joy. The slightest mishap may deprive us of it. But, yes, two children—"

"You are right. And not two, but three. For with two, if one should die, the care and anxiety would remain. I feel sure heaven will hear our prayers; we shall yet have three children playing around us."

"Dear friend," she said, smiling, "perhaps, after all, it would be too much. If they were all sons, we might be embarrassed."

"Not at all. We have an income of twenty-five thousand guilders. Enough for us and them. The eldest I give to the army; the second will enter upon a diplomatic career; they will cost much, but they will elevate themselves; we have relatives, rank and influence."

"But you have forgotten the youngest, my dear!"

"The youngest? he will be a minister; he may become a prelate of high degree; his opportunities will not be wanting."

"What a priest? my son a preacher? No indeed, that can never be."

"Never be? May I ask why? He can rise to eminence; he may become a bishop."

"Never! never! I will not be the mother of a priest; I will not see my son with the shaven crown and the sombre, convent-like garments! For shame! What an idea of yours? If I had a hundred sons, I would not permit it."

"You are again in a strange humor, dear wife; whatever your prejudices are against the priesthood, you will agree to that which is for his highest good, and our own."

"And I declare that I will never consent to it; never to all eternity! You may call it whim or humor; I know you are in the humor to be the commanding lord; but do not forget that a mother may have her rights also."

"Not at all. The father has the foresight."

"His reasoning may not be the best."

"If mine is not the best, my lady countess, I would assuredly not call upon yours. I am resolved, when needed, to have my will respected."

"Good heavens! I am well aware you are my husband and head; but I have not the honor of being your servant."

"And I am not your court-fool, my lady! I have shown a disposition to yield to you, perhaps, too much. But there are some caprices that cannot be endured."

"I am much obliged for the example of which you are giving me a practical illustration on the spot. Who has been the most yielding one of us two? For years I have silently borne your eccentricities, and have magnanimously forgiven them, and all else you have done to offend me; setting all down as errors of judgment and education, rather than as faults of the heart. But at last the most heavenly patience will grow weary."

"There you are in the right. My patience has long been most severely tried by your variable whims and changeable fancies. And you may think yourself fortunate that I have not tried to break from the yoke, years ago. For it is indeed nothing pleasurable to be the sport of your many follies, I must say it plainly."

"If I had spoken plainly, I should have told you long ago what a haughty, conceited egotist you are, and how difficult it is to live with you—a heartless puppet, that is always boasting of feelings, because that is always vaunted of which there is the greatest lack."

"Indeed? That is why you speak so much of your tact and delicacy, your insight and forbearance. You can deceive others; I have long since been disenchanted, God be praised, or fortune blamed for it! Your virtues are so many feminine graces. And your affections are the more repugnant to me, because I understand you so fully. If I were not sorry for you, I should long ago have sent you to your family, that I might obtain some rest."

"You only give utterance to my own wishes. Such a stiff, unbending egotist is not calculated to enlighten the hours of a sensible woman. And after the declaration you have made, you may rest assured that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to be rid of you."

"I am content; you have fully revealed yourself. I take you at your word, and wish for nothing better. Adieu! may you have pleasant dreams! To-morrow the business shall be settled."

"The sooner the better, sir count."

And thus they parted. The next day the notary

was called in, with witnesses; the act of separation was written, and signed by both, despite of all the entreaties and warnings and expostulations of friends and relatives. The divorce followed.

"Thus was given the bond of a seemingly eternal and most happy union. A foolish quarrel over the destinies of three unborn sons shattered the chain riveted by an absorbing love. And yet, this married pair belonged to the good and true. They had no vices; only weaknesses in common with all."

"Do you call this history comical?" said Louise with a clouded face. "Dear aunt, it has made me sad; I see how even with the best, the happiest marriage may degenerate by degrees. Console me, auntie, for you have made me almost inconsolable. I fear I cannot look at my future husband without dread, for the coming time; think what a misfortune that is!"

"What do you mean?" asked her aunt.

"Oh, auntie, if I was never to grow old, I would be sure of ever remaining attractive to my husband."

"You are very much mistaken, dear child. If you were to remain forever young and fresh as to-day, the eye of your husband would, through custom, become indifferent to these external charms. We become accustomed to all that we daily see; this is the magic of the household. The most beautiful and the ugliest become the customary. The eye of the husband does not mark the gradual change from youth to age. And if we remained young, while our companions advanced in life, it might have unpleasant consequences; for the aged gentleman might grow jealous. All is best as the good God has ordained it. Think, if you were to be an old woman, and your husband remain a blooming young man, how would you feel?"

Louise rubbed her pretty little nose and said, "I don't know."

"But," said her aunt, "I will call your attention to a secret, which—"

"That is the very thing I want to know," she interrupted eagerly.

"Well, listen to me; what I tell you I have proved for myself. My secret is in two parts; the first prevents the possibility of discord, and would make friends out of the spider and the fly. The second is the best and surest method of retaining all womanly graces and attractions."

"Oh!" cried Louise.

"The first half therefore, in the first solitary hour after the wedding, speak to your husband, and receive from him a vow, and give him one in return. Promise each other most solemnly, never, even in sport, to quarrel; to exchange high or angry words; or to point, even in jesting, never do this. I tell you, never! The appearance of anger, the assumed pettishness becomes reality at last. Then promise each other never to have a secret, no matter under what plea or circumstances. You must see clearly through each other constantly. And if one of you fails in the fulfillment of any duty, confess it at once, though it be with tears; confess it. And as you have no secrets between you, so guard secretly your household and heart and marriage affairs, from father, mother, brother, sister, aunt, and all the rest of the world. You two, with God, suffice to build your own quiet world. Every third and fourth person would take party sides, and would stand between you. That must not be. Promise yourselves that; and renew the vow at every opportunity. You will reap the benefit; your souls will grow in union, until you will be truly one. Oh, if many a loving couple knew of this simple act of wisdom on the wedding day, and knowing it used it wisely, how many more fortunate marriages would result."

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with fervor.

"I feel that it must be so. Where there is not mutual and unbounded confidence there can be no lasting happiness, and the married will ever remain as strangers. And now, dear auntie, the best preservative of family beauty?"

Aunt smiled as she replied:

"We cannot deny that a handsome man pleases us a thousand times better than an ugly one, and the gentlemen are pleased with us when we are beautiful. But what we call handsome, that which pleases us in the other sex, that which in us attracts them, is not only skin and hair, and figure and coloring, as in a picture or a statue, but it is the soul within all this, that enchants through look and speech, by earnestness and mirth, joy and sorrow. Men idolize us for the virtues of the spirit that our exterior promises; and we find a malicious person repugnant, be he ever so handsome or graceful. A young wife, therefore, who would retain her beauty, must guard her purest and most beautiful aspirations, must cultivate all faculties of goodness in herself, all the virtues whereby she first attracted her beloved one. And the best preservative of the youthfulness of virtue is true religion; that interior union with God, Eternity, and Faith, that looks upon all mankind with the eye of benevolence; that is at peace with all in God."

"My dearest heart!" continued the good aunt; "there are virtues that grow out of worldly wisdom solely. These change and grow aged with time, as circumstances urge them. But true religious virtues cannot change, because they are unchangeable as the God whose attributes they are; as the eternity to which we and our loved ones are advancing. Keep an innocent, hopeful, trustful spirit, awaiting all things from above, and your soul's beauty will be everlasting; and this it is which your bridegroom adores you for to-day. I am no sectarian, no serious-faced devotee; I am your aunt, aged twenty-seven. I love to dance, I love to dress; I am fond of jest and laughter. And I say to you, be truly religious, be true to all truth and nobleness, and you will be beautiful as a mother; lovely as a grandmother!"

Louise flung her arms around the speaker, wept silently upon her bosom, and said in accents of deepest gratitude, "I thank thee, angel!"

## Original Essay.

ENGLAND AND ITS SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. FEEBLES.

America is a word of deep significance. Individuals often express intense surprise that the American mind does not differ more widely from the English. The difference of climate, the dissimilarity of government, and the three thousand miles of ocean that separate the old from the new world, incline the majority to entertain the impression that a United States man must necessarily differ materially from an Englishman or especially an European. But the close student of human nature discovers at a glance that these distinctions are external and superficial, rather than internal and radical. Differences of our nationalities are hardly perceptible in the ranks of the educated and thoroughly cultured. Every American should visit and tarry a season in England or upon the continent; and all Britons should travel in America, sailing on our rivers, crossing our prairies, and scaling the Rocky Mountains of the West. Such intercourse would brighten the chain of friendship, broaden the better nature, and weld more closely the sympathies of the two nations. The ignorant and uncouth of both countries may look through the distorting lens of national prejudices founded upon geographical separation and political distinctions, and magnify molehills to mountains, reciprocally misconceiving and misrepresenting respective characteristics. This is in accordance with human nature in its lower estates. Though triflingly modified by now and varied conditions of existence, so long as Americans do not mingle with Indian, African or Asiatic blood, they will not differ materially in physique or mental characteristics from the European races to which they originally belonged.

Americans are wonderfully individualized. "Be thyself" is becoming a national motto. Generally they are impressionable, active, enterprising, determined, and full of self-confidence. The man that does, is king. Emerson stands out alone in peerless majesty; Longfellow's poems are read more extensively in England than Tennyson's; Edgar A. Poe's poetical contributions have an intellectual expression all their own; Walt Whitman's poetic leaves are not only fresh and vigorous, but decidedly original.

In magnificence of ruins and solidity of architectural structures; in museums, libraries and paintings; in careful culture and scientific research, the English are far in advance of us. Their thought is more substantial, and at the same time more conservative. Owing to the fog and smoke of their cities and the electrical conditions of their atmosphere generally, they are less inventive, less inspirational and progressive than Americans. Wide prairies and towering mountains conduce to political, social and spiritual freedom. Rocky old Greece gave to the world a Socrates, ever attended by a spirit-guide. On the rough sterile isle of Samos lived Pythagoras. The mental soil of Sweden bore the seer, Emanuel Swedenborg; while Syrian mountains were pressed by the feet of Jesus, the gentle Judean Spiritualist.

In the most common conception of the term, Spiritualism is a belief, or rather a knowledge of a present conscious communion between the inhabitants of this and the world of spirits. Rated according to population, there are far less Spiritualists in England than this country. Though solid, the mental conditions of Britain, choked by the deadening influences of Church and State, are not so favorable to Spiritualism or religious enthusiasm in any direction. Inspiration, influx of thought and spiritual forces, are showered upon all nations alike; but those peopling these nations, temperamentally unlike, are not equally receptive.

There are three phases of Spiritualism in England; which, when classified, present themselves in the following order: Independent Spiritualism, Scientific Spiritualism, and Christian Spiritualism. Those denominated Independent Spiritualists are the most numerous, constituting a large majority of the real earnest workers. This class of Spiritualists rely upon no mummy tradition, no church or sectarian institution as the infallible guide; but trusting to the Divine Presence, the eternal word of God revealed in Nature and their own conscious souls, they think, investigate, reason, and decide all questions for themselves. They accept the teachings of spirits for what they are worth; nothing more, nothing less. They do not believe the canon of Scripture was closed with John's Patmos visions; do not believe that God expressed himself in raising up a few Judean prophets and apostles; nor that the Nazarene Jesus, pure and holy in purpose, was the only divine teacher. Recognizing the unity of the race, and the brotherhood of humanity, they receive the testimony of mortals and spirits—seers past and seers present—as helps, but not as their masters. They ignore the infallibility of the Pope, the Bible and the Church. Considering all divine principles sacred, they regard no good thought nor truth profane, though uttered by Indian or Chinaman, and no falsehood holy, though plausibly mouthed by priest or bishop. Their God is changeless; their heaven is within; their prayers are good deeds, and their great soul efforts are to be right, do right, and disseminate the beautiful principles of the spiritual philosophy.

Among scientific Spiritualists may be numbered Prof. De Morgan, the learned mathematician and writer of the preface to that Spiritualist work entitled, "From Matter to Spirit"; Prof. A. T. Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, and author of the "Darwinian Theory." Prof. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., editor of the *Chemical News*, discoverer of the new metal, "Thallium," and one of the most accurate observers connected with the Royal Society, frankly acknowledges the "physical phenomena of Spiritualism to be true"; Prof. C. F. Varley, eminent in natural philosophy, science











The Banner of Light is issued on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

AGENCY 12 NEW YORK.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS H. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is for the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

### The Spirit and Its Future.

The careful reading of and reflection upon the Questions and Answers which regularly appear in our Message Department, cannot fail to impress new and larger ideas upon the mind that addresses itself to them with intent to investigate, to know, and to realize the truth respecting the soul's being and future. In reply to a recent inquiry, it was declared that, while we may ask whence we came, and whither we are going, we may answer ourselves in part, but never to our soul's satisfaction. We are also told that, in respect to spirits manifesting themselves in this world, their power to do evil is limited by the amount of evil on the earth. They can influence mortals just so far as that extends, and no farther. Therefore in order to be clear entirely of the influence of evil spirits, we are hidden to cleanse ourselves of evil. We draw to us of the kind that we are, and of no other. "Make your own hearts pure, and your own garments spotless," is what is enjoined on us.

In reference to the problem whether there are any other angels than such as have lived on the earth in the flesh, we are assured that, as there are more worlds than one, so there are more worlds than one, and that the angels just as this one has. Nor is it impossible for them to come to our planet, although it was not their birthplace. They likewise associate with those who have been here. It is a misapprehension to think that the human soul manifests itself solely in obedience to the character of its surroundings here, from the law governing it in physical life, and the law governing its parent planet. As a soul, spirit, or immortal principle, it is not at all dependent upon its condition of mortality. Departed spirits are not bound by their former physical conditions; except when they come in contact with physical life, they have nothing in common with physical life after death. They have risen above those conditions, and gone beyond them. And hence, if it be better that the divorce be absolute and complete, as spiritually there is no doubt it is, it follows that it is better to live this earthly life out to its close, to go on to a ripe old age, and to let the body be gathered in as a shock of ripened grain; so that the spirit shall be fully ready to ascend to its native element, which is the spirit-world, fully matured. This is the evident order of nature itself, to which we do violence by hastening the dissolution of the body and the spirit.

We may be very sure of another thing in the future: whatever is needed by the spirit to bring it on the road to perfection, that it will have given it by its beneficent Creator. We are even told, in response to our queries, that if sufficient experience has not been gained for its unfulfilled during one life in the physical, it will have to return again, and through physical life perfect what it did not perfect in the former life. It is declared of Jesus that he thoroughly knew this law, for he understood that he had lived in another life before this, and he knew that it would be necessary for many of his hearers to be re-incarnated after having passed out of the physical bodies in which they were. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye be born again, ye cannot inherit eternal life," is his significant language. We are assured, too, that although this doctrine of re-incarnation makes many shrink and shudder, yet as it becomes understood, it will bring peace and comfort to the mind—it will prove a blessing instead of a curse. All these mysteries remain to be gradually cleared up. The law is waiting to be clearly understood. Our spiritual progress is measured by the increase of our knowledge on this score. The further we penetrate to understand the secret truth, the faster we go on the road of development and happiness.

### Volume XXVIII.

Two more numbers of the *Banner* will carry us and our vast congregation of readers to the threshold of a new volume. We improve the time to suggest the propriety of taking steps at once for the renewal of all subscriptions that have expired, and for sending forward intended subscriptions at an early day. Much trouble and delay is frequently avoided by this course, and the favorite paper comes like a bright and pleasant companion, promptly and cheerfully, instead of being wanted and waited for, and losing a part of its attraction because of the lagging manner of obtaining it. It does not, perhaps, become us to speak in praise of the journal which is sufficiently praised by its army of friends; but it cannot be wholly out of place for us to urge upon these friends, and upon their friends in turn, the advantage of sending their names in early. The *Banner*, with the support of the spiritualistic public, is making a mark that will not be effaced during at least the present generation. The work it does, however, is due in very large part to its efficiency to the energy imparted by its sustaining friends. The rest is from the invisible hosts, that inspire and direct from the beginning to the end. We appeal to the former for their constant and ready cooperation.

### St. Crispin.

There were two saints at Rome in the third century, named respectively Crispin and Crispianus. They set out from the Eternal City on a journey into France, on a religious pilgrimage, designing to spread their faith in that distant country. They desired, or else were compelled, to earn their own living by manual labor, they worked as shoemakers; and from their occupation the name has been taken for that of a widespread organization, styling itself *St. Crispin*, and from their patron saint. That excellent saint and shoemaker probably little thought that, sixteen hundred years later, his name would be so popular in a country then undreamed of, and fully four thousand miles distant beyond a wide waste of waters.

### Spiritual Meetings at Pierpont Grove.

This popular course still continues to be well sustained. Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, spoke at the grove Sunday morning, Aug. 14th, on "The relation of man to a Spiritual World." A good audience greeted him; the lecture was highly appreciated, and the music on the occasion was pronounced very fine.

### Dr. H. Slade's Mediumship.

This distinguished medium (husband of the late Aleida Wilhelm) is for the present located in Boston, and can be found at 118 Harrison avenue. Jane M. Jackson writing from New York says:

"His powers as a physical medium are varied and wonderful; he also detects disease of mind and body at a glance; prepares the medicines himself, and their effects are powerfully magnetic."

Dr. Slade has of late been giving some remarkable evidences of spirit presence and power in Washington and Brooklyn, of which we have received accounts. The following article, from the Washington *Sunday Gazette* of the 17th ult., describes in a minute manner the extraordinary occurrences which take place at his séances:

STRIKING MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF DR. H. SLADE.—On the evening of Monday, June 27th, George White, Castle Hooper, and John Mayhew, met for the purpose of examining the manifestations of spirit presence occurring through his mediumship.

For better satisfaction, Mayhew and White provided themselves each with a new slate, on which the writing by spirit might be given, and this was done, first, to preclude the possibility of any trickery, and second, that each might preserve as a memento whatever might be written on his slate.

In the center of the room was a common table, with two leaves, both of which were up. Over the center of the table was a gas burner, which gave its full light all the evening. Around the table were four chairs, one of which was occupied by the medium. Opposite to him sat G. White, at the end to his right John Mayhew, and opposite to his left C. Hooper. There were no other persons in the room. All present, including the medium, then joined hands, resting them on the top of the table, and gradually raising them in different parts of the room, and finally on the table. The raps had much the sound of such as would be produced by the knuckle.

Then a sound was made like the rubbing of the finger to and fro, upon one of the two slates before mentioned, which were lying in the center of the table.

It will be observed that during the whole of this séance the medium sat in the same position, and the table, nor nearer to it than from twelve to eighteen inches. The medium then placed on one of the slates a small piece of slate pencil, not so large as a grain of wheat, and taking it up with his right hand placed it diagonally under the corner of the leaf of the table, between himself and John Mayhew, the slate being pressed upward to the underside of the leaf, and held there by the medium's fingers beneath the slate and his left hand on the top of the table. Then we all distinctly heard the scratching of the pencil on the slate, which continued for a few seconds, and then three taps on the slate to signify that the writing was complete. The slate was withdrawn, and there was written upon the face which was next to the table the words "Good evening to you all."

There was then placed upon the slate a small paper package about as large as a medium sized spoon of cotton, which had been lying upon the table, and three inches from the corner of the leaf of the table, under the direction of his spirit friends, for the spirits to dispose of as they saw fit, and it was laid on the slate pencil. The slate was then placed under the table, and the medium, who had been sitting on the left side of the table, was then written—"Compliments from A. W. Slade, to Dr. J. Mayhew." The slate was then placed on the table near to John Mayhew, and the parcel was found to contain a watch-chain, which the receiver will ever preserve as the gift of a dear angel sister.

It may here be noticed that A. W. Slade, the late wife of the medium, was an intimate friend of John Mayhew, before her marriage, as Aleida Wilhelm, a highly respected and acceptable lecturer, and lectured a year since for the Spiritual Society of this city.

Geo. White's slate was then placed under the leaf, and there was written upon it in bold characters, "A. W. Slade," which was the name of his father. Again Mayhew's slate was placed there, and J. Mayhew, the name of his father, was written.

In these manifestations, it was not so much the object of the spirits to give personal tests as it was to demonstrate their power to write, without the aid of the human organism.

Then another slate was placed in the same position, and there was written—"Mayhew is a spirit." This was immediately recognized as a favorite expression of a cousin in spirit-life, who during earth-life was passionately fond of music. After this there was placed upon the table an accordion, which was taken apart and critically scrutinized, to ascertain whether or not there was machinery concealed or attached, by which it might be played upon. The instrument being declared honest, it was then held by the right hand of the medium, who was sitting on the left side of the table, and the key-board hanging down, when an invisible angel elongated and compressed it, producing a few faint sounds thereon. It was then indicated that Mayhew and Hooper should change places, and the medium, who was sitting on the left side of the table, being done, the instrument was played on with great skill and power. The force employed was so great, that the medium was obliged to lay his hand on the table, and the key-board to support it steadily. The music produced was such as only a skilled master of the instrument could produce. The slate was again held as before, and there was written, "All being with thee—Ed," which was the familiar name of Mr. Hooper's cousin.

During this part of the exhibition a large dinner table placed under the table was repeatedly moved and replenished, and once raised and struck with considerable force against the underside of the table.

The hands were then all placed upon the table, and it was raised six inches or more from the floor and fell with a crash.

Now let it be noticed that during all these manifestations the medium (Dr. Slade) sat at a distance from the table, and at no time were his legs or feet under the table, as those who sat on his right and left sat on the floor. One of his hands was always on the table, and touched by the hands of those who sat on either side of him, and at no time was there less light in the room than could be given forth from a single gas burner.

Here, then, were manifestations of power, intelligence, musical skill, and continued friendship. What but spirit can possess these attributes? Let each judge for himself. We who witnessed them are satisfied that none but spiritual intelligence produced the manifestations witnessed.

We regret that Dr. Slade leaves us so soon; but he leaves us with the assurance of a return next winter, when his stay may be more prolonged.

JOHN MAYHEW,  
GEORGE WHITE,  
CASTALIO HOOPER.

We have received and offer to our readers the following testimony from J. H. Powell, respecting Dr. Slade and his work:

Dr. H. Slade, one of the most marvelous and convincing of modern mediums, is in Boston for a short period. I trust that skeptics who are troubled about dark séances will take this opportunity of witnessing through the doctor's mediumship manifestations of the light. I have had ample opportunity of examining myself of the bona fide character of Dr. Slade's sittings. I do not know a more reliable, or a more wonderful physical medium than the doctor.

I see that the *Art Journal* of New York has an article describing one of Dr. Slade's séances, written, I understand, by one of the editors of that journal. It is not a fact that the world moves when such journals will report the exact truth without burlesque, and assert that the spiritual hypothesis is more reasonable than that of legendry. The *Art Journal* has not, I believe, before touched the subject. It is, therefore, all the more creditable that it has not walked in the footsteps of the majority of the press, which for the most part will report the only defence for thrusting Spiritualism on the attention of their readers.

J. H. POWELL.

162 Chelsea street, East Boston.

DR. SLADE IN BOSTON.

On Tuesday noon, Aug. 16th, our reporter visited the rooms of Dr. Slade, 118 Harrison avenue, for the purpose of witnessing some manifestations of the phenomena occurring in his presence. After some preliminary conversation, the doctor seated himself in the broad sunlight at a common pine table (such as are manufactured for kitchen use) which had just been purchased for his experiments during his stay, and which had the leaves raised and secured in that position, thus rendering examination easy to any in whose mind suspicions of hidden machinery, &c., &c., might be existing.

The doctor placed himself so as to be about two feet from the table, his feet carefully drawn out from under it, and his arms leaning on it. In this condition all his movements were clearly perceptible to his visitor, who sat at his right hand. The doctor then joined hands with his visitor, and in a short time raps were heard on the table and also on the chairs whereon they were sitting.

The raps having signified a willingness on the part of the influences to write, the doctor placed on a perfectly clean slate a small irregular piece of pencil (which he had bitten from a larger one) and held the slate by his right hand—the thumb on the top—half under his left hand, his left hand

grasping the two hands of the reporter, and his feet both visible, and at a distance from the table. In a brief time a soft sound of writing was heard, and the slate being removed, bore the message:

"I am pleased to see you. A. W. SLADE."

The signature was that of his wife, the late Aleida Wilhelm. A second trial brought forth the message:

"Tell Mrs. Conant to come here. God bless her soul. A. W. S."

Other spirits then wrote, in some cases making a very loud, scratching noise and heavy characters; in others, when the slate was removed, the pencil was found lying upon the last part of the concluding letter of the message, just where the writer had left it. Again, the slate would be held so firmly to the table leaf above it, as to require considerable strength from the medium to disengage it.

The table was then lifted at some distance from the floor by the influences, also tunes played on the accordion while one of the doctor's hands held it under the table and the other was held by the visitor. At one time the keyboard of the instrument was forcibly thrown upon the table while the doctor's hands were thus both engaged—making it positively certain that a third hand of some kind performed the throwing. The doctor also drew a small ring on the slate, placed a piece of pencil inside it, and then laid a silver fruit-knife, closed, beside it, placing the slate thus arranged under the table. In a moment the knife was thrown upon the table, opened, and the slate being removed showed that there had been no jar on the part of the doctor, as the pencil was still inside the tiny circle. The doctor will remain for some time longer in Boston, thus affording an opportunity for all desiring to witness the manifestations.

### Finished in the Sciences.

At last we have caught a living man who declares himself to be "finished"—that is to say, finished in the "sciences," such sciences, for example, as history, mathematics, geology, astronomy, chronology, and morals. His name is Henderson, and he is a whacker. And "his home is in the setting sun" in Brooklyn, Long Island. Beecher lives there, too. To give the reader the right idea of this prodigy, we affix the following communication over his own hand to the *Tribune*. It is full of real richness:

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:  
Sir—The Rev. W. T. Clarke, in a sermon on the Pope's infallibility, preached July 17th, and published in *The Tribune* July 18th, makes use of the following extraordinary language:

"And even now it requires more courage than most men possess to question the infallibility of that great book. Nevertheless, all that is good and grand in the Bible is nowhere claimed to be infallible. It is an unquestionable fact that the Bible has scores of passages that are unfit to be read in public, if anywhere, and it contains errors in history, mathematics, geology, astronomy, chronology, and morals, attributing to God actions and motives which would disgrace man, and commending men for doing what is simply fiendish."

I must admit that I was somewhat astounded when I read this passage. It sounds like a passage from Paine. It appears mysterious to me how a man can entertain any veneration or respect for the Bible while he holds such an opinion as it is here above. Mr. Clarke makes a startling assertion when he says that "all that is good and grand in the Bible is nowhere claimed to be infallible." He will find that Christians throughout the world hold a very different opinion. When he states that the Bible "contains errors in history, mathematics, geology, astronomy, chronology, and morals," he makes an affirmation that has no foundation in fact. I profess to be as finished a student in the above sciences as Mr. Clarke, and yet I never met a well-established fact or principle in those sciences that I have not been able to reconcile with the Bible. I should like to have Mr. Clarke point out some of the passages in the Bible that warrant such a gross attack on the above.

HENDERSON BENEDICT.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 24th, 1870.

Now this is something like! Here is a man, or individual, who comes up to the scratch scientifically, stripping himself of all encumbrances, even to modesty, and shying his castor into the ring as if he wanted to "force the fighting." He is a "finished student," if he is not finished in debate, and finished as a gentleman. At all events he is sure that he is the equal of Mr. Clarke, and that shows him to be a man adequate to a proper self-estimation. He wants Mr. Clarke to understand some things that he does not. We hope the two will join issue without unnecessary delay over these bad passages in the Bible, that the public may learn how to call black white, and the unclean pure. As for Benedict, we pray that he may be suffered to go it as strong as he can, and that, to such an end, Mr. Clarke will point out to him those passages which are unfit to be read except by a "finished student of the sciences," and those errors which so finished a person as Benedict will be able to turn from blasphemy to blessing.

### Beautiful Extract.

In the lecture, "Mystery of Reminiscence," which occurred Sunday, October 17th, 1869, in her series on "Spiritual Ethics," at Music Hall, Boston, (which was published in the *Banner of Light* for Nov. 6th, 1869), Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan gave utterance to the following glowing passage, which, with the fire of true inspiration, foreshadows the to be:

"When the blissful knowledge comes, and the soul shall recognize its true relationship; when brother and sister, and kindred can meet and grasp the hands and feet that they have found moving when such journals will report the exact truth without burlesque, and assert that the spiritual hypothesis is more reasonable than that of legendry. The *Art Journal* has not, I believe, before touched the subject. It is, therefore, all the more creditable that it has not walked in the footsteps of the majority of the press, which for the most part will report the only defence for thrusting Spiritualism on the attention of their readers."

J. H. POWELL.

162 Chelsea street, East Boston.

DR. SLADE IN BOSTON.

On Tuesday noon, Aug. 16th, our reporter visited the rooms of Dr. Slade, 118 Harrison avenue, for the purpose of witnessing some manifestations of the phenomena occurring in his presence. After some preliminary conversation, the doctor seated himself in the broad sunlight at a common pine table (such as are manufactured for kitchen use) which had just been purchased for his experiments during his stay, and which had the leaves raised and secured in that position, thus rendering examination easy to any in whose mind suspicions of hidden machinery, &c., &c., might be existing.

The doctor placed himself so as to be about two feet from the table, his feet carefully drawn out from under it, and his arms leaning on it. In this condition all his movements were clearly perceptible to his visitor, who sat at his right hand. The doctor then joined hands with his visitor, and in a short time raps were heard on the table and also on the chairs whereon they were sitting.

The raps having signified a willingness on the part of the influences to write, the doctor placed on a perfectly clean slate a small irregular piece of pencil (which he had bitten from a larger one) and held the slate by his right hand—the thumb on the top—half under his left hand, his left hand

### Passed to the World of Spirits.

On Tuesday afternoon last we received a telegram from William Foster, Jr., of the Providence *Evening Press*, announcing the sudden demise by apoplexy of Henry C. Wright, one of the ablest expounders of the Spiritual Philosophy in our ranks. A correspondent subsequently forwarded us the following account of his death:

LUTHER COLBY, Esq.—Dear Sir—At half-past six this morning Mr. Henry C. Wright called upon me at my shop to read a manuscript letter which he had written to Wendell Phillips. He was apparently perfectly well, and greeted me with his usual cordiality. He seated himself at my desk, opened his papers, and remarked that he just then felt a sensation of pain in his head, and in a moment said, "I am toppling over; hold me up, Henry." This I did by his right arm, and he began with his left hand to rub the back of his head, and asked me to assist him. I rubbed it thoroughly, chatting with him all the while. He felt no severe pain, he said, but an unpleasant, dull sensation, which he described as a pressure on the surface of human affairs all may seem to glide smoothly toward the haven of harmony, yet surprisingly the foes of our humanitarian religion are concocting schemes to subvert the liberal tendencies of the movement that was inaugurated and is superintended by those master spirits who are the guardians of civil and religious liberty upon this continent. Events are culminating to a direct issue between the liberal ideas of progressive minds, and the stereotyped dogmas and institutions that are known as Evangelical Theology. The concerted attempt of hitherto warring factions of the old school to force the Bible into your common schools, and a recognition of their idea of God into your National Constitution, has a significance that should arouse every lover of liberty to a consciousness of the dangers that threaten the foundation of American institutions, social, civil and religious.

The call for an "Evangelical Alliance" means more than some of you are aware of. "Straws show which way the wind blows," and these "signs of the times" betoken the purpose of those who begin to fear the growing power of Spiritualism, which is the grand motor of human progress today.

The "irrepressible conflict" has already begun, but as yet only upon the skirmish line of theological outposts. Flatter not yourselves that you have nothing to do to maintain your prestige, and resist the onslaught of those who are being aroused to desperation by the advance of the grand army of progress. You have no time to spare in the work of preparation, but should arouse to immediate activity in recruiting and disciplining your scattered ranks.

It is high time to sink the partisan in the patriot; to forget all personal issues, all petty antagonisms, all puerile jealousies, and as one united brotherhood, arouse to labor in unity of effort to diffuse your heaven-born ideas among all classes.

You cannot afford to allow your servants—the media through whom this mighty work has been begun—to be unemployed for a moment, but while you sleep in listless inactivity, your enemies, who are tireless in their efforts, shall come upon you and mangle your hands with the fetters they have long been forging!

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and persistent labor in disseminating your liberal philosophy is the palladium of your religious freedom. Open your hearts and your purses, and put the laborers to work who shall build the ramparts of your safety, and fortify the advanced position you have already gained. Employ your speakers as recruiting officers to rally to your standard all who love truth, humanity and progress, and when the crisis comes—as come it will—your serried ranks in unbroken phalanx shall withstand every attack, and assuming the aggressive, shall march on "from conquering to conquer" every enemy of truth and human rights.

Sustain the spiritual press, which wields the mightiest power you possess, which wafts on paper wings the "Proclamation of Emancipation" to every soul in bondage, and heralds "the year of jubilee" to every spirit that groans under the burdens of ecclesiastical despotism, and sighs for "the liberty wherewith the children of God are made free!"

Such was Henry C. Wright. His life has been his monument, and if no proud shaft shall rise to perpetuate his memory, it is still as fragrant as a morning June. He linked himself with the overthrow of American slavery, not in vain. A stormy life—a peaceful end to his mortal career—and a more than peaceful state in the land of beauty and bloom whither he has gone.

In our last issue we published a letter from Mr. W., in connection with the Cape Cod Spiritualist Camp Meeting, the reporter introducing it "as a communication from the spirit of Henry C. Wright," little imagining at the time that our worthy co-laborer would pass to the higher life so soon. On Tuesday evening we visited with other friends Mrs. Conant's rooms, when suddenly she became entranced, and Mr. W. greeted us from his new home in this wise: "Henry C. Wright comes to report in person from the glorious spirit-world of which he is now an inhabitant. All you advocates of truth. He greets you with blessings. Persevere in the mighty work in which you are engaged. Guard with zealous care your media, the avenues through whom the grand revelations of the nineteenth century are vouchsafed to the world."

Mr. Wright was originally a Trinitarian clergyman, and pastor of the First Parish in West Newbury from 1830 to 1833. He was for years a staunch advocate of the anti-slavery cause; an able worker in the peace movement; a firm lecturer on temperance; and of late a bold advocate of SPIRITUALISM. He has gone to the higher life at a ripe age, to join the army of those who have preceded him, to still do battle for Humanity with more potent results than ever.

In a recent note to us Bro. Wright made use of the following beautiful sentiments, which were the leading ideas of his life, and gave tone to all his acts toward his fellow-men:

"Spiritualism comes to me with the sublime and ennobling truth that love is the only Saviour of mankind, and that love can save any soul from hell only by being born in that soul."

Who would not live and die for this truth? For love to purify and save the soul from hell and fill it with all the fullness of God and Heaven, some time, often, it has to bear the cross up a life-long Calvary, and be nailed to it when it gets at the top. But such a cross and such a crucifixion can only result in a diadem of fadeless beauty and a crown of eternal glory.

Dear friends, God bless you in your efforts to illuminate the earth—now so dark and bewildered by the Blood of Atonement—with the simple but self-evident and irresistible truth that love alone can cleanse from sin and save from hell.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

CEPHAS B. LYNN IN THE WEST.

This earnest and devoted laborer in the field of free thought and spiritual unfoldment, after a short recess from labor, has taken up the line of march for the West, where he will find many warm friends to greet him. He will attend a two-days' meeting at Farmington, O., on the 27th and 28th of August, where Emma Hardinge is also expected; he will be at the Ohio State Convention, which meets at Cleveland, September 9th, 10th and 11th, and will also be present at the National Convention at Richmond, Ind.

Our brother is well known both in the East and West for his uncompromising fealty to the cause of Spiritualism—evincing its teachings by purity of heart and life. He will receive calls to speak wherever desired. All societies wishing an able and zealous expounder of the spiritual philosophy, will do well to give him a call. His address hereafter will be, "Care American Spiritualist, Cleveland, O."

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER IN CONNECTICUT.

We learn from the Hartford papers that this lady is at present stopping at the United States Hotel in that city, giving convincing evidence of her powers as a test medium. The *Courant* says of her:

"Persons who have visited her and had incidents in their lives vividly brought up, express the greatest surprise at the wonderful gift she possesses. Miss Fowler is a young woman of pleasing appearance. Among those who recently called at her rooms, were several ladies, and a number of our substantial citizens."

The *Evening Register* of New Haven, Conn., also says of her, Aug. 15th:

"Hartford is exercised over the wonderful doings of Miss Lottie Fowler, a young lady who figures in the spiritual papers as a remarkable test medium. Her performances are said to be as marvelous and difficult of comprehension as the telegraph, lightning, or any other electric agent."

THE WHEAT.

Croaking is of no use; it is better to look the truth in the face, and try neither to keep back nor exaggerate. Until now we have been hearing doleful wailings over the short crop of wheat at the West, and everybody has been led to expect that higher prices must rule next winter than even the war in Europe would render necessary. But now the official agricultural reports tell an entirely different story. The crop is estimated to be twenty per cent. better, and perhaps even more, than it was last year. As an illustration, Minnesota will raise sixty-five millions of bushels, where last year it raised but six.

J. M. Peabody has a very interesting article on our first page, in regard to England and English Spiritualism.



## Conventions of Spiritualists.

By reference to other parts of this paper, it will be seen that the advocates of the spiritual philosophy are at work, as is evinced by the notices of Conventions, Grove Meetings, etc., in the interest of free and progressive thought.

**NEW YORK.**—The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Organization of Spiritualists will be held in the village of Laona, Chautauque Co., (near Dunkirk), on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d and 24th, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

The Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Annual Grove Meeting in John Haskell's Grove, at Cicero, on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27th and 28th.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Spiritualist Association will be held at Eagle Hall, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, the last day of August.

**MINNESOTA.**—A two days' spiritual Grove Meeting will be held at Jonas Howe's, in the town of Plymouth, near Parker's Lake, on the Medina road from Minneapolis, Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of September.

**NEBRASKA.**—The State Spiritualist Convention will be held at the State Capitol, Lincoln, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 23th, 24th and 25th.

**OHIO.**—The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M.

A Two Days' Meeting of the Spiritualists and Liberalists will be held at Grafton, Lorain County, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 31 and 1st.

**INDIANA.**—In the name of the "Seventh National Convention—The American Association of Spiritualists," a notice is given that the Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists in Richmond, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

A spiritual Grove Meeting is to be held at Hobart, commencing at 10 o'clock P. M., Aug. 28th, and continuing over Sunday, the 29th.

**ILLINOIS.**—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold their third Annual Picnic at Mason's Grove, two miles south of Yates City, Knox Co., on Friday, Sept. 9th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Prof. Wm. Denton lectures in Apollo Hall, New York, during September, and in Music Hall, Boston, in October.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge sails for England the last of October, and will give her closing lectures in this country, at Apollo Hall, New York.

Thomas Gates Forster will remain in this vicinity during August, and answer calls to lecture. He goes to New York in October. Address him care of this office.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals, or perform the marriage ceremony (being legally licensed), during the summer and fall months. She goes South in the winter. Address her care of G. W. Jeffers, Gloversville, N. Y.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture at Steward's Town Hall, N. H., Aug. 28th.

Ed. S. Wheeler, of Cleveland, stopped at Vine-land and Philadelphia, last week, on his way to Boston.

Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, inspirational lecturer, will speak in Croyden, N. H., Aug. 28th; will attend the State Convention at Concord, Aug. 31st, and desires to make further engagements. Permanent address, Claremont, N. H.

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw will speak in Plymouth, Aug. 21st and 23rd; North Situate, Oct. 30th; Philadelphia during November.

Miss Nellie L. Davis's Lowell address is 49 Butterfield street, to which direction all communications should be sent till Sept. 1st.

Austen E. Simmons is expected to speak at South Royalton, Vt., during the day on the 28th of August.

Mrs. Mary Lewis, the psychometric reader of character, has removed from Morrison, Ill., to Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. H. S. Seymour, the well-known test medium, can be found at 109 Fourth Avenue, east side, near 12th street, New York, instead of 140 Bleeker street, as stated in her advertisement on another page, the notice of which change did not reach us in season for correction in its proper place.

I. P. Greenleaf is to speak in Situate, Mass., Aug. 28th, and in Stafford, Conn., Sept. 4th and 11th.

## New Subscribers.

Since our last report our old subscribers whose names we give below have added fifty-seven names to our list. A. E. Carpenter sent three new subscribers: L. B. Lyman, two; Jas. F. Walker, two; E. V. Powers, one; L. D. Brown, one; W. Chace, one; J. McDougall, one; J. G. W. Weeks, one; Mrs. A. Bartlett, one; H. A. Tatum, one; J. T. Hodge, one; F. F. Fouse, one; Wm. H. Byrnes, one; Nannie, one; A. J. Gordon, one; Mrs. S. Smith, one; L. Weaver, one; Chas. C. Brown, one; H. Toulson, one; A. C. Palmer, one; B. H. Bacon, one; E. A. Frye, one; A. G. Lynn, one; G. Erdoson, one; O. J. White, one; D. Peters, one; Annie L. Chamberlain, one; J. Gant, one; W. E. J. Thiers, one; I. N. Lavoie, one; C. P. Collins, one; Geo. W. Nickerson, one; H. Fletcher, one; Wm. Dinamore, one; G. F. A. Atherton, one; Mrs. S. I. Reed, one; J. J. Jewett, one; H. S. Tuttle, one; G. Bonelli, one; T. Chapman, one; Ella M. Dowe, one; H. H. Paxson, one; W. Chace, one; T. Snape, one; W. Cartwright, one; Wm. A. Brown, one; I. N. Vesper, one; D. B. Taylor, one; J. Wright, one; Geo. Satterlee, one; C. W. Austin, one; C. Crane, one.

## The English Spiritualist Magazines.

We are in receipt of and present for sale "The Spiritual Magazine" and "Human Nature" for August, published in London. These periodicals maintain the high position they have won in the past, and offer to those pursuing them an inside view of Spiritualism in the United Kingdom.

"The Spiritual Magazine" has an article considering the question: "Is any external form of Christian Union possible?" It also contains "Notes and Gleanings," the findings of Dr. Newton, "Spiritualism viewed by the light of Modern Science," by C. F. Varley, C. E., and other interesting matter.

"Human Nature" contains a view of the philosophy of reincarnation; gives an account of "Strange Manifestations," and presents "Psychological Inquiries," "Miscellaneous," &c., &c., of a very entertaining nature.

**THE BEST YET.**—George E. Perine, the best engraver on steel this country ever produced, has been a long time engaged on a 19x24 Portrait of steel of M. M. ("Brick") Pomeroy, which will be the best and most elaborate work of art of the kind ever made in America. It will be printed on heavy plate paper for framing, and will rank with the choicest art works of the world. The price of the engraving will be \$2.00—very low for so fine a work. C. P. Sykes, P. O. Box 6217, New York City, Publisher of Pomeroy's Democrat, offers one of these beautiful Pictures as a premium for three new subscriptions to that paper, at regular rates, (\$2.50) received at the office in New York City, before the first day of December, when the engraving will be ready to send out, by mail, wrapped on a roller, prepaid. We shall soon see how looks the man who writes Sense and Nonsense, political and descriptive articles, and those strangely beautiful Saturday Night Chapters.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

**NOW IS THE TIME, FRIENDS, TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT, AS WE SHALL COMMENCE OUR NEW VOLUME WITH A GRAND SERIAL STORY.**

It will be seen by notice in another column, that Bros. J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett are to hold a series of week-day and evening meetings this month and September, in various parts of Wisconsin.

Wendell Phillips was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the State Temperance Convention which met in this city Aug. 17th.

**LETTERS REMAINING AT OUR OFFICE, AUG. 18TH:** Mrs. Lizzie Wetherbee, Prof. I. G. Stearns, E. S. Wheeler, F. E. Gouley, Jno. Durant.

Croquet is denounced by a Western clergyman as "deleterious to the moral and spiritual interests of the church."

Virginia has restored the whipping post in its State penitentiary.

A country paper says that *mitrailleuse* (the name of Napoleon's artillery invention), is French for meat riddler.

A carpenter was recently hired by a well-known citizen of North Adams to do repairs on his dwelling on the Sabbath, and when he called for pay he was refused, on the ground that the work was done on Sunday, and he could not collect it.

The Petersburg Index has an article on the decline of duelling in Virginia, which concludes as follows: "Upon the whole, in its old age it has become a nuisance and a bore. Let us take off our hats to the old thing for the last time, and bury him decently out of our sight."

The New York Democrat thinks that cannibals must be light eaters, in view of the statement that there are only two missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image. He enlighteneth the world with his brightness, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth. Admire him as the creature—the instrument of God—but worship him not.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving and praise.—*Brahmin Sanscrit.*

Miss Lillian Edgerton is reported to be preparing a third lecture on "Gossip, its Causes and Cure."

Admiral Farragut, of the U. S. Navy, departed this life August 14th, in his seventieth year, at the residence of Com. Pennock, Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard. The country has lost the most brilliant and successful of its naval commanders.

**SINGULAR.**—The police of St. Louis have been collecting and carefully classifying statistics of prostitution in that city. They are required to report the names and residence of the owners of the buildings, and strange to relate, they have discovered that many of the houses are owned by pious church members. What a wicked place St. Louis must be to have such hypocrites in the church. Surely, pious church members in this city would not lease buildings for unlawful and immoral purposes.—*Gazette and Bulletin, Williamsport, Pa.*

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Orpheus C. Kerr writes thus of Dickens in "Punchbello":

The homage of our world to thee,  
Oh! Matchless Scribe; when thou wert here,  
Was all that's living in a laugh,  
And all that's tender in a tear.  
So, if with quivering lip I name  
The follow mortal who departs,  
A smile shall call him back again,  
To live immortal in our hearts.

A man who went fishing in a private pond complains that he only got one bite, and that was from a dog whose master owns the pond.

The London Punch for this hot weather presents this—

Attractive Theatre Advertisement:  
During the Oppressive Heat the Theatre will be cooled.

Private Refrigerators to hold four persons, four guineas.

Some Fresh Airs by the Orchestra every half hour.

The performance will commence with the farce, "Good as a Turnip."

After which the Romantic Drama, entitled "The Sea of Life."

To conclude with the laughable afterpiece "Nothing to Wear."

Charles Dickens lived longer than Shakespeare, who died at fifty-three; than Byron, who died at thirty-seven; than Thackeray, who died at fifty-two; than Burns, who died at thirty-seven; and was one year younger than Macaulay, who died at fifty-nine.

**THE BORE.**  
A pea is rattling in a man,  
So hot it cannot rest,  
Like leaden shot in an empty can,  
A lone one rattles best.  
A thought is rattling in a skull,  
So hot it can't be still,  
Rattle it round, and rattle it out,  
There is only one to spill.

In demolishing an old Episcopal church in Newton, Conn., recently, a petrified cat was found under the floor near the pulpit. The legs, tail, teeth, claws, ears, and in fact the whole animal was perfect. The cat has probably been dead a hundred years. Was she "petrified with astonishment" at an old-time sermon?

A wise physician once said: "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven, but I observe also that most people are willing to take a great deal of very disagreeable medicine first."

**Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd.**

Permit me through your columns, my dear Banner, briefly to answer the correspondence addressed to and inquires concerning this medium. For some months she has been suffering from a return of her former lung difficulties, which have entirely prostrated her, and unfitted her for either physical or mental effort in the slightest degree. After long and faithfully serving the invisible, toiling through summer's heat and winter's cold at last the frail body refuses longer to perform its functions, although the spirit still is willing. She is now among the mountains of the "Granite State," where we hope the "prayers of righteous" friends, and especially the salubrious air of those grand old hills, will restore her again to health and strength. There are those stretched on beds of sickness who call for her healing hand. There are those passing through the dark valley who need her cheering voice to strengthen their faith and brighten their pathway. There are those who mourn, who need the consolation she brings from the bright spheres above. There are those sitting in the region and shadow of death who wait to hear her voice once more proclaim the glorious truths of our heaven-born philosophy. Join us, then, dear Banner, in our prayers for her restoration, and that her usefulness cease not in the morning of life, while the harvest is so great and the laborers so few. Communications addressed to No. 4 Myrtle street, this city, will be forwarded to her, and answered when she is able to write or dictate.

W. H. R.  
Providence, R. I., Aug. 14th, 1870.

## Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

**Boston.—Mercantile Hall.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met at their accustomed hour on Sunday morning, Aug. 14th. The regular exercises were gone through with, and answers to questions were given by the various groups. Mr. T. Dole, for a committee appointed at the last session to draft a series of resolutions expressive of the feelings of the members relative to the decease of the Assistant Guardian, presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:

**Resolved,** Within a brief season death has removed from us our Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Sarah M. Morton; therefore,

**Resolved,** That in her decease this Association has lost one of its most efficient and valued members, whose virtues, intelligence and high moral worth we acknowledge and appreciate, and whose bodily absence is not only a bereavement to us, but also a wide circle in our community, to whom she had endeared herself by her kindly sympathies and noble traits of character.

**Resolved,** That, as a Lyceum, we are greatly indebted to her untiring labors, and her words of judicious counsel and encouragement, for much of the success we have attained. **Resolved,** That while we deeply sympathize with her family in their bereavement, and mingle our tears with theirs, we rejoice that her belief in the fact of spirit presence and communication, and her sorrow, robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its terror.

**Resolved,** That the Secretary be instructed to enter these resolutions on the records of the Association, and forward a copy to the family; also to the *Banner of Light* for publication.

JAMES K. HARTWELL, Committee.

WM. A. DENKLER, Secretary.

Miss Annie Cavan, of Temple Group, read a poem which she said had been written by a member of the Lyceum with reference to their recent loss, also Mr. T. Shellhammer offered a prose article on the same subject.

In the opening part of the exercises Maria Adams (of Boston) and Miss Raymond (of Charlestown) performed the duet "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest," and a song was also sung by Hattie Richardson. After the Grand Banner March, Charles W. Sullivan sang in a touching manner, "When my feet have grown too weary," which he followed with a recitation of the spirit of Mrs. Morton.

Remarks were then feelingly made by George A. Bacon, who ended by introducing to the audience the celebrated medium, Dr. Henry Slade. This gentleman, recently arrived in Boston, announced himself a stranger to those present, but a friend at heart. He proceeded to describe certain spirits he had seen entering the hall—accurately delineating the appearance of Mrs. Morton, and also the brother of Charles W. Sullivan, both of whom, he said, were present in spirit, his descriptions being readily recognized, though he had never seen the original persons. Dr. Slade also made some remarks, later in the session, under the influence of a Scotchman, whose broad pronunciation and quaint expressions were highly interesting. Mr. Laury, of Washington, and Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, also made appropriate remarks.

The Targit March was then performed, after which Miss M. Adams sang selections from the "Vacant Chair."

Charles W. Sullivan then rose, and, as well as his feelings would permit, described a vision he had had of the departed—Mrs. Morton. Ignorant of her decease—he being at the time absent from the city on a visit—he, on retiring to rest on Tuesday night, Aug. 6th, beheld her clairvoyantly, and, not being willing to accept the testimony of his medullary powers, the vision was repeated—the spirit came and standing over his bedside, saying: "Charlie, I am gone."

This test of spirit presence was most convincing to all who knew the personal character of the gentleman who related it. The deceased was a very dear friend of Mr. Sullivan, who is an invalid, and probably felt a desire that he should be prepared to meet the shock which she knew the intelligence of her death would occasion him. At the close of Mr. Sullivan's remarks, a benediction was pronounced by G. A. Bacon, and the Lyceum adjourned.

**Boston Progressive Lyceum Association.**—At a regular meeting of this Society, held Friday evening, Aug. 12th, the following action was taken by the members with reference to the recent change of sphere:

**Resolved,** That the Angel of Death has stepped in among us, and taken away our friend; Mrs. Sarah M. Morton;

**Resolved,** That in the decease of this Honorary Member, we lose one who, while in active membership, was over on the alert to favor the interests of the Association; and though of late not an active member, was still interested in our success.

**Resolved,** That we deeply sympathize with the husband of the deceased (who is also a member of this Association) in his bereavement; and trust that he will remember that, while he has suffered an earthly loss, she has experienced a heavenly gain; and though absent in the body, her spirit will ever hover round to guide and to cheer him.

**Resolved,** That we sincerely feel for the family and friends of our late Sister, in their deep affliction; and hope they may realize that our friend has only gone a few steps before, where she will be able to cheer and to comfort them.

**Resolved,** That a copy of these resolutions, signed by our President and Secretary, be forwarded to the husband and family of the departed, and to the *Banner of Light* for publication.

D. N. Fenn, Pres.

CHAS. W. DRAKE, Sec'y.

**Temple Hall.**—A correspondent, J. C. M., writes us, Aug. 15th, to the effect that: "The mission at Temple Hall, Boylston street, is doing a good work in the progressive field of Spiritualism, and is the rallying spot for many energetic workers in the noble cause to which it is dedicated."

Sunday, Aug. 14th, the morning circle was attended by a very numerous and intellectual assemblage of the advanced minds of Boston and vicinity, who gathered fresh inspiration from the "Banner Hall," through the mediumship of Bro. Patterson and others, while numbers of visitors were gladdened by tests of the spirit-presence of departed loved ones, given in messages through the organs of several media—the writer receiving an undeniable succession of tests of the spirit-presence of the late Governor Geo. N. Briggs, from Mrs. Bigelow, wherein the events detailed were totally of a private nature, and known only to the recipient of the private nature, and known only to the recipient of the private nature, and known only to the recipient of the private nature.

The lady (this being her first visit to the hall) was a perfect stranger to the writer, and was thanked most heartily by him for the agreeable surprise afforded by the tests, and the valuable advice coupled with them, and he assured her that if in no other way benefited, he should ever dwell upon the occurrence as one of the most pleasant episodes in his experience.

The afternoon circle was crowded by the same or a similar class of earnest investigators, and the desired spiritual food was dealt out with an unsparing hand, the principal medium, Mrs. Lloyd, of Dorchester, enchainning the attention of the audience for nearly an hour with a glowing exposition of the beauties and truths of spirit intercourse, and answering while under control such questions as emanated from individual inquirers, without hesitation, and in the most beautiful and explicit manner.

The evening hours were consumed in listening to a lecture by N. M. Wright, Esq., the subject, "Soul Communication with God," was most elaborately handled, and the address abounded in fine passages, and was abundantly interspersed with historical reminiscences, showing great research on the part of the speaker. The closing music by a fine quartette choir, under the direction of Prof. Hudson, "Kiss me and I'll go to sleep," was finely rendered, and the services of the day and evening ended with the announcement of an entertainment to take place within a week or two, under the management of Arthur Lloyd, Esq., for the establishment of a relief fund for the benefit of mediums, whose circumstances, from time to time, might necessitate them to call for help from others more fortunate in a worldly sense.

I hope, Messrs. Editors, you will consider the efforts of the Association at Temple Hall, which has for two years carried out the original design to hold a free meeting, open to all well disposed persons, worthy of a favorable notice in the *Banner*.

**CHARLESTOWN.—Union Hall.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum Association will celebrate their fifth anniversary at the above-named hall, on Main street, Friday evening, Sept. 2d, 1870. Speaking will be had until ten o'clock, after which a social dance will begin, to last until two o'clock—music by Savage's Quadrille Band.

**CAMBRIDGE.—Harmony Hall.**—The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum occurred at this hall Sunday forenoon, Aug. 14th—exercises consisting of speaking, answers to questions, singing, Silver-Chain recitations, &c., &c. It is to be hoped that all having the interest of this Lyceum at heart will give it their sympathy and support to the fullest extent.

**SEATTLE.—Continental Hall.**—Mrs. Susie A. Willis addressed the Spiritualist Association at the above-named hall Sunday morning and afternoon, Aug. 14th, her remarks being attentively received and appreciated.

**HINGHAM.**—Dean Clark gave an interesting lecture at this place Sunday afternoon, Aug. 14th—a good audience being in attendance.

The greatest part of the Christian world can hardly give any reason why they believe the Bible to be the word of God but because they have always believed it, and they were taught so from their infancy.—*Isaac Watts.*

## Household Blessings.

Of the four millions and upwards of females who on Monday next will bend over the wash-tub in exhausting labor, notwithstanding the thousands of different patent washing machines that have been invented, (over 14,000 in all,) the number who will use anything else than the old wash-board is so small as not to be taken into the account.

J. F. Sawyer & Co., 40 Bromfield street, Boston, Manufacturers of Agents, have a washing machine, or "Knuckle Washer," as it is popularly called, for \$5, that fits any common tub, at once cheap and effective—as good as the best bone and muscle—and which does the work perfectly. It exactly hits the universal wants of the community. In Salem 1100 have been sold within a year, 400 in Gloucester, 300 in Marblehead, 300 in Chelsea, 300 in Waltham, 200 in Marlboro', 220 in Stowe, &c., in all cases giving the highest satisfaction. These machines, we understand, will be sent free of expense to any address on receipt of \$5, or C. O. D.

The same firm are also proprietors, or manufacturers of the celebrated Union Washing Machine and Wringer, of which over 52,000 have been sold, Ward's American Mangle, for ironing clothes without heat, in one quarter of the time, required by the flatiron, the World's Clothes Dryer, which has no equal, as proved by ten years' trial the world over, and other laundry articles, all best of their kind.

## Carbolic Purifying Powder.

The laws of health demand pure air. Without it we sicken and die. Even thorough ventilation does not always furnish it. Decaying animal or vegetable matter will taint the atmosphere of household or neighborhood, and cause sickness or death.

Now it has been found that this powder is the most active of purifiers; it is the cheapest, the most certain, and therefore the best. It is never safe to breathe impure air—and especially during the warm weather, when the system is so much relaxed it can hardly repel noxious odors, or any contagious disease that is liable to float in our midst; therefore, common prudence will decide that any safeguard should be reckoned among the necessities of life. We advise all who have not used this powder, to try it. It is put up by the American Sanitary Association, No. 8 Berkeley street, Boston, in packages convenient for family use, and sold by druggists.

## The Austin Kent Fund.

Monies received for the relief of our invalid and destitute brother, Austin Kent, since our last report:

Previous acknowledgments, . . . . .	\$128.55
A friend from Kentucky, . . . . .	10.00
James Voyle, Tuscaloosa, Ala., . . . . .	2.15
Index, . . . . .	2.00
Mrs. H. L. Emmons, Sr., Mt. Carroll, Ill., . . . . .	1.00
Mrs. Irene Burgess, Kenosha, Wis., . . . . .	1.00
R. D. Murray, Southfield, Mich., . . . . .	1.00
Benj. Westgate, East Wareham, Mass., . . . . .	.50
E. Hopley, North Lovell, Me., . . . . .	.50
Mrs. Mary Bell, . . . . .	.50
G. L. D., (monthly installment,) . . . . .	.50
<b>Total,</b> . . . . .	\$147.70

Mrs. H. D. Robertson, Albion, Mich., contributed \$1, which was forwarded by A. B. Whiting, and inadvertently credited to the latter in the *Banner* of Aug. 6th.

## To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in an indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

E. H. H.—In years past the spirits you name communicated at our circle, but have not of late.

C. E. T.—We are already overtaxed with necessary labor on our paper, and therefore cannot undertake to find test mediums that will answer your expectations.

C. J. M., FAIRVILLE, OHIO.—Report received just as we were putting our forms to press. Will publish it in our next issue. We should like an account of the Mass Meeting at Milan, and the speech you refer to.

E. B. M., HAINESBURG, CAL.—It never came to hand.

E. F. PORTLAND.—Your article on "Dark Séances" is received, and filed for future consideration.

## Anniversary Entertainment.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum Association of Charles town, Mass., will celebrate their fifth anniversary at Union Hall, Main street, on Friday evening, Sept. 2d. Able speaker will be present, and eloquent addresses, that cannot fail to interest every rational mind, will be delivered by those who have worked hard and well for the promotion of a cause vital important to all. Come and learn why the Lyceum should be sustained. A small admission fee of ten cents is asked, to help defray expenses. The speaking will conclude about ten o'clock, after which a social dance will begin, and last until two o'clock. Savage's Quadrille Band will discourse excellent music for the occasion. Tickets for dancing, admitting gentlemen and lady, \$1.00. A good good time may be expected, and it is hoped that the hall will be filled with those who feel an interest in the cause of progression.

## Picnic at Yates City, Ill.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold their third Annual Picnic at Yates City, Ill., on Friday, September 9th, 1870, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Able speakers are expected. Come one! Come all! Tickets \$1.00. For further particulars apply to the President of First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

**J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett's Meetings.**  
During the week days and evenings of this month and September, J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett will hold conferences and give meetings in Wisconsin. Parties wishing to hear their labors, will please address immediately, J. O. BARRETT, Agent, Glen Beach, Wisconsin.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

**THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.** Price 90 cents per copy. **HUMAN NATURE.** A Monthly Journal of Zoetic Science and Philosophy. Published in London. Price 25 cents. **THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK.** A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents. **THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL:** Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by E. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents. **THE LYCEUM BANNER.** Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. **THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.** Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents. **THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.** Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

## Business Matters.

**Mrs. E. D. MURPHY,** Clairvoyant and Magnetist Physician, 32 West 29th street, New York. Ail.

**JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM,** answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. Jy2.

**SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint,** 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. A13.

**M. K. CASSIEN,** Trance Medium for spirit answers to sealed letters, at 14 W. 13th st., near 6th avenue, New York. Terms, \$2.00 and



**Notice.**  
There will be a Spiritual Picnic at Madison Centre, Thursday, Sept. 1st. All interested are invited to attend.







