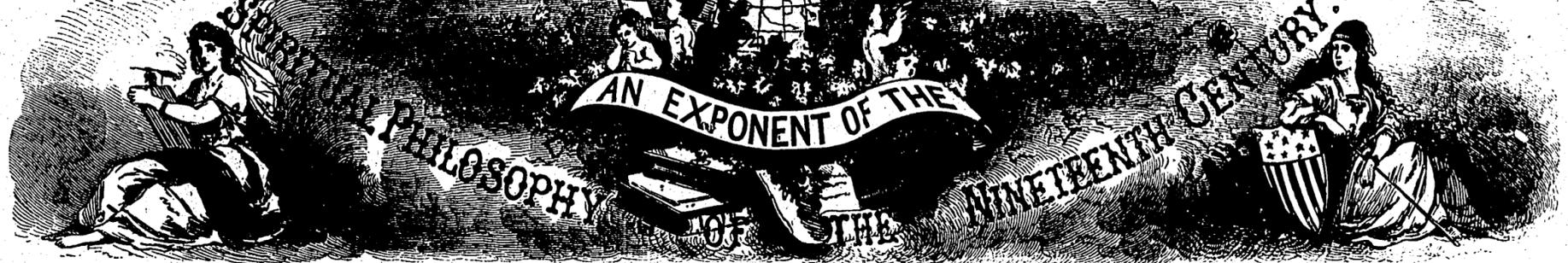


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ACREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But to return to the chamber in question.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shall we sketch her further?

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

"By pride the angels fell!"

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

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

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

For what is introductory only points to the end.

There is before the window a table—a dressing-table—as we have no better definition to give it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And even supposing so, what of it?

What is based upon that idea?

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

We laugh even now at that Titan who was the slave of Omphale—the lackey of a *pantofle*—

—But no; our story shall carry its own emphasis with it.

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

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

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

And then—

And then the reverie went on.

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

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

Especially if the woman was ambitious, as she was.

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

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

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

A queen of the most commanding empire under the sun.

The richest realm, even then, in Christendom.

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

And the spectre headsman—where was he?

Forgotten, too; forgotten all; all the past forgotten in the present! How speedily to be revived in the lurid lights which even the present cast before it! How soon to be luridly illuminated in the fast coming future!

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

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

And to her fatal cost!

Somewhere about three years of wedded life had past.

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

She was accused of infidelity to the King!

She was accused of even worse than this!

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

Where was the spectral headsman now?

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

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

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

Who knows?

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

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

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

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

"Cover her face—it dazzles."

"She died young!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At least, let us hope so.

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

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

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

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

Where was the spectral headsman now?

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

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

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

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

Then she dreamt again.

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

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

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

She awoke with a cry.

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

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

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



THE SPECTRE HEADSMAN APPEARS TO ANNE BOLEYN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was not to last long.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But she could do no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still the sense of an ineffable horror chained her fast.

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

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

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

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

There stood the ineffable horror before her!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It cast no shadow on the ground.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, gone."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beautiful, quick in apprehension, *spirituel*, as

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But to return.

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

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

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

Did the spectre headsman ever present himself to her—either to the *imagination* or fancy? or was it that her present splendor obscured that black cloud which had so suddenly—then—observed so much?

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

She might have had hers.

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

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

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

It is simply incredible—impossible.

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

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

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





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The Universal Spiritual Tendency.

There is a way of looking at this matter practically, rather than theoretically, and of illustrating the thoughts concerning it that run through our minds by the homely, everyday facts of human experience which lie thickly all about us.

As we grow older, those of us who watch thoughtfully the changing phenomena cannot fail to observe that we more and more turn our eyes away from outward things, that is, from the mere externalities of things about us, and introvert them so as to comprehend more and more clearly the riches and resources of our own natures.

And as it is with the individual, so it is with society. That tends continually to the ideal. Forms are regularly falling away for the essence. What was good, and even necessary, only a little time ago, can better be dispensed with than not.

Emerson says with startling truth, that we are in the habit of letting go those fine thoughts and living ideas which rise in our own minds, and following slavishly after what others say or do, as if, because others said and did thus, they must be more right or original than we who as yet have said and done nothing.

Read Gen. Felix Zollikoff's fine message on our sixth page. Oh, that such a spirit would permeate all souls in earth-life, both North and South!

Mental and Moral Forces.

We have in hand a treatise from the press of Longman, London, the production of Mr. Charles Bray, entitled "Force; its Mental and Moral Correlates." In opening and pursuing the discussion of his theme, he proceeds to treat of that which is supposed—in his own phrase—to underlie all phenomena, and to indulge in certain speculations on Spiritualism, and what he is pleased to term "other, abnormal conditions of the mind."

This, then, is the ultimate of Mr. Bray's present project, to explain the spiritual phenomena; and what he has to say in that direction will be attended to with at least as much interest by professed Spiritualists as by those who neither believe nor pay heed to what is presented to their notice.

On the subject of intelligence in the spiritual phenomena, the author remarks: "My own opinion is that there is an emanation from all brains, the result of both conscious and unconscious cerebration, forming, not spirits, but a mental and spiritual atmosphere, by means of which peculiar constitutions—mediums and others—are put in rapport with other brains or minds, so as to become conscious of what is going on there."

On the subject of the rationale of the Spiritual Phenomena, Mr. Bray puts forth the following direct and earnest observations: "The spiritual hypothesis places us in a very little better position with respect to mental science than we were with respect to physical science when every unknown cause was supposed to be some god or spirit; we had gods of the winds, of the thunder, and of the sea, and smaller spirits of the streams, &c., and subject, not to any known law, but only to their caprice."

The author discusses with keen intelligence and the sympathy of positive insight, the engrossing question of the production of the best possible specimens of the race, and does it in phrases of this sort, which deserve to be read and pondered seriously every where: "As certain elements in the soil are necessary to the growth of wheat, so certain ingredients in the food, and even in the atmosphere, are necessary to thought. We want the physical facts bearing on the production of the human intellect. In the dry atmosphere of America the nervous system unduly predominates, and in England John Bull's mind is getting smothered in fat, and we get genius at the expense of the vital functions."

Emerson says with startling truth, that we are in the habit of letting go those fine thoughts and living ideas which rise in our own minds, and following slavishly after what others say or do, as if, because others said and did thus, they must be more right or original than we who as yet have said and done nothing.

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

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

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

Arrant Bigotry.

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

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

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

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

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

A Penal Colony.

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

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

The French Cable.

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

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

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

In response to the first toast, "The President of the United States," Judge Russell said: "MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS—It seems to me almost a dream that we are assembled here in this quiet corner of our dear Old Colony to celebrate the laying of the cable which connects together all the habitable parts of the globe, and what seems very strange to us, connects them by way of Rouse's Hummock. [Applause.] I was awakened from that dream by the kind applause with which you welcomed the mention of the President of the United States, that assured me that you were all here. I am sure if that great man could be here he would delight to unite, too, in rejoicing over the happy completion of this vast enterprise, in the new facility which it extends for commercial intercourse, in the new bond of union which has been fastened between the Old World and the New—bonds which every American and every Englishman now knows to be a thousand times better than the clumsy political links that once held us together. I am sure, too, that the President of the United States will gladly unite with Congress in furnishing for this enterprise and for every kindred enterprise, the defence of impartial laws founded in strict justice [Applause], the best defence of commerce, the only security of any State, the true foundation for all international law. [Renewed applause.]"

An old poet said of his lady:

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

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

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

An Appeal from Vineland Spiritualists.

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

Close of our Free Circles for the Season.

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

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

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

Seeing Spirits.

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

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

John Wetherbee on the Rail.

This pungent writer has a very quaint letter in a late number of The Commonwealth. It is dated Denver City, and gives an account of what he saw and heard while in the Northwest. Here is a specimen: "I was one of a unique and happy circle, on one of my visits, gathered in a cabin where dwelt a judge's son, and others, refined by life in Ward 6, at the 'Hub,' and I remember, as the shades of that evening came on, there gathered in that cabin—I was going to say, 'the beauty of the civility,' but no—there was the boss-miner and his aid, whose last eight hours were spent at the bottom of the shaft blasting and piling ore into the bucket to bring to the surface. There gathered also the man who drove the team that hauled the ore to the mill. There gathered one or two mill-men, a prospector, also, who had discovered nothing lately, and was butchering it, by way of episode, whose wife boarded in a shanty shop of the men, and would also wash for those who fell at home in a clean shirt—dirt-colored flannel, however, being more common than cotton—and this coffee made up of high life and low life, and rather rough life, fluted and sang; and here, in these mountains, all 'wont merry as a marriage bell.' I cannot help thinking how fair sisters at home, with clean finger-nails, if they could have looked in, would have exclaimed with Mark Antony, 'Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen, and yet, like the Earl of Chatham's, it might have been a fall up stairs! When the extremes of social life meet, and the digger, oblivious, by conscious manhood, to the distinctions of that life—in fact, when snobbery gets dressed in the rough style of mining life—one is astonished to find how customary distinctions dwindle, and he feels with the ancient to say, 'Loose him and let him go. Is there, then, so little difference between Alexander and a robber?' I will not rat on our culture and refinement. Oh no! True merit is in the end; but observations of this kind have taught me that great as is the difference between real high and real low, there is not ordinarily the difference that society has made. Dress them alike and mix them with others, it is hard to tell the king from the slave. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles: Many a bit of gold is unnoticed for the want of a proper setting." The account of the Spiritualists' meeting at the Casp, on our eighth page, is interesting.







Banner of Light.

Camp Meeting at Harwich, Mass. Monday evening, July 19th, found us at the hospitable home of Capt. Smith, on that long distinguished point of land known as Cape Cod, where we had repaired with many others to await the camp meeting.

Early on the morning of the 20th we went in pursuit of the camp-meeting, and soon found on one of the small hills, thickly studded with oaks of about ten years' growth, the underbrushed spot, with a speakers' stand, plenty of benches, and several tents for feeding and lodging visitors, a well of pure water, a few little knick-knacks, a plenty of good, substantial food, and in all persons we found signs of temperance, industry, intelligence and honest inquiry.

At ten A. M. Messrs. Storer, Carpenter, Greenleaf, Wright and a score of others, mostly from the ranks of speakers and mediums, were on the spot; and of physical mediums, C. H. Read, Laura V. Ellis, Mrs. Wheeler and several others, were among the number. The camp meeting was called to order by A. E. Carpenter, and organized by the appointment of H. C. Wright, President, H. B. Storer, Secretary, and plenty of assistants. The opening speech was by the President, and well timed, followed by a series of resolutions, embodying, as he said, his speech, creed and gospel, for discussion, but on which he asked no vote of adoption.

The afternoon of the first day was occupied by quite a number of speakers, and the most perfect harmony, good order and good feeling prevailed, but the audience was not large. Mrs. Wheeler gave specimens of her spirit-drawing and reading on the stand, and as the control was complete, the test seemed to be perfectly satisfactory.

Second Day at the Camp on the Cape.—Miss Laura V. Ellis opened successfully her evidences of spirit-presence and power in a board tent, fitted up on the ground by Mr. Ellis. Speeches were made by Agnes Davis, Mattie Thwing, Mrs. M. J. Stuart, H. B. Storer, Judge Ladd, Mr. Giles, G. A. Bacon, Warren Chase and others, with excellent congregational singing from the audience. Mrs. E. A. Blair gave from the stand, in a completely blindfold condition, some beautiful specimens of drawing the flowers, buds, &c., which are so rapidly and so perfectly drawn through her hand while her eyes are thus entirely shut from the light. It was wonderful, and a notable test to the skeptic. The following beautiful poem was read by Mattie Thwing, as written by her hand:

DEATH. Death, in the olden time, was a phantom grim and gray, And he came with his silent and all-gliding from life's way. Terror came cringing before him, and grief girded her mantle in wain; Tears flooded the trace of his footsteps, and Hope pled for pity in vain. He laid his cold hand on the aged, who shuddered and shrank from his grasp; Then murmured mysterious warnings to youth, and expired with a gasp. He entered the charmed home circle, where Love chanted songs of the bliss; And broke the fond heart of the mother in snatching her babe from her breast. He came in the brightness of morning, and gloom followed close on his path; As he shook the cool courage of manhood, and trampled the weak in his wrath.

He came in the radiant noon-time, and clouds settled dark o'er the land. He haunted the quiet of even, and frightened the anxious home-band. He robbed the frail wife of her husband, and left her to struggle alone. And mocked by the grief of the orphans who wailed in a low, mournful tone. He came as a fearful destroyer, and scourged the whole land with his power. Till anxiety tortured the present and fear gloomed the dread future's hour.

But Time, with his fetterless fingers, has worked with the weapons of change, Enlarged the conception of mortals, and given thought mysterious. On the ladder that Jacob saw reaching from earthly sod up to the skies, To-day descend beings of beauty, best bringers of precepts most wise. They tell of the Death, the grim phantom, has changed to an angel of light. That he doth the will of the Father, whose spirit is law, love and light; And the past's gloomy valley of shadows has changed to the portal of life. That the spheres everlasting, where Love conquers Hate in its strife. To those who will hear the glad tidings come messengers earnest and true. With words of kind cheer and affection, and hope-buds all garlanded new. We learn from the souls are immortal, and sink the truth deep in our hearts. It changes the current of action, and happier feeling imparts. The aged grow weary of waiting to cross the bright river of change; Death comes as a welcoming angel—no longer the cold and strange. And strengthens the limbs that totter, and brightens the eyes grow dim. He steadies the hand that trembles, out-reaching in faith to him. He stands by the side of the mother who prayerfully yields her first-born. To be wreathed with the buds of his garland, remote from sin's cackling thorn. She knows that her babe may yet nestle with safety and love in her arms;

That angels will guide and protect it, and free it from earth's rude alarms. Death sets his strong seal on the husband who casts a fond look on the face Of his beloved, earthly companion, whose heart is his resting-place. And he feels that no power external can sever their love in twain; He but leaves the pain-racked casket, in spirit to come again. And to fold his strong arms about her fragile form. And with tender love to shield her from the fury of life's storm. No whispering words of comfort, and her soul is filled with peace. As his patient, manly spirit from the flesh gains its release; For she knows her loved companion still lives with her unseparated.

Through the body is cold and quiet, and the grass o'er its grave is green. She enlists her wondering children in her mother-arms of love. And whispers they've still a father, and each, like a nestling dove. Sinks into a gentle slumber, amid a "dream that's not all a dream." Of a loving angel-presence makes each heart with joy to teem. So at last the veil is lifted, and the "phantom, grim and gray." Who "rejoiced with his silent sickle all gladness from life's way." Is now by the serene of progress, an angel in shining robes. Who in mercy doth justice, embracing the hearts he probes. No chasm, dark, gloomy and fearful, now yawns the two worlds between; 'Tis closed, and o'er life's brightened pathway together walk again and unceasing.

On the whole, we concluded at night we had seldom seen more of better work done in one day, and regretted that we were not more to enjoy it. The first day, the speech of H. B. Storer was one of the best we ever listened to on the Spiritualist Philosophy, and it touched the audience in the tender parts, bringing tears from many eyes. Third Day of the Camp Meeting at the Cape.—Audience largely increased; day very pleasant. Conference from nine to eleven A. M., followed by an eloquent, earnest and sound speech by I. P. Greenleaf. Nearly all the discussion of the forenoon was on the subject of "prayer," and the drift of the arguments and general acceptance being upon doing instead of saying prayers, and the recognition of G. S. Burleigh's lines:

"Round o'er the bench, or kneeling on the soil, We worship best who best bestow his powers." The brief remarks of H. B. Storer on this subject exceeded anything we ever heard or read on the subject, and were far ahead of those of Cranmer and the Catholics as theirs are above the confused sounds of an Oriental praying-machine. This meeting, as well as the speakers on this subject, was the most radical, natural and rational of any we ever attended.

The forenoon was opened by an eloquent and well-timed speech from A. E. Carpenter, on the training, education, mediumship and spirit-life of little children, and it was most cordially received and appreciated, and made the theme for most of the talk during the conference that followed. Interpersed with good singing, short speeches, well proportioned in male and female, the third day was a complete success.

Fourth Day.—Weather still fair and cool; audience still largely increased; speakers and speeches increased; all harmonious and extremely radical. William Denton occupied most of the afternoon and part of the evening, and gave one of the best lectures we ever heard, to a delighted, almost unbroken audience. We never before saw so large and so intelligent an audience so universally quiet and attentively listening to such radical, rational, natural and spiritual truth as he fed to us. Other voices chimed in with his, and in fact, such has been the tenor of the whole meeting.

The séances of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, with the manifestations through Laura, were a complete success, and no candid person could, or so far as we could learn did, explain them in any but the spiritual theory. C. H. Read was also as successful in his séances, given both day and night, and many saw and heard what they knew he did not perform, and were left to lay it to spirits or a devil, if they did not believe in the former and aid in the latter. The pictures made in the open air and daylight, through Mrs. Blair, with her eyes completely bandaged, before the faces of scores of persons who could see it done in one-fourth the time any artist could do it, were also a complete triumph for her mediumship.

Fifth Day at the Camp Ground.—Numbers not increased, but speakers and interest are increased, and Mr. Denton and Agnes Davis gone and much regretted. Good speaking, and much of it in short speeches; weather delightful, but windy and hard for speakers. Every day we see more of the people of Cape Cod, and every day we like them better than before—honest, earnest and intelligent, temperate, truthful and sincere. We have been most highly pleased with this visit and people, and their reception of the bold, honest and earnest experiences of new and radical truths uttered at these meetings by all of us with the utmost freedom. The leading ideas throughout all the sessions and by all the speakers being the strictest and only accountability of each soul to its own conscience and best interest; the recognition of no creed, or authority of any personal God or church, and an utter repudiation of Christianity as one of the sectarian and false systems of man's childhood; the incarnation of God in every human child as much as in Jesus, and its consequent sacredness and the religious obligation of all persons to do all devotional duties to their fellow-beings, and to make all its dealings religious, just and charitable.

Sixth Day—Sunday.—Weather fair and fine; an immense crowd, very largely increased over any previous day; speakers still full of enthusiasm, and audience as eager and hungry as ever; radical sentiments maintained to the last; Henry C. Wright, H. B. Storer, A. E. Carpenter, Warren Chase, I. P. Greenleaf, Mattie Thwing and many others following in a vein with each other, and the presentation of the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism. Late in the evening the meeting closed its final session, and to the last, there had been not one vocal prayer offered to any foreign God, nor in the old formal manner, but thousands of soul-giving and sentiment-prayers in poetry and prose passed from heart to heart, and from lip to ear, among the people. Not a quarrel, disturbance, or jarring discord marred the harmony of the meeting, and no officers were there, and none needed, to keep the peace. On the whole, it was the best good meeting we ever attended, and we have attended many good ones. Long shall we remember, with pleasant memories, our week spent on Cape Cod, mostly in the grove and at the hospitable home of Captain Gilbert Smith.

W. C. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. Our quiet, rural town yesterday enjoyed one of those rare spiritual feasts which are, according to the "auld lang syne" saying, like angels' visits, few and far between; by a lecture from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. Some years ago, previous to her settlement in Baltimore, this lady was our regular speaker during six or eight months in the year, for a number of successive years. Her ministrations, under her then high order of inspiration, were so acceptable to our spiritually hungry people, that she gathered around her an audience of most earnest and respectable listeners, which usually packed our hall to its utmost capacity, and, on some occasions, all who sought to listen could not gain admittance. We have, in the past, been favored by lectures from many of our most gifted and talented speakers, but seldom, if ever, have such audiences greeted any of them—male or female—as were her almost unflinching attendance, and never from the time she left us, until yesterday, have we felt the need of more room and seats. We enjoyed truly a rich and rare intellectual and spiritual feast, which was manifested from the rapt attention of that large and intelligent audience. She not only maintains the high degree of inspiration and eloquent utterance of years past, but we all feel that she has not been an exception to the universal law of progress, and has grown spiritually, though physically frail indeed. That she may be sustained in health and strength, and enabled once and again to address us, was manifestly the unuttered prayer of her large and appreciative audience, to which I heartily respond amen. Fraternally yours, Byron, N. Y., July 26, 1869. J. W. SEAVER.

Terre Haute, Ind. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—We thought it not inappropriate to send you a note of what we were doing in this part of the spiritual vineyard. J. Madison Allen is lecturing for us at this time. Our lectures are regular each Sunday morning and evening. Through the liberality of Dr. Allen we have the use of "Peace's Hall" for lectures as well as for Lyceum purposes. This hall is the best in the city for our use, being well ventilated, with a capacity to seat six hundred persons. The seats are movable, and are easily arranged for the exercises of the Lyceum. Our Spiritual Society and Lyceum Association are distinct organizations, though mainly formed by the same persons. Our Lyceum was organized in February last. We have incorporated under the laws of the State, and are a legal body. We commenced the Lyceum with about thirty scholars, and now have over one hundred enrolled, with an average attendance of seventy-five. The Lyceum so far has proved all its friends expected, and is gaining in strength and popularity. On the 6th of June, with but little preparation, the Lyceum was exercised in songs, recitations and dialogues for the first time, with favorable results, and it was proposed to celebrate the 4th of July with a Lyceum exhibition, which proved a very interesting and happy occasion. It is our aim to make the Lyceum a success if we can, for we believe that it is the channel through which the bark of Spiritualism shall surely and safely glide to the harbor of success and usefulness. JAMES HOOK, Secretary of Lyceum Association. Terre Haute, Ind., July 12, 1869.

Ohio Delegates. The following persons are chosen delegates to the annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists, at Krumm Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., August 31st, 1869, to represent the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, and this notice shall be their credentials to the same: Oliver Stephens, Toledo; Geo. H. Stewart, Clyde; J. M. Hall, Oberlin; Geo. Ross, Cleveland; R. P. Harman, Kirkland; Judge Harris, Painesville; N. S. Casswell, Geneva; Dr. M. B. Skinner, Munroe; John Koen, Ansonia; Mrs. M. J. Baker, Ravenna; J. L. Sumner, Akron; A. Bailey, Alliance; O. P. Kellogg, East Trumbull; A. A. Wheelock, Farmington; J. B. Walker, Youngstown; L. F. Hager, Cardington; E. S. Wheeler, Ashley; Virgil D. Moore, Millin; J. H. Randall, Clyde; Hiram Barnum, Circleville. A. B. FRENCH, President. HUDSON TUTTLE, Recording Secretary Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

Delegated to the Convention, &c. DEAR BANNER—At a meeting of the "Progressive Lyceum" Association of this city, held Friday, three delegates were chosen for the National Convention, viz., Mrs. Wren, J. W. Van Name, and a lady whose name we have been unable to procure. These three will represent the society and Lyceum of Brooklyn. The Lyceum will hold an annual picnic on Friday, the 30th of July, at Pope's Park, and a good time is anticipated. There will be no vacation, but regular Sunday meetings will be held at 10 A. M. The lectures, however, will be discontinued through the heated term. Thine, J. W. VAN NAME. 340 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 25th, 1869.

Spiritualist Picnic at Portage Bridge, N. Y. Arrangements have been made to assemble another of Western New York's Spiritualists, for a picnic, on Thursday, August 12th. A special train via Erie Railway will leave Rochester at 6:30, Avon 7:25, Batavia 8:35, Attica 9:45. Regular trains will leave Batavia at 7:30, and Hornellville at 8:15 A. M. Fare, one dollar. Trains on the N. Y. Central Railroad, from East and West, in the morning, arrive at Batavia in time for the excursion train. For tickets, while quietly sleeping, the change had no terrors to her, as she was pleased with many "spiritual gifts," and walked and talked with loved ones gone before. She inherited a weak physical body, which she has improved, and is now able to travel for many years. Her earth body will be missed in the home circle, but her spirit is free. "One beloved, by all was cherished." A. S. H. East Somerville, July 25th, 1869.

Go Home! July 25th, Miss Lucy Bond Davis. Her disease was slow, lingering consumption, which wasted away her physical body. For the last few months she was a great sufferer, and was anxious to go to the better home. The exit of the great soul, which she had, while quietly sleeping, the change had no terrors to her, as she was pleased with many "spiritual gifts," and walked and talked with loved ones gone before. She inherited a weak physical body, which she has improved, and is now able to travel for many years. Her earth body will be missed in the home circle, but her spirit is free. "One beloved, by all was cherished." A. S. H. East Somerville, July 25th, 1869.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS. Alphabetically Arranged.

- ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.
APLETON, WIS.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.
ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress holds meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. on Wednesdays, traveling through to give them a call. They will be kindly received.
ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's every Sunday at 10 A. M. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Munn, Corresponding Secretary; William Coleman, Assistant Conductor; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.
BOSTON, MASS.—Mercantile Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 22 Summer street. St. Dole, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary; Wm. Richardson, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary; Wm. Richardson, Treasurer.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sage's Hall.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Sawyer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 11 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.
CUMBERLAND STREET LECTURE ROOM.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 22 Summer street. St. Dole, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary; Wm. Richardson, Treasurer.
BALTIMORE, MD.—Saratoga Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 22 Summer street. St. Dole, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary; Wm. Richardson, Treasurer.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Meetings are held in Wakelee's Hall every Sunday evening and evening. Lyceum through the services of Jeremiah Brown, D. D.
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Central Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday, at 11 and 7 P. M. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary.
WASHINGTON HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.
CHELSEA, MASS.—Fremont Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at Fremont Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.
FREE CHURCH.—The Bible Christian Spiritualist hold meetings in Free Church, 22 Summer street, Park street, near Congress Avenue, commencing at 7 and 9 P. M. D. J. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.
CHICAGO, ILL.—The Spiritualist hold meetings every Sunday in Crosby's Music Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall immediately after the morning lecture. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor.
CHICAGO, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Superior street, opposite the Post Office, morning and evening, at the usual hours. Children's Lyceum at 1 P. M. Mrs. Sarah B. Jones, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Vice President; Dr. M. C. Parker, Treasurer. Officers of Lyceum: Lewis King, Conductor; Mrs. A. Eddy, Guardian; George Holmes, Assistant Director; D. A. Eddy, Secretary.
CHICAGO, O.—Progressive Association.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meet in Willis Hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday in Willis Hall at 11 A. M. S. M. Terry, Conductor; J. Dewey, Guardian.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The friends of progress hold their regular meetings on Sunday evenings. C. G. Colby, President; A. W. Flaker, Secretary.

DELAWARE, O.—The Progressive Association of Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Willis Hall, 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. H. M. McPherson, Guardian.
DORCHESTER, MASS.—Free meetings in Union Hall, Hancock street, every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Good speakers are invited.
DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its Sunday sessions in Merrick Hall, in Dover, at 10 A. M. A. R. P. Gray, Esq., Conductor; Miss Annie B. Gray, Corresponding Secretary. Meetings are held at 10 P. M.
DES MOINES, IOWA.—The First Spiritualist Association will meet regularly each Sunday at Good Templar's Hall (West side), for lectures, conferences and music, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian.
DUNELM, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in Schrader's Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M., the first Sunday in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place at 2 o'clock on Sunday. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Plet, Guardian. Social Levee for the benefit of the Lyceum every Wednesday evening.
FOXBORO, MASS.—Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in C. F. Howard, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian.
GREAT FALLS, N. H.—The Progressive Brotherhood holds every Sunday evening, at Union Hall. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place at 10 A. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.—The Spiritualists meet three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, clairvoyant speaking medium.
GREAT FALLS, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold every Sunday at 10 A. M. at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. W. D. Wharton, President; Mrs. C. A. K. Poole, Secretary. Lyceum at 1 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Guardian of Groups.
HINOHAM, MASS.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Lincoln's Building. E. Wilder, 2d, Conductor; Mrs. A. Clark, Guardian.
HOUSTON, TEX.—Meetings are held in Liberty Hall (owned by the Spiritualist Society) Sunday afternoons and evenings at 1 o'clock.
LOWELL, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Society hold a general conference every Sunday at 10 P. M. in Lyceum Hall, corner of Central and Child's streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
LA PORTE, IND.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. at Concert Hall. Dr. S. B. Collins, President; F. A. Tuttle, Cor. Sec.
LEWISBURG, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every alternate Sunday at British Hall. W. H. Yeaw, President; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian.
LANSING, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in Capital Hall. Rev. Dr. Barnard, regular speaker. The Children's Lyceum meets at 1 o'clock.
LANSING, MICH.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.
MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Lyceum Hall, corner of Austin and Market streets. Joseph Nichols, Secretary.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bowman's Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
MILAN, O.—Spiritualists and Liberalists Association and Children's Progressive Lyceum. Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings at Forest Hill. Mrs. Lizzie A. Taylor, Secretary.
MALDEN, MASS.—Regular meetings will be held in Pierpont Grove, every Sunday, at 2 P. M.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Washington Hall, every Sunday and Thursday evening. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
MORRISVILLE, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Washington Hall, corner of Washington and Fifth streets. Services at 3 P. M.
NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will hold meetings every Sunday in the large hall of the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fourth street. Lectures at 10 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M. and alternate Sundays at 12 M. Daniel E. Bates, Conductor; Mrs. Della M. Lewis, Guardian; C. J. Lewis, Musical Director.
NORTH SCITUAET, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings the second and fourth Sunday in each month in Central Hall, 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lectures and Conference on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. in the hall, No. 94 Exchange place, near Centre street. William R. Meade, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
NEWPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Lyceum Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. D. W. Green, Conductor; Mrs. S. L. Tarr, Guardian; Mrs. Lumford, Musical Director; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Secretary. Conference or lecture in same hall at 7 1/2 o'clock.
NEW ALBANY, IND.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, No. 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at Todd's Hall, on State street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualist hold regular meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, No. 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, No. 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, at Thompson street church, at 10 A. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Philadelphia Spiritualist Union meets at Washington Hall every Sunday morning devoted to their Lyceum, and the evening to lectures.
PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday at 11 P. M. Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M.
PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the hall, No. 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
FAIRBURY, O.—Progressive Lyceum meets Sundays at 10 A. M. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.
QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 P. M.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday and Thursday evening at 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
RICHMOND, ILL.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday morning in Henry Hall, at 10 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.
SALER, MASS.—The Lyceum Association have lectures every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the hall, No. 101 N. Main street. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
STRAFFORD, CONN.—Speakers engaged—C. Fannie Allen, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
STONINGHAM, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings at Harmony Hall two Sundays in each month, at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M. Afternoon lectures, free. Evenings, 10 cents. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum of St. Louis hold three sessions each Sunday, in Philharmonic Hall, corner of Washington and Olive streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. J. Munn, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Guardian; Mrs. M. J. Munn, Corresponding Secretary.
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